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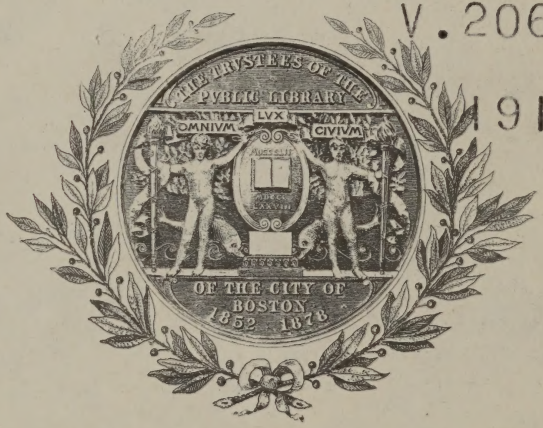

THIRD WAR NUMBER

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

Edited by
GEORGE HARVEY

JULY

THE PRESSING NEED
COOPERATION and CONCENTRATION
NORTHCLIFFE
THE MAN of the WAR

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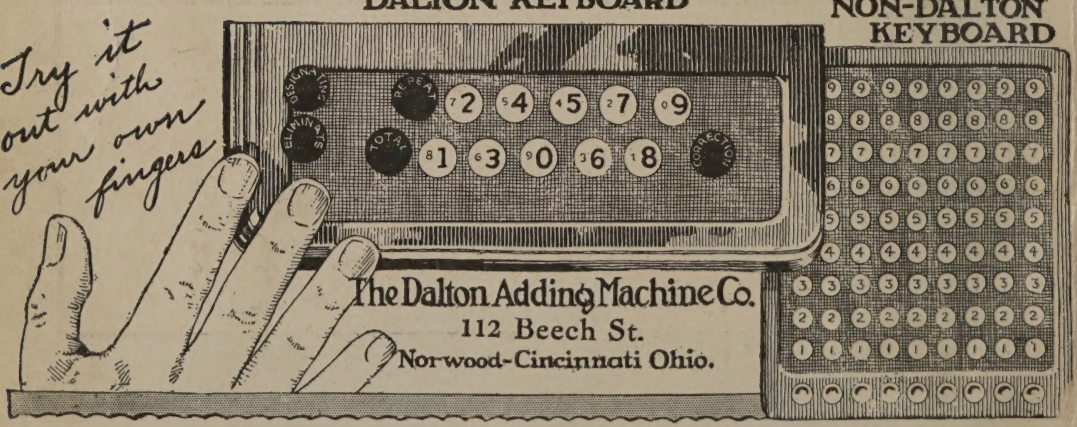

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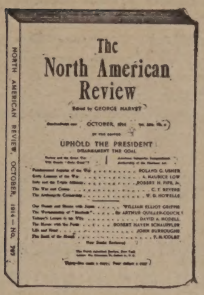
ONE-HUNDRED-THIRD YEAR



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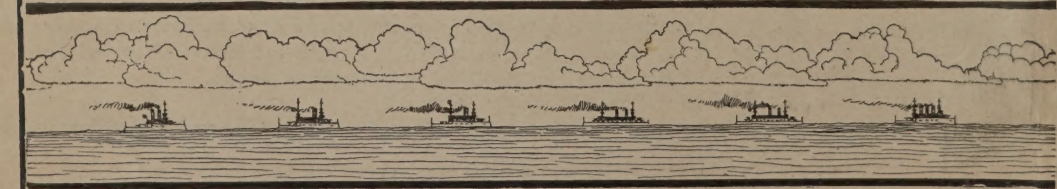

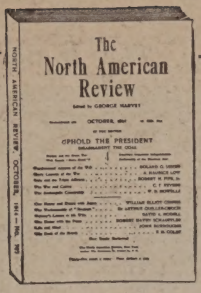

CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS NUMBER

H. J. Jennings
is an English writer on financial subjects, whose contributions to the *Nineteenth Century, Fortnightly Review,* as well as to this Review and other of the more solid periodicals have occasioned favorable comment.

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though now a citizen of the United States, has traveled extensively in Russia. His Russian connections gave him exceptional opportunities for studying conditions in that country. He is distinguished as an expert student of world-politics, and has published numerous books, philosophical and historical.

Raoul Blanchard,
Exchange Professor at Harvard University in the Department of Geography, has just returned to France. He holds a professorship in the same department in the University of France and is regarded as one of the most eminent men in his subject.

Frederick W. Henshaw,
Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of California, has made a close study of our relations with Japan and has especial opportunities for observing their operation in his own State. The present essay outlines a sympathetic understanding between the two countries.

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David Carb,
sometime Assistant Professor of English at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, shortly after the beginning of the war went to France to serve as *ambulancier.* Mr. Carb makes his first appearance in this Review with this issue.

Hudson Maxim,
whose inventions in ordnance and explosives have given him an international reputation, has found recreation and interest in following literary and scientific researches outside his own subject. He is at present serving the Government as a member of the Civilian Consulting Board of the Navy.

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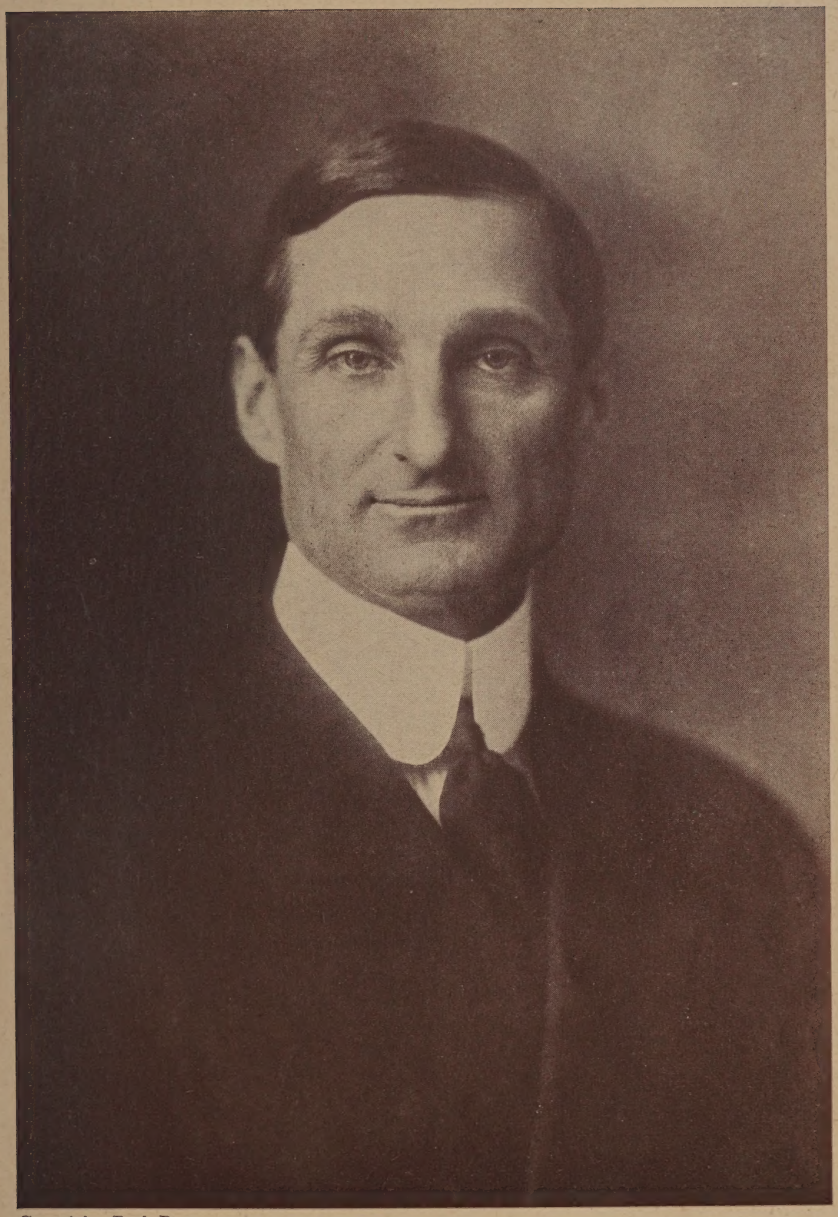

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June 26-1918

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

JULY, 1917

THE PRESSING NEED

CO-OPERATION AND CONCENTRATION

BY THE EDITOR

For us there is but one choice. We have made it. Woe be to the man or group of men that seeks to stand in our way in this day of high resolution, when every principle we hold dearest is to be vindicated and made secure for the salvation of the nations! We are ready to plead at the bar of history, and our flag shall wear a new luster. Once more we shall make good with our lives and fortunes the great faith to which we were born, and a new glory shall shine in the face of our people.—The President to the People.

Eloquent words and true!

> He needs must fight
> To make true peace his own;
> He needs must combat might with might
> Or might would rule alone.

Into those four lines the poet compressed our reasons for engaging in the great conflict. Set forth and amplified with rare lucidity and compelling force by our chosen leader in his memorable Declaration to Congress, they have already wrought a calm and sober but complete and unflinching union of a hundred millions of freemen in the sacred cause of liberty. But eternal vigilance is ever the price, and the President did well, upon the anniversary of the first unfurl-

ing of the flag, to reiterate our motives, to restate our aims and to utter a solemn warning to those who would block our way. These were his words:

It is plain enough how we were forced into the war. The extraordinary insults and aggressions of the Imperial German Government left us no self-respecting choice but to take up arms in defence of our rights as a free people and of our honor as a sovereign government. The military masters of Germany denied us the right to be neutral.

They filled our unsuspecting communities with vicious spies and conspirators and sought to corrupt the opinion of our people in their own behalf.

They sought by violence to destroy our industries and arrest our commerce.

They tried to incite Mexico to take up arms against us and to draw Japan into a hostile alliance with her.

They impudently denied us the use of the high seas and repeatedly executed their threat that they would send to their death any of our people who ventured to approach the coasts of Europe.

We are not the enemies of the German people and they are not our enemies. They did not originate or desire this hideous war or wish that we should be drawn into it, and we are fighting their cause as well as our own. They are themselves in the grip of the same sinister power that has now at last stretched its ugly talons out and drawn blood from us.

The whole world is at war because the whole world is in the grip of that power and is trying out the great battles which shall determine whether it is to be brought under its mastery or fling itself free.

These men have never regarded nations as peoples, men, women and children of like blood and frame as themselves, for whom governments existed and in whom governments had their life. They have regarded them merely as serviceable organizations which they could by force or intrigue bend or corrupt to their own purpose.

They have regarded the smaller states, in particular, and the peoples who could be overwhelmed by force, as their natural tools and instruments of domination.

Peace, peace, is now their cry. They have but one chance to perpetuate their military power or even their controlling political influence. If they can secure peace now with the immense advantages still in their hands which they have up to this point apparently gained they will have justified themselves before the German people; they will have gained by force what they promised to gain by it—an immense expansion of German power, an immense enlargement of German industrial and commercial opportunities. Their prestige will be secure, and with their prestige their political power.

If they fail their people will thrust them aside.

If they succeed they are safe and Germany and the world are undone; if they fail Germany is saved and the world will be at peace.

If they succeed America will fall within the menace; if they fail the world may unite for peace and Germany may be of the union.

The facts are patent to all the world; and the great fact that stands out above all the rest is that this is a peoples' war, a war for freedom and justice and self-government amongst all the nations of the world, a war to make the world safe for the peoples who live upon it and have made it their own, the German people themselves included, and that with us rests the choice to break through all these hypocrisies and patent cheats and masks of brute force and help set the world free, or else stand aside and let it be dominated a long age through by sheer weight of arms and the arbitrary choices of self-constituted masters, by the nation which can maintain the biggest armies and the most irresistible armaments—a power to which the world has afforded no parallel and in the face of which political freedom must wither and perish.

For what then are we fighting? To save America, first, and the liberties of her people; and, then, to save the world and the freedom of all mankind. This is the crux of the President's thought. Can the mind conceive a higher aspiration, a nobler purpose, on the part of a people which first, as a colony, struck off its own shackles and then, as a nation, freed its own slaves? God forbid that we should falter! God knows that we shall not.

But let us reason together. None does and none can deny that the President is doing his full part with unexampled fortitude, with untiring energy, with infinite patience and with surpassing skill. Are we, all of us, doing ours? Consider Congress! Accord the fullest credit for its admirable and expeditious work in the first two months of the war; what now of the third? As we write, both Houses are balking at proposals to confer upon the Executive powers essential to effective conduct of the war upon a large scale. Assuming that the measure giving to the President limited control of transportation shall have been enacted when these lines appear, the vital problem of food conservation, regulation and costs will now be under discussion. Already Senator Reed—of Missouri, of course—has announced his determination to " fight to the bitter end " and has outlined the arguments in opposition. He finds the bill " vicious," " atrocious," " dictatorial " and " unconstitutional "; so naturally he opposes it, though without suggesting an alternative;

and we would not impugn his motives or his sincerity. But his reasoning is pitiable.

That the power bestowed upon the President is tremendous there can be no question, but so is the authority to direct our armies and navies; and the one is no more unconstitutional than the other. Is it necessary? is the real point at issue, and the practical answer is so plainly in the affirmative that fervid oratory about " rights " and " liberties " falls flat. For what are those " rights " and " liberties " except special privileges to greedy producers and unscrupulous speculators to profit from their country's needs and peril? The merest child can perceive the wrong and the danger of unrestricted competition in bidding for foodstuffs by nations whose sense of values disappears before the hungry eyes of a starving populace. The wrong comes from permitting gross imposition upon our allies and the danger from putting the necessaries of very existence beyond the reach of our own people.

It is not the farmer, not the jobber, not the manufacturer, not the banker, each of whom has advantaged immensely already, who suffers from the economic stress of warfare; it is the professional man, the salaried man, the widow with her mite, the orphan with her pittance, whose small incomes are fixed and incapable of increase. No argument is required to show that soaring prices have already brought this great body of consumers to the very limit of their resources; the hard fact stares everyone in the face; and none needs to be told that the doubling and trebling of present costs which surely would ensue without regulation would make for actual starvation of hundreds of thousands in this land of plenty and no less certainly would engender revolt and riot; and justifiably, too, because, after all, the Constitution itself guarantees to men, women and children the right to life, liberty and pursuit at least of happiness.

Admitting, as of course we must admit, that the means required to make food regulation operative offend our sense of individual prerogative, we can deny neither to war its claim to uniformity in practice nor to dangerous diseases the application of desperate remedies. And no restriction or hardship or unfairness is imposed upon the producer. The fixing of maximum prices is not permitted, and the fixing of minimum prices affords a guaranty of positive value. The purpose is, not to clog, but to keep open the channels of

trade; not to shut down markets, but to make markets free and fair to all; not to cripple, but to enforce distribution; not to prevent consumption, but to make hoarding a crime.

Senator Reed makes and can make no headway against this simple statement of a vital need; in the entire course of his harangue, in fact, he scarcely attempted to do so. It was not so much the powers bestowed as fear that those powers might be abused that filled him with alarm for the Constitution and the rights and liberties of the growing people of Missouri. Not that undue or unfair exercise of authority need be anticipated from the President himself; not at all; the omniscience of a Chief Magistrate with increasing patronage at his disposal is not to be questioned. But Hoover! A " mere man of flesh and blood," trained in business and laden with experience to be sure, but yet one who " has lived so long abroad that he does not understand the needs of this country " and, horror of horrors, is " woefully out of touch with American ideals and American principles "; probably, in common with the vast majority of successful organizers and executives, not even a Democrat. La, la! The mere thought of such an one, so pitiful a personification of everything except expert knowledge of the work in hand, being designated to represent and act for the President, fairly quakes the vigilant Senator and fills his highly sensitized spirit with dire foreboding. Whom, we wonder, would he propose in place of Mr. Hoover?

Such political quackery we need not consider further. But back of it all and imparting to it a semblance of excuse is a point which well deserves attention. Senator Frelinghuysen put his finger upon it when he declared that this must not be " a one-man war " and the President emphasized it forcefully when he proclaimed " the great fact that stands out above all the rest " to be that " this is a people's war," echoing unconsciously and probably unwittingly the axiom postulated last month by this Review. Even among those who have no favors to ask and no hopes of reward there appears no distrust of the President himself. " I question neither his integrity nor his great ability," said Senator Lodge. But he continued:

> When we give these powers, we do not give them to the President. The President cannot exercise them. It is utterly impossible for him to exercise or attempt to exercise one tithe of them. They are done by these people whom he selects and puts in; and, as I have observed,

some of the recent creations of men who are to be armed with these mighty authorities, it has occurred to me that it is extremely dangerous for Congress to abdicate its rights, to abdicate the functions conferred on it by the Constitution.

Of Senator Harding's mischievous partisan diatribe and Senator Lewis's fatuous and equally offensive response we have not the patience to speak, but when so faithful and capable a supporter of the Administration as Senator Hardwick sternly announces that "at every stage of the proceedings, where such powers as these are unnecessarily lodged in the hands of autocratic, despotic executive officers, I intend to protest both by word and act," the fact bodes ill for that full co-operation of all branches of the Government which must be had if we are to win the war.

"I am quite confident," said Mr. Balfour upon the eve of his departure for England, "that Congress will not refuse the President and the Government all the powers, great as they are, which are absolutely necessary if the war is to be successfully pursued. I am not only persuaded that it will give those powers, but I am persuaded that when those powers are given they will be used to the utmost and with as little delay as the imperfection of human institutions and human beings will allow to throw the great, and, I believe, the decisive, weight of America to the full extent into the great contest. In that belief I shall leave these shores. In that belief I shall make my report to the Allied Governments, so far as I can reach them, on the other side of the Atlantic; and in that belief I look forward with cheerful confidence to the days which will undoubtedly be days of trial and difficulty, but beyond which we surely can see the dawn of a happier day, coming not merely to the kindred communities to which we belong, but to all mankind, and all nations which love liberty and pursue righteousness."

We wish that we could share our distinguished visitor's confidence, but it is no less easy to ignore the fact that, day by day, the breach between the legislative and executive and advisory departments is widening than it is possible to escape the conclusion that, in the present crisis, quite contrary to the Scriptural dictum, it is danger rather than safety that lurks in a multitude of counsels.

Assuming, as we should assume for prudential reasons, a protracted period of warfare, it goes without saying that all arrangements should be made to conform to the supposi-

tion. And the first factor to reckon with is the terrific stress imposed upon those charged with heavy responsibilities. However strong one may be in mind and body, war invariably and often quickly enforces realization of the limit of human endurance.

Over and over again this has been demonstrated as the present conflict has progressed. Of all who held positions of highest authority at the beginning, still less than three years ago, but one—Bethmann Hollweg—holds his original place. In England, Asquith has given way to Lloyd George, Grey to Balfour, French to Haig; in France, Viviani to Briand and Briand to Ribot, Joffre to Nivelle and Nivelle to Pétain; in Italy, Salandra to Boselli; in Russia, the Grand Duke first to the Czar and then to Brusiloff; in Germany, von Jagow to Zimmermann, von Moltke to von Falkenhayn and von Falkenhayn to von Hindenburg; in Austria-Hungary, Tisza to Andrassi; and so on. Of the divinely appointed for life or death, Nicholas, Francis Joseph and now Constantine have passed on, the patient George and the rampant Wilhelm only, of the most notable, remaining.

That like changes will take place eventually in our own officialdom may be accepted as certain. The President himself is, of course, a fixture for at least the next four years, but his aids, as the experience of Mr. Bryan and Mr. Garrison has demonstrated, are not necessarily permanent; wherefore we venture to renew our suggestion of a small, efficient and continuing War Council, such as every other nation has found essential to effective co-ordination and conduct of its multifarious activities. The committees now in charge of our affairs comprise the following:

Council of National Defense.—Secretary Baker, chairman; Secretary Daniels, Secretary Lane, Secretary Houston, Secretary Redfield, Secretary Wilson.

Advisory Commission of Council of National Defense.—Daniel Willard, chairman, transportation; Howard E. Coffin, munitions; Julius Rosenwald, supplies; Bernard M. Baruch, metals; Dr. Hollis Godfrey, engineering; Samuel Gompers, labor; Dr. Franklin Martin, medicine and surgery; Walter S. Gifford, director; Grosvenor B. Clarkson, secretary.

Additional Co-operative and Subordinate Committees.—Nearly one hundred in number, comprising more than one thousand members.

To what extent this mighty aggregation facilitates

preparation and operation one would hardly hazard a guess, but the confusion which has ensued from its creation is apparent on every hand. Even the Congress which authorized the appointment of the hundred or more committees, to supplement the work of the regular departments, is bewildered.

"It is difficult," said Senator Hoke Smith in a speech, "to find where to go or who has authority. You go to one person, and he is waiting for advice; and you go somewhere else, and they are only advisory. You go to the colonel from the Quartermaster's Department of the Army, and he is waiting to get the opinion of somebody else. The law does not name, the statute does not say, when or how the opinions are to be given. It is so indefinite a responsibility that it is difficult to obtain satisfaction. When this great question, involving the transportation of the country and the rights of all shippers, is to be considered and passed upon by some board I think this board should have authority fixed by legislative action. The Advisory Board disclaims all authority. 'We can only advise,' they tell us."

To this Senator Cummins rejoined patriotically and sensibly:

> Those of us who are inclined to be critical must remember the immensity of the task which this Government has assumed. I expect to see a great deal of wastefulness; I expect to see a great deal of our business done in a way that will not commend itself to the people of the country. It is impossible for us to conscript anybody but human beings; and human nature is so frail that it can not encompass successfully in a short period of time the tremendous duties which have been imposed upon the country.
>
> I am saying so much because I do not want the Senator from Georgia to base his opposition to this bill upon the ground that we are giving any one man more than he can do. I know the President of the United States can not do personally what he is authorized to do in this bill. I know that he must delegate the responsibility to some board or some other person; and my only hope is that he will select the wisest and the strongest man or body of men in the United States to exercise the authority or to help him exercise the authority which we are granting in this measure. I believe he will. If he does not, he must suffer the criticism which will inevitably follow.

Readily conceding that "it would be inhuman to expect the President personally to investigate these problems," nevertheless, continued Senator Smith, "If some board is

to investigate them, let us prescribe the number of the board in the bill; let us give them official responsibility and know who they are; let them be confirmed by the Senate, and let them be situated where men whose interests are involved can be heard."

Whether or not consideration, on behalf of the President, of this particular matter of priority in transportation would properly devolve upon a War Council we are not prepared to say, but the illustration of the need of such a Council to effect co-ordination among these many commissions and to act as a buffer and sieve for the President himself in the exercise of the tremendous powers being conferred upon him is apt and perfect. To the assertion that he already has such a body in his Council of National Defense, comprising six Cabinet officers, we reply, first, that obviously the members were selected because of their positions, not because of their exceptional qualifications; secondly, that each is already overwhelmed by the regular work of his department and has no time for general counsel; and that, consequently, if one or more of them should be deemed peculiarly equipped for service upon a War Council, they should resign their present positions and give all of their time and thought to the broader questions of policy and general ways and means, —such, for example, as would now be engrossing the attention of such a body, if it existed, in connection with the use and extent of use of that most potent of weapons just placed in the President's hands, the embargo upon supplies to neutral nations.

Most important of all is the safeguarding of the President himself. No man living possesses a tithe of the power for good or ill, here and everywhere, which presently he will hold in his hands. Events have placed him at the head, not merely of the armies and navies of the United States, but of all the mighty forces arrayed in battle for the preservation of human freedom. Already France and England, by promptly revising their attitude towards Russia to conform to his, have testified their eager willingness to follow his lead. From this day forward his slightest nod will bear the force of a universal command, to be heeded gladly and gratefully by the millions who recognize that, since America must win the war, to America must fall the right to point the way.

So great a task, so grave an obligation, never before con-

fronted a human being. And the first vital requisite of success is the concentration into an effective intermediary body, between President and people, of five or seven of the best, biggest, broadest and bravest minds in America.

OUR TERMS OF PEACE

The President did well to set forth our terms of peace in his message to Russia. It was not too soon to do so. Peace may be long postponed. But it is certain that it will come at last, and whenever it does come we should be as fully prepared for it as possible. The costliness and embarrassment of our unpreparedness for war, the coming of which was doubtful, should admonish us of the wisdom of being prepared for peace, the coming of which is certain. The preparation cannot be complete in every detail. There are some points which will have to be determined by the conditions which exist when peace is made. But we can at least be prepared to this extent, that we shall be agreed and resolved, in accord with our Allies, upon the general principles upon which peace must be made, and shall have a clear and convincing conception of the reasons for insisting upon them.

Such preparation is highly desirable to have at the moment when negotiations for peace begin. It is no less desirable to have in advance, even now and all through the remainder of the war, be it short or long. To have it is to have in mind, and before the world, a distinct declaration and knowledge of what we are fighting for in the war.

On these two grounds, then, we must regard the President's pronouncement with gratification; especially in view of its sane and patriotic character, and of the cordiality with which it has been accepted by our Allies as expressing also their own views. Practically, it puts this country very much in the position of the leader of the Allied Powers in declaring the purposes of the war and the essential bases of peace.

The President did well to dismiss as quite unacceptable to this country the German suggestion of the restoration of the *status quo ante bellum*. That suggestion was made by Germany as a temptation to some of the Allies and as an incitement to dissension among them. It was hoped that

some of them, particularly Russia, and perhaps Serbia, would be inclined to accept it. It was also hoped that some might be fearful lest Germany should after all win the war, and that they would be inclined to accept this offer lest something worse befall them. Finally, as some too frank or imprudent Germans have confessed, it was hoped that the President, still moved by his "peace without victory" policy, would accept it and fall into the trap.

But Germany was disappointed. The *status quo ante* proposal was still-born, and it was buried forever by the President's convincing words. That was the status from which this evil war arose, the status in the injustice and instability of which originated the world's greatest catastrophe. To restore it would be to invite a recrudescence of the war. It would be to declare that the war had been in vain and that its dead had died in vain. That would be intolerably to affront humanity and the world's sense of equity.

It is imperative that the *status quo ante bellum* shall not be restored. We are fighting to change it, radically; and we shall continue to fight until it is changed. It must be so changed as to render a recurrence of this war as nearly impossible as men can make it. Just what that means, or will mean, it would be difficult at this time to say. The only important precedent for such a changing of the European system is that of 1814; but it is obviously not to be followed in all respects. The Congress of Vienna was essentially and intentionally reactionary, and its chief aims were to restore the former status as completely as possible, and to ensure its perpetual maintenance. The new congress, at the end of this war, must be essentially and confessedly progressive, and must create a new status, free from the pregnant evils of the old one, and it must secure guarantees of its maintenance.

For such an achievement the President has outlined four principles, concerning which it is to be observed that they are sufficiently explicit for the present purpose, while they are also sufficiently general to permit the widest latitude of final adjustment which post-bellum conditions may require.

The first is that of Nationality. "No people must be forced under sovereignty under which it does not wish to live." That is a principle which must appeal with special

force to America just at this time, when we are commemorating the anniversary of its successful enunciation by our own ancestors. Its application to some extent is obvious. Belgium must not be forced under German sovereignty; Serbia must not be forced under Austrian sovereignty; Slavs must not be forced under Teuton sovereignty. To further extend its application is a matter for very careful consideration, and in some cases it will unquestionably be involved in much embarrassment.

There will arise the question to what extent peoples are to be redeemed from sovereignties under which they have long been but under which they do not wish to remain. Shall we adopt the not illogical rule that existing conditions are to be abolished wherever they are similar to those the new imposition of which we would forbid? Then doubtless Alsace and Lorraine must be freed from German sovereignty. Italia Irredenta must be redeemed from Austrian rule; as must also the Serbian provinces which Austria stole and is holding against their will. There must be a change of sovereignty to meet the wishes of the people in Transylvania, and in the Polish provinces of Austria and Prussia.

Nor can we conceal the fact that a strong case may be made for other changes. Russia may be required to grant to Poland and to Finland a sovereignty more acceptable to the peoples of those countries than that which has long been imposed upon them; and the steps which Great Britain is now prudently taking toward the granting of autonomy to Ireland may have to be carried to full measure. He who seeks equity must come into court with clean hands; and powers which require others to respect the rights of nationality must themselves respect those rights.

The second principle is that of Territorial Integrity. There is to be no wanton dismemberment of lands. "No territory must change hands except for the purpose of securing those who inhabit it a fair chance of life and liberty." This is, of course, a corollary of the preceding principle, and there rises in connection with it the similar question: What changes of ownership of territory are or will be necessary for the purpose described? The general principle is not to be disputed. The practical application of it under the condition named will be far from easy. For it must be borne in mind that few if any of the lands and peoples in dispute

are altogether homogeneous. Macedonia, the "lumber room of Europe," is a conglomerate of Serbs and Greeks and Bulgars, and historically has belonged successively to each of the three. Transylvania is not purely Roumanian; there are Germans in the Polish provinces and in Alsace and Lorraine; there are Russians in Finland; and the division of the Irish people into two camps has been the chief difficulty in the way of an Irish settlement. However readily all Powers may accept these general principles, therefore, there will be much heart-searching and long discussions before a satisfactory application of them is attained.

The third principle is that of Indemnities. There are to be none of a merely punitive character. They must be compensatory. "No indemnities must be insisted on except those that constitute payment for manifest wrongs done." We must not, then, exact a huge indemnity from Germany just for the sake of punishing her, of financially crippling her, of "bleeding her white," to use her own description of her own repeated design concerning France. That, too, is a sane and laudable principle. But how vast may be the scope of the suggested exceptions! The "manifest wrongs done" are so grievous that scarcely any indemnity would be excessive payment for them. Every building destroyed in Belgium, every cent of tribute exacted, every Belgian life taken, every home broken up, every woman raped, every man deported into slavery, represents a "manifest wrong done," for which full indemnity is justly to be exacted. Nay, we may and must go beyond that, and say that not to exact such indemnity would be so grossly unjust as to be revolting to the moral sense of the world. Nor is Belgium alone in her deserts of indemnification. Serbia was similarly wronged. So did Poland suffer. As for northern France, it is scarcely to be distinguished from Belgium itself in the character and extent of the "manifest wrongs done." There are also the cases of the *Lusitania* and the almost innumerable other victims of Germany's wholly illegal and inhuman submarine campaign. Do they not represent "manifest wrongs done" for which it will be fitting to exact indemnity? We could not unreasonably go further still and adopt the principle which Charles Sumner enunciated in his demand for British indemnity for our Civil War—we could claim that the whole war was a "manifest wrong done" by Germany to the world, and that therefore Germany could justly

be required to pay all the war expenses of all the countries with which she has fought! Obviously, without going to this logical extreme, there will be abundant room for consideration of the question of indemnities.

The fourth principle has to do with Readjustments of Power. That is much less specific and obvious than the other three, though it is not difficult to comprehend its general purport. "No readjustments of power must be made except such as will tend to secure the future peace of the world and the future welfare and happiness of its peoples." Again, with the general principle all must agree; but there may be much difference of opinion as to the extent of its application. What readjustments of power will tend toward or may be necessary for the purposes named?

It may be profitable, as illuminating and emphasizing their real purport, to review these four principles in converse; expressing them affirmatively instead of negatively; thus:

Every people must be freed from a sovereignty under which it does not wish to live.

All territory must change hands so far as is needed to secure for its inhabitants a fair chance of life and liberty.

Indemnities are to be exacted for all manifest wrongs done.

Readjustments of power are to be made wherever they will tend to secure the future peace of the world and the future welfare and happiness of its peoples.

That, it will be said, is a stupendous programme, amounting to a practical reorganization of the world; and so it is; but the fact commends rather than condemns the programme. For this is a stupendous war, the undisguised object of which has been the forcible reorganization of the world. It has thrown the world into the melting-pot. What wonder if the world emerge in a far different shape from that in which it entered? In 1814, after the comparatively petty Napoleonic wars, the Powers of Europe undertook the complete reorganization of that continent, and the next year began to aim at the reorganization of America as well. In this immeasurably greater crisis a comparably greater scheme of settlement is essential and no programme can be too radical or too comprehensive if the world is to be made in truth and for all time "safe for democracy."

And now, having rightfully and properly defined our position, let us have no more talk of peace or terms of peace. We have entered the war to win, regardless of time or cost and at whatever hazard in lives. From this day forward there should be permitted no diversion from that supreme endeavor. The submarines may seem to accomplish the crippling, even the starving, of England; France may weaken from exhaustion; Italy may face a revolution; Russia may drop by the wayside; it matters not; invincible America is in at last to win—and win she shall, overcoming all difficulties, ignoring all repulses, disdaining all compromises, as surely as there is in the veins of her sons and daughters the blood of free men and free women and in the heavens a living God.

We seek no terms; we want no peace; we demand victory, nothing else and nothing less, over the powers of darkness, sin and shame.

THE MAN OF THE WAR

Following Balfour, the diplomat, Viviani, the orator, Joffre, the soldier, Udine, the royalist, and Marconi, the genius, comes Northcliffe, the electric engine of the armies of democracy—of whom, by way of introduction to the Pilgrims' Society, these words were spoken in New York nearly ten years ago:

What the American spirit is I cannot say, and I certainly would not attempt a definition on an occasion like this, when there are mingled with it the effervescing spirits of other lands. Nevertheless, it does exist as a species of restless energy, inherent and unceasing, constantly urging humankind up and along the path of progress and achievement. No American has a better understanding or keener appreciation of this peculiar nervous, mental force than our guest of the evening. None has attached to it greater value; none is more thoroughly imbued with it; few have profited more handsomely from its unremitting exercise.

And yet he is a Briton—yes, a Briton in every fibre of his being, devoted to his country as he should be, and honored by it as he should have been and will continue to be—a Briton, I hope I may say without implying invidious distinctions, free from prejudices. But, though so born, I trust that he will not take amiss my statement that he grew as an American grows. He inherited brains, to be sure, but so do we all to a greater or less degree. The difference is that he fed his by using them. All else than this one priceless heritage—wealth,

power, distinction, honor at home and abroad—he has won by his own endeavors unaided except by those drawn as by a magnet to a sentient, throbbing personality. That is why I say that, though born a Briton, he has grown as an American.

But, except for courtesy's or friendship's sake, it is not Northcliffe the individual who concerns us, but Northcliffe the type, the living indicator of the fundamental truth whose recognition has made great every Anglo-Saxon people. The success of Lord Northcliffe is a triumph of individualism, an exemplification of the wisdom of conferring upon the maximum of capacity the maximum of reward. It could never have been achieved in a State held in communal bondage. Like brains and like energizing forces doubtless are stored in the heads and hearts of thousands of human beings whose environment holds their possessors as with bands of steel in the clutch of mediocrity. The incentive lacking, the spirit refuses to exert itself and disuse performs its inevitable function as the most potent agency of decay. If the individual accomplishment of but one man, even this man, were at stake there would be comparatively little cause to give heed to the growing Socialistic tendencies in both England and America. But vastly more than the success of one or of scores of hundreds or thousands is concerned. The future of the entire human race is in the balance.

The lesson, sir, I would draw from your notable success is stern resistance of un-English and un-American tendencies whose fulfilment would render impossible like achievements by others in the future. Grave responsibility accompanies great power. You are at the beginning, not the end, of a career. Few, if any, during the next score of years will have better opportunities to influence their own and other countries. May your perception ever be keen and true and your determination never falter. God give you a continuance of the strength, sagacity, and courage which thus far have enabled you to overcome all obstacles and become what those of us who know you well know you to be—the Prince of your profession.

How true was this prevision events have demonstrated. Few, indeed, have since had "better opportunity to influence their own and other countries," and none has utilized that opportunity to so great advantage of all mankind as Lord Northcliffe. Whether, but for the sagacity and courage of this remarkable man of affairs, Germany would have won the war long before this, none can declare with certainty; but the possibility, even probability, of such a happening, is conceded and indisputable. Quicker than anybody else in England or elsewhere to perceive the magnitude of the menace to civilization, he demanded at the outset, through the *Times* and its allied public journals, adoption of stern, prac-

tical measures for the waging of war for years, when everybody else was fixing its maximum of duration in months. That his fervid appeals should have fallen, as they did fall, upon deafened ears and incredulous minds is not surprising. For years preceding he had been warning his countrymen unceasingly of the danger which threatened them, only to be scoffed by statesmen, soldiers and journalists, incapable of recognizing anything but the strength of a sluggish but presumably unconquerable empire. Naturally, in consequence, the actual outbreak made only for the rubbing, not the opening, of eyes.

But Northcliffe knew better because he knew Germany and he continued to thunder at the portals of Government and to din at the dulled faculties of the people until he became the most unpopular man in England, precisely as today he is the most execrated in Germany. Anathemas were heaped upon him not only by the rulers and the ruling classes, but by men of business and finance who made bonfires of his newspapers on the floor of the Stock Exchange, and by the populace, trailing after their leaders. During this long, heartbreaking period Northcliffe stood alone, but immovable. If England would not have the truth because England did not want it, England must be made to face it. And England was—in time, a long, long time, so long that its passing would have paralyzed the energies of one less resolute, but fortunately in this instance served only to incite fresh endeavors. Slowly and gradually but surely the leaven began to work—and Germany did the rest. At the end of a year, in every town mansion and in every country house, Northcliffe was still decried and denounced by the class into which his merit had borne him; but should he be suppressed? No, no, a thousand times no; he must be upheld, to drive the supine Government into action, to raise armies, to whip slackers into line, to make weapons equal to those of the enemy, to compel their use by an antiquated soldiery, to weed out inefficiency in high places and low, to get the best through trying-out, to obtain and print the facts, that England might know the truth.

So Northcliffe calmly defied the censorship at the risk of his life and when Sir John Simon, the censor, denounced him as a traitor in the House of Commons he was able to drive his calumniator out of office because he had the people, while Sir John had only the Government, behind him.

The task was less difficult than it would seem because Northcliffe had already invited and survived a severer test of his hold upon the country—the severest, in truth, that could have been imagined. When war was declared Kitchener was in the black books of the Government for political reasons, which need not now be recalled, and the Cabinet determined to vest supreme command in another. But Northcliffe called for Kitchener and created a popular demand so strong that it became irresistible, and the Government yielded. But day by day, month by month, the war went badly; the army, so far from making progress, was hardly holding its own; operations on the field were being muddled; soldiers by the thousand were being sacrificed to no purpose; something radical was wrong. What was it? Carefully, cautiously but thoroughly Northcliffe began investigation and soon discovered, to his horror, that the fault lay in the incompetence of the man whom he had raised to supreme authority and whose popularity he had fanned into a flame. Kitchener, living in the past, was adhering strictly and arrogantly to archaic methods long since discarded by both French and Germans, was resentful of suggestion and impervious to reason.

What to do? Kitchener was at his height in popular favor. Attempt to depose him except for overwhelming cause would surely prove futile and produce infinite harm. Fortunately, at this critical moment, word came to Northcliffe—through an American, by the way—that repeated disasters at the front were directly traceable to the use of shrapnel instead of explosives—by order of Kitchener. The evidence was conclusive, but Northcliffe took no chances. Hastening to the battlefields, he verified the reports with his own eyes. That Kitchener should be shorn of his limitless powers there could be no question. But could this be accomplished? Northcliffe did not know; nobody could have told. But there was but one thing to do at whatever hazard and Northcliffe did it without a moment's hesitation. He put himself, his power of the present and his growing influence for the future, his all, into the scales against the idol whom he had done so much to create and, through presentation with consummate skill of the unsparing truth, he won, and cleared the way for the manufacture upon an enormous scale of the modern munitions which now are making havoc in the ranks of the enemy.

The success of this undertaking, it is hardly necessary to remark, was equaled only by its daring, but to the alert mind of Northcliffe it bore a sharp implication—none other, in fact, than that the obsoletion which rendered impotent a famous officer might also possess great statesmen of the same generation. Searching inquiry having developed the correctness of this suspicion, to his own mind at any rate, Northcliffe undertook forthwith, not merely to reduce an unwieldly Cabinet to an effective working War Council of five, a comparatively easy achievement, but to put the entire "old gang" out of power. According full credit to Mr. Asquith and Sir Edward Grey for the valuable services which they had rendered, he insisted nevertheless that, like Field Marshal French and Marshal Joffre, they had reached the limit of their accomplishment and, for the saving of the nation, must make way for others, younger in years and unimpaired in spirit. Again he drove home to the minds of the people the need of change and again he prevailed against tremendous odds, cowing all opponents into submission and establishing Lloyd George as Premier, at the head of a compact Council probably unsurpassable in efficiency in England.

Of the innumerable additional achievements of Lord Northcliffe during the war—his Air Defense for England, Aircraft for France, Organized Recruiting, Compulsory Service, Big Guns, Galvanization of the Admiralty, Central Allied Staff, Succor for Belgium, Huge Funds for the Red Cross, etc., passing mention only need be made. Suffice it to say that, after nine visits to all the fronts, including the Italian and Serbian, days and nights in aeroplanes, motor-cars and trenches, he has little to learn from the areas of hostilities and turns restlessly and eagerly to the activities of the great Republic, which is now pledged to take up and finish the mighty task of making the world definitely and forever safe for democracy. That he finally, though reluctantly, yielded to the urgent insistence of the British War Council that he assume the direction and supervision of the various commissions now engaged in the purchase and shipment of vast quantities of supplies to the Allies is less surprising than at first it seemed, for the simple reason that none can realize more keenly than he that in effective co-ordination of all forces can be found the only sure method of winning the war. The need of diplomacy disappeared with

our entrance as a partner in the great struggle for liberty, and the vital requisite immediately became practical organization and management, in the application of which Northcliffe is without a peer. The value of the service to the common cause which he will be able to render as his work develops and expands cannot be over-estimated and can hardly, in our judgment, be comprehended in this early stage in our own procedure as a warring democracy.

The understanding and prescience of Lord Northcliffe's with respect to America's attitude were clearly evidenced in an article from his pen published in this REVIEW as long ago as September, 1915. Even then it was " obvious " to his mind that " just as Germany blundered into a war with Great Britain, so it looks as if she were forcing the United States into the war." He had " no doubt " that soon the Germans would " construct submarines capable of crossing the Atlantic," but of " one thing " he was certain,—

> —and that is that if the United States shall be goaded into this struggle she will see it through in the same way as on previous occasions. She will spare neither men nor money in that part of the struggle which she undertakes. She will show to the Germans that behind the fine American business brain is a soul that, as in the past, does not hesitate at the sacrifice of blood for the preservation of great ideals. If the Americans enter the war it will be with no sordid motive, with no idea of the acquisition of territory, but for the noble purpose of gaining freedom for those who are downtrodden and of showing to the world that citizenship of the United States is as inviolable as was that of Rome.

The accuracy with which he diagnosed the condition is now apparent, and it was in consequence doubtless of his sureness of judgment that he issued the famous order to all of his newspapers that " until American warships begin to bombard Liverpool not a word in criticism of the American Government must be printed." There spoke the sagacity of the statesman no less than the instinct of the journalist and, when his anticipation of our ultimate action was realized, Northcliffe presented through the *Times* an interpretation so broad and so bold that it must have made more than one self-centered Briton rub his eyes in amazement. " Not if we make a peace against Germany," he declared, " not if we think of her and treat her merely as a defeated nation—not if we go to the Peace Conference as nations, each seeking its

own advantage, if we see this alliance of ours as an alliance for purposes of war and to be prolonged in peace, merely to keep Germany in subjection ''—can peace be secured that is peace in fact and will endure. The war had been lifted by the entry of America on to a far wider, more exalted plane. '' The entry of America decided the character and purpose of the war, made it a war of mankind, made it, indeed, a war no longer in the old sense of the word, but rather an exercise of the world's will. . . . Have we the wit and the imagination to grasp what this change means? ''—that is, that it is no longer an affair of nations, that behind all the plottings of politicians and solemn talk of theorists, '' Germans are more real than Germany, Englishmen than England and men than either; and now the league of the nations has become a league of men to maintain that fact, a league a thousand times more real than any alliance of the past. But it can keep its reality only if it remains a league of men and does not slip back into a league of nations maintained for a particular purpose and against one particular nation. If the German multitude will throw off that insanity of theirs which makes them believe that Germany is another name for God, we will see them again as men, and treat them as men; we will forgive the wrongs which they did when they thought themselves God; we will not exult insolently over that country of theirs which has exulted over all the world. We will remember that they, too, have their dead and their widowed and their fatherless, a grief which they share with us in our common humanity. Mr. Bonar Law told more truth than he knew when he said that the entry of America was the turning-point of the war. It gives us a hope we have never had before; she has made the character of the alliance clear to all; she has given it the prestige of a world union; and she, more than all the rest of us, can aim at a peace in which it will keep that prestige. We must unthink the rivalry of the Great Powers.''

Sixty-three years ago the great Delane, responding to an attack upon the *Times* by Lord Derby, declared succinctly and defiantly:

> This journal never was, and we trust never will be, the journal of any Minister, and we place our own independence far above the highest marks of confidence that could be given us by any servant of the Crown. The part we have the honor to take in public affairs is guided and supported by as high a public sense of the honor of

the profession and the interests of the country as will be met with among those who pursue in public life the distinctions of personal power or the emoluments of office. We aspire, indeed, to participate in the government of the world, but the power we seek is due to no adventitious circumstances, but is exercised solely and freely by sway of language and reason over the minds of men. Since it is our good fortune to be independent of party and fearless followers of honesty and truth, we are little moved by the railing or misrepresentations of contending statesmen. Nor have we any inducement to exchange the modest obscurity which enshrines our labors for the empty notoriety which rewards their efforts. As long as we use the information we obtain and the influence we possess for the honor and welfare of the country the people of England will do us justice; and we are bold enough to place the duties and the power of a man, be he ever so humble, who contributes to form aright the public opinion of this nation not far below the worth of those who have served the State with honor.

Contrasting the obligations of Press and Government, he wrote:

The purposes and duties of the two Powers are constantly separate, generally independent, sometimes diametrically opposite. The dignity and freedom of the Press are trammeled from the moment it accepts any other position. To perform its duties with entire independence, and consequently with the utmost public advantage, the Press can enter into no close or binding alliance with the statesmen of the day, nor can it surrender its permanent interests to the convenience of the ephemeral power of any Government. The first duty of the Press is to obtain the earliest and most correct intelligence of the events of the time, and instantly by disclosing them to make them the common property of the nation. . . . It is daily and forever appealing to the enlightened force of public opinion—anticipating if possible the march of events—standing upon the breach between the present and the future, and extending its survey to the horizon of the world. . . . We are bound to tell the truth as we find it, without fear of consequences—to lend no convenient shelter to acts of injustice and oppression, but to consign them at once to the judgment of the world. . . . It may suit the purposes of statesmen to veil the Statue of Liberty. . . . Governments must treat other Governments with external respect, however black their origin or foul their deeds; but happily the Press is under no such trammels, and, while diplomatists are exchanging courtesies, can unmask the mean heart that beats beneath a star, or point out the bloodstains on the hand which grasps a sceptre. The duty of the journalist is the same as that of the historian—to seek out truth, above all things, and to present to his readers, not such

things as statecraft would wish them to know, but the truth as near as he can attain it.

To the policy thus outlined Lord Northcliffe has adhered rigidly; but he has done more. In this day of stress and danger to the Empire he has enlarged the scope and widened the horizon of the greatest of public journals, not merely through conforming traditions to the demands of the times, but also and most poignantly by injecting into its conduct the power of a personality which stamps him so far, beyond comparison, as the Man of the War.

Vive La France!

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

THE land of sunshine and of song!
Her name your hearts divine;
To her the banquet's vows belong
Whose breasts have poured its wine;
Our trusty friend, our true ally
Through varied change and chance:
So, fill your flashing goblets high,—
I give you, VIVE LA FRANCE!

Above our hosts in triple folds
The selfsame colors spread,
Where Valor's faithful arm upholds
The blue, the white, the red;
Alike each nation's glittering crest
Reflects the morning's glance,—
Twin eagles, soaring east and west:
Once more, then, VIVE LA FRANCE!

Sister in trial! who shall count
Thy generous friendship's claim,
Whose blood ran mingling in the fount
That gave our land its name,

Till Yorktown saw in blended line
  Our conquering arms advance,
And victory's double garlands twine
  Our banners! VIVE LA FRANCE!

O land of heroes! in our need
  One gift from Heaven we crave
To stanch these wounds that vainly bleed,—
  The wise to lead the brave!
Call back one Captain of thy past
  From glory's marble trance,
Whose name shall be a bugle-blast
  To rouse us! VIVE LA FRANCE!

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

OUR MOTTO

America, too, proud to fight!

THE WAR AND NATIONAL DEBTS

BY H. J. JENNINGS

Nearly three-fourths of the world, counting by population, is already at war, and there is a probability that before the climax is reached some of the remaining nations will also be brought in. Germany and her allies are opposed by half a score of democracies pledged to fight to the bitter end in the cause of humanity, freedom and the higher civilization. Until the war ends it will be impossible to reckon up the total expenditure, although we can draw some sort of an inference from the fact that the first three years are believed to have cost in money alone not less than one hundred billions of dollars. The entry of the United States and other republics of the Western hemisphere into the sanguinary arena, in defense of the national liberties outraged by Hohenzollern autocracy and trampled underfoot by Prussian militarism, will, in the fourth year, be followed by a big addition to the world's war expenditure. The United States alone is raising by loan seven billion dollars to " go on with," and to say that further assistance will be forthcoming to the fullest extent that may be wanted is only to utter a self-evident truism.

What will be the upshot of the enormous financial disturbance caused by this universal raising of War Loans, and of such vast sums of accumulated wealth being diverted from productive industry to the unproductive machinery of destruction? On a superficial view there might be a temptation to repeat the historic query " To what purpose is this waste? " but it needs only a little reflection to reach the conclusion that there can be no question of " waste " when the money is being applied to the advancement of liberty and to defending human rights against hectoring bullies pursuing mad-dog methods. It is enough to say that no sacrifice is too great for the maintenance of civilization;

no outlay is thrown away if it will crush the ambition for world-domination. What McCulloch, the British economist, said of the English debt created during the Napoleonic Wars applies with equal force to the conditions prevailing in the far greater struggle of today: "The integrity of our dominions, the protection of our rights and liberties, and our triumphs by land and sea are the real equivalent of the public debt and of all the blood and treasure we have spent in warlike enterprise, and they are quite as ample, and conduce as much to our prosperity as a nation, as if they had been realized in an increase of population and wealth; no sacrifices can be too great that are required to preserve national security and independence, and a loan expended on armies or fleets employed for such a purpose is quite as well and profitably employed as if it had been laid out on agriculture or in promoting manufacture or trade."

But the economic effects of these huge borrowings will, nevertheless, be anything but agreeable. The most salient consequence will be a trebling or quadrupling of national indebtedness, with its sequel of greatly increased taxation over a number of years. Nor are the belligerent nations only involved; every neutral, or at least every European neutral, uncertain as to what may happen, has had to put its house in order, to spend money on mobilization and otherwise to be prepared for possible contingencies. Practically every important State in the world has had either to raise exceptional revenue by taxation or to borrow money at war-time rates of interest. M. de Bloch, the Russian economist, writing in the early years of this century, estimated that "all the wars that had been waged in Europe from Waterloo down to the end of the Russo-Turkish War" had involved an outlay of six and one-quarter billion dollars, and he declared that no country could bear the economic exhaustion which a general outbreak of hostilities would cause. Yet no less than sixteen times that amount will have been spent by the first of August, and so far signs of exhaustion are only to be seen in enemy quarters.

National debt may be defined as debt incurred by the nation as a unit either to its own subjects or to foreigners. It has existed in some form or other ever since forced loans were wrung by medieval monarchs from reluctant merchants. Various are the pretexts that have been put forward to justify the raising of national loans,—such as the need to

fortify the Treasury against unforeseen emergencies, the anticipation of taxes on real or pretended grounds, and the industrial development of young countries; but the chief cause has always been war. It has been responsible for by far the greater portion of the European debts existing today. Next to war the most potent influence in the creation of national debt in recent times has been too rapid progress combined with corrupt administration. In a period of great prosperity, when there has been much surplus money to invest, it has often been easy for young countries to borrow externally beyond their probable means, with the result—sooner or later—of dishonorable default, a result to which reckless finance inevitably leads. There are few South or Central American republics that have not contracted debts to foreigners without any reasonable expectation of ever being able to meet the interest obligations, let alone to pay off the principal. Nor can it be said that history is rich in records of nations that have shown an impatient zeal in paying off their war liabilities. Perhaps the most signal example of an infrequent honesty is that of the United States in redeeming, with heroic promptitude, aided no doubt by rapid growth and prosperous development, the debt created during her Civil War. It is well to keep this example in view now that the whole world is rushing to the money-lender, with or without good security, and the taxpayers of every country are also its principal creditors.

Formerly, when national debt was spoken of, funded or long-term debt was meant. The war, which has changed so many things, has necessitated a wider definition of the term. It has called into existence on an unprecedented scale various kinds of short-dated liability, and whereas floating debts before the war were a relatively insignificant factor, they have now become, at any rate temporarily, a very important one. They fluctuate in amount because short-dated loans are continually being paid off and others are being issued, but it is safe to assume that a considerable proportion will ultimately re-appear as long-term debt. Current revenue may extinguish some part, but by far the larger part is renewed from time to time until it can be discharged out of the proceeds of a loan extending over years instead of months.

When, therefore, we now speak of national debt we generally mean any interest-bearing national liability irrespec-

tive of its length of life. An obligation of repayment is not necessarily one of its qualities. The plan of obtaining money by the sale of permanent annuities, which is also included in national debt, is not debt in the sense that there is a duty to repay the capital value on a specified date or on any date at all; it is debt, however, in the sense that interest has to be regularly paid. This method finds little or no favor nowadays. It was the expedient of times when money was more difficult to raise and when capitalists were more usurious in their demands. It is now recognized that posterity cannot fairly be saddled with the service charges of irredeemable debt, and that expenditure for war purposes, even when posterity must bear part of the burden, ought not be be spread over an unlimited period, taxing the industry of remote unborn generations. A finite term, therefore, is an essential condition of modern borrowing. The old-time British Consols and Tennyson's brook are the only things that "go on for ever." When the debt incurred in the war between England and France was consolidated the only possible way of ever reducing it was by the cancellation of stock purchased in the open market, or by some heroic proposal of conversion which might or might not be acceptable to the holders. Although national loans are no longer issued on irredeemable terms, and a goodly amount of such as formerly were has been replaced by terminable debt, the interest that has to be paid on what remain must be included in any calculation of outstanding national debt. All the war debt raised in the course of the present war is for strictly defined periods, long or short as the case may be. It may take the form of a three-months' Treasury bill, tendered for, or a three-years' Exchequer bond, or a thirty-years' war loan.

In endeavoring to reckon up the national debts accumulated since July, 1914, we are confronted with two difficulties. In the first place, the monetary relations of the Central Powers with their misguided accomplices, and also with each other, are something worse than obscure. In the second place, the finance of the Allies is complicated with loan arrangements of a similar accommodating kind which, unless one is careful, may be counted twice over, although really only one liability. If, for example, A lends $5,000 to B, and B lends $1,000 each to C, D, and E, the effect is precisely the same as if A lent $2,000 to B and $1,000 each to C, D, and E.

It is known that Great Britain has advanced to her own Dominions and the Allied Governments sums amounting in the aggregate to five billion dollars, but as neither the names of the borrowers, nor the amounts borrowed by them, have been disclosed, we are in the dark as to how the several parts of the large total should ultimately be allocated. For present purposes, however, the principal thing necessary is to see that in estimating the liabilities of the various nations we do not inadvertently debit possible secondary borrowers and the primary borrowers as well.

The former of these two phases of the same difficulty is the more serious. Nobody outside the Governments of the Powers themselves knows anything definite about the financial relations of the German and Ottoman Empires. Nor is much more known of the financial position of Austria-Hungary. Statements have been published from time to time about the issue of war loans, but it is obvious that the main purpose of such publicity has been to conceal rather than to reveal the truth. It can be approximately estimated from the numbers of men that Austria and Turkey have been able to put in the field how much they must have spent, and such an estimate, even on the most conservative basis, far exceeds the total indebtedness that has been admitted. According to the more or less official statements that have been permitted to circulate, the combined Austrian and Hungarian loans amounted, down to the present year, to 3,400 million dollars. The real position is, however, a sealed book. These figures do not in any case include the loans and credits in Germany, respecting which nothing is known. It may be taken for granted that in one way and another the Dual Monarchy has incurred war liabilities of twice or three times as much as is admitted in the official statements. It is doubtless with the object of deceiving their own people that the Central Powers are so assiduous in trying to belittle the magnitude of their financial sacrifices. When Count von Roedern talked about twenty-five billion dollars covering the whole of their combined costs down to the end of 1916, he was either egregiously misinformed or was juggling with figures.

Turkey is, in a special degree, the mysterious factor in the problem. Taking her expenditure as not exceeding five million dollars daily, even that low estimate means an excess of at least three billion dollars over the proceeds of any prac-

ticable new taxation. Before the war the exchequer was nearly empty, and the budget for 1914-15 showed a deficit of six and a quarter millions. All her principal revenues were already ceded for pre-existing debt, and she was saddled moreover with unpaid military liabilities contracted during the Balkan War. Although much remained to be done in clearing up confused issues and adjusting new responsibilities, Turkey was making encouraging progress towards a financial equilibrium when her lunatic rulers rushed her to the precipitous declivity of Gadarene self-destruction. This has played havoc with her trade; her exports have long since come to an end except to her near neighbors; her revenues, which depended largely upon agriculture, have so shrunk that they no longer meet the requirements of the Council of Debt Administration. Germany is understood to have advanced amounts on several occasions, but they have invariably been in inconvertible paper which, when the crash comes, will be virtually worthless. Germany financing Turkey is a case of one cripple propping up another, an experiment which always ends in both coming to the ground together.

Bulgaria's indebtedness has increased during the relatively short time of her active participation in the war from about one hundred and twenty-five million dollars to six hundred and fifteen millions. Most of it is probably owing to Germany and Austria; quite recently the former advanced her catspaw a further ten million dollars—of course in German paper. Only a few months ago the Bulgarian Finance Minister publicly stated, with something like a reproachful wail, that his country had not seen a single piece of German gold. It is needless to say that the economic state of Bulgaria is very bad, and it is admittedly impossible for her to raise by taxation revenue enough to pay interest on the debt, which amounts to $123 per head of her sparse population. The grotesque proposition has been actually made that Roumania should be compelled to take over a moiety of the Bulgarian war liability.

Germany herself, though making much pretense of financial candor, withholds many of the facts which are indispensable if a correct view of her position is to be obtained. We know that the Reichstag has sanctioned credits amounting in the aggregate to 19,750 million dollars, and that

Germany has issued six war loans totaling, according to official statements, more than fifteen billions, to which must be added a floating debt of probably four billions more, making the national debt over nineteen billions. Between October 27, 1916, and March 31, 1917, the expenditure under the mass levy and including loans to allies, seems to have been at the rate of about twenty-five million dollars a day, and this rate is not likely to have decreased since, so that by the latter date the expenditure must have greatly exceeded expectations. It is in fact a figure that cannot be in the least relied upon, any more than the loan subscriptions can be relied upon to show Germany's true indebtedness. It has been the boast of the Finance Minister that Germany alone of all the belligerents has been able to finance the war with long-dated loans, but everyone outside Germany knows perfectly well that this is only a rhetorical flourish made "with intent to deceive." Not only is Germany not financing the war with long-dated loans, but she is not even making provision for the service of those that have been contracted. A tax revenue of about three hundred millions is a poor security for the subscribers to war loans whose interest, on the very lowest computation, will be much more than thrice that amount.

The financial position of the Allies, on the other hand, is quite clear; and their statements, with one or two exceptions due to uncontrollable causes, leave nothing to be desired on the point of frankness. England and France take the whole world into their confidence, Italy makes no attempt at concealment, the United States takes every step in the full light of day. The estimated amount of the debt of the United Kingdom on March 31 last was nineteen and a half billion dollars, but three and one-quarter billions of this were in existence before the war began, so that the addition due to the war is sixteen and one-quarter billion dollars. Some of the constituent items have been altered from time to time by the different conversions, but the "new money" figures of the three war loans so far issued are 1,750 millions, 3,080 millions, and 5,002 millions respectively. Floating debt in the form of Exchequer bonds, Treasury bills, etc., was nearly five billion dollars at the close of the financial year, about a billion had been borrowed from the United States, fifty millions from Japan, and miscellaneous liabilities of three hundred and fifty millions

brought up the total to the nineteen and one-half billions already stated. This, of course, does not cover the whole of the expenditure between August 4, 1914, and March 31, 1917, taxation having provided the difference between the new debt (which, it may be repeated, includes loans to other countries) and the cost of the war to Great Britain, which has been officially said to be 21,300 million dollars. In addition to the above, there are also the loans raised by Britain's over-seas dominions. We have the authority of Sir Robert Borden for saying that the loans placed in Canada have exceeded three hundred millions, in addition to provision made to assist British finances to the extent of two hundred and fifty millions. India, in an early stage, raised fifteen millions for war purposes and has quite recently undertaken to raise five hundred millions to be place at the disposal of Great Britain. Australia and New Zealand have also been responsible for internal loans exceeding one hundred millions. South Africa has largely financed its considerable share in active hostilities, and altogether the British overseas net indebtedness, due solely to the war, amounts, or will shortly amount, to more than 1,165 millions.

France began her war finance with the issue of National Defense bonds and borrowing from the Banque de France. Most of the former debt has since been consolidated, and the position at the beginning of the current year was that there was a total debt of eleven and one-half billion dollars, thus distributed—First loan, 2,385 millions, second loan, 2,303 millions, floating debt 2,400 millions, debt to the Banque de France, 1,720 millions, debt to the United States 248 millions, and some miscellaneous liabilities. France has made ample provision for interest revenue, and the thoroughness of her patriotism has been proved by the adoption of a direct tax on incomes on a scale that would have been impossible before the war.

Russia has issued five internal loans, amounting together to two and one-half billion dollars, has a floating debt of not less than two billions, and has also incurred external obligations the full extent of which has not been made known. It is not possible in the circumstances to say, even approximately, what the national debt of Russia actually is. It is pretty well known that her finance, although sound enough *au fond,* has been subjected to a considerable strain, and

the further assistance of the United States will be very useful in getting the machinery into full working order. Already new sources of revenue to the extent of two hundred and fifty millions a year have been legalized, but the material effects of the suppression of the sale of vodka, which was a highly profitable Government monopoly, have necessarily been rather gradual in their operation, and the substituted revenue has not yet had time to make itself fully felt. Furthermore, under the late imperial régime there was great administrative disorganization, the railway system was choked and out of gear, and the unlimited material resources of the country were to a great extent unavailable. A strong economic policy for the development of Russia's productive forces will, in due time, have favorable results, but meanwhile the financial situation will need handling with skill and experience. Perhaps it will be safe to put the Russian war debt of all descriptions at some figure in excess of eight billion dollars with an average interest of six per cent., thus requiring for its service four hundred and eighty millions a year.

Italy's war expenditure, from her entry in May, 1915, up to June 30, 1916, amounted to 1,560 millions, being at the rate of nearly $4,330,000 a day. Of this expenditure 1,080 millions was raised by means of internal loans, 680 millions in long-maturity redeemable bonds, and 260 millions in Treasury coupon bonds. Assuming the same rate of expenditure, the total cost by the first of July, 1917, should be about double the above amount, say three billions, nearly all of which has been produced by borrowing of one kind or another. Owing to the adoption of a bold fiscal policy, involving eight million dollars of new taxation, the revenue shows itself capable, not only of sustaining the onus of existing debts, but also of ensuring the interest service of new loans that may be required.

As everyone knows, the United States has authorized a loan of seven billions. There is no need to go through the list in detail, especially as much is veiled in the mistiness of international arrangement. Roumania has been financed by the Allies, Portugal has had to borrow for military purposes, and—to be brief—every country directly taking part in the war, as well as many that are not, has had to increase its liabilities for longer or shorter periods. It is possible, without setting forth these minor developments, to arrive—

though not without the aid of considerable guesswork—at the present indebtedness of the contending nations, at all events up to the end of March last, that is, for thirty-two months out of the thirty-six respecting which Mr. McKenna said at the outset that no one could possibly estimate the cost if the war lasted so long. The conclusions are not put forward dogmatically, or as those of scientific accountancy—that would be a preposterous claim to associate with any estimate in its nature partly conjectural—but if they err at all they certainly do not err by reason of any over-statement of the case. Such figures as can be relied upon, the conjectures it is legitimate to make on available data, and the inferences one is bound to draw from the known facts of expenditure, warrant the belief that the world's debt has already been increased by more than ninety billion dollars.

As the cost of the war, while it continues, can hardly be less than ninety million dollars a day—and the interposition of America will probably make it more—it may be assumed that the national debts of the principal combatants will, before it ends, be much bigger than even the above inflated figure indicates. There is no occasion, however, to embark, in regard to the duration of the conflict, upon a sea of prophetic speculation. If it ended tomorrow, the magnitude of the world's existing liabilities would still furnish material for serious enough thought. These liabilities will not, of course, press equally upon all the nationalities engaged. They will vary according to conditions, such, for instance, as the number of the country's population, whether the occupations of its people are chiefly agricultural or manufacturing, the extent of its accumulated wealth and of its national income. It is obvious that an agricultural country like Turkey or Roumania will not have the same recuperative power, apart altogether from the question of relative wealth, as a commercial and manufacturing country like the United Kingdom or the United States. Also, the pressure upon a small or stationary population will be heavier than that upon a large and increasing one. It would be absurd to class Bulgaria or even the Dual Monarchy with France, which has transferable wealth estimated at eighty billions of dollars, or with the United Kingdom with a transferable wealth estimated at eighty-five billions and a national income of fifteen billions. No calculation of the average liability per head for interest can ameliorate individual hardships

in the taxation of relatively poor nations. Those with enormous natural resources and industrial enterprise, such as the United States or (potentially) Russia, will recover from a big burden much quicker than such a nation as the Turks will recover from a comparatively small one. One effect of the war will be to stimulate the trade activity of the world to find a recompense for the money that has been spent. Where that activity is effectual it will help in varying degrees to make the burden of taxation endurable. The financially strong nations will have the best chance. If any one thing is certain in this maelstrom of uncertainty it is that the commercial expansion of the future cannot be effected without capital, and that capital will, for a long time to come, be difficult to raise, if indeed it can be raised at all, by countries that have no sound security to offer, or whose credit has been greatly damaged by their exhausting sacrifices. But while giving due consideration to distinctions that it would be foolish to ignore, there is no reason to suppose that the nations as a whole will fail to recover from this war as they have invariably recovered from other wars. There may be—almost certainly will be—diversions of the stream of human energy and variations in the possession of commercial power. Even an aggressively pushing people like the Germans will require many years to re-establish themselves in the markets of the world, because, should their elaborate menu of vast indemnities turn into a Barmecide feast, they would start in the new contest with the handicap of a colossal debt and impoverished economic resources.

H. J. Jennings.

RUSSIA FINDING HER FEET

BY CHARLES JOHNSTON

The best Russian news of the month comes to us, oddly enough, from an authentically German source. The Cologne *Volkszeitung,* commenting on the appointment of General Alexei Brusiloff to supreme command of the Russian armies, writes: "Brusiloff is a man who hesitates at no sacrifice. His nomination proves that the temporary Government means seriously its announcement of a new offensive. It has chosen for the highest command a general who is responsible for the greatest successes yet achieved by the Russians. We shall do well to reckon seriously with this new offensive on the Russian front. Our Western enemies apparently have been successful in holding Russia to her course, and the new Russia will be tested by this offensive." The Cologne paper goes on to prophesy: "The German army leaders have made their preparations accordingly. The Russian offensive will not be successful, and may even bring peace a considerable distance nearer."

We may ignore the gilding of the pill, contenting ourselves with seeing in the *Volkszeitung's* declaration the proof that Germany has definitely given up hope of a separate peace with Russia and expects instead a vigorous attack by Russia's hardest hitting general. It would, of course, have been exceedingly desirable that this offensive should have begun in March or April, synchronizing with the French, English, and Italian forward movements, but there are immense natural difficulties in the way of an early Spring attack in Western Russia and Galicia because of the deep, late-melting snows and the bottomless morass of mud which the snow leaves behind it, quite impracticable for artillery movements; and it will be remembered that General Brusiloff's great offensive last year, in its way the most

noteworthy aggressive action which the Allies have yet made, began as late as June 4. And since in Volhynia and Galicia a late Spring has its compensation in an equally late Winter, there is still plenty of time for a great campaign that may prove decisive in the winning of the war and may, in fact, bring peace nearer, though not quite the peace the German journal has in view.

There have been causes of misgiving in the general situation, created by the Russian leaders themselves. One of the most alarming and, at the same time, most dangerous was the relaxation, almost destruction, of military discipline by an order issued by Gutchkoff, then Minister of War. It is worth while to analyze his motives. First, there was a genuine and very sound desire to assimilate the discipline of the Russian army to that of the magnificent citizen army of France, where order and obedience rest on the voluntary self-subordination of the soldiers and where the finest discipline in the world coexists with the most cordial mutual affection. Take the incident quoted in Barrie's war play: Volunteers were asked for a highly dangerous air exploit. Of the many aviators who at once stepped forward three were chosen. They saluted the commander-in-chief and were setting forth. But Marshal Joffre called them back: "Children when taking leave embrace their father!" And he embraced them in turn, with the splendid simplicity of heart so easy for a Frenchman. Some such ideal as that was in Gutchkoff's mind. But his second motive was less praiseworthy. It was the not very courageous desire to conciliate the extremists and agitators in the Council of Workmen's and Soldiers' Delegates, some of whom seem to act under direct German inspiration. So we had the perilous order of April 30, which had, however, its admirable side. Thus it decreed that thenceforth all Russian soldiers should retain the full rights of citizenship; that freedom of speech and worship should be guaranteed to them, as in the French army. But, on the other hand, there were the very unfortunate clauses making the salute optional and creating committees of the men in each company, battalion and regiment to safeguard discipline and to settle disputes between the men and their officers; clauses which the men interpreted as permission to go as they pleased.

These last clauses simply copy the declarations of the

famous "Order No. 1," issued without the slightest authority by someone claiming to represent the Council of Workmen's and Soldiers' Delegates—in all likelihood, as was openly surmised in France, inspired by a clever German agent.

Immediately there was a complete relaxation of discipline in the field army. It is freely said in Russia that the famous generals, seeing the extreme danger involved, instantly telegraphed to Minister Gutchkoff saying, in effect, that if he had the slightest regard for Russia's honor this unfortunate order must be revoked or modified in such a way as to make the re-establishment of discipline possible. What is certain is that General Alexeieff, General Ruzski, General Brusiloff, and other army chiefs immediately went to Petrograd "to confer with the Provisional Government," and that the resignation of Gutchkoff quickly followed. We are reasonably safe in assuming that the two events were not unconnected; that the resignation of Gutchkoff under pressure was the first step in a clearly conceived plan to restore the discipline that is indispensable to success.

About the same time—and this is one of the facts which has not had due consideration in this country—a general alliance of military and naval officers was constituted in Petrograd, "with the aim of assisting the high command to reorganize the army on the new basis, for the attainment"; with the further aim, we may conjecture, of offsetting the famous Council of Workmen's and Soldiers' Delegates.

There followed the May Day demonstrations, in which small groups of anarchists, carrying black flags and heavily armed, paraded the streets of the capital, murdering, among others, the valiant General Kashtalinski and trying, evidently once more under German guidance, to establish the reign of chaos. There was a hurried meeting of the Executive Council of Workmen's and Soldiers' Delegates, which passed a strong resolution declaring that "only madmen or enemies of national liberty are capable of such revolting acts; the Executive Committee condemns them severely."

On May 2 General Brusiloff published his famous general order forbidding "fraternization" between Russian and enemy soldiers and declaring that "the enemy is seeking to establish such relations and is taking advantage of them to gain information as to the organization of the Russian

defenses." Correspondents have described this "fraternization," made easy by the childlike simplicity of the young Russian soldiers, who, believing that the millenium has come, are somewhat too ready to "love their enemies": Members of the German and Austrian staff corps, speaking Russian fluently, have masqueraded as privates and invited Russian soldiers to come over to the enemy trenches, dining and wining them and asking tenderly about their welfare. Then there were return parties given in the Russian trenches, when the visitors brought little cameras to take interesting photographs "for the dear, white-haired parents at home," which photographs included Russian batteries in the background. Officers who interfered were told that in accordance with the luckless Gutchkoff order discipline was now entrusted to the soldiers themselves, therefore the officers had no right to interfere. But for the grave danger to the Allied cause there would be an element of humor in this grotesque situation.

At this time also the German agents in Petrograd and their allies and dupes among the extreme Socialists there were making demonstrations in the streets of Petrograd calling for the resignation of the Provisional Government and demanding the immediate downfall of Paul Milyukoff, then Minister for Foreign Affairs. These were immediately swamped by gigantic demonstrations in favor of the Provisional Government, but at the same time the German agents succeeded in inoculating the Council of Workmen's and Soldiers' Delegates with the now famous formula, "Peace without annexations, expropriations, or contributions." The Tiflis agitator, Tshéidze, elected himself sponsor of this formula, which is palpably the ruse of a beaten Germany. "After this explanation is published," he declared, "and the Allies are informed of its contents, the proletariat classes in the Allied countries must take similar steps to make their Governments repudiate such intentions."

The reply of England, the splendid answer of Premier Ribot, are already a part of history. What should be known is that a very strong pronouncement, exactly in the tenor of Ribot's speech, was made in Petrograd by G. V. Plekhanoff, one of the returned exiles, who said with striking cogency:

As to the conquest, I have already more than once expressed my

view. The formula, "Peace without annexations or contributions," is untenable. It is the ratification by the Germans of the annexations made by them. For the Germans, not we, seek conquests.

The second part of the formula is unintelligible. Contributions have been exacted by the Germans from the Belgians in enormous sums. We have not levied contributions from the Germans. Is it possible that, by accepting this formula, we should agree that Germany, having crushed Belgium under foot, should not pay for the damage she has done? Not to demand from the Central Powers reparation for their destruction of small nations would be dishonorable. Just at present the people of the Ukraine (Galicia) are beginning to declare that they wish to unite with Russia. Shall we prevent them? Or the Armenians, on whom they are trying to reimpose a Turkish protectorate, and who do not want that protectorate, why should we refuse to support their wish to separate from Turkey? The formula, "Peace without annexations or contributions," in my view, will not stand examination. Though it is prompted by the love of peace, yet in reality it is highly advantageous for aggressive countries—contrary to the intention of its authors.

We beg leave to doubt the last phrase. We are convinced that its authors are to be found in Berlin; it is merely the translation into villainous Russian ("Mir bez anexiy i kontributiy" of Count Czernin's proposal "the status before the war." But the point is that this Russian revolutionary argued exactly as Ribot and Lord Robert Cecil argued—and that his pronouncement came the first of the three. This is one of the things the cable companies unaccountably missed.

Another, which failed to "get across," is really one of the finest documents that have come out of Russia, at once touching and inspiring. It is the declaration of the Russian Tenth Army, with headquarters at Minsk, in the form of Resolutions addressed to the Council of Workmen's and Soldiers' Delegates at Petrograd:

Comrades, the past cannot return. We are all ready to defend with our breasts the liberty of our land against every assault of violence. We beg you not to offer to the army regulations that might be understood as acts of independent organization, since such regulations bring dislocations and disorders into the life of the active army. Comrades, we hail your victory in the struggle against capitalism for the eight-hour work-day—but we remind you that the regiments and battalions stand in painful and dangerous positions, without limitation of hours. Coming here from the battle front, we were thunderstruck when we learned that the output of the munition

factories was dwindling, as intensive work is also dwindling. Comrades, is it possible that the holiday-making of the Revolution has not ended yet? Surely, it is time to work. Do you not know that, for every hour needlessly spent in idleness, your comrades, there on the front, will pay with their lives?

We know that Wilhelm is still on the throne; we know that the German workman is toiling day and night at the preparation of shells. We know that the German people still send us poison gas and explosive bullets. Is it possible, then, that free Russia will leave our free army, in its struggle against German imperialism, without shells and supplies? We summon you, comrades, to strain all your forces; to increase the intensity of your work to the utmost, in order to supply to our army all things needed to carry the war to an end, to a peace that shall guarantee liberty to all peoples. Comrades! Each to his place: the workmen at their lathes, the soldiers in the trenches, and—long live free Russia!

There is the authentic voice of the Russian army to set against the inflammatory lucubrations of the Tsheidzes.

We may, as a measure of reassurance, quote a statement concerning the present shell supply of the Russian army: As compared with the supply in the first period of the war —the period of the battle of Lublin and the first invasion of East Prussia, in September, 1914—Russia has at present three times as many shells. Shells for heavy guns were then one-twelfth of the total; they are now one-ninth of the total. That is, there are now three times as many shells for field guns and four times as many shells for heavy guns as there were then, on the eve of the first large Russian offensives. Further, we are told that each month's output of shells is equal to one-fifth of the total now with the batteries and in the storerooms, while one-fourth of each month's output consists of heavy shells. There is, therefore, on hand material sufficient for a formidable offensive.

The ministerial crisis at Petrograd was clearly and amply reported by cable. The highly important results which it brought about may be summarized thus: First, it greatly strengthened the position of the Provisional Government in its relations with the sometimes menacing Council of Workmen's and Soldiers' Delegates, in part by including in a coalition ministry some of the ablest members of the latter. Second, it resulted in firmly establishing an ardent militant, Kerenski, in the War Office—a man of eloquence and fire, of firm will, and wholly in accord with the great fighting generals of the Russian army. Kerenski

had his hours of agony and despair. On May 13 he was recorded as saying: "I am sorry that I did not die two months ago, when the dream of a new life was growing in the hearts of the Russian people, when I was sure that the country could govern itself without the whip." A week later, firmly in the saddle at the War Ministry, Kerenski was issuing orders that "Deserters are enjoined to return to the army and fleet by May 28. All infractions of this order will be severely punished. I propose to introduce an iron discipline into the army."

The juxtaposition of those two declarations is one of the dramatic things of the Russian revolution. At about the same time there was a notable declaration from the Cossacks in the Russian army declaring that they were unanimously for the prosecution of the war to complete victory over the Germans; that they had never been guilty of "fraternizing"; that they regretted that they were not all at one point, where they could make a strong offensive; that among them desertions were unknown.

This makes it timely to say something about this splendid body of men, who have been too generally caricatured as wielding the knout against the Russian peasants, but who are, in reality, one of the most courageous, self-reliant, tenacious fighting forces in the world.

The Cossacks are a hereditary military caste, descended from the fighting men who fought the Turks in what is now Southern Russia in the old days of fire and sword. They have, perhaps, a strain of the old Scythian blood in them, making them more rugged than the pure Slavs. At present they hold extensive lands by military tenure and are liable to service for life. They are almost entirely mounted troops, providing their own horses and equipment. Beginning at the age of nineteen, the young Cossacks are trained at home by the older men for two years. They then serve in the "first category" for four years and may be employed in any part of the wide Russian dominion. They continue, for periods of four years each, in two further "categories," and finally enter the Cossack reserves, to serve in time of war. Squadrons of Cossacks are attached to each infantry division; brigades of Cossacks are attached to each cavalry division. In a sense they form the backbone of the Russian army. During the Galician campaigns there was one service performed only by Cossacks: They made their

way, at infinite hazard, through the enemy lines, where the extension of these through immense forests and morasses made this possible, and devoted themselves to perilous attacks upon the rear and the communication lines of the Austrians and Germans, inflicting severe punishment and endlessly harassing the Teutons. In large numbers they volunteered for this dangerous service, each man knowing for a certainty that short of a miracle he would never return.

The declaration of the Cossacks is, therefore, of the utmost moment. Taken with the appointment of Kerenski to the War Ministry and the bestowal of supreme command on Brusiloff it forms a group of happy omens for the vigorous prosecution of the war to final and sweeping victory.

Before we speak of Kerenski's acts there are certain minor ebullitions which should be commented on. There was the Kronstadt incident, the announcement that the garrison of the island fortress of Kronstadt, in the Gulf of Finland, some twenty miles from Petrograd, had declared itself an independent, autonomous republic and had driven out the representatives of the Provisional Government. The President of the newest republic was a student of chemistry, Anatole Lomanoff, whose brother, a young soldier, was commander-in-chief. The new republic sent emissaries to the garrison of Oranienbaum, on the shore, across three miles of water, summoning them to follow suit and declare their independence. The good people of Oranienbaum replied that if Kronstadt interfered with them they would turn their sixteen-inch guns on the island fortress. The new republic was supposed to be planning an invasion of Petrograd with battleships and cruisers, but no invasion took place, and a few hours later relations with Petrograd were opened, emissaries harangued the Kronstadt republicans, and peace was restored, the complete recognition of the Provisional Government being promised.

As regards the threatened strikes of workmen and clerks in Petrograd and in the southern munition plants, one reads of them at first with hot indignation. Then one remembers that there have been dangerous strikes among munition workers in England; that Paris was on strike a few days ago. And finally one realizes that the demands of these Russian strikers are exceedingly modest: the clerks demand the exorbitant sum of about $12 a week; the muni-

tion workers a little more. Well, they ought to get it, and then go to work in the splendid spirit urged by that pathetic Voice of the Army.

We have hardly space to say anything about the reported agrarian disorders, but in reality only a small part of Russia has been affected or can be affected—for the simple reason that only a very small proportion of arable land in Russia is held by landlords. From four-fifths to nine-tenths is already in the hands of the peasants, or will be when the imperial demesnes are taken over and distributed. Some of the rest belongs to towns. Only a fraction remains, and only in this fraction can there be agrarian disorders, and such an extraordinary land is Russia that even in the midst of revolution there were no murders; the limited confiscations were carried out "without brutality on the one side, without resistance on the other."

We come now to the heart of the matter: the possibility of a strong Russian offensive. While there are still grave dangers, while explosive elements, touched off by the active, malignant agencies of Germany, may at any moment blaze into flame, there are, on the other hand, elements distinctly reassuring. The position of the Provisional Government appears decidedly more secure. The Council of Workmen's and Soldiers' Delegates seems more reasonable, the inflammatory element losing ground. The strikes are, for the present, composed. Kronstadt has made its peace with the authorities. There is now little talk of separate peace, while the formula, "Peace without annexations or contributions," has gained a rational meaning.

This is the background. In the foreground stand two figures—Kerenski, the War Minister; Brusiloff, commander-in-chief. The two men are absolutely at one as to the path of honor which Russia must tread; Kerenski, young, ardent, courageous, an orator of genius and a fiery patriot; Brusiloff, who "hesitates at no sacrifices"—it is the word of an enemy, yet a true one; he began by complete self-sacrifice and self-dedication—who in the first months of the war gained a name throughout the world for the brilliant advance with Ruzski up to the base of the Carpathians; who last year directed the strongest offensive Russia has made since the war began, one of the strongest and the most successful in territory won that the Allies have yet accomplished; Brusiloff, the "Iron General," as they call him in

Russia, whose prestige among Russians is immense; cautious, far-seeing, a master of military science, gifted with the divination that is always a part of military genius, and yet with all his caution swift and resolute in action, one of the hardest hitters in the war.

The latest news from Russia is the best. A mutiny, on the Roumanian frontier, of men under the command of General Stcherbatoff—one of the four army-commanders in the great Brusiloff offensive of 1916—has been resolutely put down by armed force, though, apparently, with no bloodshed. This vigorous action was taken by the co-operation of a committee of loyal soldiers, representing the whole army, and of the General Staff; it is, therefore, a test of the whole army's temper and resolution. The " iron discipline " promised by Kerenski is already bearing excellent fruit; the hand of General Brusiloff, as wise as he is resolute, is already felt.

Excellent results may also be expected from the arrival at Petrograd of the American Commission, headed by Mr. Root. There is already warm admiration and enthusiasm for America among the great loyal majority of Russians, who demand war for victory; and the counsels of a man so strong, so wise, so full of experience in the handling of world affairs, are certain to be welcomed by the men who genuinely represent the new Russia. As we write, the President's message is being greeted with a unanimity of feeling somewhat less complete than had been hoped for. There are dangers in the path, without doubt; but there is wise and resolute force, to meet these dangers.

CHARLES JOHNSTON.

THE REVIVAL OF INDUSTRY IN FRANCE

BY RAOUL BLANCHARD
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The great war abounds in unexpected developments, and perhaps one of the most surprising is the impetus which it has given to manufacturing in France.

During the last fifty years, industrial life in France appeared to be sluggish. Industrial activity increased more slowly than in many other nations, especially Germany. The causes of this inferiority were numerous. France has been a wealthy agricultural country for ages, and this industry required labor which was diverted from manufacturing purposes. The raw materials were scarce. France produced no great quantities of ores, with the exception of the iron ore. Mineral fuel was lacking, since the production of coal before the war was only 40,000,000 tons, of which 30,000,000 were extracted from the coal fields of the North of France. There was also lack of textile fibers. Conditions for transportation were not very favorable; the ports were too numerous to be well-equipped; the system of canals for inland transportation was inadequate, except in North-Eastern France. Finally, business routine and antiquated administrative traditions hampered initiative and made success difficult.

These unsatisfactory conditions were aggravated during the first part of the war. The rich iron mines of Lorraine have been occupied by the Germans since the very beginning of the campaign. Soon after, the greatest part of the coal fields of the North fell into their hands, and at the same period, the railway lines were completely congested and monopolized by the military authorities. For a time, they served only to transport troops, ammunitions, war material and supplies. Then labor was reduced by three-quarters, by the call to the colors of all able workingmen from the age

of nineteen to forty-five. These facts concurred to produce, during the last five months of 1914, an almost complete stoppage of all industrial activities. Now, two years later, an activity and prosperity such as never before existed in France, has manifested itself. It is our purpose to study the causes and the result of this remarkable awakening, which has been effected under the most difficult conditions, and in the midst of the most terrific struggle in which France has ever been involved. Since it would be difficult to consider the whole of France, we shall choose, as an instance, one of the regions where this awakening is perhaps the most striking: South-Eastern France.

We understand by South-Eastern France, the mountainous country which stretches from Switzerland to the Mediterranean coast, on the left bank of the Rhone, the greater part of which is formed by the chains and valleys of the French Alps. The character of the country is varied, but of only moderate productive power. Manufacturing never developed in this region as in the north of France or in the vicinity of Lyons, because of the lack of mineral fuel, and the difficulties of transportation. Small factories were scattered here and there among the mountains, using what labor could be found, and the power of waterfalls for the transportation of raw material. Small coal mines were worked, which provided a supply sufficient for the heating of the houses in the neighboring towns of Lyons, Grenoble and Geneva, but inadequate to the demand of industry. The coal necessary for the factories had to be brought at high cost from other parts of the country, making it impossible to carry on manufacturing profitably.

To sum up the resources offered by these mountains for industrial purposes, they were chiefly mineral, vegetal and animal. And apart from these natural products was the potent power of wild streams.

Mineral industry made use of the rocks of the mountains. Limestone, which abounds in the sub-Alpine chains was transformed into lime in the neighborhood of Chambéry, Grenoble, Nice. Cement was manufactured from the rocks in which there was a proper proportion of lime and clay, and this was one of the most thriving trades of the country. It was the specialty of the Dauphiné, whence cement was exported to Italy and even to South America. Gypsum, abundant in the inner chains of the Alps, was made into plaster. In other

parts, slate-quarries were exploited, but for local needs only. Along the external border of the Alps an active trade in building stones was carried on with Geneva, Lyons and Marseilles. The output of metals was ever decreasing because of the want of proper transport. The ancient lead and silver mines had all been abandoned. The iron works which in former times had been thriving and busy places had been deserted one after another during the last twenty-five years. There remained in activity only a few forges at Allevard, and some metal plants at Grenoble and Annecy. The only ore whose extraction was remunerative was the bauxite, found in the department of the Var and used for the production of aluminum.

The utilization of vegetal products, however, did not bring in large profits. Timber had been once one of the chief resources of the forested parts of the Alps and was largely used for the needs of the French navy. But the deforesting was carried on so ruthlessly during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries that it endangered the future of this section. Consequently, the forestry service had to enforce strict measures to restrain the export of timber. Only in the northern parts of the Alps are extensive and heavily timbered forests, which will supply lumber for manufacturing purposes. And in the large valleys are found the walnut trees, which are so valuable for cabinet ware and furniture. Paper manufacturing was perhaps the most prosperous industry, for fir and aspen abounded in the forests and the water-supply was at hand. Paper and card-board factories were numerous on the side of the mountain, and in the vicinity of Annecy and Grenoble were manufactured the finest qualities of paper for the Government bank notes and for use in art. But this industry was also limited by the transport question. The necessary imports of chemical fiber from Scandinavia were very expensive, and Paris, the chief market for paper, was far distant from these small centers of production.

Handicrafts such as silk manufacturing and leather dressing were more important. Formerly the raw materials were found in the country itself, but to-day the quantity of raw silk available in this district is insufficient, and the goats, sheep, and cattle of the mountains will not supply the needs of the leather business. Raw silk is brought from Italy or from the Orient; skins from every part of France, Algeria

and even Australia. The existence of skilled labor is the main explanation for the continuance of such trades in this part of the country. Silk manufacturing, which flourishes on the western border of the mountains, recruits its labor chiefly from the feminine population of the Bas-Dauphiné, these rural workers being more industrious and more easily satisfied than the inhabitants of large towns; nearly half of the French silk looms are distributed in the region between Grenoble and Lyons.

The skin manufacture consists chiefly in glove-making, and Grenoble is its center. This handiwork is delicate and artistic. The substitution of machinery for hand labor has not yet been possible. The skill of the handworkers, which is largely hereditary, is what has kept this industry thriving. The importance of the fabrication was great, since before the war it employed about 40,000 persons of which 10,000 were men and 30,000 women. The gloves were chiefly manufactured to export to England and America.

During the last score of years a new resource of the mountains has been utilized; that is, the power of the Alpine streams. Since the time of the great Piedmontese Minister Cavour, the name of "*houille blanche*" (white coal) has been used to designate the energy which flows down the side of the mountains from the melting glaciers. The transformation of this power into electricity, with its multiple applications, created a new industry. It meant not only the discovery of a new source of profits, but the increased output of all the other industries, paper-mills, spinning mills, weaving manufactures, etc., and the introduction of new ones, electro-metallurgy and electro-chemistry. In the same plant this manifold activity manufactures paper, forges iron, gives electric light for the towns and electric traction for the cars. The electric furnace can be used for the production of aluminum, for the refining of steel, or the making of explosives. The later technical development makes it possible to transmit power at a hundred kilometers or more from the generating power. During the last decade the force generated in the middle of the Alps has been brought to Lyons, and a hundred kilometers beyond. Marseilles purchases light and power from the stations of the Alps, and the project of transmitting power to Paris has been considered. This very modern and promising industry was considered, on the eve of the war, as one having the most brilliant of prospects.

The first effect of the war on these trades was almost a complete disorganization. Labor was suddenly taken away from the quarries, lime-kilns, cement works, paper-mills, iron-works. Every trade which was not connected with the production of war supply was considered as "*industrie de luxe,*" and consequently glove-making and silk-manufacturing stopped. The electric plants which consumed no fuel and needed little labor went on, but they supplied scarcely anything except light and traction. The stoppage of work was so complete that the workingmen who were unfit to be mobilized remained unemployed, and the "*caisses de chômage*"[1] had to be instituted to help them. The paralysis lasted during all the months of August and September, 1914, and the revival of trade was very slow until the beginning of 1915.

However, it did not take a very long time to discover that this stoppage of all work was a tremendous mistake. The consumption of ammunition and war material is so great in modern battles, that even in the supposition of a short war the production of France was not adequate to the demand. That the war would be long began to appear inevitable to the most clear-sighted people during the winter of 1914-1915. It was necessary to set about the manufacture of arms, ammunition and war supply. The need was much more pressing as the coal and iron regions of France were for the greater part occupied by the enemy. On the other hand, this supposition of a war of considerable duration imposed upon the country the obligation of making the most of all its resources, since it needed still greater revenue to buy supplies in large quantities from foreign nations. The manufacturers had before them the task of resuming their industries and increasing their output.

The most pressing duty was of course the manufacture of products necessary for national defense. These are various, and the Southeast could produce a good many of them. Though the region is not supplied with material for heavy iron-works, and could not manufacture guns, it was at least possible to work on shells and grenades, to manufacture explosives, to prepare cotton for powder, to produce timber and cement for the trenches, stocks for rifles, and many other utilities. At the same time an attempt was made to restore

[1] Fund for the help of unemployed workmen.

the activities of paper-mills, and to give an impulse to glove-making and silk-manufacture.

The difficulties, as may well be understood, were enormous. Everything was lacking: labor, coal, raw material, and transportation services were utterly disorganized. Thus passed several anxious weeks. Little by little these problems were studied and solved with the help of a new administrative organization, the "*Sous-secrétariat d'Etat de l'Artillerie,*" which became later the "*Ministère de l'Armement.*" Each particular problem was solved by the most practical means, the power of the state being now a help and not a hindrance to private initiative.

The problem of labor was of course the most pressing and the most difficult to solve. Various schemes were devised to answer the needs of the moment. The first was to take men out of the army and send them to industrial work. This was done with great caution during the winter of 1914-15. The proportion of the men thus taken increased more and more during the year 1915, and reached its fullest extent in 1916. The specialists in steel work were the first to be taken out of the trenches; these were far from being sufficient, and common workmen were added to them. Then chemists and workmen trained in the manufacture of explosives were recalled; electric engineers were sent back to the hydro-electric plants; miners above 35 years of age who belonged to the territorial regiments were sent to the mines; paper-makers and cardboard-makers who could be employed in the preparation of explosives were put to work; cabinet-makers were put to manufacturing rifle-stocks; wood-cutters were brought back from the front in order to see that there was no waste in providing the enormous amount of wood needed in the army. All this recalling of mobilized men was effected at first according to the need, and without method. By degrees it became clear that the output would be greater if these soldiers-workmen were assigned to the plants or factories where they were working before the war. As it would have been unwise to take too large a number of men out of the fighting units, hundred of thousands were taken from the auxiliary troops of the interior, men who through lack of physical ability to fight were employed in sedentary tasks. Thus in 1915 and 1916, auxiliaries were swept away to become workmen, foremen, secretaries, book-keepers, accountants, etc. Finally, the administration decided to draw

from the oldest classes of men still under the military law. These were called in 1915 and sent to the factories; men born in 1868, either bachelors or married men without children.

Another draft was made on the civil population. To make up for the absence of male help, women were called upon for a great number of occupations. There is, in modern manufacturing, a good deal of work which requires no great physical strength, and where attention and skill are sufficient qualifications to run the machines. Women are adapted to such work. Attracted by high salaries, they applied for employment in mechanical plants, in gun-powder manufactories, in administrative offices; and to make it easier for them, directors of important firms organized in their factories day-nurseries (*crèches*). This introduction of masses of women into the industrial field is certainly one of the most important of the economical phenomena brought about by the war.

Along with women, the refugees were to do their part. In all the southern districts of France, there have existed since 1914, colonies of Belgians and of French people from the invaded regions of the north, who fled before the invaders, and settled there. Their number has increased by degrees, as the Germans from time to time have sent back to France destitute people and those who could live no longer so near the fighting line. After a rather long period of unsettled life, these refugees took again to regular occupations, some working in the fields as agricultural hands, others in factories. To-day, it is difficult to find unemployed people among them.

Finally, the alien population counts for much more than before the war. In the southeast Italians have always been numerous; in 1911 there were about 12,000 in the district of Grenoble alone. They are excellent workmen, sober and hard-working, and they rendered great service at the outset of the war. Unfortunately, the entrance of Italy into the European conflict brought with it a threat to have them all recalled to their own country. The French Government succeeded in obtaining permission for a great number of them to stay provisionally in France. This provisional arrangement, renewed month after month up to the middle of 1916, ended by granting to a great many workmen a temporary exemption of some length. Aside from these, the Spanish and the Portuguese had already appeared in the workyards of the southeast. The employers did their best to keep the first-comers

and to attract others. A newer element was provided by natives from the colonies. Thus, the Kabyles, from Algeria, sturdy workmen, whose emigration towards the North of France had already been organized during the years preceding the war, now furnished a useful quota. Some natives from Morocco, equally hardy, were added to them. Large numbers of Greeks and of Armenians came, and since 1916 the last touch has been added by the landing of Annanites and Chinese, who filled up whole factories. Each manufacturing center has thus become a cosmopolitan city, where people of different nationalities and races are rubbing elbows. But they do not live always in perfect harmony. During the Summer of 1916, at Lancey, near Grenoble, the Spanish and the Portuguese sought to expel the Greeks under the pretext that the conduct of King Constantine was a disgrace to their nation.

The last resource was the enemy itself. There are in France more than 250,000 German prisoners, engaged in various work and receiving a salary for it. The largest number are engaged in agricultural work, but a good many gave themselves willingly to manufacturing which was not directly connected with national defence. In the southeast they are building hydro-electric plants, working on the railway tracks or on the roads, or employed anywhere as ordinary workmen. To them must be added the contingent of Austrian prisoners brought back by the Serbians through Albania. These, being for the greatest part Slavs of Bohemia and Carniola, have no scruples about bringing help to France, and work with enthusiasm even for war trades. Well fed and well clad, all these prisoners are in perfect health, and they are well contented to get some remunerative occupation after having escaped from the hell of the firing line.

Thus, by these various means, the difficult problem of labor has been solved. The staff and hands of the old factories have been reconstituted; in many cases their number has considerably increased; also new firms have been created. At Grenoble a metal plant which occupied 700 persons before the war now has 3,000 employees. The plant at Lancey jumped from 800 to 2,000 employees; another very important one, at Ugines, from 1,000 to 3,300. The small borough of Chapareillan (near Chambéry), which had a workshop of five men before 1914, has now a big shell fac-

tory employing 1,000 workingmen. Instead of a dearth of workmen there is relative abundance almost everywhere. Their number has been doubled, sometimes trebled or quadrupled.

At the same time that these efforts were made great ingenuity was employed to procure fuel and raw material. It is fortunate for the industries of this region that they do not require much coal, for, being far from ports and mining districts, it would have been difficult to find the necessary supply. Only the metal works have great need of it, and they can procure a supply from Saint-Etienne or from the coal fields of the Gard. The Government took the precaution to give the army purveyors precedence over other buyers. The raw materials which the region itself could produce, such as wood and stone, could naturally be easily obtained. Raw silk from Italy, skins from other regions of France, were also easily obtainable. The great difficulty lay in the materials procurable only from foreign countries,—steel from England and Spain, copper from America, sulphur from Sicily, etc. In order to assure transportation for these products it became necessary to limit strictly the number of passenger trains. At present on most of the branch lines there is but one passenger train a day in each direction, and on the main lines but three or four. The restriction in train service has certainly been one of the most evident and annoying of the practical inconveniences caused by the war for people out of the war zone. Finally, the Government, aside from procuring laborers, facilitating transportation, and even placing contracts for raw materials, has taken an even more active part in the work. In some instances it has actually built the factory, equipped it, and set it in operation, as in the case of the great plant at Chapareillan. And very often the Government has given the manufacturers generous financial aid, lent them sufficient sums with which to enlarge and perfect their establishments, to set up new machinery, and even to construct new buildings. The energy and intelligence displayed in this matter by the *Ministère de l'Armement* have been notable and most praiseworthy.

RAOUL BLANCHARD.

THE JAPANESE POINT OF VIEW

BY F. W. HENSHAW
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PUBLIC discussion of our present and future relations with Japan has been left almost wholly to the demagogues of politics and to the press. Even our Government has done nothing to disabuse the minds of our people of the ridiculous fear of the "Menace of Japan," or the "Yellow Peril." When it should have spoken aloud it has remained silent, or has whispered timorously behind a covering hand in the ear of State authorities.

It is little short of criminal to allow this anti-Japanese propaganda to go forward at this time unanswered and unrebuked. Its foundation is ignorance, its superstructure, self-serving falsehood. Japan is admittedly one of the world's great Powers. She is our ally in a war which is rocking civilization from turret to foundation stone. No American can point to any wrong, even the slightest, which she has ever done us or threatened to do us. Six thousand miles of ocean separate a poor island kingdom of fifty million people, only sixteen per cent. of whose lands are arable, from a democracy which numbers more than one hundred million, which owns a fertile continent, and whose national wealth as compared to Japan's is as Rockefeller's to a New York newsboy's. Japan's future, like England's, inevitably depends upon manufacture. To success in that, peace is vital—a peace that permits unrestricted import of raw material, a peace which alone enables the exporters to develop markets and create demands for their products. The day for the acquisition of great territory by forcible occupation —the day of colonization by conquest, in short—is past, as Germany is learning to her cost. Side by side, as allies, the United States and Japan are striving to defeat this

menacing German aspiration, and they will do so. Can it be believed by any mind above that of an anthropoid ape that Japan has contemplated, is contemplating, or will contemplate following Germany in a like career, and that, if she does, she will select for her first victim a nation many times stronger than herself, and at a distance which renders anything but a naval raid against our Pacific Coast ridiculous to contemplate?

Here is the simple truth, and it is time that it be publicly recorded: We shall have war with Japan only if we seek it. We shall have war with Japan only if our course of conduct toward her becomes intolerable for a proud nation; we shall have war with Japan only if we inflict on her insults and wrongs which will force her to do as Germany forced us to do. And further, let it be recorded that, actually, we have been doing this for ten years. If Japan had ever planned to attack us, we have in that time given her not excuses but reasons by the basketful. If she had planned to attack us she would have struck before the Panama Canal was completed; she would have struck when, from the standpoint of unpreparedness, we were as wise in provoking and insulting her as a ground squirrel half a mile from his hole would be in jeering at a passing hawk.

What, then, *are* Japan's national aims? There is need to sweep away one myth before answer is made. That is the myth of the "mystery of the Orient," the impossibility of the white man's understanding the workings of "the Oriental mind." Volumes of solemn nonsense have been written on this. The simple truth is that *homo sapiens* gets his name because he reasons; and in any instance, given a knowledge of the well-springs of conduct, of the customs, training and influences amid which a man has grown and by which he has been environed, and you can tell pretty accurately what that man will do because you know what you would do yourself. And this is true regardless of race or color.

So much for the myth. Next, for the understanding of Japan's mind and motives, it is well to recall a few facts.

Deeds of superlative courage were expected matters-of-course in Japan's sea-war against Russia. The young officers who performed them did not, and did not expect to, become popular idols, and their commanders in many instances did not consider that the occasion called even for mention of their names in general orders. When a Japanese

is killed in war his family do not droop in mourning. His parents deck themselves in gala attire to receive with modesty but with pride the visits of friends who congratulate them on having reared a son who has honored them in giving his life for his country.

This may be a mistaken outlook on existence. Whether it is or not is a consideration beside the purpose of this paper. But it *is* the Japanese attitude toward life, and as such is to be reckoned with. For it means that if the Japanese believe they should go to war, they will do so without regard to mercenary considerations, without counting the cost, but with whole-souled enthusiasm.

The Japanese neither worship nor crave wealth; but they earnestly crave a competency "for the glorious privilege of being independent." They love their country. Necessity alone drives them out of it. It is no exaggeration to say that, assured a competency which to us would seem pitifully inadequate, no Japanese would leave his land save for purposes of study or to make the grand tour. But when a country produces a superior quality of rice and cannot afford to eat it, but must export it, importing for its own food rice of an inferior quality, one may understand the pressure for existence which is implied. But the Orient itself is a sterile field for the Japanese laborer in his effort to secure his competency. In Korea, China, India, the struggle for existence is even more tense, the scale of living even lower than in Japan itself. What more natural than that they should turn toward us, not for spoils, but to gather a share of our enormous wages by honest labor. Think what it means to the Japanese cook, butler, or housemaid who in addition to food receives in a month what it would take a year to earn at home; and the same relation holds true as to their earnings in all other vocations.

Now the Japanese do not understand the antagonism which their business activities arouse in the Western States. If, they say, they are an "inferior people," why all this pother? But that they *are* inferior, they in no wise admit. They believe that with fair play they can hold their own against any people in the world, and they ask no business favors. When Western laws classify them as Mongols, they smile at such ignorance, for they know that one of the greatest events in their history was the repulsion of the Mongols under Genghis Khan in a sea victory comparable

to that of the English over the Great Armada. And not believing that color of skin denotes superiority, they are unable to understand a racial antipathy to them which they do not feel to us. Quite the contrary. During their period of reconstruction we sent them many educators, wise in all departments of Western learning, and so they came to regard the United States as in a special sense their friend and tutor amongst the nations of that new and strange Western World. They blessed us for opening their ports, little realizing that it was done solely for our own purposes of trade and commerce, and that we never dreamed we might be releasing a giant from the bottle which we uncorked solely that we might enjoy its contents.

Nor has that feeling of friendship died away, notwithstanding the strain we have put on it. Today the American traveler in Japan receives just what he gives. If he is sullen and superior he is met with indifference. But as he moves about the crowded thoroughfares his smile is met with answering smiles, and to his salute the children line up with magic swiftness and tear the air with their shrill "Banzais!" The Japanese of California, since our declaration of war, have offered an equipped, trained, English-speaking regiment of their countrymen to serve under the United States flag wherever sent, and they have made this offer privately lest their motive be misinterpreted.

Japan has had but sixty or seventy years of revivification. We need not speak of the marvel of her achievements in this short space of time. It is enough to say that in that period of regeneration she learned her lessons well. She noted that the white-skinned races own, or claim to own, all of North Asia, all of Europe, all of Africa, all of the two continents of America, all of Australia and New Zealand; that they control and insist on controlling India and the greater East Indian Islands, and that soon they will control Persia and Asia Minor. She learned, too, that China was to go the way of the rest, and she learned the method—missionaries self-imposed on unwilling nations; capital invested, and the appeals of capitalists to protect their investments; interposition by their Governments; reparation demanded, and exacted in the form of territorial allotments creating "spheres of influence"; fortification, domination, ownership. China, notwithstanding her immense population, presents a great field for development of many kinds. She lacks

everything of modernity. Manufactures, railroads, mines, are all for the future. Who should do this developing? The European nations, who, with both hands full, were still grasping for more, or Japan, who needed room for expansion and whose propinquity and historical associations justified her in extending her protection over her neighbor? What more natural than "The Orient for Orientals"? And what did she see? She saw Russia forcing a treaty on Korea which gave her a protectorate over that helpless nation, and she struck and eliminated Russia. She saw Germany wresting a nearby sea-coast province from China in reparation for injuries to missionaries, and making a Gibraltar of its port, and again she struck and eliminated Germany. She saw other nations growing feverish over the situation and feeling for their own spheres of influence in China. She saw China a republic in which not one man in a thousand knew the fact or would have understood the meaning of the word if told the fact. And she saw that it was high time, if the Orient was to be held for the Orientals, that helpless China be made to understand that Japan and Japan alone would exercise a hegemony over the Orient.

This, then, is the fundamental of her national policy: the hegemony of the Orient; and with what Western nation lies the right to say her nay? She will welcome the investment of Western capital in the development of Oriental countries, but she will not permit those investments to serve as excuses for establishing spheres of influence. She herself will undertake that all such investments are duly protected.

There is one more consideration which is vital to an understanding of the strain which we have been and are putting on Japan's patience and friendship: that is her attitude toward her nationals. If it be indeed true that America's "new diplomacy" guarantees protection to her citizens' lives and property only while they remain within her territory, Japan, it must be remembered, adheres to the old diplomacy and holds that her people and their property are entitled to her full protection wherever they may lawfully be. And that full protection, we may rest assured, will be accorded them without first figuring profit and loss in a ledger.

It is not only an extraordinary anomaly in government, but a perpetual menace to our peace, that while no State

may declare war or make peace, any State may by legislation or otherwise precipitate a war, against the will of all others, and then call upon those others, whose wishes she has derided, to fight her battles for her. California's attitude is that as a sovereign State she has the right to do these things, but she by no means proposes that in doing them she will bear the consequences alone.

What is the explanation of her attitude? Racial antipathy is an insignificant factor in it. Japanese men do not seek white wives; they are well satisfied with the women of their race. On the other hand white men are frequently attracted by the Japanese women. No, antipathy is due to economic considerations only. Its justification is declared to lie in the fact that the Japanese, living more parsimoniously, will tend to lower the wage scale. Let me give two illustrations: A friend of mine owns farming land near a small town in the neighborhood of Los Angeles. The land has abundant water. He appealed to the poor of the town to take his lands and farm them, rent-free for the first year until they proved what could be done, and on a small crop-rent the second year. Not one tenant could he secure. He then rented to Japanese on a cash rental of $12 per acre, and when their trucks loaded with vegetables passed through on the way to the Los Angeles market the comment of the very men who would not farm the lands was: "Look at the d—— Japanese, taking the bread out of our children's mouths." California greatly needs small farmers and farm labor. The city of Stockton is an agricultural center. Its Chamber of Commerce recently declared the necessity of admitting one hundred thousand Asiatics to relieve this need. Organized labor is in bitter opposition—not because the men are not required, but because their admission will tend to cheapen the price of labor.

The second illustration is this: A friend purchased at retail in Japan a silver cigarette case of perfectly simple and unornate finish. The price was forty yen, twenty dollars. Its oddity consisted in springs which released trays. It was admired, and he took it to a prominent silversmith in San Francisco to have it duplicated. The silversmith said that duplication would cost at least eighty dollars, and he would not bind himself by that sum.

The economic question involved is only suggested. It is not proposed to offer a solution of it. That belongs to the

Government. No one desires to see labor cheapened; but if Japan, working at home, can send her manufactured products here and sell them at any such ratio as one-fourth the American cost, only one of three things can result: a tariff wall, a wage reduction, or cessation of manufacture in her competing lines. But it is desirable to make plain the principle that, being a governmental problem, the whole nation, not the Western States alone, is vitally interested in its sane solution.

More immediate than the question of imports is that of the treatment of the Japanese who are here or who may come here. It is folly that such a matter should be left in the air or brought to earth only by secret diplomacy and a "gentlemen's agreement," while the Western States feel themselves at liberty to legislate invidiously against even those rights secured to Japanese residents by existing treaties. It is absurd to witness the Secretary of State of the United States hurrying West to whisper between cupped and trembling hands into the ear of a Governor, imploring him to suppress State legislation hostile to the Japanese. We ought to be big enough to deal fully and frankly with Japan and set at rest every irritating question by formal treaty.

Such is the only course open to a nation which declares its contempt for "secret diplomacy"; so, and so only, will the Western States be restrained in the exercise of powers which they now think are uncontrolled; and so, and so only, shall we eliminate one very strong provocation to war.

In sum, then, if we want war with Japan we can have it either by interfering with her Chinese policy or by continuing hostile legislation against and harassment of her citizens lawfully resident here. While in the first instance war would be declared only as the result of our direct interference, in the second we may find ourselves involved through State action because of the lack of a controlling treaty. If we are desirous of throwing away all export trade to the growing Orient for the next hundred years, we are working admirably to that end.

F. W. Henshaw.

TO INCREASE THE YIELD OF FOOD

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It is better always that fifty bushels of grain grow on one acre than that they grow on ten, even at equal cost. As agriculture is more intensive, so may civilization be more intense. Economically, socially, and probably physiologically, the area condensation of food production is as important as any problem which confronts the race—quite as important in twentieth century America as it was in Egypt thirty centuries ago.

Dimly recognized as this basic principle of food-supply and development may have been at all times, yet it is doubtless due to this fact that the first important application of scientific research to agriculture was in the investigation of the soil. Urged no doubt by the obviousness with which the growth of the useful plants depends upon fertility and good conditions of soil, early investigators directed their efforts largely to problems in this field. One may recall the basic investigations of de Candolle in plant nutrition, of Wollney in soil physics, and of Hellriegel in soil bacteriology; investigations which are still among the classics of applied science. For some reason this early primacy of soil investigation has not continued. The energies and resources of agricultural science have come to be applied less to problems of the soil and more to problems of plant improvement, the control of insect and fungus enemies, the creation of new agricultural products, or the mere betterment of cultural technique.

There has been no decrease in the number or urgency of the problems which raise themselves in the advance of modern agriculture. The reverse is true. The specializations in crops, the refinements in products, and the increasing pressure of land valuations have raised a host of difficulties in modern agriculture.

Serious as the implied needs may be, yet the rapid advance of the sciences of physics, chemistry, and experimental biology has not only increased greatly the available points of attack on evil problems, but has provided many new methods for the necessary experimentation. Knowledge does not apply itself, however. Long and costly intervals may intervene between the dawn of a discovery and its actual utilization. Agriculture now finds itself moving slowly with respect to many of the principles of science that may affect its progress most profoundly. An inquiry as to the most pressing problem would doubtless be answered differently by scientists, in a manner determined by viewpoint and experience. Should a census of opinion be obtained from those whose work engages with agriculture, however, there is little doubt that a general agreement would be found as to the necessity for an intensive application of creative intelligence and experimental skill to the study of the general and fundamental properties of the soil.

Simple and didactic as it may seem, a primary requirement to any material progress in soil-science is the formulation of some simple way of expressing and recording the physical nature of the soil. If we are to make progress in the art of using soils in growing plants, we must not only have a clear conception of the physical nature of soils, but we must be able to understand one another in discussing the subject.

The substratum within which proceed the innumerable chemical and biological reactions of the soil is a loosely piled mass of mineral particles of different sizes, shapes and arrangement. The nature of these mineral particles determines the physical character of a given soil; for instance, as to whether it is sand, clay or loam. On the basis of present knowledge it is impossible to define precisely either these terms or the physical character to which they refer. Soils are now classified physically according to what is called the "mechanical analysis," which is a statement of the numbers (or total weights) of soil particles falling within each of certain specified classes between arbitrary limits of size. Thus the "sand" class is limited by particle diameters of .5 millimeter and .3 millimeter; the clay class includes all particles smaller than .01 millimeter, etc. The mechanical analysis states the percentages by weight of sand, "clay," and other particles as thus defined, which are present in the

given soil. There are many disadvantages in this system, but the most serious is that the results are not commensurable. A statement of a given mechanical analysis contains as many terms as the classes of particles which have been agreed upon (never less than seven) and will not reduce to a single simple number. For instance, one cannot range soils in the order of their mechanical analysis, as trees might be classed according to height or casks according to cubic contents. Consequently, to think of the physical condition of soils is a mental process of some complexity and difficulty. Some system of determining and expressing this very important soil characteristic in simple and comparable terms would immensely facilitate soil investigation by providing means for adequate and precise comparisons between the physical character of different soils, especially when varied cultural capacities were being studied or compared. Indications are available of at least two ways in which such a simple soil constant might be obtained. First is the water-holding power of a soil when a sample is whirled in the centrifuge at a given speed. Under these conditions a definite amount of water is retained by the soil against the centrifugal force, and the amount so retained, if expressed as a percentage of the soil, appears to be related closely to the physical character of the soil.[1] The second suggestion comes from the discovery by Cameron and Gallagher [2] of what they call the " critical moisture content " of a soil. This is a certain more or less definite percentage of water in the soil at which all of the physical properties such as permeability, resistance to root penetration, etc., appear to be either at a maximum or at a minimum. Speaking mathematically, the physical properties " invert " at this particular percentage of water. The actual value of this percentage, also, appears to depend closely upon the physical nature of the soil. Neither the water retention as measured against centrifugal force, nor the critical moisture content of Cameron and Gallagher, has been investigated sufficiently to make sure of its practical value, but both would repay completer study.

A second inquiry of no less importance is the study of the diffusion of dissolved substances along thin liquid films. In ordinary soils, which are neither extremely dry nor extremely wet, the water of the soil is present as a system

[1] Briggs and McLean, United States Bureau of Soils, Bulletin 45, 1907
[2] United States Bureau of Soils, Bulletin 50, 1907.

of thin films enveloping the mineral grains. Where two mineral grains touch or come close together, the water films which surround them merge and the soil-water thus forms a continuous network of liquid films and filaments. If the solid particles of the soil could be imagined as removed, the water system would resemble a very complex and irregular honeycomb. The mineral salts and other substances which are the food materials of plants must reach the plant roots in solution, and in order to do so these substances must dissolve in the soil water and diffuse for longer or shorter distances through the water-film system which has just been described. It is known that because of forces analogous to the surface tension of liquids, the diffusion of dissolved substances through thin films obeys physical laws which differ from the laws of diffusion through ordinary masses of water. The precise nature of these differences and of the laws which do operate in thin films are unknown. This is a matter so fundamental to the food supply of plants that a more complete understanding of it is vitally necessary to any serious advance in knowledge of soils.

These two problems involve what might be called physical conditions. In the chemical field perhaps the most important problem is that of availability to the plant of food materials contained in certain minerals of the soil. For instance, potassium is one of the elements for plant growth. Normal soils contain large quantities of potassium in the form of feldspar and other potassium silicates. For some reason, however, the potassium in feldspar appears to be unavailable to the plant or to become available only partially and slowly. Thus it is found that the addition to soils of potassium in the form of commercial fertilizers is beneficial and sometimes necessary, even when the soil already contains, in feldspar form, many times the quantity of potassium added in the fertilizer. Analyses of 1831 American soils have been made by the United States Bureau of Soils according to a method which extracts only the more soluble fraction of the potassium.[1] Even though not all of the potassium was determined, these analyses showed potassium contents up to 2.0 per cent. and averaged 0.3 per cent. This average corresponds to about eight tons of potassium chloride per acre of soil taken to a depth of one foot. The usual application of

[1] United States Bureau of Soils, Bulletin 57, pp. 60-94, 1909.

potassium chloride in commercial fertilizers does not exceed one-fourth ton per acre, but is sufficient to increase growth. The cause of this anomaly is entirely unknown.

An investigation resulting in the discovery of some way of unlocking the unavailable soil potash would have a value the magnitude of which is just now unusually apparent. The interruption by the War of the supplies of potassium formerly received from Germany has already caused notable damage to American agriculture, and is the occasion of increasing concern to thoughtful economists. Phosphorus is frequently present in the soil, but is unavailable, in much the same way as is potassium, but its practical importance does not happen to have been emphasized so sharply by commercial deficiency.

In this same field of the nutritive characteristics of the soil there is another problem of great scientific interest, which may prove to be of even more practical importance. This is the effect on plants of certain minor constituents of the soil, the presence and effects of which have been almost entirely overlooked. For instance, boron, arsenic, copper, lead and many other elements have been found to be present in soils very generally, perhaps universally, but in minute proportions. Laboratory investigations in plant physiology have shown that very small quantities of some of these same elements have significant effects on plants; sometimes toxic, sometimes stimulating. For instance, Agulhon [1] found wheat plants so stimulated by .0025 per cent. of boric acid in the soil that the dry weight was increased 7.5 per cent. Somewhat greater applications of boric acid to radishes produced an increase of 61 per cent. in the fresh weight and 9.6 per cent. in the dry weight. Field experiments in Japan with the application of manganese sulphate to rice gave an increase of 37 per cent. in the harvest from the use of seventy pounds of the manganese salt per acre.[2] Practical applications of these phenomena are not directly in sight, but the systematic investigation of both sides of the problem (soil and plant) might lead to generalizations concerning the functions of these minor elements in the soil, and thus suggest possibilities of useful employment. For instance, the development of an agricultural value for arsenic would find

[1] *Recherches sur la presence et le rôle du bore chez les végétaux*, Thesis, University of Paris, 1910.

[2] M. Nagaoka, Bulletin College of Agriculture Tokyo, Vol. 6, pp. 135-136, 1904.

an immense supply of arsenic compounds coming as by-products in copper smelting now considered worthless. The secondary effect of the use of this material might be even more important than the first by facilitating the production of a metal of constantly increasing importance.

Turning to the organic materials and reactions of the soil, it is interesting to recall that the earlier students of soil chemistry regarded the soil organic matter, or humus, as without significant effect on productivity. This is now known to be a serious error. Experiment has shown that certain organic chemical compounds which are normally or occasionally present in humus may produce startlingly great effects on plant growth. Thus Schreiner and his associates [3] have isolated from certain infertile soils an organic compound, dihydroxystearic acid, which is found to be harmful to plants when present in the culture solution in concentrations as low as .001 per cent. Several other harmful substances have been isolated and others have been found to be beneficial. Many of these substances need be present only in minute traces for their effects to be perceptible and important. Knowledge of the chemical nature of humus is very meagre, and it is unknown whether its effects on plants are always exerted directly or may arise through influences on soil bacteria. In either case a precise knowledge of the chemical constitution of humus would probably lead not only to an understanding of the observed effects, but to means of controlling them in the interest of agriculture. Such understanding of humus would enable, also, a better analysis and more complete control of the well-known physical effects of humus material on soil texture and on the retention and movement of water in the soil which is so important in dry-land agriculture. Present knowledge of these matters is entirely empirical.

The practical importance of soil bacteria, like the significance of the humus substances, is just beginning to be recognized. It is now known that normal soils contain many kinds of bacteria, as well as numerous protozoa, nematodes, fungi and other lower organisms, both animal and vegetable. Many of these organisms are beneficial to the useful plants; probably some are essential. Others are seriously harmful. Still others are without direct effect, but are secondarily influential through the encouragement or destruction of the

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[3] See especially United States Bureau of Soils, Bulletin 70, 1910.

organisms which are directly effectual. The micro-organism complex of the soil is a veritable little world with the most diverse reactions and equilibria, all of which are of the utmost importance to agriculture. The practical possibilities of influencing this complex microflora and fauna appear to be great. Not only are many chemical substances known to be influential in stimulating or suppressing specific groups of organisms, but the selection and development of especially active or resistent varieties of desired bacteria is just as possible as is the analogous development of desirable varieties of the higher plants. The great improvement of the fermentation yeast which has been accomplished by the brewers, vintners, and bread-makers is a case in point. If, for instance, the well-known group of soil bacteria which have the power of producing nitrates by the fixation of atmospheric nitrogen could be improved to an extent comparable with that achieved in the case of yeast, it would be possible to fix in the soil itself and at almost no cost sufficient nitrogen for the needs of agriculture. The manufacture of nitrates from the air by the electrical methods now so strongly advocated would be necessary, if at all, only for the purpose of industrial chemistry. It is probable, indeed, that this chemical demand could be met for many years by nitrogen compounds from the by-product coke ovens. It is not at all improbable that the permanent solution of the nitrogen problem will be found in the soil bacteria and not in electrochemistry.

The fact that almost any of the measures suggested in the preceding paragraphs would have a possible importance beyond the attainment of their direct purpose in agriculture, and in other activities, is so obvious as to need no further discussion.

The methods of attacking the main problem of the soil must be those of physics, chemistry, and experimental biology. Nothing is to be gained by empirical field experimentation. There must be focused on the researches the efforts of the best specialists in the experimental sciences and the entire technical and intellectual resources of all of these sciences. Such an expenditure of energy would be well warranted on the purely material ground of increased production, but its justification is far surer and its importance far wider than by virtue of mere increase of food.

The events of the last three years have made it apparent

beyond all possibility of contradiction that the welfare of the race as a whole depends in a large measure upon the fullest and widest development of all the resources of the separate regions inhabited by various peoples or nations. Basic facts support the generalization that communities or races are most successful according to the degree in which they are self-maintenant and self-contained. Dreams of denationalization and of socialization of the world cannot annul or evade this well recognized biological law. The population of a country may well devote the major part of its energy to industries centered on the raw materials locally most abundant or readily procurable. Any neglect of lesser needs or possibilities, or any failure to develop the natural resources of a region, constitutes a defect which may become a danger.

The soil is one of the most important resources of all countries, and national existence, racial security, and international stability must in the end rest largely upon the extent to which it is developed in every country. Researches upon its properties and capacities as accurate, detailed, and exhaustive as those devoted to the metals, to textiles, and to other resources, would have even more important benefits than those accruing from the results of the splendid technological studies upon these materials.

DANIEL T. MACDOUGAL.

THE FIGHT AGAINST INFECTION

BY W. W. KEEN, M.D., LL.D.
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THE conquest of infection was a most urgent problem long before the Great War. Early experiences in the war upset all our notions as to how it could be conquered. Of late we have seen a great light, as I shall show.

Roughly speaking we differentiate Medical Infections and Surgical Infections according as the germs cause what are deemed medical or surgical diseases. Thus typhoid and typhus, dysentery, cholera, and plague are medical infections. The surgical infections include tetanus or lockjaw, gas gangrene and the many results of inflammation, such as abscesses, inflammations attacking special organs, as the appendix or the gall-bladder, and especially the inflammation attacking wounds caused by the "pyogenic," i. e., "pus-producing" germs.

Some germs produce both medical and surgical troubles; *e. g.*, the tubercle bacilli cause consumption of the lungs, a strictly medical disease; and also tuberculous diseases of the bones and joints which are strictly surgical. The typhoid bacilli every now and then produce abscesses and diseases of the bones and joints which are surgical.

Sometimes a "mixed infection" occurs. For example, the so-called "cold abscess" (because it is not hot like ordinary abscesses) is caused by tuberculosis of the spine (Pott's disease) or hunchback. If such an abscess bursts the ordinary germs of suppuration enter and produce "pus" mixed with the products of the tuberculous affection. Until the abscess burst it was neither red nor hot, nor did the patient have any "fever." The moment the pus-producing germs entered, causing a mixed infection, redness, heat, and "hectic fever" set in.

Some infections (*e. g.*, the tuberculous) pursue a pro-

longed chronic course covering months and even years. Some attack with almost lightning-like rapidity. For instance the ordinary pus-producing germs often destroy life in a week, while the gas-bacillus may kill within less than twenty-four hours. This bacillus is very common in the present war, whereas I never saw a single case during the Civil War. Sometimes the gas accumulates in the tissues to such an extent that an amputated limb may float.

We owe our very first victories in the fight against infection to Louis Pasteur of France. His studies of fermentation of beer, wine, butter, etc., revealed the fact that it was not due to ordinary chemical action, but was a vital process—a disease, one might say—due to the growth of visible plants such as we are familiar with in the yeast plant, the mother of vinegar, etc. This suggested to his fertile mind that diseases of animals and man might be due to those microscopic plants (bacteria) which had already been observed in the blood and the organs of sick animals and men. Accordingly he investigated a disastrous disease, which was then decimating the flocks and herds of France (and found not a few human victims), called "anthrax" in animals and "wool-sorters disease" in man. He proved that the disease both in animal and man was due to germs invisible to the naked eye but easily seen by the microscope. They resembled small rods—the anthrax bacilli.[1] He also proved that puerperal fever—that former horrible bane of motherhood—was due to a germ which was carried ignorantly and innocently from one patient to another by the doctors and nurses.

Until bacteriology proved that various diseases were caused by certain bacteria, the origin and means of diffusion of these diseases were unknown and often mysterious. When the bacteria of various diseases were discovered, these hitherto concealed and masked unknown foes were dragged into the light, their life histories studied in test tubes and in living animals, what would help or hinder their growth, what would kill them without injuring the patient, and how their ravages could be avoided, and whole communities saved from epidemics and pestilences.

The earliest use of the word "bacteriology" as a science dates only from 1884. Before that date a number of differ-

[1] "Bacteria" is the term used to denote in a general way all the various kinds of "germs." "Bacilli" are bacteria in the form of little rods.

ent bacteria, such as those of typhoid, suppuration, glanders, tuberculosis, tetanus, diphtheria, etc., had been discovered but bacteriology as a science, i. e., the orderly arrangement and classification of these various bacteria in relation not only to the diseases they produced but to each other in genera and species, did not exist. Before 1884 the different bacteria were like stones scattered in a field wholly unrelated to each other. When these stones were gathered together and made into a building they took on a wholly new meaning. Bacteriology thirty years ago was the most youthful science. It has grown so rapidly that it is now recognized as the most important discovery ever made in pathology and one of the most important in all medicine.

As early as 1867—just fifty years ago—Lister had seen these undiscovered and unknown "germs" by his wonderful prescient imagination. Suspecting their presence by their effects he took active steps to prevent their entrance into wounds. His first paper was on a new treatment of compound fractures.[2] By preventing any germs from gaining access to such a fracture he found that he could prevent infection and then healing took place as if it were a simple fracture. In successive papers, the result of his experimental researches, he gradually perfected his treatment so that normal healing without infection, and therefore without suppuration or fever has become the rule. Later, asepsis was a natural sequence of antisepsis. Asepsis endeavors, especially by heat and without chemicals, to sterilize everything in advance so that there shall be no germ present to gain access to the wound. Antisepsis endeavors by chemical means, carbolic acid, corrosive sublimate, etc., to kill any germs that have already gained access to the wound and any that might later try to gain access to it.

As a result of this prevention of the access of bacteria to accidental and to surgical wounds the mortality of compound fractures and of ovariotomy, for instance was reduced from two out of every three to one or two out of every hundred, and operations for appendicitis, the removal of tumors, cancer, etc., had their mortality so reduced that it is now almost negligible.

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[2] A "compound" fracture is one in which the skin is broken and the air and bacteria get access to the wounded tissues. A "simple" fracture is one in which the skin is intact and the bacteria cannot reach the wound. Hence a "simple" fracture heals without suppuration or fever; a "compound" fracture always used to be followed by both.

Hygiene has developed with almost equal rapidity, for engineering and especially bacteriology are the basis of most of its modern development.

But the bacteriologists have not been content with discovering the causes of these various diseases. They have discovered also how to produce antidotes, i. e., antitoxins, to combat the poisons (toxins) produced by the various bacteria. Here are some striking illustrations:

By vaccinating patients against dysentery the ravages of that disorder have been enormously diminished during the present war.

By vaccinating against typhoid fever that disease had been practically abolished in the American Army in time of peace. Even in war, with all its disorder and confusion, none of the present European armies has suffered from the ravages of typhoid as compared with our experience during the Spanish-American War. In that war *every fifth soldier,* twenty per cent., contracted typhoid! In the present war the British Army of certainly five million men has had less than five thousand cases, i. e., less than *one case in every thousand men,* instead of a million, or *one case in every five men,* as we had in 1898. Moreover, among the men *not* protected by the antityphoid vaccination the percentage of *cases* of typhoid was *fifteen times greater* and the percentage of *deaths* was *seventy times higher* than among those who had been so protected.

Tetanus or lockjaw, one of the most horribly painful and deadly diseases I have ever seen, has usually in war a mortality of nine out of every ten men attacked. It has been practically totally abolished on both sides in the present war. Every wounded man is given a protective hypodermic of the antitoxin at the very first dressing station. Unless this medical aid comes too late—as in the case of men who have lain for hours or even a day or two in " No Man's Land " between the trenches—he is practically sure of escaping lockjaw although the germs of the disease abound in his clothing, on his skin, in the mud through which he wades, or in the earth on which he lies.

For many years it had been known that men working in stables were peculiarly liable to contract lockjaw after a cut or an abrasion, but until Nicolaier in 1884 discovered the germ of tetanus we never could even guess why. Now it is perfectly clear. The bacilli of tetanus exist normally in the

intestines of horses. Stables, therefore, are widely and thoroughly infected. Moreover, it is a curious fact that while these bacilli normally find a congenial home in the *intestines* of the horse and he is not any the worse for their presence, if the horse himself is wounded and the tetanus bacilli get into the *wound* he will contract tetanus. Many horses have died from this cause in the present war.

It will be observed that all of the preceding has to do with the prevention of infection. Lister and the bacteriologists have won victory after victory in this field.

But for well-nigh half a century surgery has been anxiously seeking to solve another far more difficult problem, only to fail again and again. This problem is not how to *prevent* but how to *vanquish* infection. By suitable disinfection of instruments, dressings, the skin of the patient and the hands of the surgeon, we could almost promise speedy and certain recovery after operations deliberately done, or accidents promptly cared for.

Even in civil life, if as a result of accidental causes or through ignorance or neglect no preventive measures had been instituted before the surgeon saw the case, and especially if any considerable time had elapsed, the wound was sure to be widely infected and disaster was at hand.

But in the present war infection has been overwhelming. Without exception the testimony is that no surgeon in civil life nor even any surgeon in previous modern wars had ever seen or had to cope with such incredible and almost malignant infection. No wonder that our good old preventive weapons failed us.

The soil of France and Belgium has been cultivated and roamed over by cattle, sheep, horses, swine and men since before Caesar wrote his Gallic War. For over two thousand years the bacilli of tetanus, gas gangrene, and the pus-producing bacteria of many kinds have flourished luxuriantly in this soil. The soldier marching in the dust and mud, with his skin begrimed and his clothing bedaubed with this bacteria-infected dirt, therefore has every element for unlimited infection at hand. When hit, especially by a fragment of shell, some of his clothing or of his skin is almost sure to be carried deep into the wound and some of these bits of skin, or clothing, or of the shell, all heavily infected, are very likely to lodge. If the bone is shattered the fragments

are projected in different directions as a shower of secondary missiles. The result is a deep irregular lacerated wound with many recesses or pockets in between the torn muscles and the raggedly broken ends of the bone. Blood—the very best culture medium for bacteria—fills every interstice of the wound. In this medium the bacteria soon multiply with an exceeding and ever increasing rapidity,[3] soon permeate the whole wound and then invade the surrounding walls of the irregular cavity. These walls of soft muscular tissue, torn and devitalized by the sudden violence of the missile, soon die and are sloughed off, thus still further promoting the growth of the bacteria.

If such a wound can be cared for within a few hours, though it may be difficult, it is still possible to disinfect it, but by the end of twenty-four hours the bacteria are too numerous to count in the field of the microscope. They invade every nook, corner, and cranny of the wound and all the tissues around the wound. Then indeed infection becomes "rampant." In spite of the wonderful healing powers of nature, which even in these conditions is able to cure not a few cases, in the others matters go from bad to worse, high fever sets in, often secondary hemorrhages[4] take place, bed-sores appear, the mind wanders, unconsciousness follows, and death soon closes the scene. During the Civil War how many, many such cases of "blood poisoning," i. e., pyemia, did I see!

Think how we treated these cases during the Civil War! We knew absolutely nothing about bacteria and their dangers or about real infection and real disinfection. Anything which covered up a bad smell we then called a disinfectant. We thrust our undisinfected fingers into wounds, cut with undisinfected knives, tied arteries and sewed wounds together with undisinfected silk and dressed them with undisinfected cold water dressings—until pus began to flow—and then dressed them with infected and infecting flaxseed poultices! Is it any wonder that pyemia had, to our shame, a mortality of 97.4 per cent.?

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[3] An idea of the almost unbelievable rapidity of the growth of some bacteria is obtained by the statement of Belfield that one microscopic bacterium of which it takes 40,000,000 to weigh a grain, if given room enough and food enough for three days, would weigh 800 tons!

[4] Called "secondary" to distinguish it from the "primary" hemorrhage which occurs at the time of the infliction of the wound, while secondary hemorrhage does not usually occur until some days later.

When pus began to flow freely we made a "counter-opening" at the most dependent part of the wound to let the pus escape. The common-sense treatment of course would have been to *arrest the continuous formation of the pus.* But we had no means by which we could accomplish this most desirable result.

When the Great War broke out both the aseptic and the antiseptic methods were applied, and both failed miserably. It seemed as if the very foundations of Lister's work were crumbling away. Many men were working at the problem day and night, in many a laboratory in the field and at home. New methods were tested—some seemed at first to promise well,—but most of them were quickly or gradually abandoned as unequal to the task.

But now Lister and Pasteur and Antisepsis (and Asepsis in its proper field) have come into their own again. We have won the fight against even rampant infection.

We have found an efficient antiseptic and we have found a new technic of its application so that the Verdun of Infection has capitulated.

Dakin in Leeds and later in the Herter Laboratory in New York, and Lorrain Smith, with three colleagues in Edinburgh, both instituted independent researches on the value of a formerly used but long neglected antiseptic, the hyposulphite of soda or "bleaching powder." This, under the name of "Labarraque's solution," had been used years ago, but was a historical more than an actual disinfectant. The Edinburgh men produced a powder and a liquid each with 0.5 per cent. of hypochlorite and Dakin a similar hypochlorite solution of the same strength.

Fortunately Dakin and Carrel came together first in New York and later collaborated at the hospital in Compiègne—a happy "conjunction" of two major planets. The chemist and the experimental surgeon—the one English by birth, but working later in America and now in France; the other French by birth, working later in America and now in France, both in the service of that splendid American charity, the Rockefeller Institute, which supports the hospital at Compiègne—have elaborated the antiseptic and the method by which infection has now been conquered.

At La Panne, Depage, the foremost Belgian surgeon, has thoroughly mastered the Carrel-Dakin treatment, and this

and the hospital at Compiègne are the two centers from which the technic is being diffused all over the world.

On the grounds of the Rockefeller Institute the Rockefeller Foundation is building a temporary hospital where Carrel and Dakin, while on leave, will teach our American military surgeons the details of this treatment. On the strictness with which such details are carried out depends the success of the method.

One fact will well illustrate what this treatment has accomplished. Dr. C. L. Gibson of New York, at La Panne, saw eighty cases of compound fracture of the thigh. Each case was dressed before his eyes and *not a drop of pus* was to be seen! Even in time of peace, with every facility of the best equipped hospital, I should consider that an unexpected and almost an unattainable triumph.

What now is Carrel's technic? The wound is thoroughly cleansed; X-Ray pictures and a most careful examination are made to ascertain whether foreign bodies are still in the wound, for if a bit of shell—or still worse, of clothing or skin—is present the wound will never heal until this has been removed. If the missile has passed completely through, thus providing a "counter-opening," this is closed in an appropriate way. A reservoir containing Dakin's fluid is hung one meter (39 inches) above the level of the wound. From this reservoir one large tube controlled by a pinch-cock leads to a glass tube with several branches like the teeth of a comb. From these multiple tubular teeth several small rubber tubes are so disposed as to reach every part of the wound. The far ends of these small tubes are tied, but the fluid escapes through several very small holes one millimeter (1-25 of an inch) in diameter in the sides of the tube, and so is kept constantly in contact with the entire internal surface of the wound.

Every two hours day and night for only one or two seconds, the pinch-cock is opened and a little more fluid is sprinkled in minute streams through the side holes of the small tubes to every part of the wound. It is not intended that the fluid shall run over and soak dressings or the bed. It is only intended to fill the wound in every possible recess, and to keep the antiseptic fluid in contact with the entire inner surface of the wound all the time. By this means, wherever there are any bacteria in any part of the wound the antiseptic fluid is constantly at work destroying them. The

aseptic technic must be perfect. Not even a gloved finger is allowed to touch the wound. Everything, dressings, tubes, etc., all are handled by thoroughly disinfected forceps.

Every second day a microscopic examination of the discharge from the wound is made in order to count the number of the bacteria. At first they are innumerable. From day to day they diminish and in a short time but few are found. When they have practically disappeared for several days the wound, which so far has remained open, is closed by sutures, and it quickly heals. In four hundred cases Dehelly, one of Carrel's assistants, said that all but six had healed perfectly!

Carrel and Count du Noüy, a French physicist, have devised what may be called "Mathematical Surgery." The exact size of the wound, when it has healed in its depths and become only a surface wound, is measured by a "planimeter" every second day. This instrument enables one to measure accurately the number of square centimeters there are in the most irregularly shaped wound. A "curve of healing" can then be plotted on a chart. After the first few observations showing the rate of diminution in surface area of the wound, one can complete the "calculated curve" and fix definitely the day when the wound will be completely healed. If no accidental reinfection occurs, the "actual" curve practically coincides with that predicted by calculation. If a slight reinfection retards healing, as soon as the reinfection is conquered the "actual" curve will often "catch up" and overtake the "calculated" curve.

This technic is plainly adapted to present conditions, but it is wholly at variance with the old technic of the Civil War. Then a "counter-opening" at the lowest point was always made to favor the escape of every drop of pus; to prevent the pus from escaping would then have promoted its diffusion among the soft tissues. Now the pus is purposely kept as in a cup, in order to assure the continuous action of the antiseptic everywhere, for now this antiseptic so used destroys the pus—to use a now familiar financial phrase—"at the source."

The results are equally desirable from the medical and the military point of view. The surgeon has the enormous satisfaction of saving many limbs from amputation, for *eighty per cent.* of amputations are the result of infection; of saving many gallant lives, and in a far shorter time than formerly. The commanding general sees his wounded re-

turning in a steady stream to the trenches instead of wandering off into civil life mutilated and only partly able to earn their living, or being carried to the cemetery.

This conquest of infection will go far to mitigate the evils of the war. It is a permanent gain for humanity for all time. The civil surgeon, the employer, the employee, the publicist, the sanitarian, the lover of his kind—all have cause for rejoicing. The patriots of the three great modern democracies may well rejoice in that two of them gave birth to the two men and America supplied the golden opportunities.

W. W. Keen.

WILLIAM GIBBS McADOO

BY JAMES C. HEMPHILL

Nobody in the larger political world knew anything about William Gibbs McAdoo before he came to Washington as a member of the President's Cabinet. He had "done his bit," doubtless, in the local politics of New York City, if, forsooth, anything done in New York City could be described as "local," and he made an impression upon the workers at the Convention in Baltimore; but to the masters of assemblies he was an unknown quantity. And yet the President assigned him to the most important place in his Cabinet and he never made a better choice.

What are Mr. McAdoo's qualifications for the office which he holds? They are many. For example: A serious purpose to serve the country absolutely without thought of personal gain. Wise discretion in the administration of his Department, and a comprehensive grasp of the financial interests of the whole country without prejudice to the welfare of any particular class or section. Intimate touch with every banking and financial institution in the land, not by frequent so-called "hearings," but by confidential correspondence and personal interviews with the bankers themselves and the administrators of great trusts. Unrivaled courage in dealing with new and critical emergencies affecting private rights and the public credit; the protection of one being contingent upon the preservation of the other. A statesmanlike conception of the proper relations of the public treasury to the public welfare and the necessity of adequate legislation to meet the requirements of a steadily expanding commerce.

What has Mr. McAdoo accomplished? It is a long story, but well worth telling. By the Federal system of Banking and Currency, with the enactment of which he had a great deal to do,—more than he has ever claimed for himself and far more than he has been credited with,—he has made the

United States immune to financial panics. He has converted the Treasury from a passive or subservient factor in the affairs of the Nation to an active, forceful and potent agent in the public service. Practically all the great domestic reforms of the Democratic régime have been centered in his Department. He began with the revision of the tariff in 1913 and ended, so far as the present record goes, with the floating of the loan of seven billion dollars to the Allies of the United States in the war for democracy and freedom.

The adjustment of the country to the new banking system and the revenue requirements of the Government under the radical revision of the tariff would have been sufficient to test the metal of the strongest man. In the ordinary and natural course of business, however, the new conditions would have been settled without serious disturbance in the country at large. There would have been, inevitably, a re-formation of the industrial activities of the Nation, possibly a considerable loss to certain special enterprises long sustained by Government crutches; but there would have been evolved speedily from the confusion of change a new and better order of industrial and commercial independence. Within a year and a half after Mr. McAdoo had taken office the world was on fire. The whole complexion of the Government at Washington had been changed, untried men were in charge of every department, many of the "left overs" were distinctly unfriendly if not actively hostile to the Administration, the public mind was studiously inflamed against the policies of the party newly restored to power, nothing but disaster to all established industry would satisfy the political scavengers who proclaimed the failure of popular government, when suddenly one day in the month of August, 1914, the war drums were heard round the world. Apparently the end had come. Foreign exchange was disorganized, credit facilities were destroyed, shipping was practically suspended for a time, the United States was commercially isolated. This was McAdoo's opportunity and he met it like a man. Had he failed in this supreme test all else would have failed. Prominent bankers of New York appealed to him to save the country, saying that unless immediate measures were taken to relieve the situation the banks of New York would not be able to open their doors throughout the day of August 3, 1914. He did not hesitate a second, but immediately placed the resources of the Treasury at the

service of the country. Currency was needed to meet the demands of credit in the extraordinary circumstances. There was $500,000,000 of emergency national bank notes in the vaults of the Treasury under the terms of the Aldrich-Vreeland Act, but it was available only to the extent of 40 per cent. of the capital of any bank secured by United States bonds. By the legerdemain of the highest statesmanship Mr. McAdoo obtained from Congress authority to issue to any national bank emergency circulation equal to 125 per cent. of its unimpaired capital and surplus. The situation was saved and the most stupendous panic ever known was averted. Specie payments were not suspended; there was sufficient currency for all the commercial needs of the country. On the Saturday preceding the 3rd of August, 1914, Mr. McAdoo shipped to New York from Washington by express $40,000,000 of emergency currency to meet the very crisis the bankers had described, on the condition that they would pay it out over their counters upon demand not only of their depositors but of their correspondents throughout the country as well. In the first week of the war, emergency currency to the amount of $386,444,215 was issued by the Treasury to all parts of the country needing it, and all of this currency has since been retired.

With the assistance of Mr. McAdoo and the Federal Reserve Board a fund of $100,000,000 in gold was raised in 1914 for the purpose of enabling the business men and bankers of the United States to meet their obligations in gold without suffering from the high price of exchange which the outbreak of the war would have entailed.

The Federal Reserve system of banking was largely the result of Mr. McAdoo's efforts, and has been rightly described as the greatest piece of constructive legislation in the history of the United States. It was much discussed when it was on its passage and excited strong opposition on the part of financial leaders who had prospered amazingly under the old system which it displaced; yet immediately upon the enactment of the law one of the most pronounced of its opponents declared that it was "at least ninety per cent. good," and there are few, if any, who would go back now to the outgrown system which served its purposes very well for half a century but had lost touch with the growth of the country. The bankers and business men wanted a system that would make panics impossible—they have it. The

people wanted a system which would give them cheaper money and money when they most needed it—they have it. Without the credit facilities of the Federal Reserve system, the wonderful prosperity of the last two years would have been impossible. It has made commercial paper good security for Government deposits in the banks. It permits bankers to utilize the great liquid assets represented by commercial paper (the strongest possible security, and the security, in fact, upon which the larger part of the business of the country was done when the banking was not under Federal direction) for deposits of Government funds. Mr. McAdoo was behind the Federal Reserve legislation. He was chairman of the special committee which divided the country into twelve Federal Reserve Districts and selected the places where the twelve Federal Reserve Banks should be established. He is Chairman of the Federal Reserve Board, which supervises and directs the operation of the system, a system which will stand forever as a monument to the Administration of Woodrow Wilson. The new system was put into successful operation November 16, 1914, less than three years ago, and has proved so responsive to the credit needs of the country and has afforded such facilities to every line of business that a financial panic is now practically impossible; the resources of all the banks in the system being responsible for the security of each.

The Federal Farm Law, which was enacted as a complement of the Federal Reserve Act, is another of Mr. McAdoo's successes. This law is operated under the direction of the Federal Farm Loan Board, of which Mr. McAdoo is Chairman. The twelve Federal Land Banks created by this law are under the supervision of the Federal Farm Loan Bureau of the Treasury Department. The Federal Reserve Act affords short-time credit facilities to farmers and to all others who are engaged in legitimate business in the country. This has not been what the farmers have wanted and needed, however, and under the long-time credit provided by the farm loan system it is possible for the farmer to borrow at reasonable rates of interest for periods ranging from five to forty years; and this act may also be noted as one of the greatest pieces of constructive legislation of the Wilson Administration. There has been objection to it because it seemed to its critics to be inconsistent with the much advertised slogan of the Democratic party, " Special privileges for

none; equal rights for all." But it could not have come at a time when the country was so dependent upon the farmer, not only for the support of the armies in the field, but also for all the people of the world who are to be fed by America.

It was Mr. McAdoo also who realized clearly the prime necessity of building up the American merchant marine. With most of the ships of Germany sequestered in the harbors of the world and powerless to move, and a large part of the tonnage of England commandeered for the uses of naval warfare, he insisted that the American marine should be built up so that the products of this country might be moved expeditiously to foreign markets and the American flag restored to the seas. He proposed legislation that would have had this result. It was passed by the House of Representatives, but was filibustered to death in the Senate, with the result that the United States lost a great opportunity. Later the very thing Mr. McAdoo urged was the thing that had to be done if the foreign trade was to be built up, and the very thing in a somewhat different form that the Congress finally did do by creating the United States Shipping Board, providing for the construction, chartering, and operation of ships under the American flag.

With what now almost seems to have been an act of inspiration, when the war began Mr. McAdoo obtained the passage of an act by Congress creating a Bureau of War Risk Insurance in the Treasury Department for the purpose of insuring against war risks vessels flying the American flag. There was little insurance of the sort to be had and the rates charged were practically prohibitive. Without such insurance Mr. McAdoo saw that our foreign trade would quickly collapse without Government aid, and the law he recommended was passed. The day after its passage the Bureau of Insurance was established and it has been of immense value to all who are engaged in the export trade. With the approval of the President the powers of the Bureau are to be extended, if Congress shall keep its head, so that not only will the cargoes and ships be insured, but the lives of the men who go down to the sea in these ships will be insured, with certain indemnities for loss of limb and compensation during captivity.

Mr. McAdoo's activities have been as broad and varied as the business of the country. In the same spirit with which he hastened to the relief of the banking interests when panic

was impending in New York, he hastened also to the relief of shippers and exporters and wheat growers and cotton planters when their welfare was imperiled by a world out of joint. Grain was congested at the ports, on the railroads and in elevators. The conditions were so serious that he called the foreign exchange bankers, exporters and shippers into conference at the Treasury Department on August 14, 1914, for an exchange of views and counsel as to the best means of meeting a really desperate situation. Four days later another conference was held with bankers, business men, railroad men and planters to consider the cotton situation, at that time desperate, and with such effect that confidence was largely restored.

For many years there had been a scarcity of currency at the crop-moving season, and in the Spring of 1913 there was the usual cry of stringency in financial circles. It was an artificial condition, and Mr. McAdoo determined to meet it by placing at the command of the banks in the distressed regions the Government funds which by long usage had previously been deposited in the great money centers. He announced that he would deposit from $25,000,000 to $50,000,000 of Government funds with the National banks of the South and West where the seasonal demands were pressing for the movement and marketing of the crops. In accordance with this announcement $46,550,000 was so deposited—in the South, $22,550,000; in the Middle and Northwestern States, $19,000,000, and in the Pacific and Rocky Mountain States, $4,950,000. Confidence was so restored that it was necessary to distribute only $37,386,000 of this large fund—in the South $21,804,000 and in the Western States $15,582,000. These deposits were placed in one hundred and thirty banks in forty cities in thirteen Southern States and the District of Columbia, and in sixty-three banks in twenty-three cities in fifteen Western States. The Government received $267,844.51 as interest on these deposits at 2 per cent. annual interest, and as security for these deposits for crop-moving purposes Mr. McAdoo accepted high-class commercial paper at 65 per cent. of its face value. This was an unprecedented step in national finance, as commercial paper had never before been accepted as security for Government deposits. It was of the largest possible benefit to the business of the country as it enabled the banks to obtain the required funds upon the pledge of available paper already in their vaults,

and for the first time in history under the old law conferred a large degree of flexibility upon the credit resulting from the deposits. It was the application in advance of the enactment of the Federal Reserve Act of one of the fundamental principles of that law, permitting bankers to utilize their great liquid assets represented by commercial paper, the strongest possible security, to obtain Government deposits, a privilege that had been denied them in the past.

In 1914, Mr. McAdoo followed the policy which had worked so well and with profit to the Government the previous year and with like good results, with the difference that it was necessary to deposit only $23,135,844, upon which the Government received $189,584.20 as interest. Money for the movement of the crops is now taken care of by the Federal banks.

In the management of the Treasury Mr. McAdoo has made another very notable departure. He is the first Secretary of the Treasury who has required the national banks to pay interest on all Government deposits on the sound business principle of charging reasonable interest for the use of the money of the people. For years these banks received hundreds of millions of the Government funds, greatly increasing their working capital, without paying the Treasury one cent for its use in their business. In three years, from June 1, 1913, to June 30, 1916, Mr. McAdoo earned over $3,500,000 for the Treasury by charging the banks interest at the rate of 2 per cent. per annum on all Government deposits, as compared with $732,000 for the six years from 1908 to 1913, no interest whatever having been charged prior to 1908. If the policy of charging 2 per cent. interest per annum on public funds deposited in the banks had been followed from 1898 to 1913 the Treasury would have earned during the sixteen years $30,700,000.

Mr. McAdoo has not confined himself to the mere routine work of his Department, but has taken a broad view of the duty and obligation of this country to the outside world. No pent-up Utica can contract his powers; the whole Western Hemisphere is his field, or will be if his efforts to strengthen the financial relations between the United States and Latin America shall succeed. He believes that the economic security of the American republics depends upon closer material relations and that the present is the opportune time for bringing about such relations. It was at his

instance, and with the hearty approval of the President, that the Pan-American Financial Conference was held in Washington two years ago. The object of the Conference was to make the men of leading and influence in the business, commercial, and political life of the several Americas better acquainted and to consider together with them the economic needs of the Western Hemisphere over which the United States had exercised a sort of paternal guardianship since the days of James Monroe, but without having caught the spirit of partnership. Ministers of finance, business men of South and Central America, were in attendance and for a full week were in close touch with the representatives of all great financial and industrial forces of the United States and of the Government at Washington. Problems of the largest economic importance to each of the Latin American Republics were considered as they related not only to the United States but as they related also to the development of closer relations between the countries of the New World. As the result of the Conference, an International High Commission was organized to transmute the ideals of the great gathering into practical form. This Commission consists of twenty national sections representing the twenty American Republics participating in the Conference at Washington, and each of these sections consists of nine jurists or financiers under the direction of the minister of finance of the country for which it stands. The High Commission is especially charged with the study of the best means of removing legal and administrative obstacles to closer financial and trade relations between the Americas. Its function is to prepare projects for more modern and uniform fiscal regulations, to undertake the essential uniformity, if not literal identity, of codes of commercial law; to strengthen the public finances of all the participating nations. Last year the Commission held a meeting at Buenos Aires and was attended by a delegation from the United States headed by Mr. McAdoo. At this meeting the organization was perfected and a series of practical resolutions was adopted that are now being carried out under the direction of a Central Executive Council, of which Mr. McAdoo is Chairman, and with him are associated John Bassett Moore, the highest authority on international law, and Dr. L. S. Rowe. A complete, constructive and co-operative policy of governmental action in the entire field of communications—water, rail and tele-

graph—is being worked out, and at the instance of Mr. McAdoo Congress has enacted a law regulating bills of lading which will greatly promote our foreign commerce by assuring the validity and negotiability of such instruments.

In 1915, immediately following the declaration of the British Government and its Allies placing cotton on the contraband list, Mr. McAdoo made the announcement that he would, if necessary, deposit $50,000,000 in gold in the Federal Reserve banks in Atlanta, Dallas and Richmond to enable these banks by increased resources to rediscount loans made by National banks or member State banks on cotton secured by warehouse receipts. There was an immediate restoration of confidence and the value of cotton was increased three cents the pound. The action of Mr. McAdoo in this case so relieved the situation that he was not called upon for more than $15,000,000. Ten days after he had determined on his course in this matter the Federal Reserve Board further relieved the agricultural situation by regulating commodity paper so that borrowers everywhere in the country were able to obtain credit at six per cent. or less. Under the regulations of the Board the Federal member banks were authorized to extend accommodation to borrowers on non-perishable staples, agricultural products, properly warehoused and insured, at a time when such accommodation was most needed, at six per cent. or less, and to obtain from the Federal Reserve banks, if necessary, money at three per cent. The regulations did not apply to cotton alone, but covered all non-perishable commodities in all parts of the country.

Mr. McAdoo is now engaged in the most exhausting labor ever required of any man employed in the public service. He has been charged by Congress with the responsibility of lending $3,000,000,000 to the Allies, now the Allies of the United States, in the most stupendous war of all time. In addition, he must provide $2,000,000,000 for the war purposes of the United States. Under the law, and with the approval of the President, he is authorized to make such arrangements with the foreign nations as may be necessary in connection with the purchase of their securities. The larger part of the $3,000,000,000 lent to the Allies will be expended in the United States for munitions, clothing and food, and in order that the buyers may get the most for their money and that there may be the least possible disturbance

of the markets, Mr. McAdoo has planned the appointment of a special commission or commissioner whose business it will be to regulate and control the purchase of supplies in an orderly and scientific manner to meet the needs of the Allies as they may appear.

Instead of "a billion-dollar Congress," against which all true economists inveighed bitterly a few years ago, before the United States became a World Power, there is now a seven-billion or a ten-billion-dollar Congress, or whatever multiple may be required as the war goes on, and it is Mr. McAdoo's task in large measure to devise the ways and means of meeting the situation however it may develop. Some idea of the gigantic burden resting upon him may possibly be gained by the citation of a few comparative figures. The seven-billion-dollar war proposition is equal to very nearly the entire assessed value of all the property in the New England States, which is reported by the Secretary of Commerce to amount in the aggregate to $7,599,586,847. It amounts to more than the half the assessed value of all the property in New York, State and City. It is nearly equal to the entire amount expended by the United States for war purposes from 1789 to 1916, and exceeds the amount paid by the United States on account of the Navy during the same period by nearly four billion dollars. It exceeds by two billion dollars the cost of the Civil War to the United States. It amounts to two billion dollars more than the United States has paid out in pensions for military service from the foundation of the Government.

The British and French missions recently visiting the United States were profoundly impressed with the Secretary's grasp of the financial problems he is solving and must solve; with his indifference to censorious criticism, with his mastery of large questions, with his contempt of those who misrepresent and threaten, with his hearty response to those who stand ready to help, with his clear vision of the public ends to be served; and wherever he has gone to present the financial side of the war the people have heard him gladly, the bankers and men of large affairs have responded to his call with enthusiasm; and with something of the spirit of invincible France the hidden stores of wealth are pouring out for the defense of " the land we love."

James C. Hemphill.

THE SEPARATION OF POWERS IN OUR GOVERNMENT

BY EDGAR DAWSON

A Defense of the Constitution, contributed by Dr. David Jayne Hill to the March number of the REVIEW, seems to group those who have lost confidence in the efficacy of the separation of powers as a bulwark of liberty with those who advocate the extended use of the initiative, referendum and recall. Dr. Hill's long and distinguished public service, the soundness of his political philosophy, and his convincing argument in defense of the best in our system of government, give to his statements an authority which carries conviction. Unless a word of protest is uttered, this classification will tend to weaken those who would eliminate the theory of the separation of powers from our system and to alienate from their support some who are coming to see that the theory is destructive.

He mentions as the four corner-stones on which our constitutions have been erected: 1, Representative Government; 2, Division of Public Powers; 3, Guarantee of Personal Immunities; and 4, Judicial Protection of Constitutional Guarantees; and he rightly argues that the public press is neglecting its duty to combat the tendency of the day to try political experiments and to neglect experience. His arguments for representative institutions, however, are weakened by the fact that he associates with them the theory of separation of powers, which, while it is one of the corner-stones of our political system, has proved to be a crumbling support, —one that has so weakened the structure that there is danger of collapse. It is impossible to show that representative institutions are in any essential respect dependent upon the separation of powers or bulwarked by acceptance of the

theory. On the contrary, it is not difficult to prove that wherever representative institutions now flourish separation has disappeared, that truly representative institutions and the application of the separation of powers vary in inverse ratio to each other.

If space were available, it could be shown that the separation of powers makes the election of administrative officers necessary and that such organization encourages a long ballot, complicated elections and efforts at direct government; but this paper proposed to do only two things: first, to show that the separation of powers is a baseless and an abstract theory without foundation in experience or successful practice; and second, to describe the system of parliamentary government which the opponents of the separation of powers would advocate as a substitute for this abstract theory.

II

To the mind unacquainted with practical politics the theory that laws must be enacted by one body, interpreted by a second and enforced by a third, each independent of the other, is almost irresistibly attractive. While Aristotle recognized these three functions as distinct from each other, and Locke advocated some separation between the organs performing them, it was Montesquieu who about the middle of the eighteenth century became the father of the theory that liberty is dependent upon this separation. He was a learned French philosopher who lived in an age of abstract reason, one in which men thought, as Arthur Young said, that constitutions can be made according to a general receipt.

Montesquieu in his search for the secret of free institutions went to England and lived there more than a year studying the constitution. He found there a king and a parliament, apparently separated from each other, the former the head of the executive department, and the latter enacting the laws. England under this system was blessed with more personal liberty than was to be found in any other country. He therefore reached the conclusion and wrote it into his book on *The Spirit of the Laws* as a general principle that this separation must be looked upon as the basis of liberty. His doctrine spread like wildfire in France. Our close association with France brought it to America and the more superficial of our publicists accepted it without a mo-

ment's examination in the light of experience. In fact, men had but little experience in self-government at that time. When our State and Federal constitutions were adopted in the last quarter of the eighteenth century the doctrine was written into their very skeletons. It is the backbone of our organization. It is true that Adams and Madison with other of the wiser heads of the day defended the Federal Constitution from those who wished the theory more consistently followed in that document, and said some rather plain things about Montesquieu in doing so; but from that day to this, those who organize government on the basis of intuition rather than of experience cling to the doctrine as the palladium of our liberties.

This superstition persists in spite of the fact that scholars have shown over and over again that Montesquieu was a superficial observer; that his view of the English constitution was, as Mr. Dicey has pointed out, the "lawyer's view" and had but little relation to the actual facts of the day; that he "was ignorant of the tactics of Walpole and could hardly have been behind the scenes in English politics." Walpole was called Prime Minister and the parliamentary system of government was then beginning to sprout, but the title was given in derision by those who disliked his government, just as that of "boss" is given now to various political leaders who are more powerful than we like to see them. Walpole governed the parliament with a system of corruption and coercion which would have delighted the heart of the most unscrupulous of our political bosses. George II told him that he must keep his hands off the army, but that he could do what he wished with his "scoundrels of the House of Commons." There was in England then, as there is in America now, an appearance of a separation of powers; the law provided such separation. In practice, however, there then, as here now, the real power was in the hands of the Invisible Government, maintained by extra-legal if not by dishonest methods. But Montesquieu, a foreigner, did not find this out or at least did not grasp its significance; and so was born the famous theory of the separation of powers. As Mr. Sidney Low has said: "The separation of the Legislative and Executive elements, which is the complete negative of Cabinet Government, was a cherished doctrine long after the two had become indissolubly associated."

Protest against the burden of this false theory in America has grown rapidly in the last half century. Professor Duguit after a most scholarly review of its history in France called it a "*vaine et artificielle théorie,*" one completely discredited by several experiments in the home of its birth. Woodrow Wilson more than a generation ago described the baleful effects of it on our Federal system, and the most distinguished critic of his position at that time has since come almost wholly to his point of view. European scholars have never ceased to wonder how practical Americans can continue to live under a system which is based only on abstract reasoning and erroneous observation by a Frenchman in England, when England itself has long outgrown even the superficial pretense of adhering to the arrangement which he described. That modern students of government have ceased to accept the theory requires no proof. Furthermore, practical reformers of the most conservative type are demanding that it be rejected.

The Constitutional Convention of 1915 numbered among its members not a few of the leading statesmen of the day. The floor leader of the majority was Henry L. Stimson, who was working in close co-operation with Elihu Root. Two years before the convention Mr. Stimson at Philadelphia delivered the following remarks, and in the convention advocated policies consistent with them:

> I believe that by far the greatest part of the inefficiency and attendant corruption from which we suffer in our Federal and State governments to-day can be directly traced to that venerable heresy which keeps the influence of our executives out of our halls of Congress and assemblies. That it is a heresy has been long and abundantly proven. . . . The theory upon which it is based has been completely abandoned not only in the government of which Montesquieu wrote, but in all other homes of effective parliamentary institutions. It lingers on here in the United States the fount of most of our troubles, yet cherished as if it were a veritable ark of the covenant.

Mr. Root in his now famous address before the convention delivered himself of the following almost radical statements:

> From the days of Fenton, and Conkling, and Arthur and Cornell, and Platt, from the days of David B. Hill, down to the present time, the government of the State has presented two different lines of

activity, one of the constitutional and statutory officers of the State, and the other of the party leaders—I don't coin the phrase, I adopt it because it carries its own meaning—the system they call "invisible government." For I don't know how many years Mr. Conkling was the supreme ruler in this State; the Governor did not count; the Legislature did not count; the comptrollers and Secretaries of State and what not did not count. It was what Mr. Conkling said; and in a great outburst of public rage he was pulled down.

Then Mr. Platt ruled the State; for nigh upon twenty years he ruled it. It was not the Governor; it was not the Legislature; it was not any elected officers; it was Mr. Platt. And the capital was not here: it was at 49 Broadway: Mr. Platt and his lieutenants . . . The ruler of the State during the greater part of the forty years of my acquaintance with the State government has not been any man authorized by the constitution or by the law; . . . The party leader is elected by no one, accountable to no one, bound by no oath of office, removable by no one. . . . It is wrong that a government not authorized by the people should be continued superior to the government that is authorized by the people.

To the student of actual government it is an axiom that the direction and control of co-operative political activity is inevitably single and that undivided leadership will be exercised whether such leadership is recognized in law or not. When the leadership of the English monarch declined, that of the Prime Minister rose in its place, such extra-legal control as that of Walpole marking the transition from the one to the other. The separation of powers now prevalent in our system gives us, instead of a Prime Minister with authority and responsibility, what President Lowell calls "an electioneering agent and a private bill and office broker." The private party leader stands behind the scenes and actually directs the conduct of public affairs; but not being responsible for the direction of great constructive policies, he devotes his attention to pulling wires for party success and profit. By this I would not imply that the boss is necessarily worse or less able than the Prime Minister would be, but he is freed from the stimulus to constructive leadership which the responsibilities of office would impose upon him under another system. Our policies are directed by Tom, Dick and Harry. We find some of the most important legislation in New York State this year introduced by Mr. Ellenbogen, who may be an excellent person, but who certainly is not regarded by the citizenship of New York State as the leader of public opinion in this State. He is almost unknown

and is not responsible for the legislation which he introduces. We have no responsible leadership. We have instead private bill and office brokers.

III

Instead of this theory, so attractive to the abstract reason and so useless in practical application, we ask for the parliamentary cabinet system. Of the latter Mr. Low in his masterly *Governance of England* says, "If we did not know that the Cabinet System not only existed, but was in practice extremely efficient, we might deem it a fantasy as strange as any conceived in the brain of a philosophical visionary." This system provides that authority shall reside in a representative chamber. This chamber recognizes a group which is called a cabinet, but which is also accurately described as an executive committee. To this cabinet or committee is entrusted the leadership in legislation and the control of administration for so long as the group keeps the chamber's confidence. The chairman of the cabinet is the leader of the majority of the chamber of representatives, the leader of the dominant party, the responsible head of the government. It is representative government reduced to its elements. The limits of this paper do not permit any reference to the relation of a second chamber to this system, but the existence of such an organ need not affect the application of the principle.

The English Government presents the principle in its highest application. The House of Commons is the representative assembly, the Cabinet the executive committee, and the Prime Minister the chairman. So long as he is the representative of the majority in the House of Commons, the Prime Minister is the most powerful ruler upon earth. The instant he loses this capacity as representative of the majority he ceases to have either power or responsibility, for he ceases to be Prime Minister. He may either resign, or, if he believe his position is stronger than that of the House of Commons, he may dissolve the House and ask for the election of another House. This is called an appeal to the country, and may be compared to the use of the referendum in this country; but it avoids the dangers incident to legislation at the polls.

The principle is the most simple one imaginable and

should be considered apart from the long words in which it is frequently discussed. Any body of more than a thousand people, who wish to co-operate in any enterprise, adopt what is essentially this plan of organization. Stock companies elect their boards of directors, corresponding to the House of Commons. The directors appoint an executive committee corresponding to the Cabinet, and provide a chairman or president or manager or Prime Minister. Of course there is less politics in such an organization. That is, there are fewer currents of opinion and less complex problems. But the elementary principle of co-operation and organization is the same. City government is rapidly taking on this form. The advocates of it use the imposing term Commissioner-Manager Plan. Actually, this is a board of directors who appoint a manager to act for them. The city cabinet has not been organized as yet because the cities which have adopted the plan are small and the problems are simple.

The history of the growth of liberal institutions in Western Europe is the story of the adoption of the parliamentary system in that territory. France, after trying the separation of powers three times, and having lived through one revolution after another, finally adopted what is essentially the English system. They elect a president who corresponds to the English king, but neither the king nor the president take any real part in the government. Spain, Italy, the Scandinavian countries, Greece, and the rest, in so far as they can be said to have developed liberalism, have applied the parliamentary system. No one claims that this system or any other political machinery will change the nature of the people who live under it. It can not provide good government when the individual is not capable of governing himself. All that is claimed for it is that it is a method of organizing government in accord with human nature, in order that the government may appear to be what it really is and what it must ever be: i. e., the leadership of a man in public affairs so long as the majority wish him to lead, and the determination whether he shall lead through representatives rather than directly by uninformed direct popular vote.

Russia has passed through her political revolution and there is prospect of Germany entering one. What do the thoughtful liberals expect Russia and Germany to do with autocracy overthrown? The most thoughtful students of government hope that both countries will adopt the prin-

ciple we are describing. The Duma is little more than a board of directors for Russia, composed of representatives of all the different kinds of stockholders in that great corporation. The same will doubtless be true of the Reichstag if liberals have their way. They will only eliminate the separation of powers and make the executive responsible to the representative chamber.

IV

Dr Hill sees a general disposition "to try political experiments"; he says that "the attack upon our existing institutions . . . . does not proceed from any coherent conception of the true nature of the State, and it offers no fundamental principle upon which a conception could be erected." "Claiming to be progressive, this scheme of government is in no sense constructive, but totally destructive. It lays down no principle whatever. It offers no guide to indicate to us what it might, if these doctrines were accepted, ultimately become." If he means these remarks to apply only to those who would press for the general adoption of popular government through the initiative, referendum and recall, I am not prepared at this time to argue against his thesis; but if he means among those he describes to include the advocates of parliamentary practice in place of the separation of powers, then I believe he is likely to weaken the cause of representative government by associating with his defense of such government an effort to bolster up a decaying theory that ultimately must go, and in going may carry with it valuable parts of our political structure.

Those who pray for relief from the influence of the theory of separation of powers do not advocate a theory: they join President Butler when he asks, "Why should we not move forward in genuine progress on the line of the last five hundred years?" Our ultra-conservative friends speak of adhering to Anglo-Saxon institutions, but where can anything be found more completely antipodal to Anglo-Saxon institutions as we see them today than is the application of this artificial and abstract theory of the separation of powers? Anglo-Saxon institutions are practical: they proceed by experiment, they have no relation to logic or abstract reasoning; they present themselves today in the English parliamentary system, to which we respectfully direct the attention

of those who say that the opponents of the separation of powers offer no guide to indicate what government under the proposed change would become.

Dr. Hill says of this reform: "Against a division of public powers, it demands predominating executive authority"; but we advocate taking no authority from the legislature. What the executive gains he takes from the private party leader. The executive becomes the party leader, and he uses the force of public opinion to advance political action. Legislative control lies in the votes which enact bills into law, not in the initiation and drafting of bills. This reform would give to the responsible leader of the majority the right to demand that the legislature vote on definite and carefully drawn statements of the legislation which the executive believes public opinion demands.

The sun is rising on our political institutions. Maryland has already been touched by its morning rays. Under the leadership of President Goodnow of Johns Hopkins University that State has amended its Constitution by a provision for the executive budget. The argument against this reform which has been demanded by the best political thought of all parties for several decades, has been that it violates the doctrine of separation of powers and takes from the legislature the right to enact finance bills at its pleasure. The log rolling, mismanagement and extravagance which have resulted from its pleasure is known even to school boys. The Maryland provision requires the Governor and his Cabinet to draft an annual budget, take it to the Legislature, and answer questions about it if members wish additional information. The Legislature is required to vote on the budget as it is presented by the Governor. They may reduce any item or cut out any appropriation; but they may increase none. The principle is that only those who are to administer the government know how much money they need for their task, and that it is for the Legislature to say only whether the state can afford to give them as much as they want or not.

EDGAR DAWSON.

THE BELL-BUOYS SPEAK

BY MRS. SCHUYLER VAN RENSSELAER

Ships! More ships! (cry the buoys a-swing
At the gates of the sea-ways). The message we bring
Is borne from the east by the storming wave,
As it tears at the hold of our anchoring chain,
From the stormy east, from the swaying grave
Of the dead who sleep
In their seaweed hammocks down deep, down deep,
Till again, again,
A brave halloo in the brave daylight,
A clang as of arms in the haunted night,
The soul of the sea, and the souls of the dead
Unrighteously sped,
Cry out to the land through our iron lips,
Ships! More ships!

The smoking funnel, the tall pine-mast,
The great, the small,
The dragons of hell-fire are hunting them all,
The steel of the fighters their lure, they say,
But no less, no less,
The babe and its mother their lawful prey,
Ships! (cry the buoys). They drown so fast!
And the wheat that should succor a world's distress,—
Till the deep sea groans for the bounty it bore,
And the outraged waves shout out to the shore
Through the blood-stained foam on our iron lips,
Ships! More ships!

Ships! (cry the buoys). How else shall be
Outwitted the dragons that crouch in the sea?
How else, when the dragons are mastered and dead,
Shall the world be fed? . . .

Young land where the fields are untouched by flame,
Where the river's flood
Is water, not blood,
Give ear as we cry in the old lands' name
For the speeding sail and the hurrying screw.
Calling to you,
With your treasures of tree-trunks and iron and gold
And your treasures of manhood, the Old World stands,
Riven and blasted, starvèd, cold,
Bereft of its sons, its acres a-waste,
And reaches its hands for the help of your hands.
Haste! cry the living, the dead, make haste
With funnel and mast on the broad sea-lane!
And again, again,
The need of the famished, the blood of the slain,
Cry out through the clang of our iron lips,
Ships! More ships!

M. G. Van Rensselaer.

WOMEN REMEMBER

BY DAVID CARB

Every great holocaust in history has set free innumerable plans designed to prevent a recurrence of the catastrophe. As we sat deeply in our chairs discussing the various proposals to enforce or to ensure peace which this war has propagated, we seemed to be the latest of the chauvinists, heir to all the futile Utopias of the world, descended direct from the preventive chimera which succeeded the first pain. And all those sad ones who had attempted to prevent suffering and terror, to barricade against Nature's ravages and to calm the frenzy in man, seemed to be shaking their heads despondently, muttering, "Seek thy mirage, oh son of our dream. Then fall back into our ranks and watch those others who, till the world's end, will leap to clutch the rainbow. They too will walk with us. And the mirage will remain remote, and the rainbow, even on the last day, will still be immaculate."

"Peace," my friend was saying, "is the God of the world. No man and no nation dares admit that peace is not its desire, its hope, and its ambition. Surely when a single thing is the universal desideratum it can be accomplished."

"It never has been accomplished."

"Yet it cannot be impossible. Now if all the great nations were sincerely to enter into a league to enforce peace—"

"It is incredible," I said, "that these panaceas should emanate from people who are familiar with history and who know something of psychology. The men who sponsor these movements are familiar enough with the annals of the world to be aware that mankind has been propelled by the same impulsions since it became articulate, and that, glossed over with different names and different methods, it has still

pursued the same ends. Humanity has shifted codes and manners; it has not been able to alter fundamentals. Your leaguers certainly realize how unexceptional this generation and this war are—how like other wars and other generations."

"That may be true," said my friend, "but the particular codes and manners of our time may make it possible to bring this new thing into being."

"The alliance which defeated Napoleon was a league to enforce peace, yet in just one generation England fought Russia; Austria, Italy; Prussia, France. The present Entente is a league to enforce virtue in nations. And already we read of a Russo-Japanese alliance which will inevitably create new suspicions and divide the world again into bristling groups."

"This war is so destructive and its scope so all-embracing that a new consciousness is battering the archives of our minds."

"Relatively this war is no more all-embracing than the European wars that ended in 1815. Or than our Civil War. And relatively no more destructive—Moscow has been burned, Germany has been ravaged, Paris has been burned, Sherman marched to the sea. And neither the reckless violations of Napoleon nor the thousands of dead Germans of 1870 could prevent the *débacle* of 1914."

"You don't yet seem to understand me. This war has destroyed millions; it has touched bitterly every person in Europe."

"Our Civil War touched bitterly every person in this country, and yet with a cry of exultation we sprang on Spain."

"You will grant me that in these latter years a new morality has begun to breathe."

"Undoubtedly. But I contend that each generation produces a new morality."

"Ours is different. It has all experience behind it; it marches arm in arm with science; it springs from sociology, from temperance, from the profound recognition of the right of man to live his own life."

"Those were the concepts of the French Revolution, and that had all experience behind it."

My friend edged into his chair. "A frenzy," he said, "and strangely quaint now."

"Everything is quaint if one will but go a little ahead and look back. Think how quaint this war will seem a hundred years from now."

"In your opinion, then, conflict will go on and on until chaos comes?"

"And still on and on. Chaos is absolute unharmony, and unharmony must struggle for harmony. When that is accomplished life becomes too gentle and sweet for endurance. Then revolt again."

"But why? Why? With the pain and suffering and horror and death that is war written on every page of history, how can men have the courage to fight?"

"It was written on every page of history before this war, and men were not deterred. No, my friend, you will always have wars, not because men want them, not because they do not do all in their power to avert them. You will have wars because the misery and the terror soon drop away, and the myth of war grows and grows and grows. It is this myth, not reality, which nurses new wars. And this myth exists and expands simply because men are constructed mentally as they are."

"What do you mean?"

"My grandparents owned a farm in Mississippi. It was a rich farm where cotton grew, and grain, where cattle thrived. One morning a detachment of the Union army came there and after they had breakfasted set fire to the house, to the barns and store sheds, to the stables and outhouses. My grandmother stood with her four terrified children until the last ember had died out and the babies cried for food. Then coldly, with weary ease, she walked away from what had been her home and sought her neighbors. They too had suffered greatly; they could not aid her. There was nothing for her to do—nothing she could do. She simply returned and watched the ashes rise on the wind and the sun grow hot and then cold, and the day perish, and mists, like webs of pale smoke, mobilize, to hide the heavens from her. She stumbled away with her clinging babies, over rough fields and striated roads, into ditches and up hills, through brooks that chilled her soul. And the babies whimpered and clung to her skirts and fell from weariness and hunger and mystical fear. When the morning bloomed again she dropped by the roadside and the little ones crouched in her lap and slept. . . . At noon a farmer found her. He

procured a yoke of oxen and a covered cart. She started for New Orleans where her sisters lived. A child was born on the way. It is still living—an imbecile, more than fifty years old and still playing with dolls and blocks, unable to speak a whole sentence, mispronouncing even the simplest words as a child mispronounces them, doomed to eternal imitation of just the slightest externals—imitation without mimicry, years without growth or memory. For more than half a century my grandmother has lived with this horror. My grandfather returned from the war a cripple and he too spent the rest of his days with this stagnant child. Yet he never failed to attend a reunion of veterans; not once did he speak of the war save as a glorious, heroic effort. That's what his children heard throughout their youth. Does that explain what I mean by the myth of war? "

"I must confess that it doesn't."

"Perhaps this will make it clearer: Do you recall the entrance to Trinity Church in New York? "

"Yes."

"Then you remember that on both sides of the walk are graves, some marked by peeled slabs of slate, some by marble boxes or shafts or crosses. The churchyard is enclosed by an iron fence. But on the left, just at the pavement of Broadway, the fence indents, and there, isolated from the other graves but not from the church, stands a great black sarcophagus erected 'In memory of Captain James Lawrence.' . . . He was distinguished on various occasions, but especially, when commanding the sloop of war *Hornet* he captured and sunk his Brittannick Majesty's sloop of war *Peacock*. . . . His bravery in action was equalled only by his modesty in triumph, and his magnanimity to the vanquished.' This ebon monument, segregated from its companions, is the prominent and dominating thing in Trinity Churchyard. It is the first, the last, and the only impressive tomb. Yet how many, reading that inscription, think of what happened on board the sloop of war *Hornet* on that day? Nor did Captain James Lawrence after a few years had passed."

"You will think me very slow witted indeed," my friend said, "but I don't yet comprehend your meaning."

"I'll try again: Here in New York, one enters Central Park under the hoof of Sherman's horse; one passes Madison Square in the shadow of Farragut; Washington the

soldier holds Union Square. The Soldiers' and Sailors' shaft towers over Boston Common; nearly every town in New England—and in the South and the Middle West for that matter—decorates its green or its common with a soldiers' monument—the only decoration in most of them."

"And yet I don't see——"

"Who are the great heroes of the world, the names that spring alive from the history books? Are they St. Francis or Shakespeare or Dante or Luther or Gutenberg or Darwin or Plato——"

"Spare me!"

"Save for Lincoln, they are Alexander, Cæsar, Napoleon, Jeanne d'Arc, Grant, Lee, Ulysses——"

"Yes, yes. Well, the warrior is more dramatic. And I grant you that history is taught as a chronology of wars and warriors. But later one learns constitutional and social history."

"Too late. The idea of history is crystallized by that time."

"I suppose so."

"And then poetry. 'La Marseillaise' stirs the whole world as no other song. And we thrill at the mention of Thermopylae, of the Light Brigade. As long as the English language survives we shall cry with Drayton—

> Upon St. Crispin's Day
> Fought was this noble fray
> Which fame did not delay
> To England to carry.
> O, when shall Englishmen
> With such deeds fill a pen
> And England breed again
> Such a King Harry?

We shall exult with him over the lopping of the French lilies. Shakespeare has told the myth of war in five lines:

> Then will he strip his sleeve and show his scars
> And say, 'These wounds had I on Crispin's Day.'
> Old men forget. Yet all shall be forgot,
> But he'll remember with advantages
> What deeds he did that day. . . .

It is the same in all literature, from Troy to Masefield. We have commingled battle and love; in our hearts we believe that none but the physically brave deserves the fair. The most appealing romances are woven of a beautiful lady and a man who slays and maims for her. Alexander's tears have turned the mill wheels which grind the bellicose longings of the youth of all ages. In this generation we laugh at tournaments and the other sometime manly arts. But in a different guise we practice them. One people exalts the toreador, another the duelist."

"That is but the natural admiration for skill and success."

"Here is my point: The torn toreador still glorifies bull fighting, the soldier 'shoulders his crutch and shows how fields were won.' His wound opens the gate to a heaven of adulation—the pain and the limitation are ignored, the great deeds he did that day grow into a legend. He enlarges on his suffering because it enhances his valor. I am not drawing a picture of an extinct type. Millions of men will return from this war to their homes, and their wives will minister to them with solemn reverence, their children will boast of their father's prowess, and gradually the father will boast of his own prowess. And more and more he will mold himself into the hero of the war; he will repeat the world-old process of making himself the center of a great event; the frostbite, the uncleanliness, the awful heat, and the hideous boredom of the trenches will be converted into heroic endurance. His gun will become a sacred heirloom. A sanctity will gather about him. And after a time he himself will subscribe to it.

"The process is eternal and ubiquitous. Distance brings not only a supernal glory, as the Victorians would say, but it deletes the ugly details as well. A picture is a jumble of daubs close to—one must step away from it to perceive its beauty. Only then do the mechanics disappear and the splendor of color and line prevail. That's what happens to your soldier returned from the war. He leaps from the orchestra to the stage; he becomes the hero of the play. His wife and children fill in the scene—they are at once the audience and the dramatist. They subtly direct the struttings—and they applaud. Does the actor ever remember the weary rehearsals in the glamor of a successful performance?

"I tell you that after this war, as after every war that has ever occurred, the man who has fought in it weaves a tale of golden romance about it and himself. The horror he soon ceases to feel—it becomes the enhancing background of his achievement. And those who are young now will gather at the knees of their fathers and be fed with the glory of war. A splendid myth will dance before them—they, too, in their time may garner such glory. The myth will burn into their minds and their hearts and suffuse their imaginations. So they will reach manhood eager to do the tremendous things their fathers have done. And so another generation of warriors is made ready."

"But," said my friend, "if that is true, how do you explain the fact that in the last century the men who were children during a great war are pacifists—at least, they tone their time with aversity to war? There has never been such pacifism in America as during the two decades following the Civil War."

I reviewed the record of a hundred years: from 1815 to 1848 Europe was at peace, then two decades of wars, then another generation of peace. In America for thirty-six years after the Revolution there was peace, and for thirty-six years after 1812. The first soldiers of the Civil War were veterans of the Mexican War. Thirty-seven years from 1861 to our hostilities against Spain. Surely such even distribution could not be entirely coincidence, nor due to exhaustion, nor lack of cause, nor to the necessity for recuperation. It does not require exactly the same number of years to recuperate from all wars. Nor can we assert that at equal intervals bellicose individuals are chosen to executive offices.

What my friend had said was unquestionably true. Yet so were my assertions. Men *do* dim the pains and the terrors of war and enlarge on their individual prowess. Their children *do* strive to emulate the glory of their sires. But also, these same children in their maturity are strongly opposed to war. If veterans erase the horrors of war and recount only its splendors, why are the horrors vivid to the men whose childhood sparkled with its glitter—to a generation which has not experienced war?

I was profoundly puzzled. Men *do* expunge the hideous from their memories and develop a dazzling myth of war. And this serum is injected into receptive organisms—yet these organisms reject what they have eagerly absorbed.

They reject the standard of historical success. They see the world revere the soldier—they desire reverence; they are not cowards; they do not know the misery of war, nor even conceive of it. Yet they avoid it.

My friend arose. "Explain that paradox," he said.

. . . . . .

For hours the man who had just returned from France, where he had driven an ambulance, had been recounting his adventures—the hardships he had endured, the dangers, miraculous escapes, tragic and comic encounters that compose the eventful dullness of the front.

"That's about all," he said at length.

"You've told the most marvellous tale I ever heard," cried one of us. "You've painted indelible vignettes. I shall never forget——"

"Just one thing more," I pleaded. "If it is not too painful and too personal, will you tell us some of your reactions, how you responded emotionally to what you saw?"

"What I learned?" asked the *ambulancier*. "Why, about three things. Yes, three 'main heads,' as we used to say in school. Probably they have been known for ages by the rest of the world, but to me they are new, evolved from acute experience. As you know, I had always lived the intellectual life, which means that I had taken my emotions from literature and my knowledge from other people. But I had not been long at the front before I grew to understand how common labor can persist, how it is possible for men to keep alert and eager in what seems to the outsider the deadest routine. Physical labor had seemed horrible to me—a condition that men could endure only because the hope of release ever dangled before them. How could men sweep streets or tend machines all day, and every day, without experiencing that boredom which decomposes the soul? I had often asked myself. Some day, I had thought, they must look down the long vista of the years and see only repetition and repetition to the end of their world. But in my seemingly monotonous labor of driving and repairing an ambulance I learned how exciting is the completion of a job, and the ever fascinating interest of the *details* of labor. The first head might be called 'the unmonotony of routine.'"

"And the second?"

"I've been racking my head for a title for it. The best I can find is 'the exultant responsibility of anonymity.'"

"Just what is that?"

"It *is* rather involved. It means that the fundamental human instinct is to destroy, and that the struggle to conquer the instinct to destroy is the real spiritual history of mankind. That the Great Day will come in the hour that that conquest is made—and the Superman will emerge simultaneously. I discovered how near humanity has approached that goal. For although I was as anonymous as one can well be in this world, and had three wounded men at my disposal, civilization had conquered even the temptation to be a master of destinies."

"And the third 'main head?'"

"Oh, just a trifle about women."

"Tell us," I said.

He lighted his pipe leisurely. "It's rather interesting—that. When you wander about a country at war you encounter all sorts of people and all under an identical strain. When these diverse types express things in exactly the same way, very naturally you begin to generalize. On my furloughs I met many women, for I was in the ambulance uniform with a Red Cross on my brassard, and they greeted me with fine hospitality and confidence. Some were the wives of farmers or of farmers' 'help,' some had been educated, some even bore the stamp of frequent sojourns in Paris. Sooner or later the conversation always crept to the war—each of them was suffering from it, and I found that the rich and the poor, the ignorant and the cultivated, the old and the young, and all their sisters of a dozen nations, are healing their hearts with the same styptic stick.

"I stopped one morning at the cottage of a *reformé* cobbler. Madame put the coffee pot on the stove; monsieur showed me the photographs of two nephews who had been killed in the war. 'One must pay,' madame said, and set out the *eau de vie*. At the tiny village of Brexyde, Mlle. le Clerc maintained a prosperous business in butter and eggs. She was a wizened old lady, bent to an exact right angle at the hips, her head rising at another angle from her shoulders. She looked as though at any moment she might let her arms fall and become a quadruped. Mlle. le Clerc's only relative—an illegitimate son—had fallen at the Marne. 'I suppose I owed him to France,' she said to me after she had spent the

morning constructing her autobiography from the calendar of his life.

"At a hospital in Paris-Plage I met Emile Delargue—he had been shot in the wrist—his hand was twisted and useless. One day he showed me a letter from his mother—his only brother had been killed. Her sole comment was a line at the end: 'It is well to remember that one must pay for the privilege of being a Frenchman.' Isn't it uncannily like that line in Macbeth, 'Your son, my lord, has paid a soldier's debt'?

"I've strayed from my subject again. It is so difficult not to ramble when one is talking of a world strange and tangled, with its dead still unburied. A few days later Delargue showed me another letter from his mother—it was filled with 'Do you remember?' and 'Have you forgotten?' when Jean did this or that. The cobbler's wife also recorded the events of her life by events in the lives of her nephews. And so I've come to believe that women date their lives by their affections.

"At Amiens this was dramatically true. I met M. Digeon in a café near where the Somme shreds the ancient city. He took me to his house for dinner. I was presented to his mother, to his wife, to his daughter. Madame Vallon had been wedded and widowed in one week. When the three generations were finally convinced that I was an American, a volunteer, and when the Chartreuse had succeeded the wine, the three women ceased to consider me a stranger and began to chatter in their accustomed way. The grandmother told tales of the forties and fifties; the mother of the siege of Paris; the daughter was sadly silent save for an occasional 'Robert's mother told me that the year she went to Nice it was the year he had the measles and his eyes were weak,' or 'The day Robert and I were—the day our marriage was arranged was the day the Germans came into Belgium.' Each of the tales or reminiscences was illustrated with family photographs. World events, great crises, hideous calamities—all happened on the day Jacques did this or Fernand that. A family birthday marked an international catastrophe; a wedding anniversary or an illness, especially an illness, was the date of some historical event.

"The next day Madame Vallon accompanied me to the Cathedral to witness the funeral of Mgr. Dizier, Bishop of Amiens. The great doors were thrown open and streams of

sunlight gilded the nave and dimmed the candles in the chapels. But the altar remained dusky, the unparalleled carved wood was dark against vague columns and arches and brightly tinted glass. The sarcophagus rested just where the varied colors from the rose window could stain it with melancholy hues. Out of the sunlight, through the crowds in the Place, up the vast aisle flanked by sad women, walked the procession of the eternal Church of Rome—little novices veiled in white, nuns in the several habits of their orders, monks—Franciscan, Dominican, Cluniac—priests from the north and the south, acolytes and choristers in scarlet, bishops and archbishops in brilliant robes—the vast army of the mother of Christian faiths. Each regiment a color, each color a symbol, all the symbols conniving to dazzle mankind, to enthrall it, to fill it with beauty and mystery and the solemn grandeur of the glory of God. It linked the past with the present and the present with the everlasting; it discarded the centuries and bound the men of the first to the men of the last. It was the supreme assertion of continuity. . . . Madame Vallon suddenly burst into tears. 'Do not weep, madame,' I murmured, 'the Bishop had faith in God.' 'Pardon, monsieur. It was Mgr. Dizier who christened my Robert.'

"And so it is in every condition of life. Think back to your own mothers—to the garments they preserved, to the punctilious observance of all sorts of anniversaries. How they carry the grief of their widowhood through their lives, how the sorrow for a dead child becomes the end of youth. And recall how they make the biography of those they love the chronicle of their world. And when war engraves on their memories privation and fear and sorrow their children grow up with a very real aversion powerfully embedded in them."

"This war, then, you think will survive in family annals, not by the Marne and the Somme, but by the illnesses and pains and divisions which the women will not forget?"

"I am sure of it," said the *ambulancier*.

That is how I discovered that my friend's paradox was not a paradox. I had contended that leagues and tribunals to enforce peace would never succeed because their existence depends on a vivid remembrance of the miseries of war, and men who have endured those miseries soon dim that vividness. He had asserted that such leagues are quite feasible

because, in spite of the tendency of the veteran to diffuse the glories of war, his children are impervious to them.

The two things are not antagonistic—men forget the details in the large outline; women narrow their interest to the details, including the misery and the fear and the pain and the terror. And it is these things that the children who are to grow into manhood with a nolition for war see written on the faces of their parents. And the lines on the face of a mother are the most powerful deterrent in the world. Peace will never come so long as men—the creatures who sweep the unpleasant from their path, who use horror as the setting for a brilliant drama—so long as men are left to ally and convene and agree and write it out on paper. It will come only when women transmit the memory of the misery to their daughters, when women keep their vivid sorrow ever before the world—when women remember and rebel.

. . . . . .

An island rises sheer out of the sea, tall and white like the first column of the greatest temple to God. A straight, proud pillar it stands, striated and cleft and carven by the varying winds, by the petulant and impetulant waters of a myriad ages, crowned with a tight cap of moss, of white daisies and yellow daffodils and blue forget-me-nots, of pale narcissus and virgin primroses. Breezes like laughing children run over the island whispering the merry gossip of unseen things until the daisies kiss the daffodils and the primroses lean timidly towards the slim narcissus. Then the breezes leap aloft and flutter through the flat canopy of tangled branches and foliage which rest on severe, thin trees, trees cold and inflexible, until as they approach the breast of the earth, their mother, their gauntness softens into curves to meet the warmth of her bosom.

On a day when June was in the air and birds of bright plumage sang songs of love and hope, women of all the world came to the island in the sea. White women and black, brown, light, dark; women hard from labor and women sad from ease. Some were old, some young; some bore the lines of trial and pain—others were insolent because they had not suffered. But whether they wore shawls upon their heads, or jewels, or feathers; whether their gowns were silk or coarse or ragged; whether they pattered in wooden shoes

or shuffled in sandals or stepped daintily in rare leather or felt the dew on their bare feet; whether their hands were rough or tender, their mouths turned up or down—in the eyes of every one of them was the glint of a great resolve. For the eyes of the women of the world that day told a tale of finality, of the end of a chapter, of a determination fixed as the progress of the seasons. And behind the firm glint in their eyes gleamed the passion of a dream.

The island choked with women. They clung to the sheer cliffs, they perched in the trees. And a myriad others sat in boats that swayed on the gentle waters. And still they came, hastening from all the corners of the world, until they hid the sea and the cliffs and the island—a dazzling ocean of women arrayed in all the hues of the earth and the heavens.

One among them arose and spoke. And the winds were her messengers. And what she said flew round the world and echoed down the future. And her words still are heard in every nook and cavern and hut and palace. And will be heard.

"My sisters," she said, "we are met to burn a word upon the heart of everything that lives or shall live. The word is Life. We have been patient since the dawn of time; we have beheld men build chimeras and blow them down; we have seen wondrous panaceas made and fail; we have heard men cry their weariness of war and then make war again; we have sat by while they perpetrated the grotesque irony of creating laws of war, of 'civilized' war, of warfare 'according to the laws of humanity'; we have read their rules for murder and destruction; we have heard their outraged cries when the rules for unruliness were broken; we have been silent when they called murder execrable and battle noble; we have listened to their tales of misery gradually transformed into tales of glory. Through the centuries we, my sisters, have blown the trumpets and waved the flags and urged them on to great 'deeds of prowess.' We have helped them to forget the pain. That is our guilt. Yet even without our aid they would have forgotten. For it is the nature of man to forget the unpleasant and do it again, as it is the nature of woman to remember the unpleasant and still do it again. For that they say we are unmoral. Well, let it be so. Then this that we shall speak is the unmoral code by which the world shall live from this time forth.

My sisters, repeat with me the motto of the new world that is being born this moment.''

And they rose and spoke the Word: '' We, the women of the earth, care not whether we are governed from here or from there; it is of no concern to us who owns this strip of land or that; we are indifferent to wealth and to empire; it matters not to us whether a line has been crossed or a paper signed; whether one tongue is spoken or another; whether this temple or that crowns the world. We scorn length and breadth. Land is to be lived on, not to be killed for.

'' Hear, then, all ye of ambition and chicanery and short memory, ye statesmen and warriors, ye who are great and powerful, ye who water the land and befoul the sea with men's blood—Hearken! We shall teach our daughters to remember the horror and the futility of war, and they shall teach their daughters. We shall brand the hero a braggart and the warrior a traitor. We shall spurn them. For we, the women of the world, want only our lives to live, our loves to love. That we demand. And that we shall have, so help us God! ''

David Carb

MIMICRY IN ANIMALS: A NEW THEORY

BY HUDSON MAXIM

When a bird casts his eye upon a worm, there is question in his glance. He looks inquiringly at the worm, to be assured that it is a proper food-worm, and not some poisonous serpent that he or his ancestry has had trouble with. As he looks at the worm, he recalls to mind previous experiences, either individual or ancestral, with the puff-adder. That mental process is reflected in the mental impressorium of the worm in some such wise as though the bird should ask the worm whether or not he were a puff-adder or a food-worm. This sets the worm to concluding that the possession of so small a resemblance as even to rouse the slightest suspicion in the mind of the bird, and cause him to hesitate to inquire whether or not he were a puff-adder, is a recommendation to the worm to imitate the puff-adder, and he proceeds to do so.

This same telepathic process must exist throughout nature. Of course, the degree in which it exists may be, and doubtless is, infinitely slight. The influence on each individual occasion may be practically negligible, but when this influence has been exerted billions upon billions of times, the cumulative effect is very great.

This is why one form of butterfly chooses to look like a dead leaf, another like a green leaf; why the chameleon changes his color, why the Brazilian butterfly looks like an owl that is the greatest enemy of the bird that is the butterfly's greatest enemy.

The quick glance of the flitting bird at the remote progenitor of the walking-stick beetle, to decide whether or not it were a dry twig, taught the beetle to imitate the dry twig for its protection.

It must be remembered that there is no dividing line

between mental and physical processes—the one merges into the other. The mental process is a physical process, and all physical processes are to a large extent mental processes.

The very fact that we are so highly organized places us out of sense with many things with which we would be keenly in sense were we but possessed of a worm's specialized mentality, and endowed with a worm's necessities. It is inconceivable to us how the bat can sense and determine the exact position of a mosquito in the dark with an exactness greater than eyesight. It is inconceivable to us how the bloodhound can follow the faint footprints of a man or animal with unerring accuracy from an odor so inconceivably faint as to be beyond our imagining.

It is no more inconceivable, no stranger, that the nervous structure of a lower order of animal may be so sensitized to special environing influences as particularly to be constituted to perceive or feel out the mental processes of an enemy that is hunting him for prey, and to take the hint from his enemy that would cause him, as I have pointed out, to imitate the very thing his enemy has told him would protect him if he looked enough like that thing.

Life is the co-ordination of the motional relations constituting the character of a body with the motional relations constituting the character of other bodies.

The motional relations constituting the character of every body must of necessity be sensitively responsive to the motional relations constituting the character of all other bodies in measure proportionately correspondent with the chief necessities of the body. In other words, life is the functional response of an organized body to the forces of surrounding matter, termed the environment.

A living being is a body of matter organized to utilize the forces and properties of surrounding matter for its functions of life and reproduction.

The condition of everything in existence acts to modify the condition of everything else in existence, according to their inter-related necessities, with an intensity proportionate to their necessities, their nearness to one another, and their developed mutual receptivity.

Mimicry in animals has always been an unsolved mystery —a mystery popularly deemed unsolvable except on the hypothesis of an all-wise, all-powerful, omnipresent, personal God, who, by direct interposition, specializes animals

to adapt them to the necessities of their environment. But I think that the problem admits of scientific solution. I think that I can explain the mystery.

Knowing that everything in existence is sensitized to everything else in existence, we know, therefore, that there can be no state of being which does not tend to impress its condition upon or betray its condition to other existences whose necessities develop in them faculties of awareness—senses to meet their requirements—besides those senses that we count on the fingers of one hand.

When I was a boy, I often used to catch bees by the two wings while they were sucking honey from a flower, and thereby hold them in such a position as to prevent them from stinging. Sometimes I would miss my bee, catching him by one wing, and then I would get a sting. One day I caught what I supposed to be a bee, and missed getting him by both wings. I was surprised that he did not sting me. On examination, I discovered that he was not a real bee at all, but a species of fly. I have since learned that that fly was a representative of the class of animals that finds protection in mimicking other animals. That species of fly, like a bee, lives mainly upon the honey of flowers. Fly-catching birds, through long ages, fed upon the ancestors of that fly. Each time one was caught, he was asked the question, with a look of the bird, whether or not he were a bee or a fly, and he took the hint, and by slow degrees became to look more and more like a real bee, so that he found greater and greater protection in his looks, and the largest numbers of those flies survived that looked the most like bees. So complete is the resemblance now as to afford very efficient protection against being devoured, for the bird does not want to take any chances on his turning out to be a bee and able to deliver a sting in the throat.

Our higher and more complicated development of mind and body does not better qualify us, but, on the contrary, largely disqualifies us to perceive with certain senses as keenly as do lower animals, with their more highly specialized senses.

The olfactory mechanism of the dog is far superior to ours. The engineering skill of the spider transcended that of human beings until recent times. The bat possesses an absolutely additional sense, of which we have no counterpart: in the depths of a cave half a mile by a winding way

from its entrance, a place wholly devoid of light, bats will flit about the head of an intruder, but will always avoid coming into collision, as though they were swallows in open daylight.

Many an insect whose necessities have caused him to specialize in the development of a telepathic perceptive sense is far superior to us in the exercise of such faculty.

Anciently, we may very possibly have had a more highly developed telepathic sense, but as we have evolved means for communication, especially through speech, we have supplanted one kind of sense-perception by another kind more suited to our purpose, with the result that certain telepathically-perceptive faculties have now become largely atrophied.

Similarly, we have lost our former aptitude for grasping and handling objects with our feet, because our hands have served the purpose as grasping organs, and our feet have become specialized better to adapt them to their present use. We were once able, doubtless, to flap our ears to dislodge flies, but we no longer possess that faculty. We once possessed strong and heavy jaws armed with long fangs, for tearing meat and for peeling nuts and fruits, and our hands were armed with claws, but we have no longer any need for claws and fangs, because we are better armed with ingenious intelligence.

After making many experiments in an attempt to ascertain whether ants are susceptible to sounds within the range of the human ear, and finding that they are apparently deaf to such sounds, Sir John Lubbock came to the following conclusion:

> It is, however, far from improbable that ants may produce sounds entirely beyond our range of hearing. Indeed, it is not impossible that insects may possess senses, or sensations, of which we can no more form an idea than we should have been able to conceive red or green if the human race had been blind.

It is an irrational conclusion that an insect, simply because he is an insect and smaller than we, does not know his business as well as we know ours. As a matter of fact, many an insect knows his business as well for his needs as we know ours, and the action of certain insects can not be other than rational, involving planning and calculation.

The word *instinct,* as a distinction between the intelligence of man and of lower animals, should be abandoned for all time. Instinct in the lower animals is but inherited

experiential knowledge. Much of what we know is likewise inherited experiential knowledge. The child who learns with great facility something for which his immediate progenitors possessed especial aptitude, acquires but part of the knowledge by his own efforts; the rest comes to him as instinctive knowledge inherited from those progenitors.

I once saw, on the porch of my residence on Lake Hopatcong, a mud-hornet deliberately fall into and entangle herself in a spider-web. The spider, perching upon an outer corner of the web, instantly sprang at the hornet, then stopped, and decided that it did not want to tackle that hornet, and returned to its perch. After waiting awhile for the spider to come to the attack, the hornet freed herself very easily from the web; and I watched her fly several times in circles, and then deliberately alight in another nearby web, and entangle herself in it. Instantly, the alert spider, evidently either more hungry or less cautious than the other, sprang upon the hornet, when, with an alacrity that would shame the lightning, and with a precision developed beyond the contingency of error, that hornet seized the spider, jabbed her sting into it and paralyzed it. Then she did it up nicely and carried it away.

I learned afterward, in the study of insects, that this is the regular habit of the mud-hornet—that she catches spiders in this manner, paralyzing them with her sting. She places them, one after another, in a mud-pocket that she has constructed for the purpose, until she has enough canned spiders to feed her young when they hatch out in the spring. The spiders do not die, but remain alive in their prison until attacked by the larvæ of the hornet and eaten at the proper time. Rather hard on the spiders—but the habits of the spiders themselves are not such as to elicit much sympathy.

Another day, I was watching a spider's web on the porch of my country house, hoping again to see a mud-hornet play the same trick on a spider. After long waiting, I was rewarded for my vigil. A mud-hornet jumped into the web of a spider, pretending to entangle herself in it. The spider made a dash for the hornet, but drew back a little distance, and regarded her cautiously, finally concluding that it was too risky. After waiting awhile for the spider to make the attack, the hornet pretended to struggle again and to entangle herself inextricably in the web. I thought, "Madame Hornet, you have overdone it this time." The spider thought

the same thing, and attacked the hornet. No magician ever unbound himself from a knotted rope with the cleverness with which that hornet released herself from the web, and it was all done with the quickness of a cat striking with its paw.

A condition of mind is a physical condition. It is a physiological condition. It is as much a physical, chemical, electrical phenomenon as is the production of a spark from the discharge of a storage battery exploding a gas mixture in an internal combustion engine. It is as much the result of arrangement of atoms and molecules as is the formation of a frost-crystal. It is as much an electro-mechanical phenomenon as is the establishment of an electric current in an induction coil.

It is a no stranger phenomenon that a certain electrical condition produced in the mind of a bird on seeing a worm should influence the receptive mechanism in the terminal ganglion of a worm, a butterfly, or a beetle, than is the phenomenon that a current of electricity will by induction set up a current in a distant coil absolutely without physical contact. It is no stranger a thing that there should be ultra-Hertzian waves than it is that there are Hertzian waves.

Since we are able, through wireless telegraphy, by means of Hertzian waves, actually to operate a mechanism and record thought at a distance of several thousand miles, we certainly have a right to suspect that the worm or the butterfly may have a nerve-apparatus capable of catching vibrations set going by the thinking mechanism of a bird of prey, and of interpreting their meaning and of profiting by the interpretation.

In this age of experimental investigation, when, as far as possible, we put everything to a practical test before shaping our conclusions in regard to it, it may appear at first sight that the conclusion that a worm can read the mind of a bird is rather fanciful and chimerical. As we go back, however, over the steps of our reasoning which led us up to this conclusion, it does not look so chimerical or so fanciful.

We know positively that no mental phenomenon can take place without leaving an impress of some character upon surrounding media, because no condition of any structure can exist without that condition making its impress upon surrounding media, tending to alter the conditions existing in those surrounding media. Consequently, we know with abso-

lute certainty that a thought can not exist in the mind of a bird without that thought exerting an influence upon other life in the neighborhood of the bird, and that one thought exerts a different influence upon the mental mechanism of a worm than will another thought. These things we know; the only thing we do not know, and can not very well prove by practical experiment, is that the worm is able to utilize that influence in the way I have suggested.

If a man could live a million years and experiment with birds and worms and butterflies, as Darwin experimented with doves and other animals to prove his theory of natural selection, we might prove our theory of the cause of mimicry to the extent of showing that certain animals do assume the guise of other animals, or mimic them, for purposes of self-protection against their enemies, but we should not know then any better than we now know, that the change was produced in the manner I have suggested. Although this conclusion must, of necessity, be entirely theoretical, it is certainly a rational theory, and one which should be accepted as most likely to account for the strange phenomena of mimicry in lower animals.

There are many well-authenticated instances which strongly tend to warrant the conclusion that certain lower animals possess peculiar psychic powers not usually understood—powers by which they are able to interpret the bent of mind of human creatures in whose presence they happen to be.

Many a time, when the owner of a dog has determined to kill the dog in order to get rid of him for some reason or other, the dog immediately seems to discover the fact that there is some evil purpose brewing for him, and he will often slink away and hide without any apparent cause. Of course, the voice of the master in calling the dog may change, and the dog will discover a sinister meaning in the difference of the voice, or the master's countenance may change, that is to say the master may manifest in his face his intentions regarding the dog. But there have been many instances when there has been no opportunity for the dog to tell by the change in his master's demeanor or change of voice, and he has seemed to gather a warning directly from the operations of his master's mind.

I admit that there may never have been a single instance in authentic proof of this conclusion, but there have been in-

stances enough to lead to a strong suspicion that the mind of a dog may be in such receptive telepathic attitude with respect to the mind of his master as to interpret the bent of his master's thoughts concerning the dog's welfare; and the dog's welfare is the principal thing that can concern the dog.

In arriving at such conclusions as these, it is necessary for us to be strongly on our guard and to maintain alert vigilance against being humbugged by the deceit of others or by our own sentiments and imagination.

When we desire a thing, it is much easier to believe that thing than when we do not desire it. In spiritualistic investigations, this human peculiarity has given the wildest fancies the guise of scientific evidence.

In the interpretation of any natural phenomenon, we must not take our lack of ability to understand its having been produced in any other way as proof that it must have been produced in a certain hypothetical way. This we must admit applies to my suggestion of the explanation of mimicry in animals. We have not sufficient evidence to know whether this hypothesis is true or not, only enough to know that it is both possible and rational and based upon the broad foundation in fact that nothing can exist except under the domination of the universal influence of all things else, of which influence it is a sensitized reciprocal part; and that there must be a mutual influence exerted between the mental mechanism of lower animals existing in the neighborhood of one another. We further know that those animals have developed on the lines of their chief necessities; that, consequently, they are capable of utilizing any influence to meet their necessities.

Therefore, may we not conclude that it is reasonable to believe that hunted animals must have used any influence exerted upon them by hunting animals in the development of mimicry for defense, if that mimicry has been a necessity?

HUDSON MAXIM.

THE BOOK OF THE MONTH

MR. WELLS AND GOD[1]

BY LAWRENCE GILMAN

When, in the late summer days of 1914, God seemed to have forsaken the world and to have put a curse upon his children; when the German Army, descending upon Belgium, comported themselves in strict obedience to God's Holy Word: *Blessed shall he be that taketh thy children and throweth them against the stones*—in those days many fell away from God, and denied him. Among them, it appears, was Mr. H. G. Wells. But it must at once be said that the God who seemed suddenly to have failed his children was a God whom Mr. Wells lost little time in replacing with another and, to his mind, a better God, fashioned in accordance with specifications and safeguards which insured a Divinity (if this new God *is* divine) warranted to survive any possible assault of despairing skepticism: a God carefully and reassuringly secured against human disaffection.

In those shattering days of 1914, the mood of Mr. Wells was the bitterly apostatizing mood of many men and women to whom it seemed as if the Rock of Ages had turned to sand. "The Wild Asses of the Devil are loose and there is no restraining them," he cried. "What is the good of pretending that the Wild Asses are the instruments of Providence kicking better than we know? It is all evil. Evil." But Mr. Wells was no more willing to proceed without God—without *some* God—than were the millions of other essentially religious persons for whom the War meant spiritual devastation. Mr. Wells differed from those who, like his own Dodd in *Boon,* were resolved not to permit God back on any terms whatsover—Dodd, who had "constituted him-

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[1] *God the Invisible King,* by H. G. Wells. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1917.

self a sort of alert customs officer of a materialistic age, saying suspiciously, ' Here, now, what's this rapping under the table here? ' '' . . . Dodd, who, as Boon used to declare, '' looked under his bed for the Deity, and slept with a large revolver under his pillow for fear of a revelation.'' For Mr. Wells, of course, is anything but a materialist; and he could not live without God. So, in *Mr. Britling,* we find him seeking, and finding, a measure of spiritual orientation. '' Religion,'' Mr. Britling wrote to the parents of the dead German tutor of his own dead son, '' is the first thing and the last thing, and until a man has found God and been found by God, he begins at no beginning, he works to no end . . . Life falls into place only with God. God, who fights through men against Blind Force and Night and Non-Existence; who is the end, who is the meaning. He is the only King . . . Of course I must write about him. I must tell all my world of him.'' That was the genesis of Mr. Wells' new book—his book about God: the story of his adventures in the spiritual heavens.

For the false God whom he has dethroned, Mr. Wells has a fine and heartening detestation. This is, briefly, the God of the orthodox—the God whom the Bishop of Chelmsford had in mind when he recently ascribed England's difficulties in the War to the impatience of Englishmen with long sermons, among other similar causes of offense. This phase of the God whom Mr. Wells repudiates is God the Avenger—the nursery-maid's God, and the Rev. Mr. Sunday's: the God who has been made to poison the minds of generations of Christian children. He and his Hell were the nightmare of Mr. Wells' childhood: '' I hated him while I still believed in him, and who could help but hate? I thought of him as a fantastic monster, perpetually spying, perpetually listening, perpetually waiting to condemn and to ' strike me dead ' . . . When I was still only a child of thirteen, by the grace of the true God in me, I flung this Lie out of my mind, and for many years, until I came to see that God himself had done this thing for me, the name of God meant nothing to me but the hideous scar in my heart where a fearful demon had been.'' Many sincere Christians would doubtless hasten to point out to Mr. Wells that this vengeful God is no longer the valid God of the modern Church. Then why (one can hear Mr. Wells retort) permit the modern Church—in the person, for example, of the Bishop of

Chelmsford—to preach him? And to that, obviously, there is no answer that does not reflect disastrously either upon God or the Bishop of Chelmsford.

Mr. Wells candidly offers himself to our view as a missionary "who would gladly overthrow and smash some Polynesian divinity of shark's teeth and painted wood and mother-of-pearl." To him such elaborations as: "begotten of the Father before all worlds," are no better than intellectual shark's teeth and oyster shells. He would not wantonly shock and insult: but he is zealous to liberate, and he is admirably impatient with a reverence that stands between man and God. He would liberate men—and also the veritable God—from many snares and perverting disguises of sanctified superstition and delusive faith. For him, the false deity has many forms: God "the jealous and bickering monopolist" who will have "none other gods but me"; that "fantastic, unqualified *danse à trois,* the Trinity, which the wranglings and disputes of the worthies of Alexandria and Syria declared to be God"; the Hebrew-Christian God of Nicæa, "trailing with him a thousand misconceptions and bad associations"—that "stuffed scarecrow of divinity," that "incoherent accumulation of antique theological notions"; the "God of Magic," a magnificent Fetish, serving the ends of men in response to "things that are supposed to be peculiarly influential with him, such as saying prayers and repeating gross praises of him, or reading in a blind, industrious way that strange miscellany of Jewish and early Christian literature, the Bible . . . or making the Sabbath dull and uncomfortable"—the God who, in return for these fetishistic propitiations, is supposed to interfere with the normal course of causation in their favor—the God who presents himself as "a celestial log-roller," remedying accidents, curing ailments, contriving unexpected gifts of medicine and money, averting bankruptcies, and otherwise "delighting his little clique of faithful souls with these bouquets and chocolate-boxes from the divinity" (this conception of God may be disowned, Mr. Wells remarks, by *The Hibbert Journal,* but "it is unblushingly advocated in the parish magazine"). Also among the false gods is the God who is called Providence, that solacing conception "which declares the apparent adequacy of cause and effect to be a sham": the God who guides our feet—a "sedulous governess restraining and correcting the wayward steps of

men ": the God " who banks your aeroplane correctly and minds your innocent children for you if you leave them before an unguarded fire." And there is the false God of the Quietists, who make religion an exquisite revery in which they dally amorously with the Most High—this God who is " a spiritual troubadour wooing the hearts of men and women to no purpose." Then there is the Children's God, " a kind of senile uncle of the nursery who loves to hear it said, ' The children adore him.' " There is " The Sexual God," furious at any breach of the sexual tabus—the God who is invoked by those clergy of our day " who play the part of the New Testament Pharisee with the utmost exactness and unconsciousness, unable to converse with a Magdalen—unless she were in a very high social position indeed—without a dramatic sense of condescension." Lastly, he deals with the figure that is burdened with " the millstones of Syrian theology and an outrageous mythology of incarnation and resurrection," and the obstructive picture of the Good Shepherd " thrusting itself before minds unaccustomed to the idea that they are lambs," and " the cross in the twilight that bars the way."

The obvious comment upon these vigorous denials and extirpations is, of course, that they are concerned with religious concepts that no longer have any meaning for those whose intellectual processes are worth a moment's consideration. There must be many intelligences, no doubt, that can still regard with gravity the theological cretinism of the Bishop of Chelmsford; but they should not disturb Mr. Wells as much as they appear to. His destructive enthusiasm has a little the air of a belated Ingersoll, and you find yourself harboring an increasing wonder as to why Mr. Wells should suppose that any of those who are likely to read him with understanding will need the support of such mid-Victorian heterodoxy. Almost the entire list of his false Gods have been disintegrating on the ash-heap for half a century, save as they still enjoy sanctuary in the bosom of the Bishop of Chelmsford and other ecclesiastical survivals, and in the minds and souls of those pious primitives or bigots for whom religion is merely an inherited and unscrutinized tradition. Why expend so much energy upon what Mr. Wells himself adequately and simply calls " the patent absurdities of the official creeds "?

Nor is the favored God of Mr. Wells' own devising—the

God whom he commends to us as authentic, acceptable, and satisfying—a particularly fresh invention. His conception was in the main anticipated, as he frankly and handsomely admits, by William James (his "friend and master, that very great American"); and he indicates its remoter origins. As elaborated by Mr. Wells, this God who has won his allegiance is the result of a convenient partition. He avows, first, "complete Agnosticism" in the matter of God the Creator. This is "the Veiled Being" who stands for the ultimate mysteries of the universe, and Mr. Wells declares that "we do not know and perhaps cannot know in any comprehensible terms the relation of the Veiled Being to that living reality in our hearts who is . . . the true God." This is a handy disposal; but it seems—in the words of Boswell concerning Dr. Johnson's evasive answers to a puzzled enquirer about the future life—to "leave the matter in obscurity." At all events, Mr. Wells does not waste much time on his "Veiled Being," but leaves him, with a cheerful gesture of consignment, in the keeping of a delightfully heterogeneous company of disputatious theological wraiths comprising pre-Nicæans, the Orphic cult, the Essenes, and Kant. For himself, he believes that "the reality of religion deals wholly and exclusively with the God of the Heart."

This God of the Heart is a quasi-Bergsonian, quasi-Williamjamesian being whose distinguishing feature is that he is "*a finite God*" (the italics, justly deserved, are Mr. Wells'): a God who is, like man, an agonist, who shares his struggles and his strivings. He is "a person," and, like us, "a being in conflict with the unknown and the limitless and the forces of death; who values much that we value and is against much that we are pitted against. . . . He is helped and gladdened by us. He hopes and attempts. God is no abstraction nor trick of words, no Infinite. He is as real as a bayonet thrust or an embrace." He is within time, but outside of space and matter. He shares our ignorance of the Veiled Being. He is limited and impeded like ourselves. Nor is he to be identified with the Life Force, the Will to Be (which seems to point to a still further division of the Eternal Principle; whence it appears that Mr. Wells himself is not guiltless of the ancient Nicæan hankering after Trinities).

This, Mr. Wells asserts, is the Truth held by "the renascent religion that is now taking shape"—this "Chris-

tianity without theology that one finds now, a thing active and sufficient in many minds." Modern religion, in his view, bases its knowledge of God and its account of God entirely upon experience. It has encountered God. "It does not argue about God; it relates." It is an enormous relief to Mr. Wells that he may think of God "without being committed to think of either the Father, the Son, or the Holy Ghost, or of all of them at once." He now goes about the world like one who was lonely and has found "a huge friendliness, a great brother and leader, who himself struggles in his great effort from strength to strength."

This notion of an immortal but finite God, a co-partner and fellow-struggler with man, a single spirit, a "person" (though not, as Mr. Wells rather naïvely insists, an anthropomorphic being), is an undeniably appealing, harmonizing, and persuasive conception. Its ultimate sentimentalism and shallowness are effectively concealed. It has everything to make it seem veritable to an imaginative realist like Mr. Wells; nor was William James, for all his sensitive intuition, just the kind of spiritual seer to perceive its inadequacies. It is not impossible that Mr. Wells, with his fascinating power over the minds of so many of us who rejoice in his intellectual disentanglement, his valor, his vision, and his savage sincerity, may thus succeed in commending religion to the more impetuous among those of his friends who constitute the budding liberals of our generation. This God will be seized upon by many of those whose disharmony with a more ancient faith it will seem to resolve. For Mr. Wells has rendered an immense and incalculable service to those whom he once so happily called "orthodox unbelievers." He has bequeathed to those potentially religious moderns who revolt from established conceptions of God a rational, intelligible substitute, as approachable as a recruiting officer, as modern, as workable, as a 1917 six-cylinder touring-car—a God that any intelligent liberal of today can possess without shame and exhibit without apology.

This God who is only finite, who is neither omnipotent nor omniscient: who, though he fights superbly and unremittingly against evil, has never conquered it: who is the servant, not the master, of destiny, should command a wide and continued vogue. The boundless potentialities of appeal in Mr. Wells' conception are due to the fact that it provides a neat and comforting answer, satisfy-

ing to the enlightened rationalistic mind, of the apparent irreconcilabilities of conventional theology. Have you asked, in weary and tragical perplexity: How can one reconcile the impalement of a million men upon a million bayonets, the mutilation of a whole countryside of children and the befouling of numberless girls—how can one reconcile these things with the picture of a universe controlled by a benign and omnipotent God? To this hoary dilemma, Mr. Wells has the answer ready for you, as pat and as completely satisfactory as you could wish. It is simplicity itself. Merely this: God is *not* omnipotent. He is not even as potent as the Kaiser, though his intentions are far more admirable: for though God is apparently unable to stop the War, the Kaiser could stop it in twenty-four hours if he chose. Again, this other immemorial conundrum has beset you: If God be omniscient—if the future, from now to Infinity, is unrolled before his sight like a brightly-lettered scroll—what then becomes of man's Free Will? Ah, says Mr. Wells in effect, "the matter is absurdly simple: God does *not* know the future, any more than we do. He is striving ardently, in co-operation with ourselves, that it may shape itself in harmony with the needs of universal well-being and justice; and, with our help—and the permission of the German General Staff—he may succeed." There are, to be sure, disturbing afterthoughts involved in the acceptance of these solutions. For example, suppose we fail in our endeavors—God and his partners, ourselves? Failure is always possible to a finite power. What guarantee can Mr. Wells' God furnish us that, if we espouse him, he will be able to see us through?

Mr. Wells has tried to give us an intelligible God, a God acceptable to human reason; and that is a hopeless endeavor. It has always failed. It always will fail. The orthodox God of the Western world, in his several aspects, has failed to survive for free spirits chiefly because, while he has been capable of yielding consolation and inviting aspiration, he has affronted the unhypnotized modern intelligence. Mr. Wells has fashioned an image of God that is not without plausibility for the intelligence and that radiates a comradely and human warmth. It is a touching and attractive concept: but it is easily exhaustible; it fails to satisfy the shrewder probings of the spirit. The fabrication of a God acceptable to the intelligence and inexhaustibly rewarding to the spirit

has been no easier for Mr. Wells than it was for the devisers of orthodox Western faiths (Mr. Wells' notion of the principles of Buddhism, by the way, are on a par with the easy generalizations of popular Occidental interpreters of Eastern thought). M. Maeterlinck hinted at a part of the truth long ago when he observed quite simply that "there are in man regions far more fertile and more profound than those of his reason or his intelligence." Only an abandoned mystic may discourse with positiveness of God; and how often do abandoned mystics emerge in the speculative writing of today?

Mr. Wells' finite and co-operative God, singing "Onward Christian Soldiers!" to the accompaniment of a kind of transfigured Salvation Army band, offers a stirring and dramatic picture to the imagination—a heightened composite (as it may seem to the less sympathetic) of Colonel Roosevelt, Charlemagne, Mr. Bryan, Siegfried, Billy Sunday and not a little of Mr. Wells himself. But it will hardly satisfy all minds. There are some who hold with the unplumbed saying of the Upanishads: "For the Spirit of Man is Creator"; who believe that the God who is in the human heart—not limited and finite, but measureless in potency and fathomless in wisdom and benignity—is the God who dreamed the worlds into being, that he might mirror his spirit eternally in the souls of men.

"Every imagination of man," says a modern speculator more subtle than Mr. Wells, "is the opening or the closing of a door to the divine world." Mr. Wells has both closed and opened doors: he has closed one upon a theological chamber of musty horrors and discarded anachronisms; he has opened another upon a fresh and wide and veritable world, near to us and familiarly human and accessible, where there is air to breathe, and brave songs and heroic clamorings are in the winds. But this open place is after all a plain. Mr. Wells should have seen that in the distance the land rises and lifts into a mountain range. Upon those far heights, it is said by undaunted travelers, the day seems very still—there are no winds nor clamorings; and seen from there, they say, the earth and sky are of a strange and terrible beauty, and full of an indescribable light.

LAWRENCE GILMAN.

NEW BOOKS REVIEWED

THE MIDDLE YEARS. By KATHARINE TYNAN. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1917.

One may have a gift for writing reminiscences, just as one may have a talent for writing novels, and this gift is more or less separable from the materials one has to work with. A wide acquaintance without a genius for friendship, an ability to live deeply, and a practised art of self-expression, can be productive only of anecdotes and lifeless facts. Quite an impressive list of names might be made up from the pages of Katharine Tynan's book, *The Middle Years*. Among literary names the list would include Francis Thompson, the Meynells, Lionel Johnson, Sir J. M. Barrie, W. B. Yeats, William Sharp, Clement Shorter, Thomas Hardy, Rudyard Kipling, William Dean Howells, Marie Belloc Lowndes, May Sinclair—an indefinite number. Names distinguished in other ways are not lacking: King Edward VII, Balfour, Parnell, George Wyndham, to name a few. Concerning the owners of these names sometimes much, sometimes little is told, but all is worth telling—because it is told with sincerity and with feeling. In fact, this book of reminiscences is one of those which must not be thought of as in any degree depending for their interest upon the exploiting of reputations. It is valuable even for one who begins to read it without a particle of previous interest in the notables mentioned.

A series of letters from W. B. Yeats forms one considerable section of the volume—letters familiar and discursive and amusing, which show the writer in a very favorable light and bespeak sympathy for his aims. Here and there a bit of self-criticism arrests one's attention. In one of his letters Yeats wrote: "I have noticed some things about my poetry I did not know before in the process of correction—for instance, that it is all a flight into fairyland from the real world and a summons to that flight. . . . That is not the poetry of insight and knowledge, but of longing and complaint—the cry of the heart against necessity. I hope some day to alter that and write poetry of insight and knowledge. . . ." When a writer says of himself exactly what a just critic would say of him he turns attention from his limitations to his achievements. In many of these letters Yeats reveals with frankness the secrets of

his interest in his work and exposes his opinions and feelings about matters grave and trifling; so that one is able to see him quite fully as he appeared to an intimate friend.

For the most part the portraiture in the volume is much more casual; but the chapters, especially upon George Wyndham, John O'Mahoney and John O'Leary, are remarkable for the completeness and intimate reality of the impressions produced. Only a friend who is also a novelist and poet could write quite as Katharine Tynan has done in these instances. One has never known much, perhaps, of John O'Mahoney, and one may never expect to know more of him than the author has told in this book; yet this man will always remain in one's memory a noble, gracious, and affording personality, like a character out of a favorite novel.

Indeed, it is really as a novel, veraciously and graciously picturing life, that one reads *The Middle Years*. The story is a true one, of course, but its spirit is more important than its facts. Even in the fuller portraits, what one thinks of is friendship and character, rather than the details of the picture. Every person named is made to seem more interesting in himself than anything that is told about him. The anecdotes, too, like those of good fiction, are not merely smart or informing, but of a memorable human quality. "Why didn't you go to the curate?" said an old priest somewhat annoyed with a man who had aroused him late at night for a sick call. "Well, your Reverence," was the reply, "you see 'tis the way this poor woman has a trifle of money and I thought I'd see yourself first." "Sit down there now," said the priest, "till I get out the decanter, and you'll have a glass, and then with the blessing of God, we'll be going about our duty." This tale of John O'Mahoney's, told in no spirit of irreverence, surely, or of disrespect for the priesthood, is simply and delightfully human. The priests who figure in Katharine Tynan's narrative, it may be remarked, are all understandingly and affectionately portrayed. So are the children. Priests and children, great men and small, people of the larger social world and "Dickens persons," all are described in *The Middle Years* with the same verity and engaging charm. The book conveys the atmosphere and views of a wide literary circle, and it brings one into the very spirit of the Celtic movement; but it is to be prized rather as a novel, for its human and literary value, than as a chronicle for its facts and opinions, or, as a book of personal opinions, for its brilliance.

THE FORD. By MARY AUSTIN. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1917.

One would say that there is enough originality of a really valuable kind in Mary Austin's new novel to supply at least two uncommonly interesting stories. Strength of imagination, surprising

beauty, and clearness of expression in particular passages, these are qualities that continually fascinate the reader of *The Ford.* And yet for some reason one feels that the novel as a whole might be more effective than it is. The sense of bigness throughout the story is so strong and seems so genuine that one is disappointed at not receiving in the end a more definite impression.

The Ford is the story of how a young Californian came to manhood and " found himself." Kenneth Brent is the son of a ranchman in Tierra Longa—a man of rather superior parts and one who loves the land. Kenneth's mother, an affectionate but temperamentally discontented woman, craves escape from what is to her a painfully narrow way of life. Oil is discovered at Summerfield, and Stephen Brent, discouraged by the certainty of drought, sells his ranch and invests his money in oil claims. There would have been no drought if the ranchers had resorted to irrigation, for there was plenty of water in the river, but the men of Tierra Longa were unable to get together, and they distrusted their ability to succeed without the co-operation of " Old Man " Rickart, the rich man of the region. Rickart is supposed to be interested in oil, and many of the ranchers follow his lead with a curious mixture of faith and suspicion.

Throughout the story the reader is made to feel strongly, though in a manner not easy to define, the subtle, compelling effect of social conditions, traditions, and habits. On one side there are the ranchers ruled by " the solitary, rural habit which admitted them to a community of beguilement, but could not lift them to a community of enterprise." On the other side there is the Old Man, with his large, selfish, necessary aims. And yet there is a fellow-feeling which tends to draw all together. The attitude of the Old Man toward the ranchers is half paternal; the feeling of the ranchers toward the Old Man is at bottom admiring and affectionate rather than hostile. And in the whole situation a vague community feeling is strangely mingled with strong individualism.

The same influences are at work among the little group of persons in whose lives the reader is made to feel a close personal interest. The children whom one meets in the first chapter—Kenneth Brent; his quiet, clever sister, Anne; Frank Rickart, the Old Man's son; Virginia Burke, daughter of the Old Man's overseer—are all quite obviously destined to be friends and lovers, yet each is governed by individual bias, strong and unchecked, and by an obscure class consciousness. Virginia, who could always make the others play her game, becomes eventually a labor agitator, histrionic, self-deceived, shallow, but very much alive and very alluring to the end. Anne develops into a business woman, so independent and so self-controlled that she is able completely to renounce her great love for Frank and yet to reveal it at a moment when just this sacrifice is needed to save her brother; womanly enough to do the

conventionally "unwomanly" thing; endowed with a feminine charm that wins the Old Man, and yet quite capable of beating him at his own game, Anne is the strongest and most attractive person in the story. She is, too, by many signs a person who could hardly have been produced in any other environment. Frank, precociously a man of the world, is as truly as the rest a product of those conflicting influences which are at work in the spirit of the time and place. Thoroughly the son of his father, he is, nevertheless, loyal, chivalrous, inspired, with no little of that essential generosity and largeness of soul which makes itself felt continually throughout the somewhat sordid struggles and half-blind spiritual gropings that mark the progress of the story. As for Kenneth, his original motive is to buy back the old ranch—the one thing left that can restore some measure of happiness and self-confidence to his father, for Stephen Brent has been almost crushed by the death of his wife, for which he feels himself responsible, and by the failure of those plans for wealth into which he has, through his example, led his neighbors. Kenneth accordingly, without the least thought of revenge, enters the employment of Old Man Rickart in order to learn the game. But as he goes on he finds that he is in his very nature not a money-maker, but a man of the land and of the people. Discovering a plan of Rickart's to divert the waters that might bring prosperity to Tierra Longa into the pipes of San Francisco, Kenneth resigns his position and sets out to thwart the Old Man, attempting to lead the people in a counter movement. The story of how he half failed and half succeeded, of how he found his true self in work and in love is a fine study in the ways of the soul and in the ways of life.

Industrial conditions, business intrigue, social reactions, and the temperaments of individuals are all constantly involved among the motives of this remarkable tale, and all are treated with knowledge, with insight, and with feeling. It is one's final impression, however, that the story as a whole fails to attain a quite sufficient unity and strength. It would seem, in the first place, that the author attempts rather too much in the way of weaving all the elements of experience together. There is rather too much interpretation, suggestion, description, feeling in each consecutive instant of the story. When life is thus presented, with too great an effort for truth, the effect may be unnatural or even distressing. And in the second place, it is not easy to feel the full force of that sense of bigness which pervades the story, because in the end this remains quite indefinite. What is the underlying spirit of the novel? This would be an irrelevant question, of course, if the story were merely a dispassionate picture of life. But the very force of the impression which the story does, after all, produce prevents one from so regarding it. The reader is roused as by an impassioned plea; he is stimulated to the point of being ready to change his whole outlook upon life, and yet in the

end he cannot tell whether the thing that has so impressed him is Providence or the brute forces of life or the spirit of California.

But if *The Ford* fails to be completely satisfying the dissatisfaction that it arouses is really a tribute to its power, and one must marvel at the degree of success which Mrs. Austin has attained in treating a broad and complex theme both comprehensively and minutely, both psychologically and epically.

My Reminiscences. By Rabindranath Tagore. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1917.

If one has been somewhat baffled by the poetry of Tagore, unable to share fully in the rather widespread enthusiasm for it as for a kind of revelation, one will not be greatly helped by the poet's recently published volume of reminiscences. Tagore's poetry has to be taken simply, naturally, without too much search for recondite meanings. The like is true of his short stories—fascinating in their varied charm, but unprofitable as subjects of analysis. And the reminiscences are in this respect upon a par with the author's stories and poetry.

Certain elements of poetic temperament and experience are, indeed, clearly discernible in these autobiographic chapters. One notes, for example, that in Tagore, the preservation of the child mind into mature life is a phenomenon more nearly complete and less obstructed than is usual even in men of poetic genius. One is impressed, too, by the fact that a longing for freedom and a curiosity about the mysteries that lie back of ordinary bounds, the bounds of the immediate environment or the bounds of reality, developed very early in his life and continued to be strong. "How intimately did the life of the world throb for us in those days!" he writes. "Earth, water, foliage, and sky, they all spoke to us and would not be disregarded. How often were we struck by the poignant regret that we could only see the upper story of the earth and knew nothing of its inner story." The same sense of wonder is expressed in passage after passage. The restrictions that were indispensable in the bringing-up of a high-caste Bengali boy, stimulated this curiosity and set up a reaction toward freedom of thought. As a child, Tagore was physically much confined. In his youth the lack of opportunity for action led him with others to seek excitement in a harmless but very mysterious and fervent political association—the object of which was really to let loose the imagination and emotion of its members. Of this experience Tagore remarks: "There can be no doubt that closing up all outlets and barring all openings to a faculty so deep-seated in the nature of man, and moreover so prized by him, creates an unnatural condition favorable to degenerate activity." One may gather in such accounts some notion of how the author's conception of poetry, and of a wider life for his countrymen, was

determined. Yet on the whole Tagore makes little attempt to trace the growth of his ideas or to philosophize about his experience. His reminiscences are mainly a series of glowing memory-pictures.

But if the book is not very illuminating to a critic, it is perhaps for the majority of persons the most surely rewarding of Tagore's books, and it is capable of casting a spell upon the imagination even of those who care little for the author's poetry. The *Reminiscences* are rich in admirably clear and intimately appealing sketches of character: the poet's own family, his teachers, his acquaintances, are drawn with familiar and playful touches, with shrewdness, and above all with affectionate insight. Moreover, few narratives about a foreign country are more successful than this one in making one feel at home in its setting—though it would be difficult to construct from the pages of the *Reminiscences* an itemized description of any particular place. Impressions of the outward scene and of the social atmosphere are conveyed with little appearance of effort and in few and simple words. Without formality, imaginative experiences and homely bits of family life are mingled in the narrative—all unified by the writer's absorbing interest in life. One passes from a jumble of boyish doings and thoughts—irresistibly appealing in its way—to a perfect episode like the simply told account of young Tagore's journey to the Himalayas with his father. The whole narrative is marked not only by poetic qualities but by a spirit of kindness, gayety, and humor, the adequate expression of which in literature is as rare as are successful flights of fancy.

War Addresses. By Henry Cabot Lodge. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1917.

Eloquence in the older sense of the word we hardly expect in public speeches nowadays, and perhaps if it were dealt out to us in as full a measure as that in which Patrick Henry or Daniel Webster gave it to their hearers we should not care greatly for it. The rhetoric of oratory, moreover, is in general less suited to the discussion of perplexing and difficult subjects than the more concise and matter-of-fact style of discourses intended for print; and still further, in the case of such questions as those concerning the relations of our country with Mexico and with Germany the main lines of thought are certain to have been quite fully and intelligently developed in newspapers and periodicals before a collection of printed addresses can reach its public.

There is, however, a form of eloquence which is not affected by a general lack of taste for oratory, or by the limitations of oral as compared with written discourse. There is a kind of luminous simplicity and earnestness in the statement of plain truths and sound ideals that hardly ever fails of its effect. This kind of elo-

quence is possessed in no small degree by Senator Lodge. The major speeches in his book of war addresses contain many patriotic utterances that are memorable for their clearness and dignity. Among such may be reckoned the following sentence from Senator Lodge's speech on National Defence: "In this question . . . lies a test of democracy, whether it is worthy to live, whether it has the foresight, the self control, the spirit of unity, which will lead it to take those precautions which it must take if it is to survive at all in a world so uncertain and so perilous as this." Beside this may be set the Senator's protest against any surrender or impairment of the rights of Americans to travel, or ship goods, upon a belligerent merchantman. "Such abandonment," declared Mr. Lodge in a speech delivered in July, 1916, "could only rest upon the ground that the rights of neutrals, the rules which for centuries have been agreed upon by all nations for the protection of innocent lives upon vessels captured in war, must be thrown aside and discarded in order that a new instrument of maritime destruction shall not be impeded in its work of death and murder." There is an almost Demosthenic clearness and force, also, in Senator Lodge's summing up of his doctrine concerning "peace without victory"—"The peace which lasts is the peace which rests upon justice and righteousness, and if it is a just and righteous peace it makes no difference whether it is based on the compromises and concessions of treaties or upon victories in the field."

Several of the shorter speeches contained in the volume are non-political addresses delivered on formal occasions. They are characterized by grace and suavity and often by wit. Certainly such a phrase as "the heavy hand of improvement," which is illustrative of a certain refreshing quality in Mr. Lodge's style, is not met with too often in any kind of writing. The more controversial parts of the political speeches, too, will delight any not too unsympathetic reader who appreciates caustic criticism, subtle sarcasm, and argumentative skill.

Letters and Diary of Alan Seeger. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1917.

The letters and diaries of almost any soldier who has fought on the right side in the present war possess a poignant interest for us today. We are glad to read even the most abbreviated accounts of personal experience under fire, and to learn the somewhat prosaic details of the soldier's everyday life. But the personal records left by Alan Seeger, the young American poet who enlisted in the French Foreign Legion in September, 1914, and was killed at the taking of Belloy en Santerre, June 29, 1916, have a higher than ordinary value. We have and shall have many stories of exciting adventures

and brave deeds; but we shall not have many expressions of personal feeling and belief so genuine and clear as this.

How does the soul of the highly cultivated, highly sensitive modern man react to the horrors of the present conflict? How do the creeds of romance and poetry wear under the test of the grimmest experiences? What is the outlook of a poet from the trenches? These are perhaps the most interesting questions that could be asked of one who had been tried by the ordeal of battle, but they are questions that few men could answer—not because most men are stolid, but because few are expressive.

In the modern chivalry which was Alan Seeger's—as it is, less explicitly, that of many young men today—there was a remarkable mingling of steady conscience and loyalty with a thirst for experience. "My interest in life," he wrote, "was passion; my object, to experience it in all rare and refined, in all intense and violent, forms. The war having broken out, then, it was natural that I should have staked my life on learning what it alone could teach me. How could I have let millions of other men know an emotion that I remained ignorant of?" As a lonely sentry, facing the silent and uncertain lines of the enemy's trenches at night, he thought of the war as a sort of cosmic conflict to which ethical motives seemed irrelevant. "Peoples war because strife is the law of nature and force the ultimate arbitrament among humanity no less than in the rest of the universe." The soldier feels that he is "taking part in the largest movement the planet allows him" and this is sufficient. As for death, it simply means that the vitality of the body is "dispersed into the universe to enter into new combinations in that eternal conservation of energy which is the scientist's faith and that imperishability of anything that is beautiful in the human personality which is the poet's."

Whatever may be thought of all this as a satisfactory philosophy, there is no doubt that Alan Seeger's brave skepticism and brave faith, his eagerness for large experience, together with an almost Puritanical devotion to duty, served him well. In the writings that he left, there is not a word of weak complaint, or regret, or gloom. His sensitiveness, his complexity, his speculative mind, did not unman him; rather they enabled him to feel more deeply and to act with greater energy and enthusiasm. Interspersed with incidents of life in the trenches or behind the lines occur serene bits of description like this: "Summer has come here almost without any spring at all. The valley is very beautiful, all the orchards in bloom. Up in the woods the birds sing all day and I love to listen to the cuckoos, particularly in the early dawn at the outpost." Throughout the record there is manifest a grace of mind and character that is both touching in its appeal and prohibitive of false sentiment. Sad as it is, the book is inspiriting.

OUR WAR WITH GERMANY

III

(*May* 18—*June* 16)

THE period of about four weeks covered by this review of American participation in the "War of 1917"—as it has been named officially by our Government—opened with the approval by the President of "Public—No. 12—65th Congress," the so-called "Draft Act" authorizing the President to raise by "selective draft" the forces necessary to supplement the Regular Army and the National Guard in battle against the Germans. It was on May 18 that Mr. Wilson signed the draft bill. Immediately he issued his proclamation notifying the country of the new law, and calling attention, in memorable phrase, to the fact that "it is not an army that we must shape and train for war; it is a nation."

That proclamation fixed June 5 as the day for the registration, under the new law, of all young men who had passed their twenty-first birthday but had not yet attained their thirty-first birthday, the day, to quote the President again, "upon which all shall present themselves for assignment to their tasks."

This act contained a provision authorizing the President to raise four divisions of infantry by voluntary enlistment. This provision was designed to warrant the acceptance by the President of the services of former-President Theodore Roosevelt, who had offered to raise one or more divisions of men exempt under the terms of the draft, for immediate service. Upon issuing his formal proclamation the President issued also a statement announcing that "at any rate at the present stage of the war" he would not avail himself of this authority. Coincidentally announcement was made at the War Department that it had been determined to send an expeditionary force of about one division of regular troops to France as early as practicable, under command of Major-General John J. Pershing.

The "Roosevelt division" had been the subject of much controversy. Its leader issued a statement announcing the disbandment of the men who had enrolled with him, and urging all who could find other means of rendering service to their country to do so.

The four weeks following the signing of the draft bill witnessed a threefold development of American war activities. First there

has been actual military and naval participation. American men and American warships have arrived in the theatre of action. At least one destroyer flotilla has been taking part along with British ships in the hunt for German submarines. Other naval vessels have arrived in French waters, and an American squadron has been reported in South American waters. Various medical units have reached France preparatory to active service. General Pershing himself, with his staff, has reached Europe and been received with great enthusiasm and cordiality in both England and France. They are already at work in France making preparations for the arrival of the men of the division. The enlistment of engineer and other special troops for early service in France is proceeding, and vigorous efforts are making to secure early service of considerable numbers of medical officers.

Second, there has been methodical, steady and patient organization, proceeding in a regular, orderly manner, without the hysteria too often displayed by Americans under somewhat similar circumstances, and with materially less evidence of confusion, blunder and useless delay.

Third, much effort has been expended in Congress, and some accomplishment achieved, in the way of equipping the Administration with further emergency war powers. The measures upon which complete agreement by both Senate and House was reached were not numerous, but some of their provisions were of extreme importance.

The censorship voluntarily imposed upon themselves by the newspapers and other publications of the country finds its counterpart in the conduct of the people generally. The conspicuous feature of the month is the willingness of the American people to support strong handling of war problems without asking delicate questions and insisting upon full though embarrassing replies. A striking illustration of the effectiveness of this voluntary censorship, and of this popular self-restraint, was the return to France of Marshal Joffre and M. Viviani, which was not published or even hinted at publicly here until their safe arrival in Paris was announced there. Another was the departure of General Pershing and his staff, unmentioned until they were safe in England. Another was the similarly-treated return home of Mr. Balfour and other members of the British mission. Another was the case of the destroyers. In all these cases first public announcement came from Europe, at the close instead of at the beginning of the incidents. Troop trains passing through American villages these days are greeted and cheered by citizens who understand the serious import of it all and who ask no questions of who they are, whence they came or where they go.

The first phase of organization work under the draft bill culminated on June 5 in the registration of approximately nine and a

half millions of young men for possible service in some military unit. Elaborate plans for this registration, covering the entire country, had been made in the office of the Provost Marshal General of the army at Washington. As the preparations for registration progressed, there was much talk of active opposition from one element or another of the people. Pacifists, anarchists, socialists, pro-Germans and those too lazy or too timid to fight, acted in harmony if not in alliance, to oppose the draft, the registration and the war, and made so much talk that it was easy to believe that something serious might be attempted on registration day.

The Government prepared carefully to meet any development such opposition might inspire, but the experiences of registration day proved that there was no general organized opposition, and that most of the preliminary threatening was only "the sound of the wind and the voice of the crane." A few arrests were made for refusal to register, the defendants constituting a collection of cowards, congenital slackers and professional objectors. In a few cases trial has been held and conviction followed by severe sentence. The settled policy of the Government has been leniency—where dangerous motive for delinquency was not shown—belated registration being still permitted under careful restriction, and after satisfactory sworn explanation. But the display of disloyal or treasonable spirit has been sharply and severely punished.

Preliminary estimates by the Census Bureau were that a total of 10,298,000 registrations might be expected. Early reports indicated that this expectation had been exceeded. But official returns showed that some States had fallen from twenty to nearly fifty per cent below the Census Bureau figures. Other States exceeded the estimates. Returns from adjoining States sometimes varied widely. Missouri, for instance, registered only 71.6 per cent of her estimate, while Illinois returned 104.7 per cent.

After the registration it was realized that the census estimate had not taken account of the men already in service in the Regular Army, Navy, Marine Corps, National Guard and other affiliated organizations, who were not required to register. Deduction of some 600,000 should have been made from the estimate on this account, with further allowance for the cessation of immigration during the last three years. However, figures from the States which have reported up to the time of this writing show an average registration in them of more than 92 per cent of the census estimate.

Announcement was made by the Provost Marshal General that plans were practically complete for the appointment of exemption boards to act upon the claims for exemption put forward by a considerable percentage of those registering. Two broad classes of exemption are recognized, agricultural and industrial, it being the purpose of the Government not merely to organize an army but also to equip and feed it after it has been formed, as well as to continue

in as large measure as possible the steady flow of food and other war supplies to our allies.

The Provost Marshal General is also practically ready to begin designation of registered men for selection for the first contingent of the new army. The law provides that the new army shall be raised in units of 500,000 men. It also provides for the draft of recruit training units. The War Department has announced that these units will be organized on the basis of one battalion for every four of the army, and at the same time, so that the first draft will take 625,000 men.

Meantime work proceeded steadily at the various camps where selected young men are in training to be made officers of the new army. The supply corps of the army labored at top speed to procure adequate equipment, and to provide suitable cantonments for the training of the new army when it has been drafted. Many measures of genuine preparedness, although belatedly undertaken, have been driven forward, and the purpose has been emphasized to prepare the way first before calling masses of men together. There is evident intention not to repeat many of the glaring mistakes of the spring of 1898. The War Department announced its intention not to select the men for the new forces until about September 1. That would give time for completion of the equipment and training camps necessary for their organization and training, and also for completion of the course of training for the young men now preparing to become officers of the line in the new organization. The War Department announced, on June 8, that a second series of training camps for officers would be held from August 27 to November 26, preparing the way for the draft of the second contingent of 625,000 men.

Throughout the period covered by this review a great nation-wide campaign has been carried on under the direction of the Secretary of the Treasury for the successful flotation of the Liberty Loan of 1917, in which two billion dollars of 3½ per cent government war bonds are offered for public subscription. The subscription books closed at three o'clock on the afternoon of June 15, but before that time it was evident that the loan was a huge success. The total subscriptions announced as this goes to press reach almost three billions, an over-subscription of nearly 50 per cent. The enormous over-subscription is the more remarkable from the fact that the loan carries only 3½ per cent interest, whereas, especially since the influence of war prosperity began to be felt in the United States, investment carrying a materially higher return has been easy. The Liberty Loan called to the patriotism of the country, and the response is a final and crushing answer to the pro-German sneer that the war is " not popular " and that there " is no enthusiasm for it."

The Liberty Loan campaign was carried on not only by an or-

ganization which embraced practically every banking agency in the country, but was participated in also by thousands of corporations, partnerships and business firms, as well as individuals everywhere. Wealthy men and powerful financial institutions responded with single subscriptions that in numerous cases meant the investment of many millions by individuals. Great industrial concerns subscribed freely on behalf of their employes, to whom they gave the privilege of taking bonds on the installment plan. Banks generally offered the same facilities to the public, and in this way the humblest citizens were enabled to contribute their share toward the memorable success. The few Rockefellers, Morgans and other immensely wealthy men subscribed in multiple millions, but many thousands of laborers, clerks, housemaids and other honest citizens in the lesser walks of life matched this millionaire patriotism with subscriptions of their hard earned and hard saved fifties and hundreds.

While all this important work was going on under powers already conferred upon the Government by Congress, the national legislature labored on a series of measures containing additional grants of power, many of them of such magnitude and scope that simple mention of them in previous years would have been sufficient to call down an overwhelming flood of opposition. But the Congressional response to the Administration demand for war powers has been one, if not the chief, of the marvels of American participation in the War of 1917.

When this review month opened there were pending in Congress two bills which together were designed to give the Government complete power over the whole food problem, in all its phases, production, distribution and consumption. Also there was pending a measure appropriating more than three billion dollars for war expenditures, in which there was included a provision of $500,000,000 for purchase and construction of ships, with an authorization of $250,000,000 additional for the same purpose. Another pending bill imposed taxes by which the House, that framed it, expected to raise $1,800,000,000 annually to meet part of the expenses of the war.

Probably the most celebrated of all the measures pending at the opening of this review month was the so-called "Espionage Bill," which included the provision ardently desired by the Administration for the establishment of a government censorship on newspapers and other publications as well as another provision urgently demanded by the Administration empowering the Government to exercise complete control over all exports from this country during the war. The Administration "Enemy Trading Act," and "Priority Bill" were in course of preparation. They were completed, duly introduced, favorably reported from their respective committees, and one of them, the Priority Bill, after receiving much

wordy attention in the Senate, was passed by that body on June 16.

But two of the more important of these measures reached the final Congressional stage during the review month. Both have been signed by the President as this was written. They were the Urgent Appropriation and Espionage bills. The Appropriation bill had been held up at almost the last moment because some alert genius had discovered within it a provision for the purchase of a naval training site at a price which naturally suggested a gouge of the Government. Many such provisions in river and harbor, or public building bills escape unfriendly notice or comment, but this one consumed days in the Senate and House, sent the bill back to conference, finally invoked the special aid of the President, and went through at last revised so as specifically to put the whole responsibility for whatever expenditure is made upon the President. If that does not make him supremely solicitous about items in the pending River and Harbor bill it would be interesting to know what would.

Earnest endeavor on the part of the Administration was unable to overcome Congressional opposition to the proposed press censorship provision of the Espionage bill. In striking contrast, there was almost no consideration of the chapter giving the President power under which he might, if so disposed, throttle the foreign trade of the United States. The like of it has not been heard of in American legislation since the presidency of Thomas Jefferson, and the experience of that time has been forgotten for three generations.

The proposed censorship evoked the vigorous personal support of the President. He urged it in letters to Congressmen, and in a special conference with Congressional leaders. Compromise offers were made, providing for jury trial, without avail. Amazing and startling publicity work was indulged in on behalf of the Administration for this provision, with tales of spy work and the transmission of information to the enemy, all without the desired effect. The bill went through Congress without an avowed censorship provision. But when the conference report was finally agreed on, on June 12, it contained, in Subsection b of Section 2 of Title 1, a provision that whoever, in time of war, "with intent that the same shall be communicated to the enemy, shall collect, record, publish or communicate, or attempt to elicit any information with respect to the movement, numbers, description, condition or disposition of any of the armed forces, ships, aircraft or war materials of the United States, or with respect to the plans or conduct, or supposed plans or conduct of any naval or military operations, or with respect to any works or measures undertaken for or connected with, or intended for the fortification or defense of any place, or any other information relating to the public defense, which might be useful to the enemy, shall be punished by death or by imprisonment for not more than thirty years."

Of course newspaper publication of war news is not made "with intent that the same shall be communicated to the enemy" but it is bound to make such communication possible. Much depends upon the official construction and application of that provision.

The Department of Commerce, which will administer the power to control exports, has let it be known that that Administration will have steadily in mind the prevention of food or other supplies reaching the enemy; the conservation of supplies needed in the United States; and the conservation of ocean tonnage, by the consolidation or prevention of certain shipments. The control will be exercised through a system of licenses and will largely if not wholly supplant the control hitherto exercised by the British.

Besides these measures Administration concern is felt chiefly for the two food bills, the Priority bill and the Enemy Trading bill. The first food bill—to stimulate production—passed the House on May 28, and the Senate on June 2. The action of the Senate, and its request for a conference, were dully reported to the House, but a feeling developed there that the two food measures should be considered practically together, and so the conference was not ordered until June 12.

Draft of the second food bill was completed during the first week in June. It is designed to secure government control of food distribution, and the President has announced that it will be administered through an agency specially created at the head of which he will appoint Herbert C. Hoover, the young American who has made himself world famous as head of the American Commission for Belgian Relief. This bill has encountered much opposition because of vast powers it proposes to give the food controller. President Wilson, Mr. Houston, the Secretary of Agriculture, numerous other Administration officials and Mr. Hoover, have all exerted themselves to secure early action, declaring that it is absolutely essential that it shall become law by July 1. But there is no assurance that it will be passed by that date. Meantime the harvesting of the new crop has begun, and the Government complains that it is without power to prevent wasteful use of or speculation in the new supply of food grains.

The War Revenue bill passed the House on May 23, after a proposal to tax cotton $2.50 a bale had been violently rejected by the solid South. The Senate Finance Committee has devoted much time to amending the House provisions, thereby provoking mutterings of resentment from the south end of the Capitol. The Senate revision of the Tax bill has been accompanied by a great flood of prohibition proposals. They have taken almost every conceivable legislative form, ranging all the way up to constitutional amendment resolutions providing for absolute prohibition. About half the Senators have tried their hand at framing prohibition bills to be submitted as amendments to the Tax bill. Many of them forbid

the use of grain as distillers' material. One scheme, which seems to have material support, proposes a prohibitive tax on grain used for distillation of liquors, such as $20 a bushel.

The controversy over the building program of the Shipping Board's Emergency Corporation, which has smouldered ever since it became known that General Goethals, head of the corporation, did not think much of the indiscriminate enthusiasm for wooden ships, reached an acute stage on June 7. In a speech at New York, before the Iron and Steel Institute, on May 26, General Goethals expressed his disbelief in the optimistic talk of some of the wooden ship advocates, and remarked that his observation of boards had taught him that they were "usually long, narrow and wooden." Chairman Denman, of the Shipping Board, responded in a public statement on May 28, and it was then announced that the controversy was settled. Mr. Denman did not contend that wooden construction was as good as steel, but did assert that it was possible by using wooden construction as well as steel, to secure an additional number of ships promptly.

On June 7 Messrs Clark and Eustis, the two engineers of the Corporation who were the original proponents of wooden construction, made public statements sharply criticizing General Goethals. Next day General Goethals publicly dismissed them both from the service of the Emergency Corporation. Later there were symptoms of a public renewal of the row, and it seems clear that it is impossible to harmonize the conflicting views, both of which are very strongly held.

The close of the review month is marked by the arrival of the American missions in Russia. Mr. Stevens, with his railroad engineers, after proceeding slowly across from Siberia, inspecting the road and making suggestions for reorganization as he went; and Mr. Root, with the diplomatic mission, reached Petrograd on June 13 and were enthusiastically received. Before his arrival there the State Department at Washington made public the note from President Wilson which Mr. Root was to deliver to the Russian Government. With his usual felicity of expression, Mr. Wilson set forth the purposes of the American Government in entering the war, and stated the case of the Allies so strongly and clearly that both England and Italy have already announced their adoption of the note as their own statement of their own cases.

One statement of this note is especially remarkable. In a single phrase Mr. Wilson destroyed for all time the German plea for a peace on the basis of the status quo ante. "It was the status quo ante," wrote the President, "out of which this iniquitous war issued forth."

(This record is as of June 16 and is to be continued.)

CONTEMPORARY ECHOES

COLONEL WATTERSON'S VIEWS

From the Louisville Courier-Journal.

THE *Courier-Journal* need make no apology for the reproduction of some pregnant observations of Colonel George Harvey which are taken from the June issue of the NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, of which he is the Editor.

They throw an illuminating flare upon the actual situation. One may regard them if he likes as an appeal for the President and the powers that be at Washington; but they embody very much more than this. The emanations of a mind more intimately advised of the inner sides of English and French affairs than any other connected with the press of the country, they bring to the task of estimating contemporary men and events, the earnest patriotism, robust common sense and singular lucidity of statement, which distinguish all their author's contributions to current discussion. Whether we agree with Colonel Harvey or not, we must respect his extraordinary prescience and broad, firm grasp.

Woodrow Wilson has yet to make a second to Abraham Lincoln. He derives an advantage, rather than a disadvantage, from the circumstance that he comes after. Recalling the injustice done to Lincoln, considerate people shrink from visiting the like upon Wilson.

One story is good till another is told. Lincoln came to the head of the State distrusted because of his backwoods education—not to claim too much for that—and his unconventional and, as appeared to many, his uncouth exterior. Wilson came to the head of the State distrusted—where questioned at all—because of unusual intellectual accomplishments. No one can deny that he is an exceeding clever man—a very scholar in affairs—a gentleman born and bred, who, for example, would not fail deeply to impress such statesmen as Balfour and Viviani. Captivating in society when he cares to be, he is overfacile with his pen and tongue, equal to the highest flights of eloquence, which sometimes nevertheless quite run away with him.

In the matter of expression the close critic might say that thus far, along with much of the Lincoln felicity and reach, there is a certain absence of the Lincoln wisdom and weight. All may arrive in time. But the President would be more than human if the dizzy heights to which fate has carried him and the adulation to which he is hourly exposed did not more or less affect him. With some men such an experience as his depresses, whilst with others it exalts. The wary, firm, triumphant leader steers

between the two and finds the level, as Lincoln did, inspired of God and chosen of destiny, realizing from the first that justice and truth are the bases of beneficent, even of successful, statesmanship.

There is every reason to believe that Woodrow Wilson has been chosen of destiny. God forbid that he be subjected to the harrassment which pursued Abraham Lincoln. The country must and will shut its eyes and take most things coming from the White House for granted. Yet in these initials of war, before we have come to close quarters, reassurance seems requisite, and the President cannot err if as far as may be he takes the people into his confidence. There must not be a double shuffle, real or apparent anywhere, if he can help it. With this qualification we commend the admirable observations of the very able, far-seeing Editor of the NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW to general approbation.

It was George Harvey who more than ten years ago discovered—or thought he discovered—great, unusually great, qualities in the young Head of the University of Princeton, and, although there came a period of obscuration not wholly Harvey's fault, it is creditable alike to the President and the Editor that the Editor can see in the President the fulfillment of his early forecast.

Destiny came along and made good. There is never any gainsaying of her decrees. Whether Woodrow Wilson has been but the child of fate, doing as he was bidden by events, or whether he saw all that was and foresaw all that would be, and chose the psychological moment for each decision, he finally struck when the iron was hot, struck bravely, sublimely, and then and there made himself intellectually and morally the foremost man of all the world.

No man living has his power for good. That he will prove equal to it we do not allow ourselves to doubt. We need not liken him to Washington or Lincoln. He resembles neither. Yet his opportunity is as great as was the opportunity of either Washington or Lincoln. It is with God to say how it shall end. But we can conceive only a triumph for him and our country—for him and the nations whose leader he has become—for him and that glorious principle, for which Washington and Lincoln successfully contended, and which he, Wilson, has made his own!

"FAIR PLAY" AND "WHOLE TRUTH"

From the Boston Evening Transcript.

One night not long ago a vessel of the United States Navy sailed under sealed orders from an Atlantic port. A considerable number of the crew were "blue-jackets" in name only, for they wore the same civilian clothes, the same shoes, and the same hats which they had on when they patriotically responded to the call of the colors and voluntarily enlisted in the Navy days or weeks ago. There were others in the crew who had not been paid for six weeks or more, and in that time they were therefore dependent for pocket-money either upon loans from their comrades or remittances from home. Some of them had enlisted with the expectation and upon the promise that their pay would be certain and regular; they had counted upon being able to save enough each month to send something home for the support of those they left behind. All who buy Liberty Bonds during the two and one-half days that remain will help to put a stop to such shortcomings.

For the information of the Secretary of the Navy, these facts have not been furnished by a "spy" or a "traitor." They are ascertainable by any loyal citizen who takes the trouble to go after them. We can see no patriotic purpose that will be served by their suppression. On the contrary, experience proves that publicity is a quick aid to alleviation in such instances. For example: when our first destroyers arrived on the other side, official assurance was given that their crews were made up exclusively of picked men. The truth was their crews contained many raw recruits "picked up" in the streets of Boston and New York a few days before the destroyers sailed. The publication of this fact and the ensuing public protest resulted in an order that no more raw recruits be ordered to destroyers about to sail on foreign service. For a second example: when the next destroyer flotilla started for the other side a call upon the fleet for men to fill up the crews was answered, very unpatriotically as it seems, by the sending from the battleships of some of the least fit men for destroyer service. Publicity of the fact and a resultant protest has forced the assurance that in future drafts from the fleet for destroyer service in foreign waters the best men and not those who can best be spared shall be selected.

Facts of such a character are not facts to be suppressed; they are facts to be faced and to be corrected. It is a timely appeal that Colonel George Harvey makes in the current number of the NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW: "Fair play for the Government; whole truth for the people." Every true American will try to respond to it. But the Government need not expect favoritism and the people will not be content with half truths. This is not the war of the Administration nor of any party nor of any section. It is the people's war and the life and health of the humblest lad who enlists in it is dearer to the heart of the people than the official reputation of any public servant, be he politician or bureaucrat.

INFORMATION WANTED

From the Jacksonville Times-Union.

Congress confidently expects from the President in a few days "a frank and clear statement of the objects accomplished during the recent conference among representatives of the United States, Great Britain and France." We have understood that no explicit engagements were made—that no treaty was formulated—that no agreements were made binding the parties to other than general co-operation. If anything approaching an agreement that would bind the United States were made, of course, it should have been submitted to the Senate for approval; it is now understood that Congress will be asked to approve of a plan followed by Great Britain—a plan which puts neutrals on rations fixed by belligerents. The charge is that Holland, Denmark and Sweden have been buying food products from America to be resold to Germany; Britain claims the right to say we shall not sell them a surplus nor shall they buy a surplus—the national ration to be fixed in London. If the United States can agree to such assumptions of authority we shall be at liberty to inquire what the former protests of President Wilson may mean.

In his address at Arlington, the President said those who preserved the Union prepared the weapon that is to establish democracy throughout the world; are we not fighting to establish the right of self-government? If

another people prefer autocracy or theocracy or oligarchy, shall we deny them self-government because we prefer a republic?

Colonel Harvey in the NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW for June says, "If the United States is to continue a free and independent nation and if human liberty is to be secured in the world, we must win the war." He says that France cannot do it for she has fought to the limit of endurance—Britain cannot do it for she must starve—Russia cannot do it; therefore, he concludes that the United States must fight in Europe to defend her independence! Now this is talk to some purpose—we have become a principal in a war three thousand miles away, and even our independence is at stake!

But this is not all. To save ourselves must we resign our defense of the highway of the sea, must we take back the protests delivered in the face of the world—must we consent to inflict on other neutrals the things we protested against when they were inflicted on us? Can it be true that while we may win a war we must lose the cause for which we began the fight? Let us hear further from the pundits in charge of the information bureau.

PLEASED WITH THE PRESIDENT

From the Sandusky Star Journal.

It was James Russell Lowell, famous American man of letters, who as editor of the NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW thus described an "ideal president" years ago:

"It is by presence of mind in untried emergencies that the native metal of a man is tested; it is by the sagacity to see, and the fearless honesty to admit, whatever of truth there may be in an adverse opinion, in order more convincingly to expose the fallacy that lurks behind it, that a reasoner at length gains for his mere statement of a fact the force of argument; it is by a wise forecast which allows hostile combinations to go so far as by the inevitable reaction to become elements of his own power, that a politician proves his genius for state-craft; and especially it is by so gently guiding public sentiment that he seems to follow it, by so yielding doubtful points that he can be firm without seeming obstinate in essential ones, and thus gain the advantages of compromise without the weakness of concession; by so instinctively comprehending the temper and prejudices of a people as to make them gradually conscious of the superior wisdom of his freedom from temper and prejudice,—it is by qualities such as these that a magistrate shows himself worthy to be chief in a commonwealth of freemen."

Colonel George Harvey, present editor of the REVIEW, recalls this as he comments upon the course that President Wilson has taken. Readers will remember that Colonel Harvey has been very caustic in criticism of the President, and last fall was a supporter of Mr. Hughes. Now, however, he declares that the "Declaration" of Woodrow Wilson "will live in history as no less striking in substance and in form than that of Thomas Jefferson and quite as far-reaching in consequences to humankind as the pronouncement to King John of the barons of England."

"That is much to say, but not too much," Colonel Harvey continues, and we may well believe that he is sincere, for he is hardly given to extravagance of praise. What follows appears to us a better statement of what has been developing, and a clearer justification of the President's course, than anything we have yet seen in print:

"We ask our readers to reflect upon the constantly changing conditions and the swinging back and forth of the pendulum of public opinion during the past two and a half years; to recall the lack of personal interest and the sense of aloofness which pervaded America during the first few months of the war; to imagine the disastrous consequences which surely would have attended for a time our sudden entrance upon the scene of conflict in response to a gust of passion; to reckon the enormous gain derived from the exercise of unprecedented patience and forbearance; to calculate the inestimable practical advantages which have accrued from the great enhancement of our material resources and from the opportunity to profit from the mistakes of both the enemy and our allies; to note the 'gentle guiding' of public sentiment into the channels of righteousness for the sake of righteousness and the gradual building up in the common consciousness of a conviction that there was no escape from performance of a duty essential to the salvation of the life, liberty and happiness of all mankind; to watch the realization at the psychological moment of that 'unity of America' so earnestly besought in the inaugural address; and then to study the results of the President's course, strange though at times it has seemed, with heed to Mr. Lowell's penetrative conception of 'a magistrate worthy to be chief in a commonwealth of freemen,' and accord both honor and praise to the man who was not only chosen and re-chosen by the people but, to our mind, was clearly predestined by God to meet intelligently, masterfully and Heaven grant in the end successfully, the greatest emergency in the history of the world."

A DOUBTING KNICKERBOCKER

From the Albany Knickerbocker Press.

We fear that our friend and political prophet, Colonel George Harvey, has been eating underdone Welsh rarebit again. There is nothing neutral about him. He is either appallingly correct or frightfully wrong; you either agree with him emphatically or disagree with enthusiasm. Sometimes he is right and the people are wrong, but occasionally the rest of the world steals a march on him, and the Colonel arouses himself to find that the parade has gone by.

Just now Colonel Harvey has rediscovered Woodrow Wilson. In the June number of his NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW he gives evidence of having succumbed to the "man of sorrows" delusion so prevalent last fall. He does not mention Lincoln, but he does sob over the staggering burdens placed on those frail Woodrovian shoulders. And in view of the acuteness of Colonel Harvey's diagnosis of the President not so long ago, this would seem to indicate that he is as versatile a publicist as he is a farmer.

Specifically, Colonel Harvey's particular panacea at this time is a war council "to co-ordinate, to perceive, to suggest, to study, to safeguard the life, the health, the perspective and the vision of the leader of the nation."

Once more professing, in all sincerity, our admiration for the intellectuals of the editor of the REVIEW, we must again have recourse to the rarebit as an explanation. The only other solution is that the Colonel is hoaxing the public. Certainly, one who knows the President as well as he does is aware that the President not only does not require the assistance

of the five best minds, or of any five minds, but that he would not accept such assistance or any other. This may be said without criticizing the President. For good or ill, the power and the responsibility in this crisis are certainly his, and there is no prediction more safe than that he will not share an atom of either.

INCORRIGIBLE DESTINY

From the St. Paul Pioneer Press.

Colonel George Harvey's latest decision is that he is a picker and pruner of great presidents. It was Colonel Harvey who selected Woodrow Wilson from the ranks of the average distinguished and held him up to the inspection of the country.

Then there was a long time when Colonel Harvey was emphatically of the opinion that his selection was bad and when he bitterly regretted ever having posed as a diviner of destinies. This lugubrious period followed Mr. Wilson's decision that the presidency could be obtained only with Bryan's support. And Bryan's support, it was learned, was obtainable only at the cost of Colonel Harvey's.

From this moment until after the re-election of the President, Colonel Harvey was busily occupied in educating the people of America to the proposition that Woodrow Wilson was a mistake and that somebody, anybody other than the schoolman, should be elected in 1916. The studied expositions of the errors of this President in his relation to the Mexican problem, the European problem and to domestic affairs would fill several books, and if the welkin failed to ring with deprecations and lamentations it was not Colonel Harvey's fault.

But now all has changed again. Colonel Harvey has red-inked all the stuff he wrote and published on the national administration from the dates 1912 to 1916, inclusive. Again Colonel Harvey is the picker and pruner of Presidents. We quote only a portion of the Colonel's monumental sentences.

Certainly Colonel Harvey should not be denied the credit of originally pointing out Mr. Wilson to a people less gifted with vision than himself. At the same time it seems rather fortunate that four years of earnest effort exerted by Colonel Harvey through the printed pages of a national periodical did not dissuade divine destiny from its original program.

THE PROBLEM OF IRELAND

From the London Times,

We sincerely hope that public opinion is justified in looking for a scheme of Irish settlement within the next few days. Nothing has done so much to aggravate the situation heretofore as hesitation on the the part of a British Government to act when once the case for action has been admitted. That is really the one remaining excuse for the belief, still widely prevalent in the United States and elsewhere, that England is "refusing self-government" to Ireland, and keeping her in some mysterious bondage. Almost alone among the distinguished Americans who have lately sent us their views, Colonel George Harvey, of the NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, "has grasped the elementary fact that the opposition to Home Rule comes today not from the British people or the British Government, but from Ireland

herself." Here in England, no doubt, we know that fact to our cost; but it is not going to save us from another failure in statesmanship unless the responsibility for settlement is placed honestly and quickly upon Irishmen in a scheme which all the world must recognize as reasonable. The longer the present state of affairs continues the more difficult it will assuredly become. It is not as though we had made up our minds to leave Ireland alone till after the war, and were in danger of disturbing a merely negligible, if unsatisfactory situation. On the contrary, we have been formally, and rightly, committed by the Leader of the House of Commons to a fresh attempt at solving the Irish problem. In these circumstances the whole case for deliberate postponement falls to the ground. The one real danger is that the Government will miss their opportunity for want of a definite plan.

THE COLOR LINE IN EGGS

From the Buffalo Enquirer.

Boasting of his prowess as a farmer, Colonel George Harvey says in the NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW: "We also feed the chickens and hunt the eggs, always praying that they, like Mark Twain's baby, may prove to be white, because white eggs fetch ten cents more a dozen than brown ones. . . . We eat the brown ones."

There is, of course, no good reason why the white egg should sell for a higher price than the brown egg. The cost of production is the same. The brown has all the nutriment of the white. The only advantage of the latter is that its color is more pleasing to some eyes, but that is a matter of taste of no practical concern. The color is all in the shell and that is the inedible part of the egg. Ten cents a dozen more for white eggs is simply a dime more for the hue of the container and is quite as senseless as that much more for a gaudy label on a can of beans.

If, as Colonel Harvey says, white eggs sell ten cents a dozen higher than brown eggs, the explanation can be found only in the list of American foolishnesses.

Eggs is eggs. Like all men, they are created equal. There should be no color line. The way things go, however, establishing equality would doubtless take the form of boosting brown eggs up to the price of white eggs instead of reducing white eggs to the price of the brown.

DOWN WITH CENSORS

From the Johnstown Democrat.

The magazines should be exempted from censorship if for no other reason than to permit Colonel Harvey to amuse himself by casting verbal javelins at William Jennings Bryan, Amos Pinchot, Josephus Daniels and a few other men in public life who irritate the editor of the NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW. Harvey is too old to fight and the fact that the world reads what he says and laughs makes him bitter. The literary Colonel is very anxious to be taken seriously. He is conscious that he has the only really commanding intellect of his generation and actually believes that some day he will be able to make both Colonel Roosevelt and Mr. Bryan ridiculous by means of a single phrase. It would be a shame to permit a censor to stand between him and his manifest destiny.

AN OUTSTANDING ISSUE

From the Indianapolis Times.

With its May issue the NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW publishes its first war number. The issue is outstanding, among the flood of contemporary war literature, by reason of the high level of interest and permanent value which marks its contributions to the discussion of the great problems of the hour. Colonel George Harvey, the editor, opens the number with an eloquent statement of the ideals which must guide the nation as it takes its place in the arena. Under the title, "The Call to Arms," Colonel Harvey sets forth, in a vein of patriotic exaltation, the inspiring principles upon which the nation has staked its destiny. Colonel Harvey has also a word of pungent reproof for those well-meant but excited amateurs who by their rash unwisdom would make the nation a laughing stock among our allies in Europe.

INDEED, YES

From the Pittsburgh Sun.

Colonel Harvey must appreciate the benefits that come from owning one's own magazine and doing one's own editing.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

A NEW THEORY OF GERMAN TURPITUDE

SIR,—When the Great War began, the American people were stunned. Not one in a hundred had given enough study to the current history of the world, and still less to the deep psychic forces that were silently sweeping us on to the brink of the apparently bottomless pit that is now staring us in the face. And now after nearly three years of study, and after whole libraries of writings by our scientists, philosophers, book-makers and statesmen upon the problem, after a hundred possible causes, big and little, have been ventilated, no solution of the problem as to the main cause has yet reached the popular mind.

It is my purpose to submit a certain chain of facts and events in the history of human evolution which to my mind have succeeded each other with the certainty of fate, from the processing of certain fatal errors in the ideals of the human race, down to this great whirlpool of destruction; and to endeavor from that to draw the lesson of its teaching.

It is agreed by those philosophers who have studied most intelligently the conscious forces which govern human evolution, that harmony is the test of ethics; that the normal human being will not deal selfishly nor injuriously with his fellows; that he will always desire to live peacefully in enjoyable and harmonious relations with all humanity, and that the laws which govern the impulses of the individual will also govern the impulses of communities and nations. They also agree that the impulse for forceful and aggressive expression, which is illustrated by every growing and dominating race or nation, is not abnormal and reprehensible, as pleaded by all of the non-resistant and pacifist cults; nor, on the other hand, that it justifies war and conflict between either individuals or nations: but that it is intended by Nature to be expended in carrying out the great purpose of the human race—the completion of the evolution of the earth's surface, to which all of the lower orders of animal life have contributed.

There is no escape from the charge that the immediate psychic cause for the war is the theory which has been cultivated and preached by all of the accepted leaders of thought in Germany for the last generation: that, since their *kultur* was superior to any other, it was not only their right but their duty to enforce it upon the whole world; that no mere consideration of humanity should be allowed to interfere with their national ambitions, and that war was a part of Nature's plan, and therefore good in itself.

Now, where did the German people get this idea (which even the Kaiser himself must now begin to doubt)? If we go back two thousand years to the condition of society that prevailed among those races in which

our Christian philosophy originated, and keep in mind the fact that humanity makes most of its progress through a blundering series of reactions from one error to another, we find that the keynote of the religion of the Jews—and of all of the Semitic peoples—was that the most divine element of man was the power to reproduce himself; and so their worship, their philosophy, and even their religious architecture centered about those parts of the human organism which were employed in the process of reproduction. The corrupt priesthood of the Jews had carried this Phallic worship—so called—to such abnormal and repulsive extremes that a natural reaction took place under the name of "Christianity." This went to the opposite extreme and evolved the theory that the generative elements, and the impulses connected therewith, instead of being stimulated and worshiped should be degraded, suppressed, strangled, and regarded with shame and contempt. This idea was the source of the most positive teachings of the Catholic Church, from its beginning to the present day, that all gender relations were inherently sinful; that progeny could only be cleansed from sin by special services of the Church; and that no man or woman who lived in marriage relationship could be fit for holy rank, or should have any share in the higher honors of the Church.

When the Church became powerful enough to monopolize all knowledge of letters and sciences, and thereby to control the minds of all rulers of nations and of armies, they evolved and enforced the doctrine that all peoples and persons who were outside the pale of the Church—being sinful and without redemption—must be in a natural state of enmity to God, and could claim no rights, even to life itself, at the hands of the Defenders of the Faith. Out of such teaching it was inevitable that injustice, oppression, and war should become the normal state of society wherever the influence and power of the Church extended.

With this, it was also inevitable that among the Christian people generally the idea of sex shame should become responsible for the great Pandora box of evils that have filled the Christian world with immorality, vice, disease, degeneracy, race suicide, cruelty and war.

Nor did the great Reformation, led by Luther, and made the basis of the Lutheran cult of Germany, modify but slightly these fatal errors of the older Church. The notoriously low estimation of women by German men, and their unequaled tendency to immoral crimes, are a natural adjunct to their brutal attitude toward life as shown by their methods in warfare, both to their own citizens and to their enemies.

If the foregoing is true—and I challenge dispute—the Christian world has not only to destroy the power of Germany to ever again curse the world with its false and vicious errors of ideals and purposes, by depriving it of all power to wage war, but to purify itself by correcting its whole system of social and religious teachings by making respect for the Divinity of human life, instead of shame, the keynote of its philosophy.

JOHN E. AYER.

SEATTLE, WASH.

[It is indisputable that Teutonic turpitude is a unique phenomenon; yet our correspondent's theory that its roots are to be discovered in a distorted view of sexual ethics strikes us as quaint rather than persuasive. —EDITOR.]

THE TRUTH ABOUT CARRANZA

SIR,—My excuse for writing is an interest in Mexico and its present Government, at the head of which is an old friend, Don Venustiano Carranza, and the reason is to correct an idea conveyed by Mr. Arthur Constantine in his article, "Carranza—at Close Range" in a recent issue of your valuable magazine.

As a student of passing events I believe you will admit that our country has been very ignorant with reference to our neighbor, Mexico, and that much has been written inspired by a prejudice based upon this ignorance, and further, this very ignorance has induced interested parties to take an advantage of the situation to the prejudice of Mexico and of Carranza. In consequence, we have not been fair to Mexico.

Regarding Carranza: go back over the ground and see how this man has been abused—defamed, in fact. This is not new in history; for most men who have made themselves a target for attack, owing to advanced thought and advanced ideas, and were honest, have been subjected to just such attacks as has Carranza. To the foreigner in Mexico he was especially obnoxious; as he could not be bought or bribed and had the audacity to believe that Mexico was for Mexicans first, and really intended to carry out this idea if he won. The silk-hatted and frock-coated countrymen of Carranza, enjoying the hospitality of our country, and still drawing their revenues from Mexico, who were dodging their responsibilities as Mexican citizens and abusing their privileges as guests of our country, hated Carranza as only such men could hate an honest man whom they could not use and could not buy. And they hated us next, crediting us with being the principal cause for their own troubles. And from these same men we derived our opinions of Carranza.

Again, a few personal remarks: I have known Don Venustiano many years. I knew him when an exile from Mexico, driven out for daring to oppose Diaz. I have been able to follow his course during this entire revolt in Mexico. I have been as close to him as any American, and I wish to say that I have never seen him excited, and I have never heard him abuse a single individual. He was above this. The reason he exercises such influence over his followers is that they respect him, and they know he is honest, "distressingly so," as some one remarked in Washington.

Mr. Constantine in his article throws a very clear sidelight on Carranza and his views have the merit of being quite fair; but one cannot know Carranza in a short acquaintance. If Mr. Constantine had been satisfied with his personal sketch, it would have been well, but he delves into history, as it were, and tells us that "Carranza had vegetated in the Mexican Senate, unknown at large—a dignified nobody, a cipher." Here an ignorance is shown as to the facts.

The Carranza family is a well known one in Northern Mexico. His father supported Juarez, and the sons drove Garza Galan from power in the State of Coahuila, in spite of Diaz. From the first, Don Venustiano was independent and a reformer, a staunch believer in local self-government, and opposed to the Diaz policies—that is, the Cientificos. As a Senator he was in opposition, and it was a source of wonder that Diaz allowed this. He was elected Governor of Coahuila long before the revolt, but was not allowed to take his seat. General Trevino was used by Diaz to set aside the election and place another man in power, the excuse being that Carranza was a

Reyister, a follower of General Reyes. Carranza was supported by young Madero, when he ran for Governor; so when Madero ran for President against Diaz, Carranza supported Madero. The net was then thrown out to catch him and he fled to the United States. He was a dominant factor in the Madero revolution and supported Madero to the end. He was the only man in all Mexico, when Madero was deposed, to stand against Huerta, even when the supposed pressure of the United States was directed to force him to sustain the murderer and usurper. With a handful of men he started his revolt against Huerta and persistently and stubbornly stuck to it, threw Huerta out, and, overcoming all opposition, was finally made President of Mexico. History is going to rank Carranza as one of the greatest men Mexico has produced, and a man who would be an honor to any country.

You may remember that Scott, in *The Fortunes of Nigel,* I believe, speaks of the Scot being much of a Spaniard. There is a strong Celtic strain in old Spain, and Carranza is Scotch when it comes to many of his personal characteristics. The typical Spaniard from parts of Spain is not the Latin as he is written about: he is the reserved and self-contained Scotsman, independent, stubborn and hard-headed, and honest, also proud no matter how poor. Perhaps the above will enable you to understand the man Carranza as he seems to many of his friends.

A grave injustice has been done Mexico, and in the past we have not been considered her friend. Mexico is entitled to our support and moral assistance, as well as financial. We owe her a debt which we can now pay, and all we need do is to show her that we only desire her welfare, and have no ulterior motive. We have the chance now to make Mexico our fast and true friend, and we certainly need this on the South. Then, if we take the purely commercial view, we can have the commercial trade of Mexico and all the benefits derived from this, without the responsibility of government, as so many interventionists advocated. And we can show that the United States is not the mercenary nation that Senator Beveridge would make us out—see his recent article in *Collier's Weekly.*

I bespeak for Mexico your friendly interest; be "simpatico," and you will find that the Mexican will promptly respond.

WILLARD L. SIMPSON.

Boerne, Texas.

CAN THE CHURCH BE BOTH BOUND AND FREE?

SIR;—I began the reading of Dr. McConnell's article in the REVIEW issue on "What Are the Churches to Do?" with keen interest. I laid it down with profound disappointment, even dismay. If this is the best answer that enlightened churchmanship can give, it is small wonder that honest men prefer to remain outside—and preserve their honesty.

Dr. McConnell's suggestion for renewing the life of the Church is simply that creeds be kept officially in force and privately ignored. This expedient is analogous to offering citizenship to aliens and permitting those who have conscientious scruples against our Constitution to treat it as though it were non-existent. To adapt Dr. McConnell's words to this analogy, we should permit our officials to say to such potential citizens: "We wish to declare formally, officially, and in a way which cannot be misunderstood by honorable men, that citizenship in this nation does not imply and is not understood to imply a subscription to a dogmatic Constitution." But that is just

what citizenship *does* imply, and must until the Constitution is repudiated: and membership in a credal Church means no less until the creed is repudiated. This method of snaring desirables will catch only the few who may be deluded by its specious appearance of liberality, but for the really honest man it can only supply the final *argumentum damnandum* of the traditional Church.

Dr. McConnell evidently recognizes that we are in a new world, but, like the majority in both orthodox and liberal Churches, he fails to perceive how complete is the gulf between the religious mode of the former world and that of the new. He seems to have deftly applied a coat of whitewash to the cardinal doctrines, but in spite of the endeavor to make them appear innocuous, it still remains true that the dogma of the incarnation and crucifixion are centrally important, and that the traditional Church stands or falls with their acceptance or rejection. Either there was a divinely ordered redemptive process through Hebrew history, culminating in the mission of Jesus, or there was not. The issue of the modern Church rests upon the view it takes of the validity of the scriptural authority which supports the Christian theory.

The Hebrew Christian of Paul's day believed himself under condemnation because of the Mosaic Law whose exactions he could not keep. Its authority was divine and therefore absolute. The nice question propounded to Paul was how a Jew could enjoy Christian liberty and obey the "oracles of God" at the same time. Paul cleared away the difficulty by what we must recognize as clever dialectic. He made the Law abrogate itself by what we know as a legal technicality.

The modern Churches with liberal leanings face the same quandary: how to be bound and free at the same time. Dialectic will not save the day this time. Nothing but simple honesty in facing the facts. The philosophy of history upon which Paul based his argument was the historic Messianic scheme upon which traditional Christianity has assumed its plan of redemption. Modern science and interpretation disavow it. The Churches must make their choice. They must continue to believe in the unalterable authority of the Bible, the special divine character of Hebrew history, the forensic Christ and the philosophical plan of salvation, or they must take the stand of enlightened criticism and wipe out their dogmatic theology based upon the assumptions of an untenable theory of Hebrew history. They must recognize that the greatness of the Hebrew lay, not in the fact of being specially chosen of God, but in the spiritual or ideal content of His experience. The essence of that experience is not in sacrifices and offerings, not even of a Christ, but in righteous acting, sincere living, and just and loving relations.

Jesus saw clearly the wide gap between the Messianic plan of Judaism and the essential teaching of the Hebrew prophets. He deliberately refused to set forth his message in the traditional language of His people. His parables are His way of discarding the time-worn phraseology of traditionalism and presenting the essential truth of religion in His own new and personal way. The Church of the present must have the genius to do the same thing, or it is as good as dead.

A new religion is shaping itself in our time, just as surely as Christianity sprang out of the Roman world of two thousand years ago. It has sprung out of the loins of humanity. It is the child of the time, and will have power to renew the life of the world. It concerns itself not at all with old beliefs,

but directly with the needs of men. Its speech is the familiar speech of daily intercourse. Not having the smack of conventional piety, the traditional Churches are deaf to its meaning. But the familiar speech of every day is the soul's true vernacular. What the Churches are trying to hold onto is stale rhetoric and dead symbols, mummy-cases of the unverified assumptions of an old world that has dropped into chaos. The religion of today and tomorrow will sometime, perhaps suddenly, organize itself as the noblest institutional expression of the community and its ideals. Its forms and services will grow by a natural evolution out of enlightened effort to meet the needs of men.

Dr. McConnell's statement that the liberal Churches have generally failed is premature. The present age is permeated by the spirit of liberal ideals. Dr. McConnell himself has not entirely escaped the contagion. Modern liberalism is still young, and the rapidly growing democracy of all human institutions decrees that the religion of democracy must be a free religion. That freedom cannot be a pretense. It must be founded on a genuine respect for honest convictions, for verified truth and the recognition of progress.

Sincere and honest men of this new age will be drawn into sympathetic and active relation with the institution of religion whenever it is seen to be an intelligent expression of the ideals of this age.

(Rev.) Charles Pease,
Minister Unitarian Church.

Sacramento, Cal.

FOR RELIEF OF TENSION

Sir,—Give us agriculturalists good measure of such articles as "The Editor with the Hoe" and "Between Us Liars"—just to relieve the war tension. It's bound to be a long pull before we sight shore!

About all that makes existence tolerable in these times is the memory of the past and the hope of the future. Amid the abiding memories are Mark Twain, and Marse Henry; and the present writer is willing to survive so long as George Harvey can dictate editorial matter while scrubbing the stoop—beg pardon, piazza—and watching his pet cavort. May one who never voted the Republican ticket, but has lived to see Bryan barred out, and Roosevelt retired, and Pennsylvania Avenue crowded with triumphant, satisfied, ultra-patriotic ex-Confederate soldiers in uniform, marching with their colors, rise to remark: "God moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform"; Russia knows it now; Great Britain is finding it out; may not America find herself as never before?—realizing the prophecy of Bishop Berkeley: "Westward the course of empire takes its way; the first four acts already past, a fifth shall close the drama with the day; Time's noblest offspring is its last." Yes, we have something to hope and live for, thanks to Woodrow Wilson! God bless and preserve him!

Chestnut Hill, Philadelphia, Pa. A. Warren Kelsey.

WHAT FRANCE DID FOR AMERICA

MEMOIRS OF MARSHAL COUNT DE ROCHAMBEAU

TRANSLATED BY M. W. E. WRIGHT

III.

As soon as Congress received the news of the surrender of Cornwallis, it passed a resolution that a marble column should be erected at York, in Virginia, ornamented with emblems of the alliance between the United States and France, with a succinct narrative of the surrender of the army of Lord Cornwallis to Generals Washington, Rochambeau, and de Grasse. Congress also resolved to present a stand of colours to General Washington, and four pieces of cannon, taken from the English army, to the Counts de Rochambeau and de Grasse, bearing an inscription acknowledging the gratitude of the Congress of the United States for the glorious part they had taken in this brilliant expedition.

General Green obtained further success in the south; from the high mountains of La Santé, he passed through Vatteria and Congerea to Dorchester, and drove the enemy from their posts in the plains, and compelled them to retire within the lines of Charlestown. At the close of this campaign, of which the commencement had been so disastrous to the Americans, the English had possession only in North America of Charlestown, Savannah, in Georgia, and the New York islands. This continued success greatly contributed to disconcert the British ministers, as soon as the news of the surrender of Cornwallis had reached Europe, and to induce the Parliament of England to withhold any further hostile demonstrations against the continent of North America.

The French army had hardly returned to their quarters, after the taking of York and the late harassing campaign, than General Green sent to me to beg the most efficacious and expeditious assistance, on intelligence of the arrival at Charlestown of three English regiments sent from New York, and on the false report spread by the enemy of the arrival of a reinforcement of four thousand men from Ireland. I observed to him that the Pennsylvania and Maryland lines were on route to join him; that the reinforcement from Ireland, which the enemy was wont to boast over, might very probably not be sent, in consequence of the late events; that besides, it

was not known to what part this reinforcement would be directed; that the French army, placed as an intermediary between the North and South American armies, could not well be put in movement until the projects of the enemy had been ascertained. But so as to quell, however, the alarm of the Carolinas, and comply with the pressing solicitations of these two States, I extended the legion of De Lauzun, in command of M. de Choisy, as far as the Roanoke, on the frontiers of North Carolina, and I ordered Adjutant-General Dumas to prepare for the march of the French army into this State, in case circumstances should render it expedient, by making the necessary reconnoitring. He succeeded, by his remarkably conciliating disposition, in tranquillizing the different bodies of legislature, and, on the whole, acquitted himself of this commission with great tact and intelligence.

Indispensable private affairs obliged Baron de Viomenil to proceed to France, in a frigate, in command of M. de Latouche. The *Diligente,* commanded by M. de Clouard, sailed at the same time for Boston, to rally some other ships, and take in some ammunition which had been left there. The latter vessel was run ashore, through the awkwardness of her pilot. I mention the circumstance, as it affords me an opportunity of rendering justice to the remarkable courage evinced by her captain on this unfortunate occasion; he remained three days up to his middle in water, and could not be induced to withdraw until he had saved everything on board his frigate; he was shortly afterwards attacked with a violent fever, which had been nearly his death. This brave officer had always been unfortunate; for this was the third time he had been wrecked, and he has since perished with La Peyrouse, in his voyage round the world.

General Nelson had, at this period, a striking proof of the rigidity of republican principles as regards the respect prescribed by law to property. As Governor of Virginia, he had shown uncommon zeal and courage at the head of the militia of this State throughout the campaign; but he had encamped the allied army in the midst of the crops, and had seen the artillery discharge their missiles on the houses at York, of which the finest, situated at the back of the enemy's works, belonged to himself and to his family, and were rased to the ground, without demanding any kind of indemnification. He had pressed with authority, for the wants of the army, and for the more expeditious conveyance of provisions and heavy artillery, certain carriages and horses belonging to the people of the country, beginning with those of his own vassals, and with his own best equipages. After the siege, he was given to understand that he would be called to account by the Assembly General; he immediately threw up the governorship, went in person to give an account of his conduct to the Legislative Assembly, and defied any of his fellow citizens to show that they had contributed more largely to

the success of this important and memorable campaign. He was honourably acquitted of the charges brought against him, but he did not wish to resume the governorship, which the Assembly General did not regret, and M. Harrison, one of their orators, was appointed to succeed him. I felt in gratitude bound to go and pay him the first visit I made in this country; and General Washington, in his dispatches to Congress, made the most honourable mention of this ex-Governor.

Two frigates arrived with dispatches and specie in the course of this year, and at short intervals from each other. This fresh supply of money reduced the Exchange to about par. The dispatches informed me of the arrival in Europe of M. de Lauzun and the Count Guillaume de Deux-Ponts, and contained congratulatory messages to the General and to the army from his Majesty. The letter, containing the latter, directed me to have a public thanksgiving sung at the head of the army, and to order rejoicings on the occasion, as had been done at Paris and throughout France.

The year 1782 was ushered in with these manifestations of the public sympathy; we also ordered rejoicings to be celebrated for the taking of St. Eustache and St. Christopher by M. de Bouillé, and that of the Island of Minorca by M. de Crillon. But fortune ceased ere long to lavish her fickle favours on poor de Grasse. We first received the news of the dispersion of a convoy which had sailed from Brest, in command of M. de Guichen, and of which a part only, intended for M. de Grasse, reached the Antilles, under escort of M. de Vaudreuil. Admiral Rodney returned from England with a powerful fleet, which, added to that of Admiral Hood, gave the English the advantage on the sea. The Count de Grasse thought that he could venture out in all safety with his fleet, to escort a convoy of troops in command of M. de Bouillé, and convey them to San Domingo, where they were to join the Spanish naval and land forces, commanded by General Don Galvès. M. de Grasse fought a glorious action on the 9th of April, but was less fortunate in the one which he fought on the 12th. This painful intelligence reached America in the course of May, and was contained in an account of the affair drawn up by Admiral Rodney, which the enemy lost no time in making public. This news was the more important as the Congress and the Assemblies of several States were convoked at the time to deliberate on the proposition made by General Carleton, who had succeeded Sir Henry Clinton in the command of the British army. This General offered, in the name of his government, to acknowledge, without any restriction, the independence of the United States, provided that the latter should renounce the alliance which had been contracted with France. Congress refused to receive Carleton's Secretary, the bearer of this proposition, and the State of Maryland was the first to pass a resolution, by which it declared an enemy to the State whomsoever should propose to treat

without the concurrence of France; this declaration being accompanied with sentiments expressive of the gratitude felt towards that country. The example was promptly followed by the Assembly General of the State of Virginia, and soon also by all the other States at the period of the ordinary meeting of their respective legislative bodies. The English General, having sent off at the same time from Charlestown a detachment to proceed to General Green at Jamaica, with a proposition of truce, this was also declined both by the General and Legislative Assembly of South Carolina. The Chevalier de la Luzerne sent intelligence of all this to France, by the Chevalier de Clouard. It confirmed the good opinion that the French had of the firmness, constancy, and gratitude of the Americans towards France, her ally.

The Chevalier de la Luzerne had succeeded M. Gérard as Minister Plenipotentiary of France to America. His open and unassuming manners, together with a highly honourable representation, had gained the esteem and confidence of the Americans to such a high degree, that, without having the appearance of wishing to initiate himself in their private discussions, hardly a single affair of importance was concluded without his opinion being sought, so great was their attachment to and respect for his personal character.

I will here reduce to the simple truth of history the episode of Captain Asgil, which has been so grossly exaggerated by all the public prints, and which has already been made the subject of several dramas. The following is the simplest version of the affair.

Captain Lippencut, an American refugee in the service of England, proceeded from New York with a detachment and arrested, in his own residence, a captain of American militia, whom he had tried without any ceremony, condemned, and hanged to a tree on the continent, with an ignominious inscription attached beneath him; as soon as the news of this barbarous transaction reached the ears of General Washington, he could no longer resist the pressing instigations of his army, and he, accordingly, sent to the quarters of the prisoners in order to draw from them one of the English captains. Chance fell upon Captain Asgil, one of the prisoners of Lord Cornwallis's army. The British general officer in command of the prisoners wrote to me to demand my guarantee, as one of the contracting parties of the capitulation of York, urging that article 14 of the said capitulation protected Cornwallis's army against any sort of reprisals. The murder of Lippencut was subsequent to the said capitulation. It was from that date that the American army argued for reprisals. I wrote immediately in the strongest terms to the Chevalier de la Luzerne in behalf of Asgil, begging him to join his solicitations to mine, when he should show my letter to General Washington. He replied, as soon as he received my letter, that I need not make myself uneasy about Asgil; that the step he had taken had been at the pressing instigation of his army; but that

he gave me his word that Asgil should not be put to death, and to make the latter perfectly easy, he should merely confine him to the precincts of the county of Chatham, which extends to five or six leagues from the gate of New York. The letter of the French Minister, containing a recommendation of the King in favour of this young captain and his interesting family, at length arrived; General Washington and Congress, in due deference to such influential protection, ordered him to be immediately set at liberty.

As soon as the French government had regulated the operations of the campaign, two frigates were fitted out to convey dispatches to that effect to America. One of the latter, with M. de Ségur, son of the minister, and specie on board, was delayed by various accidents, and, having been finally driven into Rochefort, was obliged to wait and sail in company with the second at a later period. This unexpected event left the French corps, during several months, with a scarcity of money. At this period, the wet season, so fatal in Virginia, had caused much sickness among our soldiers; Chevalier de La Luzerne received also, at this epoch, news from M. de Vaudreuil, who, after M. de Grasse had been taken prisoner, had taken the command of the fleet. The admiral requested him to provide victualling for him in the port of Boston. We were also apprized of the fitting-out, at New York, of an expedition, according to every appearance intended against some of the French colonies. I was induced by all these circumstances to put the French army in movement, in order to bring it nearer New York, and further, to propose to General Washington a conference at Philadelphia. It was settled in this conference that the two armies should be united on the banks of the River Hudson, and from thence approach as near as possible to New York, so as to threaten that place, and prevent any detachments being sent therefrom against our colonies. In the meantime, the army in command of the Chevalier de Chatelus and the Chevalier de Viomenil, marched by night and rested by day. Through the paternal care of these two generals to the wants of their troops, the excellent discipline and regimen of the latter, the army was brought safe and well to Baltimore, where it was joined by a detachment in command of M. de La Vallette, whom I had left there to evacuate the artillery from York and Glocester, and then raze the fortifications of those places. Although the army, whilst it marched slowly along the shore, was convoyed by the small squadron in command of M. de La Villebrune, and conducted by the latter to the further extremity of the bay, every man, from the commander down to the rank and file, without exception, reached their destination sick.

During the stay the army was obliged to make at Baltimore, to recover the sick and let the warm weather pass away, we were informed of the evacuation by the enemy of Savannah, in Georgia; that part of the garrison of the latter place had proceeded to New

York, and the remainder to Charlestown, where preparations were also being made to suppress the magazines. I received at this period a letter from M. de Vaudreuil, who was conveying the remnants of M. de Grasse's army to Boston, wherein he requested the necessary assistance for his victualling; he foresaw that he should soon be followed up by the English fleet, which he had left ready for sea at Jamaica. However, although he had detached M. de La Peyrouse to Hudson's Bay, and the latter had destroyed all the British settlements there, M. de Grasse considered himself able to undertake to subdue Penobscot before the arrival of the enemy's fleet. I immediately sent M. de Choisy to take the command of his land forces, together with the artillery and engineers, of which he had begged the assistance, and I observed, at the same time, that, from the very precise knowledge I had acquired of the strength of Penobscot, I had no idea of the possibility of his carrying that place by main force; that at the same time, I considered it of too little importance to risk an unequal combat with the English fleet in this gulf, where there was no port of refuge to be found. General Washington added to these suggestions, that allowing even that, contrary to our previsions, he should succeed in gaining possession of it, he would be unable to maintain it, owing to the impracticability of its communications with the Americans by land.

General Carleton made a second attempt to obtain a truce; he announced that the recognition, absolute and without restriction, of the independence of America had passed both Houses of Parliament, and that the preliminaries of peace would ere long be signed. Notwithstanding this, we received intelligence of the arrival of Admiral Pigot at New York, to succeed Admiral Rodney in the command of the naval forces, and of the preparations making at that place for an expedition against our colonies. The latter intelligence caused us to hasten the march of the French corps to join the army of Washington, so as to present ourselves thus united in front of New York. The march was effected with the same order and by the same route as that of the preceding campaign. The French corps proceeded through Philadelphia, crossed the Delaware at Trenton, and passed along the foot of a chain of mountains, on the other side of which de Lauzun's legion, in command of Robert Dillon marched on the flank, and on the same level as the army, so as to observe all the enemy's movements in the States Island and in that of New York. We joined Washington's army at Kingsferry, on the Hudson.

The general, as a mark of respect to France, and of gratitude for the services she had rendered America, made us march between a double row of his troops, and, for the first time since the Revolution, equipped and armed and clad with arms and clothes, brought partly from France, and partly taken from the British storehouses taken from Cornwallis, and which the French generously gave up

to the American army. General Washington made his drums beat the French march during the whole time of the review, and the two armies met again with evident marks of reciprocal satisfaction.

The American army remained in camp at Kingsferry, with a vedette guard posted at the mouth of the Croton, in the River Hudson; the French corps took up a military position on the hills in advance of Crampont, with the de Lauzun corps stationed as a vanguard on the heights which border the Croton. In such a position the two armies were within a march of New York and the States Islands. Patrols were stationed on the whole line of coast of Connecticut, as far as the River Hudson, which divides the State of New York from that of Jersey.

M. de Ségur arrived about this time with dispatches from the minister, his father, after having escaped, on board the frigate *La Gloire,* all the misfortunes which befel M. de La Touche, the commandant of the *Aigle.* The two latter vessels, which had sailed in company with each other, fell in, when off Newfoundland, with a seventy-four, to which they gave action vigorously; they had money on board for the army, together with M. de Lauzun, de Viomenil, de Ségur, and the Prince de Broglie, the eldest son of the Marshal, whom the latter had granted permission to take an appointment under my command, and several aides-de-camp, who were coming out to join the army. M. de La Touche having made for the Delaware River, was given chase to by a ship of the line and several cruizers; the pilots directed them through a channel, in which *La Gloire* succeeded in passing, but in which the *Aigle,* which drew more water, ran aground, and could not get off again. M. de La Touche set to landing his dispatches, his specie, and his passengers, all of which arrived safe at Philadelphia, but he was obliged to surrender his frigate to the English captain, who had on board Prince William Henry, son of the King of England.

The orders from government enjoined to General Rochambeau, in the event of the enemy evacuating New York and Charlestown, or either of those places, to embark the army immediately on board the French fleet, to be conveyed forthwith to San Domingo, in command of a general officer, and be afterwards placed under the orders of M. de Galvès, a Spanish lieutenant-general, appointed to the command of the land forces of both nations, intended for a combined expedition against Spain. All the dispatches received announced the evacuation of Charlestown; and, by their march from the extremity of Virginia State to the River Hudson, the army was now within a reasonable distance to execute the orders of the council without delay. I communicated my instructions to M. de Vaudreuil, and stated to him that I should be ready to proceed with the army to Boston, as soon as he would be ready to embark it. M. de Vaudreuil informed me, in reply, that it would be impossible for his fleet to have completed its victualling before the close of

November, and that he had not accommodation for more than four thousand men, the officers, and their suite included. I proposed to the Baron de Viomenil and his brother to take the command of the two brigades of infantry and of part of the artillery, and to proceed with these troops to their destination. I left de Lauzun's corps, with the detachment of heavy artillery which had remained at Baltimore, at the further extremity of Chesapeak Bay, and I charged the Duke de Lauzun with the command of that part of the French corps which remained in America, under orders of General Washington.

On the departure from Crampont of the French corps, to proceed to Boston to embark, a captain of American militia, at whose house I had been quartered, conducted himself towards us in a manner which strikingly characterizes the republican liberty. The day before our departure, he called on me to demand payment of fifteen thousand francs, for the wood that the brigade of Soissonois had burned for fuel in their camp. I thought his demand rather exorbitant, and referred him to Villemanzy, the commissary appointed to settle, in concert with the arbiters of the country, all claims for provisions consumed by the army in its respective encampments. On the moment of departure, just as the drums had beaten to arms, and the troops were drawn up in marching order, a man respectfully walked up to me, and addressing me, stated that he was aware of the imminent services I had rendered to his country, that he respected me greatly, but that, at the same time, he was obliged to do his duty. He then presented a paper to me, and tapping me slightly on the shoulder, told me that he constituted me his prisoner. "Very well, sir," I replied, jocosely; "but take me if you can." "No, please your excellency," replied the sheriff's officer; "but I beg you will allow me, after the performance of my duty, to withdraw unmolested." As I continued on the march, I sent the Commissary Villemanzy to the house of the American, whom he found surrounded by his fellow-citizens, who were all upbraiding him loudly for such conduct towards a French officer. The commissary made way through them, and made the captain put his signature to a paper, by which he consented to compromise the matter, by referring it to the decision of an arbitration. The latter reduced the demand to two thousand francs, and cast the plaintiff in the whole of the costs.

The French corps passed through the whole of Connecticut. Governor Trumbold and his council issued a proclamation, urging his fellow-citizens not to raise a single cent the price of provisions during the passage of the French troops. The inhabitants obeyed this injunction so generously, that each mess were able to add, every evening, to the common allowance every kind of provision at a very low price. On the arrival of the army at Providence, we found that further accidents which had happened to the squadron

of M. de Vaudreuil would not allow us to embark just then, and we were finally obliged to put up in barrack camps during the remainder of November.

I have never mentioned the multitude of addresses of the towns and assemblies-general of the different States of America presented to the general, and all of which were expressive of their feelings of sincere gratitude towards France. Some offered the good wishes of the inhabitants for the success of his future operations; others for those of the army. I will only speak of one of these addresses, on account of its eccentricity. A deputation of the Ancient Society of Friends of Philadelphia accosted me, clad in their simple costume. "General," exclaimed the eldest of the party, "it is not on account of thy military qualities that we have come to present thee our homage. We care nought for thy achievements; but thou art the friend of mankind, and thy army liveth in perfect order and discipline. Wherefore, have we come to pay our respects to thee." The army embarked at length at Boston early in December, carrying with it the universal blessings of our allies of the thirteen States, without exception. As a proof of the inconceivable discipline of our troops, it will be sufficient to say that, in the course of the three campaigns, there was not a single duel or quarrel recorded between our soldiers and the Americans.

I was obliged to go back, with the Chevalier de Chatelus, M. de Belleville, M. de Choisy, the whole of our staff, and our aides-de-camp, to meet the frigate in which we had intended to take our passage to France. She laid in Chesapeak Bay, because I would not deprive M. de Vaudreuil of any of his, in which he was obliged to stow away as many of his troops as he could find room for on board.

On our return to Virginia, we paid another visit to General Washington, at New Windsor. It was here that we took our most tender farewell, and that I, as well as the officers who were with me, received from the American army the assurance of their most sincere friendship for ever.

The *Danaé*, a frigate in command of M. de Capellis, ran aground, through the awkwardness of her pilot, exactly on the same spot as the *Aigle;* but he succeeded in getting her off again, after her dispatches and the money she had on board were landed, and her masts cut away, and he ultimately took her into Philadelphia. The dispatches expressed the satisfaction his Majesty felt at the readiness and exertions of the French general to execute to the point the orders which had been transmitted to him. As he passed through Philadelphia, he received from the President of Congress the following address and resolutions:—

"By the United States assembled in Congress, 1st January, 1783.

"The Minister Plenipotentiary of H. M. C. M. having communicated to Congress through the Secretary of Foreign Affairs, on

the 7th December last, the resolution passed to embark the army in command of General Rochambeau, the actual embarkation of the latter on the 29th, and its final departure, and further, the intention of His Majesty to order the return of troops to America, whenever circumstances should occur to render efficient their co-operation with the American army, resolved that the Secretary of Foreign Affairs shall inform the minister of France that although the Congress cannot but sincerely regret the withdrawal of troops, to whose bravery it is so much indebted for subduing the enemy's army in the United States, it has too high a confidence in the attention of His Majesty to the interests of the alliance, not to feel persuaded that the order for the withdrawal of the French army was dictated by a conviction that the said army might be employed more efficaciously elsewhere against the common enemy; that Congress beg the Minister Plenipotentiary will make known to His Majesty their sentiments of gratitude for His Majesty's kind attention to their immediate interests, manifested by the important assistance which His Majesty afforded them for so long a time, and by His Majesty's generous determination to order the return of the army to the United States, whenever circumstances should allow of an advantageous co-operation with the army of that country; that Congress, through the Minister of Foreign Affairs, is desirous of recommending most pressingly to the special favour of His Majesty, Count Rochambeau, and the army, under the latter's command; being highly satisfied with its bravery, its good conduct, and admirable discipline; to which latter Congress is most particularly indebted for the perfect harmony that has existed between the French troops and the soldiers and citizens of the United States.

"Resolved further, that the President of Congress shall return the particular thanks of Congress to his Excellency the Count de Rochambeau, and make known to him the high esteem of Congress for the distinguished talent which he has displayed to the advantage of the States in the various important conjunctures, as well as for the exact and exemplary discipline so remarkably uniform in the troops under his orders, and which have merited the admiration and esteem of the citizens of these States, who will for ever preserve an affectionate remembrance of the imminent services he has rendered, and of the extremely delicate regard he has continually shown for their private interests.

(Signed) "CHARLES THOMPSON, Secretary."

My march back by land to embark on board the frigate the *Émeraude* could not be kept secret from the enemy. The English admiral consequently sent out a ship of the line and two frigates to cruize off Cape Chesapeake, and endeavour to take me prisoner. I was informed of the manœuvre; but I had hoped to get away at dusk, and under a strong breeze, so that the enemy's cruizers would

run clear of me. The *Émeraude* cleared the Capes on the 14th of January, under a fresh north-west breeze. She had hardly got off the land when we caught sight of a cruizer south of the Capes. We altered our course at the beginning of the night, and brought round to the north of the Capes. At the same moment the wind shifted round to the north east. In an hour afterwards the enemy's cruizer came up before the wind by the larboard quarter, hemming up our frigate between her and the coast. She immediately put about to give us the benefit of her broadside; the *Émeraude,* having ascertained her antagonist to be a ship of the line, had no other alternative than to crowd sail and make off, rounding the coast so as not to run ashore. The enemy followed our course, and, favoured by a bright moonlight, gave us a thirty hours' chase, during which he twice came up within shot of us. The second time, the wind having abated, our captain took the only alternative left; he lightened his ship of his spare masts and yards, and of a few carronades aft, which gave us a great advantage over our unmerciful pursuer, and we soon outsailed her, having got about eighty leagues to southward.

On the evening of the 16th we encountered a most boisterous hurricane, during which we more than once had cause to regret the spare mast and yards we had cast away; however, our masts weathered the storm until we got off Cape Finisterre, when the lightning struck our gallant-topmast, and shattered it to atoms. This boisterous weather continued till we got into the river of Nantes, where we anchored without accident, although we had gone through the narrows without a pilot, which we could not procure. On our arrival we were informed of the conclusion of the peace.

General Rochambeau set off immediately to Versailles, where he was received with distinction by the King; his Majesty told him, that it was to his exertions and to the taking of Cornwallis's army that we owed the peace. General Rochambeau begged to be allowed to divide this eulogium with a man whose misfortunes, which had since befallen him, he had been apprized of through the public prints, but whom, he assured His Majesty, he never could forget, and entreated His Majesty to bear in mind that M. de Grasse, at his simple request, had come to M. de Rochambeau's assistance, with all the means he could muster, and that, without his concurrence, we should never have succeeded in taking Cornwallis's army. The King immediately replied, that M. de Grasse's dispatches were yet fresh in his memory, and that he would never forget the service the latter had rendered in concert with M. de Rochambeau; that what had happened since remained yet to be judged of. The next day he gave M. de Rochambeau the entry to his bedchamber, bestowed on him the blue instead of the red ribbon, which M. de Rochambeau remitted, and appointed him to the command of Picardy, vacant a year after by the death of the Maréchal de Croï; but what flattered him the most was that he obtained all the favours

he solicited for the general officers and subalterns, and for the soldiers, who received three months' pay as in America, as a donation. Baron de Viomenil was promoted to the rank of lieutenant-general; Messrs. La Fayette, de Choisy, de Béville, the Count de Custine, the Duke de Lauzun, Messrs. de Rostaing and d'Autichamp, to that of maréchal-de-camp; and Messrs. d'Aboville, Desaudrouïn, de La Vallette, L'Estrade, du Portail, du Muy, and the Marquis de Deux-Ponts, to that of brigadier. All lieutenant-colonels were presented with full colonelcies; the Vicomte de Rochambeau was made Chevalier of St. Louis and mestre-de-camp, and appointed to the command of the regiment of Saintonge, and, subsequently, to that of the regiment of Royal-Auvergne.

General de Rochambeau had the misfortune to lose his mother three months previous to his return to France. She lived and died a woman of great merit. She had retired to apartments at the Palais Royal, and the Duke de Penthièvre had begged I would let him replace me at her bedside during her last illness, and he never ceased to bestow care and attention to her comforts and relief till she breathed her last. I must here pay this tribute to the virtues of so benevolent and amiable a prince.

The glorious peace, of such import to America, was proclaimed shortly afterwards. General Washington, at the head of an army to which nearly seven years' arrears of pay was due, found it no easy task to satisfy its demands with paper money, when its disbanding was talked of. An insurrection broke out amongst the troops, who persisted in maintaining themselves as a corps, and in *statu quo*, until the amount of pay should be acquitted in full by the different States in their respective shares. General Washington, with that noble and patriotic character which ever formed the basis of his conduct, used his influential power over the minds of his soldiers to bring them round to those feelings of generosity with which they had been animated in the whole course of the Revolution. It was at his instigation that the Cincinnatus association was proposed, to commemorate the alliance of France, as an indissoluble bond of their mutual fraternity, and an honourable mark of their services. Having at last accomplished the disbanding of his army, he took leave of his military career by a letter which depicts with admirable precision the character of this great man, and which will certainly be handed down to posterity in the history of every country.

The news of the peace was not brought to Asia till some time after its proclamation; it did not prevent the bailli de Suffren from commencing a most brilliant naval campaign. Having taken possession of the island of Ceylon, then belonging to the Dutch, he sallied forth from the port of Trinkomali on every propitious occasion to attack the English fleets. These combats were always favorable to the French navy; but the operations of the land forces, commanded

by M. de Bussy, were as unfortunate as successful, and the campaign which they undertook proved very unsatisfactory.

In concluding my observations in regard to America, I will venture an essay on the manners, political and religious opinions of its people, as well as on the different climates of that immense continent of North America, known under the denomination of United States. In drawing a line in the first place between the merchants and the agriculturists, between the inhabitants of the large sea towns and those of the smaller towns or in-land settlements, we must not wonder that the merchants and those residents of the sea-ports, whose affairs or interests were nearly connected with the British government, should profess even sentiments less zealous for the revolution than the agriculturists. Boston, however, declared itself at the very beginning of the war in favour of liberty and independence. The zealous efforts of its inhabitants were immediately seconded almost unanimously by the States of the north. The violent doings of the English and of the Hessians, their allies, carried this revolution rapidly on from the north to the south. The opinion of the inhabitants of the north, consisting principally of land holders of equal fortune, were naturally of a democratical tendency, whilst those of the inhabitants of the south, consisting of many rich proprietors, intermingled with whites in less easy circumstances, and of a great quantity of negroes, were, on the contrary, quite aristocratical. All quickly united, however, to stand up for the liberty, equality, and independence of the mother country, taking care to preserve a certain respect for property in general. Every kind of religion was equally tolerated, the most numerous sects being those of the Church of England, the Presbyterians and the Quakers; the former, on account of the supremacy of the head of their church, whom they recognise in the person of the sovereign of Great Britain, were most dangerous. The first act of Congress was to exclude from political as well as civil assemblies all ecclesiastics without exception. The ministers were forced in many Communes to abandon their churches, and it was not until peace that several of them, having got themselves consecrated by the Lutherian bishop of Denmark and Sweden, were reinstated in their livings; by these precautions, religion was prevented from taking a part in political deliberation; every one professed his own religion with exactitude; the sanctity of the Lord's day was scrupulously observed. At all public feasts the minister of religion held the first place; he blessed the repast; but his prerogatives in society extended no further. Such preamble must naturally lead to pure and simple manners. Hospitality is the virtue the most generally observed. Young women are free till their marriage. The first question addressed to a young woman is whether she be married; if she be, there the conversation rests. It is not uncommon that, at the age of womanhood, they accompany their father and mother to church,

although they have not yet made choice of any particular religion; if you ask them why, they say that they will follow the same religion as their husband. But when they have once entered the state of matrimony, they give themselves up entirely to it, and you seldom see, particularly in the rural districts, a woman of loose manners. Children are, generally speaking, kept extremely clean. A settler is, at home, neither a lord of a manor nor a farmer; he is a proprietor in a full sense of the word, possessing the *quantum sufficit* of his necessaries, and he lays out the overplus of his crops in the purchases of good and comfortable clothing, without any of the exterior appendages of luxury.

The same simplicity is observed with regard to his furniture, and unblemished cleanliness is its principal merit; but it is not without difficulty that the American settler arrives at this state.

I will now explain in what manner these settlements were formed in the origin, and how they still continue to be formed. Whereas there is much more land to be cleared than there are hands to cultivate it, labourers are in great demand; a cultivator or day labourer earned, in my time, a piaster of five livres ten sous per diem. It is not uncommon that a labourer, who works assiduously for the space of six years on an average, can accumulate a sufficient sum to purchase a piece of ground. They commence by firing the forests, which operation they call *clearing*. They next sow in the furrows every kind of seed, which grows with great abundance on a layer of rotten leaves, reduced to a vegetable soil formed at the expiration of many years. They then build their habitation with the round branches of the trees, piled one upon another, and propped up by stakes. They enclose their fields with barriers, according to their different destinations. They take care to reserve pens, covered over with leaves, to protect their cattle from the rain and heavy dew, wherein the animals are enabled to pass the night at large. At the expiration of twenty or thirty years, when they have succeeded in fully clearing the ground, they proceed to build more tidy and comfortable houses with planks cleverly joined, and wrought with great art. But little iron is used in these constructions, the doors and windows being made to fit with remarkable precision by their skilful carpenters. At length, twenty or thirty years later, the family's circumstances become more easy, and they then remove to a brick house, the complement of their architecture. The latter is composed of a kind of open hall or veranda, a neat drawing room, which is not scantily supplied with fuel during the colder months, and a kitchen next to it. The family sit all the day in their drawing-room; they take four meals per day, interrupted only by moderate labour, and a little negro is incessantly occupied in spreading and clearing away the cloth. The bedrooms, with very clean and comfortable bedding, are situated on the first story, and their walls are white-washed regularly every year. In

the large towns, luxury has made more progress: rich merchants and bankers have provided their residence with costly English furniture; their ladies are clad to the tip of the French fashions, of which they are remarkably fond.

The temperature of their northern States is much about the same as that of the southern provinces of France, and the heat of their southern States is equal to that of the coast of barbary. From this results that the life is longer in the north, shorter in the middle States, and that at sixty a man is actually quite decrepid in the southern States. I speak here of the plains within thirty leagues of the sea; the air of the different chains of mountains, parallel to these plains, is infinitely more pure and rarefied. In my time, the population did not amount to three millions of souls; it now annually increases, and that space of country comprised under the name of United States, together with the provinces ceded by the English, in virtue of the peace of 1783, may one day contain thirty millions without inconvenience.

The ports of Portsmouth, in New Hampshire, Boston, Rhode Island, Chesapeak Bay, are those mostly frequented by the naval forces. The ports of New York and Charlestown are covered by a bar and forts, and will admit only ships which can be lightened of their burthen under their protection. This coast has several commercial ports very favourable to marine traffic.

Their political establishments are not yet freed from the effects of their ancient manners and customs. They established a federal government in each State, composed of a chamber of representatives, a senate, at the head of which was a Governor or President. Those three suffrages united formed the law; the veto of one of the three annulled it; but the most pitiable resolution was that which established the unanimity of votes of the different States to form in Congress a fixed resolution. They soon, however, discovered the ill effects of this system; they felt that each State, by voting apart, was hurtful to the general good of the nation, and to which every good government must strive to contribute; that no one State, isolated from the rest, could have any weight in the political world for the protection of its commerce, and that that protection could only be acquired by union. They at length, therefore, decided to pass a law which should prescribe that, the opinion of two thirds of the Deputies of the different States should suffice to carry and enforce any resolution. From this period, American Congress was held in esteem by the other Powers, and they were not long before they perceived how its existence had been strengthened, as their alliance was sought at that period by all the most important Powers of Europe.

The treaty of peace of 1783 was as glorious to France as it was restrained in its advantages. Its most important stipulations were all in favour of her allies. The recognition of independence of

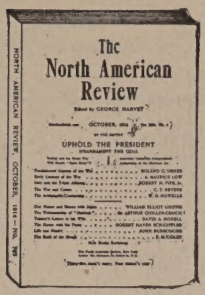
America had weakened much of the real power of England, and had prodigiously increased the amount of that nation's debt. In that state of the general politics of Europe, France enjoyed a marked prevalency over the other nations, and played the principal part in affairs. Having concluded, by her powerful mediation, the private treaty of peace between Holland and England, she made a treaty of defensive alliance with the former nation. This happy state of things continued until the presuming intervention of the Emperor Joseph against Holland, relative to the free navigation of the Scheld. France prepared to sustain her mediation by arms, and succeeded ultimately, by generous sacrifices, in consolidating peace between these two nations, with which it was important, for her security and tranquillity, after a most expensive war, that she should preserve alliance.

THE END.

1917

August

ONE-HUNDRED-THIRD YEAR



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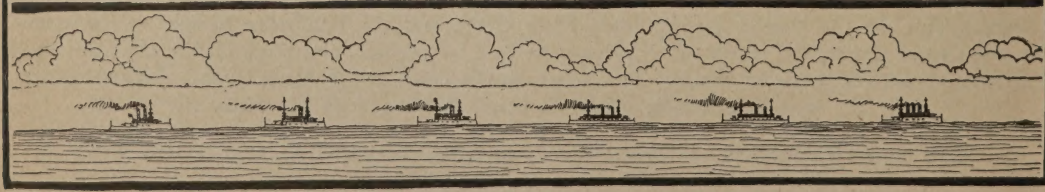

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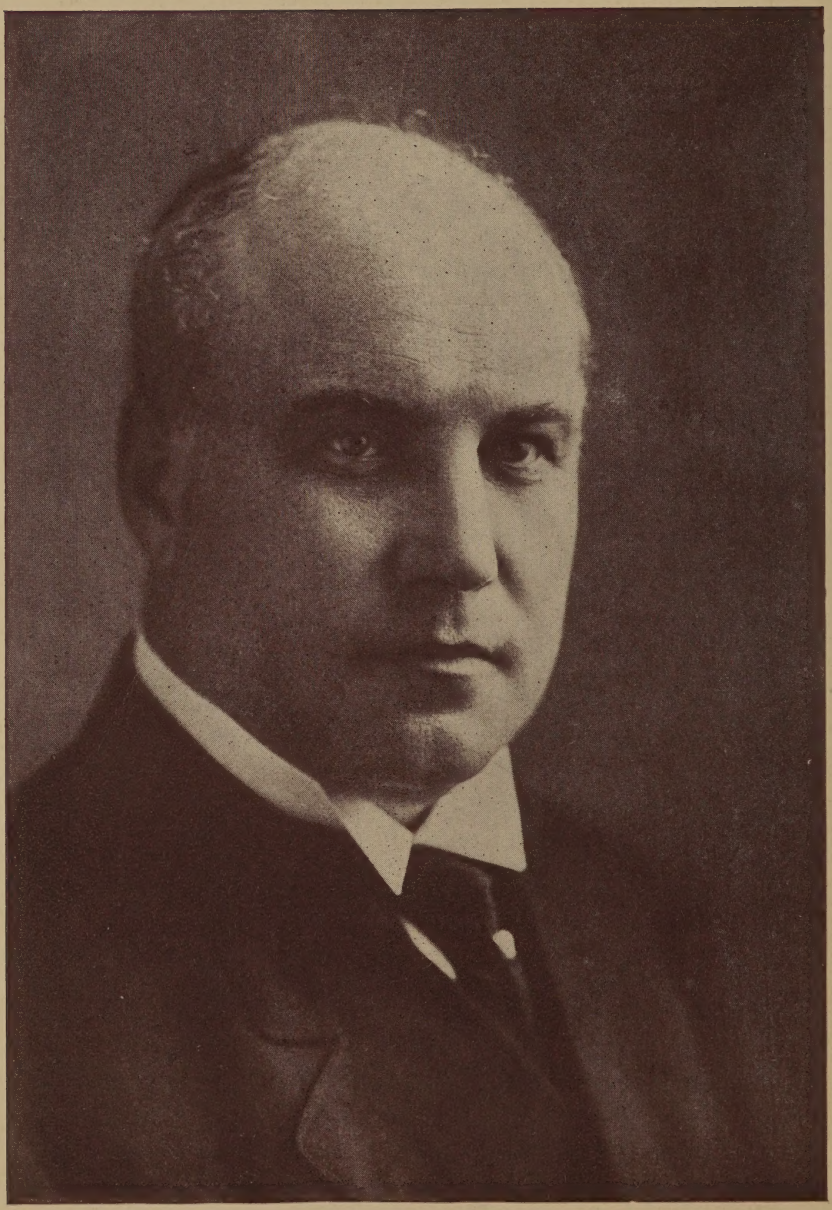

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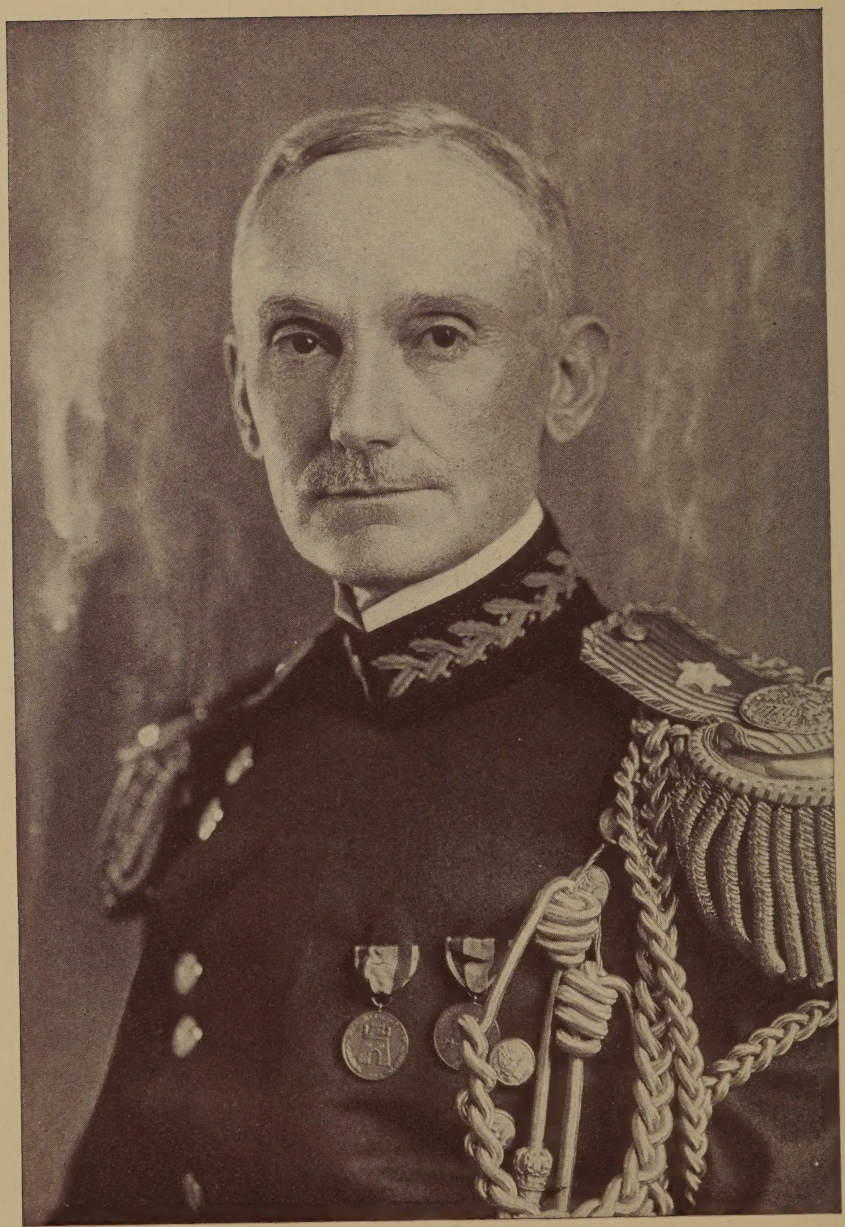

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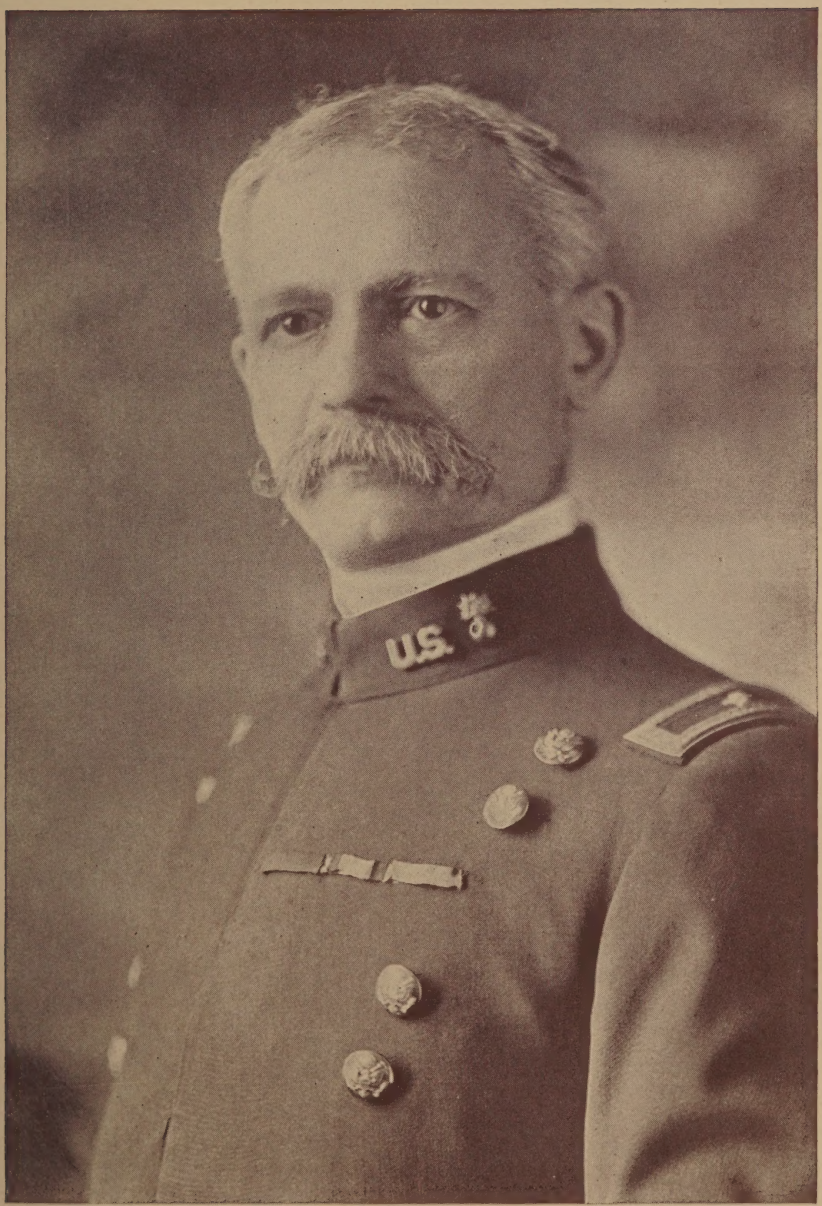

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JOHN PURROY MITCHELL

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

AUGUST, 1917

UNCONDITIONAL SURRENDER

THE ONLY WAY

VITE! VITE!

BY THE EDITOR

Peace, peace; when there is no peace!

Now as never before in the history of the world does the stern declaration of the prophet ring true. The reasons are two-fold. It is not peace that Germany wants; it is victory through cessation of losing warfare; and the German mind, saturated with arrogance, not only will not recognize but cannot comprehend the living realities. "Peace proposals in the Reichstag!" What are they?

"*As on August 4, 1914, so on the threshold of the fourth year of the war the German people stand upon the assurance of the speech from the throne—'we are driven by no lust of conquest.'*"

Unchanged and unchangeable! "As on August 4, 1914," Germany stands upon the lie from the throne. Witness Belgium and Luxembourg! Witness Serbia and Roumania! Witness Poland!

"*Germany took up arms in defense of its liberty and independence and for the integrity of its territories.*"

In defense of "liberty and independence" which was threatened by nobody; for "integrity of territories" which was universally recognized!

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"The Reichstag labors for peace and a mutual understanding and lasting reconciliation among the nations."

After three years of horror wantonly inflicted upon an unoffending world, when hope of success through terrifying the world by murdering women and children from the air and beneath the waves is becoming extinct, when respite is required for fresh preparation for renewal of "defense."

"Forced acquisitions of territory and political, economic and financial violations are incompatible with such a peace."

Not "forced," but voluntary, then, on the part of those most vitally concerned, must have been the "acquisition" of Alsace-Lorraine and the "violation" of Belgium!

"The Reichstag rejects all plans aiming at an economic blockade and the stirring up of enmity among the peoples after the war."

Verily, a court of jurisdiction austerely denying proposals not yet nor likely ever to be submitted and solemnly deprecating "enmities among the peoples," arising from acts of barbarism which can never be forgotten and which cannot by any possibility be condoned for generations "after the war"!

"The freedom of the seas must be assured."

To neutrals—by submarines!

"Only an economic peace can prepare the ground for the friendly association of the peoples."

And only an economic war, now happily in process as a consequence of the American embargo, can pave the way for economic peace!

"The Reichstag will energetically promote the creation of international juridical organizations."

But first the criminal Reichstag, equally guilty with its master, must appear upon bended knees, with bloodstained hands, at the bar of humanity, as a suppliant for mercy before the great court of many nations.

"So long, however, as the enemy governments do not accept such a peace, so long as they threaten Germany and her allies with conquest and violation, the German people will stand together as one man, hold out unshaken and fight until the rights of itself and its allies to life and development are secured. The German nation united is unconquerable."

We shall see; it may be; if so, it may realize its ambition and conquer the earth; if not, it will *be* conquered as sure as

there is a God in heaven; it demanded the test; it cannot evade the issue!

"*The Reichstag knows that in this announcement it is at one with the men who are defending the fatherland; in the heroic struggles they are sure of the undying thanks of the whole people.*"

The Reichstag knows many things that are not so. Whether its present judgment is correct—whether in fact it is "at one" with the men in the trenches who are sacrificing their lives to no purpose; whether, moreover, it is "sure" of the "undying thanks" of a dying people—is no concern of ours. We should like to feel, as our President declared, that our war is not with the German people, but it is for them, not for us nor for the misrepresentative Reichstag, to say. This only we know: that Germany, having compelled us to fight for our lives, our liberties and our honor, is our enemy, and that whoever is not with us in the great struggle for human freedom throughout the world is against us.

Let us have no illusions. Such a declaration, even though adopted unanimously by the Reichstag, would signify no beginning of the end, no "uprising of the German people," no "revolt against the Kaiser." It is sheer and simple reaffirmation of Germany's purpose to enslave Europe and to put her yoke upon the neck of the world. That it was designed craftily as notification to all belligerents and especially to America that the German people still stand squarely behind the German dynasty we have not a shadow of doubt.

But even granting the assumption of our own most sanguine pacifists that, despite the absurdity of the "terms" suggested, the voice was nevertheless one of longing and bound soon to find fuller expression, the impossibility of realization is as apparent as the noon-day sun. The Reichstag is not a Congress or a Parliament; it is a debating society, permitted to exist for purposes of deception, but utterly powerless. Americans who have likened it in their minds to their own House of Representatives should understand the real condition of government in Germany, as portrayed succinctly by the *Times* in these words:

> The real legislative body of Germany is the Bundesrath, of which we hear hardly anything. The Bundesrath has not only legislative power, but executive and judicial. The Reichstag talks, but if it should pass a resolution, the Bundesrath can veto it. The reason we

hear so much of the conversational Reichstag and so little of the potent Bundesrath is that the Reichstag meets in public to indulge in oratory, the Bundesrath in private to act.

The Bundesrath is not a body of representatives of the people. It is appointed by the Kings and Princes; its sixty-one members are nominated by and directly represent the monarchs of the twenty-five states composing the German Empire. When the Bundesrath meets the Emperor and the Kings are in session; its members are their ambassadors, not in any respect the delegates of the people. When it is said that the Bundesrath has the power to veto any legislation passed by the Reichstag, what is meant is that the Princes have that power, for the Bundesrath is the German monarchy in session. The Reichstag is merely what it has been bitterly called in Germany, "a hall of echoes."

There are officials who are called Ministers, but there is no Ministry. The so-called Ministers are merely heads of departments, whom the Chancellor is not obliged to consult about anything; they are there merely to receive orders, they are not much more than bureau chiefs. The Chancellor is the only Minister. He is responsible to the Emperor. The Reichstag cannot remove him and cannot, as in liberal monarchies, compel his resignation by a vote of lack of confidence in him. It can only storm at him, so long as the Emperor is satisfied. Under the Emperor he is supreme, accountable to no man.

Even though the widely heralded "electoral reforms" should be granted, making one vote in the Reichstag equally effective with another instead of as less than one to eleven for the so-called Social Democrats as at present, and even though a great popular majority should be obtained, the Reichstag could not change a line in the fundamental law. No constitutional amendment can be adopted without the approval of 47 out of 61 members of the Bundesrath, of whom the Kaiser himself, as King of Prussia, appoints 17, or three more than are necessary to defeat any measure. A more nearly perfect autocracy could not be devised by the wit of man. Nothing short of revolution can liberalize the Constitution of Germany or make for real peace—and there can be no revolution because the German people no less than the German soldiers are in a vise.

But the Kaiser himself! Does not his mind, even though the minds of the obsessed and deluded people cannot, comprehend the realities of the situation? Quite probably. But the Kaiser is not a patriot actuated by love of country; he is a king of kings, appointed by and responsible only to

God. If he believed he could conserve his dynasty by yielding, he would yield; but evidences multiply that he has not now the power, if the inclination. Upon three fateful occasions, against the advice of his prudent Chancellor and his own judgment, he has surrendered to the Junkers and the Crown Prince—first when the Crown Council decided for war upon lines which compelled England to engage; secondly, when the same influences demanded the unrestricted submarine warfare, which inevitably drew in America; and now, finally, when they called for the head of the Chancellor himself.

What can all this mean if not that the Kaiser has become his own Frankenstein and that the fate of Germany now lies in the hands of the incorrigible militarists headed by the hair-brained Crown Prince, the satanic Ludendorf and the bully, Hindenburg? And if this be the fact, as we believe it is, but one conclusion is possible. Germany probably would not if she could and surely could not if she would make terms of conceivable settlement. She must, then, be beaten to her knees; must be fought and starved into submission; must be treated as an outlaw and permanently disarmed as an outlaw; must be driven out of France and Belgium and Serbia and Roumania and Poland; must give up the stolen provinces of Alsace and Lorraine; must restore Luxembourg; must pay double indemnity to Belgium; must forsake forever her lost colonies; must destroy her infamous dynasty and banish the kings and princes who comprise her no less odious Council; having, as a nation, wantonly drawn and shamefully used the sword, as a nation she must perish by the sword.

Peace with complete victory! Peace with unconditional surrender! It is the only way,—the only way of living, the only way of righteousness, the only way of mercy.

Let us now face the situation!

It is probably true that at no time since she invaded Belgium has Germany been so near defeat as at present. Her great fleet continues helpless before the vigilant British navy; her land forces on the Eastern frontier, resisting feebly under strangely incapable leadership, are falling back before the revived Russians; her Western armies have not captured a single big gun in four months and are steadily losing ground; her Zeppelins have been scrapped; her aeroplane raids upon England have yielded no military gains;

her submarines have not fulfilled expectations; her soldiers, judging from the aspect of those captured, are depressed; her war-worn allies are praying for relief; her supplies are depleted and her finances awry; and her inhabitants are suffering, if not from actual starvation, at least from pangs of hunger and in spirit, too, beyond question from the entrance of America and the resuscitation, for a time at least, of Russia.

So far, so good; but it is not far enough. How long can she stand it? is an idle question, which nobody can answer. For years, assuredly, on the present scale of operations. That she is "sick of war" is evident enough; of course she is; but so is France, so is England, so presently will be America. But the fact remains that Germany has suffered no threatening losses. Her battle lines are intact, the area of the territory she has forfeited is negligible, she has more men in the field, old and young, than at any previous time and her costs are but a percentage of the colossal expenditures, headed with England's $40,000,000 per day, of the Allies. How many fighting airships and submarines she retains and is building neither England, France nor America, for some inexplicable reason, seems capable of ascertaining even approximately, but that they are greater in number and efficiency than ever before is a safe assumption. So Germany is far, very far, from being beaten. True, except at sea and spasmodically in the air, she has been forced to the defensive, but that is about all that can be claimed, and, when admitted, only signifies from that very fact her enhanced ability to prolong, though not of course to win, the war.

What, then, is to be done?

Passing for a moment the more immediate military requirements, which might better perhaps, but never can be, eliminated altogether from lay discussion, we should say that, looking far ahead, the greatest need is that full co-operation among the Allies which can be derived only from mutual understanding and mutual tolerance of one another's peculiar attributes, comprising particularly worthy pride, natural jealousy and self-satisfaction. This, of course, was the primary purpose of the recent Missions from England, France, Italy and Russia, and it is a gratifying incident that all returned home pleased with their reception and convinced of the success of their endeavors.

But our Allies will do well to consider certain circum-

stances attendant upon the visits of their representatives which made no small contribution to the happy outcome. It happened, for example, that the sections of our country which extended hearty greetings have been sympathetic from the beginning of the war and so declared when they voted for Mr. Hughes in opposition to the majority of the country which re-elected the President in the hope that he would continue to keep the nation out of the conflict. To infer from the limited experience of the ambassadors that the American people as a whole enlisted in the war eagerly or even enthusiastically would be a grievous error. The predominant spirit even now is fidelity to the Government rather than to the cause. "Our country, right or wrong" continues to be the compelling force, but by no means to the complete elimination of reluctance and regret.

The motive, it is true, may not seem important from a practical viewpoint since the result is achieved, but nevertheless it is one to be borne in mind and later perhaps to be reckoned with. Conscious of the certainty and power of reaction in popular feeling, the President struck quickly and shrewdly while enthusiasm was at its height, and by sheer force of eloquence and determination achieved the Conscription Act—the very cornerstone, not merely of America's effective participation but quite possibly of the ultimate success of the Allies. Whether now, when the personal consequences of the new policy are being brought into the homes of the people, the passage of the Bill by Congress could be secured is a grave question. Frankly, we doubt it.

Then, too, our Allies should realize that our troubles are only beginning. We are at war, of course, but evidences of the fact are hardly perceivable. The daily routine of existence is unchanged, business is "as usual" and inconveniences are so few as to be unworthy of notice. We voted promptly, in rather grand fashion, the greatest single appropriation ever made and are continuing to think and decree in billions; simultaneously, of course, we are adjusting tax rates accordingly; but the collector has yet to make his first round, and pending the arrival of the bills, with the certainty that the amounts will be doubled or trebled in the succeeding year, there can be no adequate appeciation on the part of the people of the curtailment of what have been regarded as the necessaries as well as the luxuries of life that must follow.

Soon we shall have put in force the most obnoxious Act

ever written into our statutes. Quite properly and rightfully, the Government demands the power to fix the prices of foodstuffs and to control their transportation and distribution, and the people not only recognize the necessity but rather welcome the experiment; but they have not the slightest comprehension of the inequalities, injustices and hardships which will inevitably ensue from substituting arbitrary regulation for the natural law of supply and demand. That both producer and consumer will regard themselves as the chief victims of unfair discrimination—and often justly so, no doubt, since even the intelligence of an idealized Hoover is but human—may be accepted as certain. If England, compact within narrow borders and accustomed to restraint, has been harassed to distraction in her efforts to solve this problem, what are we to expect from the tenfold greater complexities confronting a hundred millions of unschackled freemen engaged in diversified vocations who "know their rights and, knowing, dare maintain"? War, in this particular, will be no winter resort paved with good intentions, we may be sure; it will be a bottomless quagmire especially adapted to quick interment of promising celebrities.

We have dispatched to France a division of troops, in response to the appeal of Marshal Joffre, as evidence of our intention to make substantial contribution to the military forces in the field. They were sent by direct order of the President, most wisely in our opinion, contrary to the judgment of a majority of the General Staff. They are of our best, highly trained, fully disciplined, seasoned by actual service, and the equals, we believe, of any like number of fighting men living. But the point should not be overlooked that, being professional soldiers or regulars, as we call them, constantly in service, they are virtually as devoid of homes as the American Ambassador in London. Indeed, but for the determined and successful endeavors of our new Committee on Public Elaboration, the public might not even now be aware that they are not patrolling the Mexican border.

Not until the militia, the volunteers and the conscripts begin to start for battlefields thousands of miles away will the strain of parting be felt in peace-loving American families. And then there is bound to creep up the old query, so potent in the recent National campaign, as to why the United States should go to war in Europe. The persistence of this

demand may appear as a contradiction of the sometime vaunted American idealism, but the rarity of complete unselfishness, even among nations and races, is proverbial. Many of our overseas cousins, we suspect, would be amazed at the number of plain Americans who gravely doubt that England went to war altruistically to save Belgium, to save France or to save anybody but England. Again, consequently, and soon, we shall have to meet and try to extinguish the familiar suspicion, still sedulously cultivated by the insidious German propaganda, that America is only playing the part of cat's paw to Britain. There also will come a time when more serious contention may arise. That fresh troops should and must bear the brunt of battle goes without saying, but frankly we dislike to contemplate the effect upon American families of reports of a marked preponderance of American casualties. At this moment, in Canada, riots, greatly minimized in newspaper reports, are rife, in consequence of the insistence of the anti-conscription leaders that excessive slaughter of Canadian troops is attributable to their too constant assignment to places of greatest danger. Like misunderstandings, too, it is well known, once threatened to mar the remarkable harmony which generally has characterized the relations of the British and the French. Obviously the situation is one which will call for the exercise of the highest skill, the best judgment and infinite tact in the field, and which even now, as we have said, demands assiduous cultivation of mutual understanding, consideration and tolerance both here and abroad.

It has seemed to us, having in mind the self-interest in human nature, that the most effective method of enlisting the full endeavors of our own people is by convincing them, first, of their own peril and, secondly, of what we believe to be the fact, namely, that if the war is to be won at all America must win it. But we find little sympathy with this view among our English friends, who naturally and pardonably, in consideration of their mighty efforts and huge sacrifices, prefer to take to themselves the chief credit and to accord to us grateful thanks for somewhat belated assistance in putting the finishing touch to the great work already practically accomplished. We could not and do not for a moment demur to this attitude upon the part of an ally who has so clearly proved her nobility, but the fact that its assumption seriously cripples those of us who are striving

to dissipate the apathy which still pervades our own country should be apparent.

We can readily appreciate that, to some minds, the presentation of these unpleasing truths may seem injudicious and likely to enhance the very disaffection which we would avert; but we do not think so. Wilful concealment and deception have been the bane of this war from the beginning. At this moment we are struggling in a morass of contradictions respecting its most vital phase,—the real effectiveness of the German submarine and the actual measure, as demonstrated in practice, of its menace. Week by week the official reports show declines in numbers and tonnage of ships sunk and we begin to feel more easy in our minds, when suddenly the charge is made authoritatively that the full extent of damage done is not revealed; that only ships immediately sent to the bottom and not those wrecked are reported; then Mr. Charles H. Grasty, a conservative and responsible American publicist, cables, and the British censor passes, a positive statement that the loss per month reaches the paralyzing total of 1,600,000 tons; and, finally, Mr. Arthur Pollen, the visiting British naval expert, informs us that, while Mr. Grasty's estimate is too high, nevertheless the war will be lost before February 1, 1919, if the rate of destruction is not greatly reduced meanwhile.

And—this being only by way of illustration of common practice—so it goes along the whole line. Upon a Monday a Government decides that, as a matter of policy, the country should be reassured, forthwith it is done; a Minister makes a speech; all is not yet fully accomplished, but all is well. Upon a Friday the Government concludes that it is the part of wisdom to alarm the people; the task is easy; revised reports, previously misapprehended, presage unexpected danger, perhaps disaster. In each instance the facts revealed confirm all that the facts concealed refute. A bad, a viciously bad system of political battledore and shuttlecock certain only to fetch dismay to one's own and to bear cheer to one's enemy! It has worked ill in England; it must not be attempted in America. The whole truth for the whole people! Yes,—but no less and, having in mind a certain ridiculous Fourth-of-July celebration which, as an example, may yet demand our reluctant attention, no more!

Not by way of apology, but of explanation, do we instance to our Allies some of the difficulties which not only confront

us now but are bound to multiply as time passes. We might go further and depict the harassments of a President striving to transform a governmental organ of peace into a potent machine of war; to resolve order out of chaos; to reconcile diverse and discordant elements especially of politics, as represented by some of his lieutenants, and of business, personified by domineering captains of industry; and, most trying of all, to keep within bounds and so far as may be under heel a jealous Congress of malcontents.

We might and perhaps should point to the irresistible conclusion that just as, single-handed, the President is overcoming immediate obstacles so, single-handed, he will have to face and solve the broader and deeper problems of popular sovereignty to which we have alluded, for the quite simple reason that the President's own conviction that this is a people's war is no whit stronger than the feeling of a very considerable portion of those very people who upheld him at the polls that it is the President's war.

But there is no cause for serious misgiving. The President has made no errors of commission—barring one, inadvertently—since the day of his memorable declaration. And he never before possessed the confidence of the country to so great a degree. It is an amazing thing to say, but we believe that the readers of this Review will confirm us in the assertion that no really thoughtful citizen of the United States would deny his absolute pre-eminence, above any other who could be named, in mental ability, in moral courage and in far-reaching vision, for performance of the great task now imposed upon him by destiny.

We are not satisfied, of course; we never are and hope never to be; four months, we confess, is a long time to take to lay the keel of a single ship and six months to build a cantonment,—while Ribot and Joffre are crying "*Vite, vite!*" and Lloyd George and Northcliffe are echoing "Quick, quick!" but neither are we complaining. Soon, we cannot doubt, the President will supplant his Council of National *Defense* with a Council of National *Attack,* and give orders to cease *preparing* for war as an ultimate aim and *go to it,* American fashion.

Unconditional surrender: the only way!

God wills: make it so!

Forward: march!

Vite: vite!

DEMOCRATS ON TRIAL

THE word is used generically, not in a partisan sense. It means here the disciples of Hamilton as well as of Jefferson; the recent supporters of Taft, of Roosevelt and of Hughes, as well as of the President. Democrats, Republicans, Progressives, Socialists, Prohibitionists—Sublapsarians and Supralapsarians—all who maintain in any form the rule of the people as against the divine right of kings, are included. They are at the bar, on trial for their lives. The test is not of democracy, but of democrats. The system is sound, impeccable. All question is concerning those who are administering it. We have hitherto argued and, we believe, abundantly demonstrated, that just as high a degree of military efficiency and of all other efficiency is possible under a republican as under a monarchical system of government. To concede otherwise would be to damn democracy.

How is it, then, that there has been such deplorable work, or lack of work, at Washington? For there has been; make no mistake about that. There has been some good work, inspiring work. It was well that the recognition of the long-existing state of war was made as promptly and as unanimously as the folly of the Lafollette would permit. It was fine that the record-breaking appropriation was so quickly and unanimously made. There were other enactments of real worth, for which we must give our legislators credit. On the other hand, there was inexcusable delay and discord over the doing of some of the most essential things. The enactment of the Food Control bill, for chief example, took more weeks than it should have taken days, or hours; a delay which cost us and our Allies dear. How did that happen? Was it not chargeable against republican institutions, against democracy?

We answer unhesitatingly, No. It is quite true that such recreant dilly-dallying was possible under democracy, while it might not have been possible under monarchy. A case in point: In the fall of 1862 the Prussian Parliament refused to vote the appropriations which the king wanted for his preparations for war against Austria, whereupon one Otto von Bismarck observed that the impending crisis was to be settled not by speeches and Parliamentary votes but by blood and iron, and on his advice the king for four

years governed the country, made the appropriations and prepared his army without the aid or consent of Parliament. That could not, of course, be done in a republic.

Without resorting to chop-logic, however, it must be obvious that just because a thing is possible under democracy is no reason for considering it an inevitable result of democracy and for blaming democracy for it. It is equally obvious, to suggest an analogy, that the commission of crime is possible in life. It is the circumstance that men are alive that makes it possible for them to commit crime. But we do not therefore charge life with being a wicked thing, because it is responsible for crime, and we certainly do not propose that we should eliminate crime from the world by destroying all life. It is not life *per se,* but the misuse of its opportunities, that is the cause of crime. In like manner, it is not democracy but the misuse of it, of its opportunities, powers and privileges, that is the cause of occasional inefficiency and misgovernment.

It is, moreover, no less obvious and no less certain, that precisely such failures of governmental efficiency might occur under a monarchy. We have said that it might not, but not that it could not, have been possible for a monarchical government to indulge in the piffling and twiddling delay which has been indulged in at Washington. We now add that it might be possible—aye, that it is quite possible—for a monarchy to do so, and it might be that a democracy would not do so at all. The course of the Greek king and his ministers during the present war has been a demonstration of that fact. On the other hand, if the legislators of a democracy were strong, resolute, expeditious, and sincerely devoted to the welfare of the republic above all political or personal advantage, they would act with as much promptness and vigor as any autocrat.

What is requisite is that the people of this republic, and their chosen lawmakers and administrators, shall awaken to a deeper and truer realization of the needs and the capacities of democracy. They must understand that the name of democracy is not an infallible talisman, like "that blessed word, Mesopotamia"; and that neither in the system of democracy itself nor in the national identity of America is there any exemption from the common lot of humanity. To adapt the words of Shylock: Hath not an American eyes?

We need to have a clearer and more just appreciation of

the equity and the necessity of the universal service of individuals to the state as well as of the state to individuals. Such an appreciation prevailed in the minds of Washington and Jefferson and their colleagues, but their successors have lost it. "We make their truth our falsehood." The chief clamor of our day has been to increase the service of the state to the individual. The state must now give not merely primary education, but secondary and higher, and even the learned professional courses of the all-embracing universities. It must provide libraries and lecture courses and entertainments. It must distribute free seeds, and publish daily weather reports and forecasts. It must extend its mail service to the carrying of express matter and freight, and must deliver it at the door of even the remote rural dweller. Sanitation, medical service, health insurance, old age pensions, and a multiplicity of other forms of service and benefaction, are now enjoyed or demanded by the individual at the hands of the state. Surely it is time for us to pay some attention to the service which the state is entitled to require of the individual, in war as well as in peace.

We must understand, too, that all such service to the state must be, like the services of the state to the individual, impartially universal. If Jefferson did not mean that, he meant nothing at all, with his declaration that all men are created equal. If it be true that all men are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights, it is equally true, and equally pertinent for us to remember, that they are also charged by Him with certain unavoidable duties. We need to realize that for the fulfilment of those duties, for the performance of that service of the individual to the state, preparation is essential.

Now we have said that it is just as possible for a democracy to be efficient and triumphant, in peace and in war, as for a monarchy to be. That end is to be attained, too, in precisely the same way. The monarchy is efficient because of the efficiency, the intelligence, resolution and devotion, of its rulers, the monarch and his ministers. The democracy, similarly, must be efficient because of the efficiency and other essential qualities of its rulers, the democrats and their representatives in the legislature and administration. That is the logic of the case, and it is perfectly simple and convincing. To end the blunders of the last few weeks and to

forefend their repetition, it is for Congress and the Administration to realize, or for the people to compel them to realize, that " It's war we're in, not politics; It's systems wrastlin' now, not parties." And that realization cannot come too soon or too forcibly if, in the world's consummate contest between democracy and autocracy, democracy is to be vindicated by democrats.

NO ENTANGLING ALLIANCE

We have allies, but no alliance. That is the anomalous but reassuring and gratifying condition in which America is now placed. A certain portion of the well-meant but mistaken reluctance which some felt toward formal recognition of the state of war which the Huns had forced upon us undoubtedly arose from a fear that by thus practically aligning ourselves with the Allied Powers we should be drawn into relations with them contrary to the principle of " entangling alliances with none," which is supposed to be one of the traditional policies of the nation.

That reluctance was mistaken, we say, upon three grounds. One is, that if there were such a traditional policy present exigencies would make it desirable to cancel it. There are crises when " time makes ancient good uncouth." Another is, that the apprehended relationship might be one of alliance but not of " entangling " alliance. Washington and Jefferson, the two primal prophets of the Republic who most austerely warned us against entangling alliances no less directly advocated the forming of alliances which were not entangling whenever it should be necessary to serve our own ends or the ends of humanity. The third is, that the relations between us and the European Allies have not, as a matter of fact, assumed the form of any kind of alliance, and are not likely to do so. Indeed, we may say that they are practically certain not to do so. There was, of course, no thought on the part of our Government of making treaties of alliance with the war commissioners who came hither from France and the United Kingdom, and it was promptly made plain that there was no such thought on the part of those commissioners—who had no authority to make treaties—or of the Governments which sent them hither. Said Mr. Balfour, speaking early in his visit to this country, and with much deliberation and unmistakable sincerity and earnestness:

"I am told that there are some doubting critics who seem to think that the object of the missions of Great Britain and France is to inveigle the United States out of its traditional policy and to entangle it in a formal alliance, secret or public, with European Powers. I cannot imagine any rumor with less foundation, nor can I imagine any policy so utterly unnecessary. Our confidence in the assistance which we are going to get from this community is not based upon such considerations as those which arise out of formal treaties."

He did not say what he might have said, and what has doubtless come into the minds of many, that formal treaties have in these last few years been sorely discredited by being treated as "scraps of paper." Nations which were supposed to be bound together by the strongest of formal treaties are now at war with each other, while some which are most loyally cooperating with one another have no treaties of alliance whatever between them.

What has happened is, that America has at last come to recognize and to realize the close community of interest which exists between herself and the European Allies. It is now seen, by nobody more clearly than by himself, that the President strangely misapprehended the facts when he declared that we were not concerned with the causes of the war, and that on the contrary the causes, the remote springs, of the war are matters of the most vital and direct concern to us. For unless Germany is egregiously misrepresented by some of its most conspicuous and authoritative spokesmen, this war has from the very first, even in its earliest preparations, been a direct menace to America, and has been deliberately meant to challenge and, if possible, to subvert the basic principles upon which this republic is founded. Again and again it has been declared by the most eminent German publicists that no nation has any rights of independence and self-government which other and stronger nations are bound to respect; that "the so-called right of nationalities to govern themselves" is a gross error; and that the most urgent need of the day is that the whole German nation shall be seized with the purpose to conquer all other nations and to make the will of Germany the law of the world.

The European Allies appear to have realized from the beginning that such was Germany's purpose in waging this

war; and the fact that the United States, or the United States Government, did not equally realize it, was a cause of much surprise to them. So long as that difference of point of view existed, the Allies and America stood apart, neither understanding or appreciating the other. The moment America wakened to a recognition of the facts, as the Allies saw and knew them, she and the Allies held the same point of view, and the strongest bonds of co-operation were formed and applied.

The relationship may be called an entente, an understanding, a gentlemen's agreement, a community of interest, or whatever you please. It is not an entangling alliance; nor indeed a formal alliance at all. It requires no renunciation nor violation of any of our principles or policies. It binds us to nothing that we do not wish to be bound to, and it gives to no other nation any power or opportunity to intrude itself into American affairs. It cancels no right of ours and it burdens us with no new responsibilities, beyond the limits of our own desires and the bounds of our own national interests.

It is not an alliance, entangling or otherwise, but it is far stronger and better. It is a moral and spiritual union, called into being by the very causes of the war, and for that reason bound to endure until the effects of the war are finally settled, by the common consent of the victorious allies, among which America will have an equal place with all the rest. We shall not end the war until they are ready and willing to do so, and we shall accept no terms which are not satisfactory to them; and they will not end the war without our assent, nor accept terms of peace which are not satisfactory to us.

Let that be understood!

WAR DEBT AND NATIONAL CREDIT

WHAT of our war loans? Will the nation be able to bear the stupendous burden, with credit unimpaired? Such questions have been asked, and are being asked; sometimes by earnest patriots who are seriously concerned upon the subject. The loan of seven billions is the largest ever authorized at one time by any nation in the world. It is nearly six times as great as our entire debt before it was authorized. It is nearly twice as great as our entire military expenditures

during the four years of the Civil War. How is the nation to stand up under so heavy a load?

The story of our former war loans, and an analysis of our present financial status in comparison with our own past record and the present conditions of other countries, should set all apprehensions at rest and give us perfect confidence, though they may also provoke some criticism of our unpreparedness and slipshod methods in financing as well as in fighting wars.

We have issued war loans in five wars before the present, and in only two of them, the first and second, were there serious difficulties, which were due to the weakness of the National Government. In the Revolution we began with bills of credit, issued by the Continental Congress. Later, requisitions were made upon the various States, which they were expected to meet through taxation. How badly this system worked, and how poor was our credit, may be seen in the fact that in the latter part of 1779, with some $450,000,000 of indebtedness outstanding, it took forty dollars of our paper money to equal one dollar in silver. In the spring of 1782 the Government defaulted on the interest on its loans, and certified and approved claims against it were worth less than 15 per cent. of their nominal value. With the return of peace and the establishment and recognition of our independence there was little if any improvement in our credit, because of the fatal impotence of the government of the Confederation.

Salvation came with the Constitution. Under its benign provisions Hamilton was able to deal with affairs in a manner which abundantly warranted Webster's tribute: "He smote the rock of the national resources, and abundant streams of revenue gushed forth. He touched the dead corpse of Public Credit, and it sprang upon its feet." Indeed, the assured prospect of a stable system of national finance under the Constitution caused some improvement in our credit before Hamilton assumed control of the Treasury; and his achievements so advanced and confirmed the process that before the end of the first Presidential Administration that credit was one of the very highest and best in the world.

As a result of the work of Hamilton and his worthy successor, Gallatin, the national debt was reduced to only $45,000,000 at the beginning of the War of 1812. Then we were made to suffer the lack of fiscal as well as of military

unpreparedness. Sound as had been our ordinary financial system, it comprised no adequate provision for meeting an emergency, and the result was that as soon as extraordinary revenue was needed for the war we were plunged into embarrassment. A six per cent. loan was floated with great difficulty, several points below par. In 1814 additional loans were issued at as much as 35 per cent. discount. Some, indeed, were worse than that, with discounts and bonuses and commissions; since it was officially reported to Congress that loans of a face value of $80,000,000 had realized for the Treasury only $34,000,000 in specie, or 42.5 per cent. More disastrous and discreditable national financiering than that could not easily be imagined; the memory of which may well move us to be forbearing in our criticisms of some of our neighbors at the South. Fortunately for us, that was not an expensive war. Its total cost was only about $120,000,000, and we were able to meet so much of it through taxation that at the end of the war the entire national debt was less than $128,000,000. Of course, these latter circumstances make it appear all the more discreditable that we had so much difficulty in raising the needed funds; just as the small size of the invading army made it all the more discreditable for us to be so badly beaten in nearly all of our land engagements. The explanation in both cases was our stupid and criminal lack of preparation; the more culpable because of the long warning which we had had that war was impending. But after the war our recovery was so rapid that in the course of twenty years we were able to pay off the entire debt, and the national Treasury was able to distribute among the States a surplus of $28,000,000.

The third war, that with Mexico, was like its predecessor short and inexpensive. During three years it called for less than $100,000,000 of extraordinary revenue. The prosperity and resources of the country were then so great that loans at 5 2/5 and 6 per cent. were readily placed, not as before at an enormous discount, but at and even a little above par. At the end of that war our total debt was only $63,000,000, and the process of reduction was continued until at the beginning of Buchanan's Administration it was less than $29,000,000, with a prospect of its reaching the vanishing point before the next national election. But Buchanan's Administration was ill-fated. At the beginning of it came the panic of 1857, which was followed by other troubles,

political as well as economic, which destroyed confidence and sent credit down the scale. In consequence, his Administration ended with a debt of $88,000,000. The Government was living "from hand to mouth" on short term loans for current expenses, on which it was paying 12 per cent. interest, while its twenty-year bonds, at six per cent. interest, were sold with difficulty at between nine and ten per cent. discount. The revenues of the nation were less than two-thirds of its expenses.

In such circumstances the country entered upon a Civil War which in the most favorable circumstances would have taxed severely its fiscal resources and system. In those unfavorable circumstances it was little short of miraculous that we weathered the storm. But we did, and in good shape; albeit we were driven to some remarkable devices. Short-term notes, long-term bonds, demand notes, legal-tender notes, and various forms of paper currency, were all issued, with interest on them ranging from zero to 7.3 per cent. The total of the war loans was in the neighborhood of four billions, of which 40 per cent. was in long-term and 60 per cent. in short-term obligations. It will be recalled that two of the largest loans were practically failures until Jay Cooke took them in hand and floated them through his popular agencies.

Our war taxes and the Morrill tariff so increased the revenue that more than a quarter of the expenses of the war were paid before its end. In September, 1865, the debt reached its highest point, at $2,846,000,000, minus $88,000,000 in the treasury. Meantime, the national bank law had grown out of the war, to the great advantage of our financial system, and the funding act and other measures were adopted and put into operation, with the result that by 1893 the debt had been reduced to only $834,000,000. Thereafter circumstances caused some little increase. The war with Spain was short and comparatively inexpensive, and was practically negligible in its effects upon national finance. A war loan of $200,000,000 at 3 per cent. interest was enormously oversubscribed at par.

The beginning of the present war found us with a net debt of a little more than one billion dollars, with nearly half a billion more in bonds authorized but not yet issued. Adding to these the new loan of seven billions authorized on April 24, we have a grand total of national indebtedness

of eight and a half billions. That is vastly more than we ever had before, and more than any nation in the world ever had before the present war. Actually, it is a large debt. Comparatively, it seems a large debt by the side of any that we have ever known before. Yet when we come to draw the comparison not only between this and former debts but also between these and former circumstances, it does not seem a large but rather a moderate if not actually a small debt.

For a debt is to be estimated not by its actual size, but by the ratio between it and the wealth or the resources of the debtor. A debt of a thousand dollars will bankrupt a man who is not worth a thousand dollars, while to a man who is worth a million it will be negligible. Now a debt of eight and a half billions at the present time means indebtedness of about $83 per capita of our population. In 1865 the debt was $2,846,000,000, and our population was between 34,000,000 and 35,000,000. Therefore the per capita indebtedness at that time was about $83, or just what it is now. On that basis, we are plunged no more deeply into debt by the seven billion loan than we were by the loans of the Civil War. That, however, is not the true basis of comparison, or is only a minor part of it. The real comparison should be on the basis of national wealth. In 1865 the average per capita wealth of the nation was only about $600, against which, as we have seen, we owed $83, or about 14 per cent. With liabilities of only 14 per cent. of our assets, we were certainly solvent. But at the present time our per capita wealth is at least $2,000, and probably much more; against which we have only the same indebtedness of $83, or only a fraction above four per cent. as against 14 per cent. in 1865. In other words, our present debt, in proportion to our resources, is less than one-third what it was in 1865. With all this seven billion loan, our liabilities will be only about four per cent. of our assets. No danger of insolvency there!

We might carry the analysis further, to comprise the finances of some other nations. In Great Britain at the beginning of the present war the debt was $77.50 per capita, or four per cent. of the national wealth; nearly as much as ours will be with the big war burden added; while at the present time it is $382 per capita, or 21 per cent. of the national wealth. So the British burden of debt is practically five

times as great as ours, and yet nobody in his senses regards the United Kingdom as in danger of insolvency.

France had at the beginning of the war the largest debt in the world. It was about $6,607,000,000. That meant $160 per capita, or nearly twice what ours is now with all our war debt, and it meant more than ten per cent. of the national wealth. Now that debt has risen to eighteen billions, which is $455 per capita, or 28 per cent. of the wealth of the nation; seven times as great as ours. Russia had in 1914 a large debt, which because of her enormous population was only $27 per capita, but because of her poverty was 11.35 per cent. of her national wealth. Now it has risen to $43.70 per capita, or 18.36 per cent. of her wealth.

Turning to our chief antagonist, Germany had before the war a huge debt of $73.62 per capita, which, however, was only about 6.34 per cent. of her resources; though even so it was half as big again in proportion to her means as our debt will be with all the seven billion loan. At the present time Germany's debt is probably over seventeen billions, which means $255 per capita, or 22 per cent. of the national wealth.

Certainly with liabilities of only a trifle over four per cent. of our assets, we are in a vastly better position than these others whose percentages of indebtedness range from 18 to 22 per cent. This does not, of course, suggest that we are free to incur extravagant and profligate expenditures. Our fiscal administration should be as scrupulous and as careful as though we were nearing the end instead of being at the beginning of our resources. But it does emphatically mean that every citizen should have unbounded confidence in the solvency of his Government and should unhesitatingly subscribe to its loans whenever required, and it also means that our Government need not consider itself stinted to the extent of a single cent in any legitimate expenses which may be deemed desirable for the most expeditious and the most energetic and efficient prosecution of the war.

A PACIFIST DEFENSE OF AMERICA'S WAR

BY JOSEPH JASTROW

The cause of pacifism, and not it alone, suffers from the uncertain precedence of means or end. Like other movements, it offers at once an ideal and a platform. It follows the common psychology in that the enthusiasm it enlists is readily transferred from cause to programme; it shares the common experience in developing active dissensions within its ranks. Thus arise sects and factions and their divided and weakened energies. The quality of salvation is subordinated to the ritual for its attainment. Fanaticism is the extreme expression of the limitation.

The shift of energy from purposes to programmes is intelligible. Progress depends upon a choice of route as well as of goal. Men require the emotional satisfaction of the concrete devotion. Loyalties, abstract and unattached, prove as impotent as platonic affections. So long as reason remains the accredited control of sentiment, its task is the reconciliation of means and end, and the guidance of effort, patiently and consistently, if uncertainly to cherished purposes. In this course it is easy to mistake a change of route for the abandonment of a principle—a compromised or forsaken loyalty. For the enlisted, desertion is the supreme offense, apostasy the unpardonable sin. Yet progress depends upon altered allegiances, and the relinquishment of once cherished conversions for others richer in promise, more vital in appeal.

The mass outlines of a large project like pacifism may be clear; but under the practical stress of construction, they give way to a busy consideration of details. Like many a cause, pacifism is a contention, denying its extreme, non-

resistant, negative formulation by its every assertion. Pacifism is not passivism. By decree of history it is a protest, and protestants are legitimately, when considerately, clamorous. For a protest, obeying the same tendencies that require or favor a concrete programme, throws itself powerfully against a palpable wrong. If a class issue, the grievance rankles, inflames, keeps agitation and—in latter days—organization alive. If a social wrong, or more typically an established but to the protestants a false direction of the collective energies, it grows into a reform movement; if large enough in its bearings, into a world-wide reformation, a universal reconstruction of mind and heart.

Pacifism is unmistakably a world-wide issue, everywhere close to the focus of present thought. Its protesting and seemingly negative operations are forced upon it. The conspicuousness of pacifism as a narrow, anti-war agitation is not of its own choosing; at the moment it is to a regrettable extent a journalistic product. To the narrower vision—or more charitably expressed, to those swayed by a legitimate sentimental conviction—the wrongs of war, the horrors of war, the demoralizations of war are adequate and all absorbing denunciations of its murderous practices. Anything rather than this! Add the utter futility of war, the humiliation of rationality, the endless dehumanizing consequences that follow its train, the despoiling of fair lands and cities, the estrangement of peoples, the poisoning of generations with prejudices, the undoing of the slow, arduous, dearly bought work of centuries in the education of men —what defense can there be for such a colossal, monstrous, chaotic, diabolic evil?

The difficulty of presenting the cause of pacifism is due to the paradoxical state of opinion. This goes beyond the frequent and pardonable inconsistency of the democratic mind, seeking a satisfactory expression of its feelings; it is decidedly aggravated in times of war. It is needlessly aggravated by the tyranny of words. When the dogs of war are unloosed, the watch-dog of peace is given a bad name and promptly hanged. The paradox of the situation lies in this: that the instigators and the approving witnesses of the execution—that is, the great majority of them—are in a true sense pacifists. In a practical minded country words have least excuse for serving as bogies; and slogans should not be used as brands. To the pacifist war is an expression of the

temporary failure of the institutions of mankind. To the pacifist civilization is a system, is indeed the composite of all systems, whereby nations may live peaceably in a common world, despite their differences of race, custom, language, tradition, interests. The individual and collective energies of men are directed for lifetime pursuits—including the systematic preparation for them, which is education—contributory to this comprehensive end. The largest share of mankind is engaged in the work of providing for daily needs and establishing the conditions under which the work of civilization may proceed favorably and justly for the common good. All these men, laborers, artisans, traders, organizers, men of business and affairs, are expressing by their pursuits within the field of livelihood and beyond it, their pacifist loyalties. These mutually supporting occupations require a peaceful adjustment of the inevitable conflicts of men—of individuals, neighbors, rivals, organizations, interests, parties, cities, states, nations. Those who believe that the best way to settle such disputes, to advance civilization, and to preserve the qualities of men that are most worth preserving, is to settle them by compulsion and the verdict of arms, are militarists; those who believe in the inherent worth and rectitude of the actually operative system are pacifists.

The attempt so to conjure with words as to make the worse seem the better cause, and convert the overwhelming majority into an insignificant and feebly protesting minority must be vigorously resisted. That is what pacifists are fighting for; and they propose to fight unceasingly, mobilizing in their cause the very resources—each and every one, according to its strength and fitness—all the combined agencies that have made civilization possible. If science and religion, if justice and law and morality, if decency and honesty and clean living, if democracy and Americanism are matters of supreme value and worth fighting for, then the American pacifist proposes to fight for these ends and with them as means. If the only way left to him by the force of circumstances to conduct that fight is to acknowledge the momentary defeat of the means upon which he has staked everything, he is ready to enlist in the very service which he abhors for its inhumanity, distrusts for its entanglements, resents for its irrationality. Peace and civilization are one. The pacifist accepts civilization at any price. He regrets the price; for it is nothing less than an inglorious retreat to

cruder methods of adjustment, an enforced, shameful reversion imposed by the sacredness of the allegiance that holds him to the cause—a pacifist in both ends and means so long as hope and reason and patience remain, a pacifist in ends when in despair the means must be deserted to save the ends.

Many who read this statement may receive it with serious and troubled reservations. For that attitude the paradoxical state of American opinion is largely responsible. One source of confusion may readily be removed. No one questions the necessity of force and invested authority to regulate a contentious and pugnacious humanity. The machinery of courts, and jails, and reformatories, and the influences of religion, manners, education and practical good will and fair play are quite insufficient to keep peace on earth on all occasions. Yet we distinguish between the police and the soldier, though both are prepared to use arms. We must insure against the failures of all our machinery to regulate aggressive and violent human contacts. That some such machinery is needed for the policing of international interests is the conviction that has emerged from a hope of a few advanced thinkers to the promise of prompt realization by the enlightened nations of the world. "The League to Enforce Peace" is obviously a pacifist proposal. Those who support it enroll themselves in the inner circle of pacifists. Pacifism not only accepts, it urges the necessity of policing nations; because unless adequately policed by deliberate and voluntary organization, nations are open to the dismal possibilities of war. Co-operative policing favorable to deliberation, and to the sanctity of treaties and arbitration, is a civilized form of adjustment, that builds upon toleration, understanding, sympathy; the system of ordeal by ruthless warfare is supported by prejudice, hate, intolerance, unreason, distrust. The psychological affiliations of the two policies are as opposed as the forms of expression which they congenially assume. The psychology of war is as important in consideration as the institution of war. Peace-mindedness and war-mindedness are decisive qualities.

The more immediate contention relates to the measure of insurance which a civilized nation deems it prudent to provide for the protection of its civilization from the destructive threat of war. The extreme militarist (within the definitely pacifist world of today) votes for the maximum insurance; that seems a possible position until confronted by the obvi-

ous fact that the insurance of one nation is the threat of another. The average pacifist replies: the least possible. The extreme pacifist may reply: none at all; because he has no faith in an insurance that is a threat, and believes it possible by other means to reduce the threat to make insurance needless. The moderate pacifist surveys the horizon not for war-clouds, but with circumspect recognition that the integrity of peace depends upon a reciprocal confidence among the nations. He is anxious because the avowed pacific faith is loosely organized, and its warrant uncertain because institutionally weak. A single false note may break the concord. The avowed policy of every nation is pacifist. Not one of them assumes the responsibility of breaking the peace of nations, or justifies the actual war except as the repulse of an invasion or its threat. In the desire of every nation to be enrolled among the pacifists, the pacifist recognizes the sanction and authoritative confirmation of his cause. But the actual enrollment depends upon deed and attitude, not upon affirmation.

The so-called militarist (excluding always the true though not extreme believer in militarism)* is by profession a pacifist, but one who believes that the present state of human advance cannot dispense with the ultimate appeal to arms in the defense of peace. Many go farther in expressing their militaristic leanings. They believe it is well to carry some insurance of civilization in the old-time militaristic companies, while carrying most of it in the new pacific ones. Some admit the inconsistency of the practice. Others are confident that they can draw a safe line between threat and protection. What determines such attitudes is the measure

* The out and out militarist who believes that men are best occupied when fighting, that the military virtues are the sterling and chosen ones, that war is the chief business of nations, that the arts of peace are devices to keep the race occupied between periods of war, is in this consideration ignored. His consistency is unassailed. The contention of the reluctant militarist that war is not desirable but for the present so seriously imminent as eventually to be inevitable, is not ignored, but opposed by the combined arguments of pacifism. It is well to add that the position is here stated with reference to the present war alone. The present-day changed attitude toward war is as complete as the revolutionary change in warfare. The presence in the historical perspective, of wars of aggression, conquest, extension of influence, balance of power, defense of national integrity, establishes precedents, but cannot outweigh the overwhelming contrasts of condition, public opinion, and international relations, which make the world war so distinctive in its issues. The possession of an historical outlook broadens, but it may also distract attention from the critical differences of present condition. Whether an historical equipment and the citation of precedent serve as aids to keener vision or as blinders, depends upon the acumen and the spirit in which they are used.

of distrust that accompanies the confidence in another's intentions—a composite faith in peace or Providence, and in dry powder. The convinced pacifist urges that the disarmament of force makes confidence indispensable, and reasonable adjustment the authoritative arbiter. The pacifist with militaristic reservations regards the risk in holding other nations to be as well intentioned as his own, too great to be committed to any other tribunal than a coercion under his own control. In an entangled world ruled by biased and frail reason, such differences of opinion should be compatible with mutual respect without suspicion of loyalty or sincerity or competence.

So much analysis is needed to present the pacifist defense of America's war in its actual relations. Beyond this the internal contentions within the pacifist camps are for the moment irrelevant. Once the peace which is their common hope is realized, they must be prepared to find themselves at variance. The confident pacifist will remain unalterably opposed to military ideals and extensive military preparedness as a political policy. Far from seeing in the world war a justification of preparedness, he will see in it the removal of the menace that gave it partial support. While the war is on, the two orders of pacifists will agree that the most vigorous prosecution is the most humane because the quickest means to the common end.

The pacifist viewing his position, finds his conviction that the war was needless and unjustified, as strong in 1917 as in 1914. The American pacifist accepted neutrality as long as that seemed the attitude most conducive to the cause of peace, fairest to determine where aggression lay. The enemy from the first was and remains not this nation or that, but militarism everywhere. If convinced before 1914 as to the source of the menace, the pacifist might in prudence have awaited confirmation, but quite as legitimately might have expressed himself promptly and forcibly. The invasion of Belgium and its sequel dispelled all lingering doubt. American pacifism was then enlisted.

The pacifist's neutrality is a sincere attempt to regard objectively the rôle of the transgressor, which is hard. That this war should be directed against Germany is a source of equally sincere regret. Deeply appreciative of German contributions to civilization and of the inherent qualities of the German people, the sympathetic American pacifist reaches

the tragic conviction that if militarism can undo so sterling a race, what havoc can it not accomplish, and what qualities of men can it not destroy! Or he may be driven to a doubt of her former appreciations, and ask whether such comprehensive dehumanization of an entire people does not proceed upon an overlooked and serious disqualification—a dishonorable inclination toward despotism and insane ambition. He considers whether German *Kultur* is and has long been hollow and vain and perverse. Resisting such unwelcome considerations, he falls back upon the only charitable and adequate explanation: that Germany has lost mental and moral balance. It is no less true of nations than of individuals: Whom the gods would destroy they first make mad.

The pacifist is compelled to look for the proof of a belligerent's profession of loyalty to the values of civilization in the respect shown for these in the conduct of war. The same order of judgment obtains in war and in peace. The standards applied to a low order of civilization are in neither enterprise to be applied to a higher one. The proof of what men are fighting for is reflected in the restrictions which they place upon the passions aroused by their belligerency. The respect for the sanctity of treaties as of the rules of warfare, the humane regard for the defenseless, the forbearance of cruelty and wanton revenge and malicious destruction, a deference to the opinions and protests of neutral nations and the established moral standards of all peoples, these considerations may go far even in times of war—which at its best is hell—to prove the underlying loyalty of a goaded or misguided people to their professed cause. Merely to recall Louvain and the *Lusitania* is to remove the last vestige of sympathy of the most charitable pacifist and to turn it to hot indignation and unrelenting hostility. Whatever in the Teutonic view may be the injustice of the wrongs which the war was embraced to redress, the manner of the redress is infinitely more base than any wrong threatened or endured. To the intellectual pacifist the apologies for the war and for the conduct of the war by Germany sound the most despairing note. For if the leaders of German thought, the high priests of learning, can so completely lose the qualities of their calling, what hope of redemption remains? The pacifist must be a man of courage, for the war has shown that there is much fighting to be done. He must have the

courage to face the facts. He may in wisdom decline to judge a nation by its crimes. He may accept Germany as a terrible proof that no nation is secure enough in its entrenched civilization to risk the demoralization of a worship of might in a militaristic ritual. He may recognize in the national policy an invitation though not a cause of the Teutonic treacherous betrayal of the world's trust. But in the end, however desperately he holds to the conviction that Germany and Germans cannot be different from other nations and peoples associated for so long in the common cause of enlightenment, he dare not flinch when confronted by the astounding and awful proof that they are.

Comment may aid little to comprehension. Just before the outbreak of the war one of the greatest of German scholars added to a long and honorable career a monumental work on the evolution of civilization—the volumes on Folk-Psychology, by Professor Wilhelm Wundt. In it he reviews the faltering attempts of man in prehistoric times to gain a control of nature and to regulate life. He portrays the levels of culture from the most primitive, through the crude beliefs and superstitions, the gradual appearance of more elevated systems of ideas in myth and achievement, and makes the culminating level that marks the beginning of history and of wider, productive human contacts, the age of *humanity,* an age heralded and in part entered into thousands of years ago. Participating in that evolution is the attitude toward war and the conduct of warfare. To obtain a parallel for the type of warfare practised and approved by Germany of the twentieth century, one must go back in evolution centuries in time to a meaner age, and aeons in conscience to a duller one, to a time when humanity was an unknown conception, and savage domination ruled exultingly. And yet this philosopher, justly honored in all lands, signed the manifesto of academic Germany in approval of principles as incompatible with his profession as with the conclusions of his life work. In the light of this example "*Veritas vos liberabit*" becomes a Mephistophelian mockery.

Germany—that is, so much of Germany as is responsible for the present catastrophe—has made herself, and that deliberately, instead of the aid to the world's civilization which she might be, the direct menace of modern times, the menace of militarism unashamed. The momentous proclamation of President Wilson in none of its momentous utterances is

more significant than in the emphasis that America has no hostility to the German people, that America insists upon the clear distinction between a fatal policy and those who are urged by a sense of patriotism to espouse it. No sentence in this culminating document has aroused more resentment in the German press; with the restoration of reason no sentiment will be more effective in justifying the action of the United States.

So much of statement is necessary to give the pacifist attitude its proper setting. The issues of the war, the aggravations and irritations, the diplomatic blunders and political crimes are as little overlooked by the pacifist as by anyone with practical comprehension and historical sense.* Their bearing upon the recourse to war (or instigation of war) as the mode of their settlement, and upon the conduct of that war, is to the pacifist of wholly secondary consideration in the central issue. The development of the political and social machinery to minimize the sources of irritation and misunderstanding is the statesman's task. To excuse the inexcusable by ground of necessity is to abandon the fundamental position of humanity; while the enforcement in the twentieth century, of a national will by a régime of *Schrecklichkeit,* that is as futile as it is brutal, exposes the horrible sham of the sophistry. That is why the pacifist believes in America's war, believes in it with an intensity of conviction that may not so promptly come to others who have thought less deeply, cared less consciously for the ideals of peace. This is not a war of nations, nor a war of interests, though the details of its adjustment may be expressed in such terms. It began as the European war, and by reason of the solidarity of civilization became the World War. When the issues stand clear in proper retrospect, it will be seen to be—as in the histories of the future it may well come to be called—

* Equal recognition is given to the worthy and heroic qualities expressed in warfare and by those professionally concerned with its conduct. The military profession in a civilized community has obviously shared in and been moulded by the standards of civilization. It presents them no less than any other profession. The civilization that has made the triumphs of constructive engineering possible has equally determined modern warfare. These considerations are for the moment irrelevant, though it may not be wholly irrelevant to express appreciation for the qualities historically associated and now exercised in the soldier's calling. It is this appreciation and an unwillingness to lose from the composite of human qualities those stimulated by martial defense that led William James to formulate a plan for retaining in modern life, the moral equivalents of war. For warfare is far too high a cost for their retention; they must be cultivated in less disastrous ways.

the *Pacifist War*. For such it is in motive and purpose, the war against militarism, the war to end war.

In the expressions of loyalty which the declaration of America's war has called forth, the pacifist has noted (with surprise or composure according to his temper) that to some of his demonstrative fellow citizens, his place in the procession has seemed questionable if not anomalous. His unbelief in the military policy and his horror of war seem to a hasty judgment, to exclude him from a participation in the enrollment of his country for the defense of a principle which is peculiarly his. His deep distrust of the means as a policy makes his action a sacrifice when to others it is a confirmation; but this is no reason for lessening in any measure his thrill of communal enthusiasm in this great national uprising. For America's war is an acceptance by the nation, of militarism as its great enemy. The pacifist loves his country for the enemy she has made. In no other cause is he as ready to enlist as in this world-wide crusade against the great menace which to him also is the great illusion. His reflections have made him realize that until all the nations are fused in a pacific determination, the defection of any one is formidable according to its strength when added to the confederation of all. He realizes that no such acceptance is real or potent until transformed into personal conviction. There is no other psychology for nations than for individuals. The menace of German militarism will not be removed until it is replaced by the pacifism of the German people. The hope that it may be so replaced expresses a faith not in prophecy but in psychology. To promote such a consummation in all lands it is important to appeal definitely to the ideal of pacifism, which is the alliance of nations, and is now expressed in a nation of allies. Nothing greater or more uplifting has come to the modern world than the spectacle of so many great peoples—all conscious of their several historic struggles for liberty, which is the ally of peace—arrayed in council and effort and ready for the supreme sacrifice to defend a common cause, to achieve a triumphant pacifism. At this juncture it is important that the pacifist make himself understood. It is important that he be understood; for in the settlement of peace the first and foremost consideration must be and shall be the prevention of war. The Pacifist War will be concluded in a Pacifist Peace.

JOSEPH JASTROW.

RUSSIA THREE MONTHS AFTER THE REVOLUTION

BY A RUSSIAN OFFICER

The recent offensive undertaken by General Brusiloff at the instigation of Mr. Kerensky, has once more brought before the public in a prominent manner, the valour and the stubbornness of the Russian army, and done away with the rumours which were spread about by German agents, that Russia was no longer to be reckoned with as an important factor in the great war. In America especially, the recent Russian successes in Galicia, have come somewhat in the nature of a surprise to a good many people, who had the fixed idea that the Revolution had broken all discipline in the armies of the former Tzar, and destroyed its habit of implicit obedience to its chiefs. It seems to me that the time has come when one must try to do away with these misapprehensions, justified perhaps in one way, if one considers the ignorance which prevails in so many quarters in the United States in regard to the real condition of things in Russia.

When one wants to pass judgment on my country, one ought before everything else, to consider and think about the immense task which was thrust upon her by the suddenness, as well as by the unexpected success of the Revolution, which, whilst it put an end to the most detestable government the world has ever known, found itself on the other hand confronted by the necessity to build anew, not only a whole administration, but also to raise the moral standard of a nation that had been for centuries trampled upon, and ruled by men who were tyrants more than anything else, and who had systematically applied themselves to crush every expression of individual opinion in those over whom they found themselves placed. Liberty is perhaps the

greatest intoxicant that can be administered to human beings, when it is granted to them too suddenly, and who can deny that the Revolution which in the course of three days overthrew the mighty dynasty of the Romanoffs was a sudden and totally unexpected, though long foreseen thing? It occurred just at the moment when it had seemed that the autocratic government represented by the Empress Alexandra, Mr. Sturmer and Mr. Protopopoff was about to triumph once more, and to brush aside any temptation which the weak minded Tzar might have had to grant the indispensable reforms which the whole Russian nation was clamoring for, and perhaps no one was more surprised than Nicolas II. on the one side and the leaders of the liberal parties on the other at its breaking out at the time it did. The man in the street had been far more prepared for this Revolution than its principal actors, and this is also one of the reasons why this man in the street found himself the absolute master for a short time, not only of the country but even of those who had been appointed to rule it. Of course he was not up to the task, which accounts for the blunders committed and the mistakes made, and in general for the indecision which seemed to prevail everywhere in Russia at this critical juncture. The nation had to get used to its new state of existence, and unfortunately this is what people abroad could not understand or realize. They judged not by facts, but by sight, and it seemed to them incredible that all at once the Russian army appeared to have had enough of the war and refused to obey its commanders.

In reality nothing of that kind had occurred. The army had simply not yet entered into the new spirit of things, nor grown accustomed to its independence not so much from lack of military discipline as from the political pressure which had been exercised on it by the autocratic government, the ignorance and obstinacy of which had brought the country to the very verge of ruin. Then again it had to obtain commanders in whom it could have confidence, and who would not be compromised in its eyes either by too great attachment or by ingratitude to the fallen dynasty. The Russian soldier has an immense amount of common sense, and he expects from those who lead him integrity and honesty, as well as ability and military talents. He wants to have absolute confidence in his generals and officers before he makes up his mind to follow them, and to submit to their

lead. The reason why the late Skobeleff became so popular during the Turkish war in 1877 was because he happened to be the only commanding officer in the whole army whom the troops trusted absolutely, not so much perhaps on account of his talents or courage as his moral character, which stood so far above that of any other general. Unfortunately for Russia, she did not possess another Skobeleff in 1914, and the men who had in turn exercised the supreme command during the present campaign were all of them more or less compromised in the eyes of the army, in one way or in another.

When the Revolution broke out, there were only three military figures who stood prominently before the public. These were General Russky, General Alexieieff and General Brusiloff. The two first, through perhaps a mistaken sense of duty, had allowed themselves to become influenced by events as they unfolded themselves. They both had reason to complain of the manner in which they had been treated by the Tzar, and especially by the Empress, and they had forgotten occasionally that they were soldiers, and aspired to play the part of politicians. It is no secret that General Russky almost compelled by force Nicolas II to abdicate, during the latter's stay at Pskoff, and that he showed far less consideration for the fallen monarch than did the commissioners sent by the Duma to request him to lay aside his crown and dignity. As for General Alexieieff, it was principally at his instigation that the Tzar was taken a prisoner, and he pushed matters so far as to persuade the former sovereign to repair to the headquarters at Mohilew, instead of returning immediately after his abdication to Tzarskoie Selo, as he had wished at first to do, because he knew that once there he could keep him virtually captive until the moment when the new government had formally arrested him. These facts became known in the army, and they profoundly disgusted the troops, who through the Soldiers Committee claimed a new commander-in-chief in whom they could have confidence and who would not turn traitor to his word or to his oath. This last fact has never been known abroad, and it explains why such apparent anarchy reigned for a time in the Russian army, and why the latter appeared in the eyes of outsiders and of people who knew nothing of the internal crisis to be undisciplined and rebellious. But in reality

things were very different. The soldiers never for one single moment thought of acting against the orders of the Government or of abandoning their Allies as they have been accused abroad of doing. They required simply one thing, and that was to be led to battle by commanders whom they could trust, and who were not compromised by any suspicious action in the past. They refused to accept the leadership of either Russky or Alexieieff, and when the latter assumed the supreme command after the Grand Duke Nicolas he was greeted by angry protestations of several regiments that had been considered among the best ones in the whole army and that were the first ones to declare that so long as he remained commander-in-chief they would neither fight nor make the slightest attempt to attack the enemy.

This attitude of the troops was of course extremely embarrassing for the new Government. It constituted one of the many, and perhaps the greatest difficulty, among the innumerable ones with which it found itself confronted. The war had to be fought on, or Russia would be dishonored for ever, not only before her Allies, but also before history later on. On the other hand, it was extremely dangerous to allow the army to realize that it could at its will or pleasure decide the questions involved with its command. The Government tried to temporize and to negotiate, a fatal error if ever one was made, for which the then War Minister, Goutzchkoff, was principally responsible, and one which contributed more than anything else to lend credence abroad to the opinion that Russian troops were demoralized and could no longer hold their own or be depended upon to aid their Allies.

Things might have gone on in this uncertain and unsatisfactory manner for an indefinite time if Mr. Kerensky, who perhaps is the only man in Russia at the present day who thoroughly understands the aspirations of his country and the spirit which prevails among the army, had not interfered and almost compelled his colleague, Mr. Goutschkoff, to resign his functions. Kerensky had paid, incognito, several visits to the front, and had had different opportunities to converse with the soldiers. They had told to him what they had said to no one else, and that was, that they considered as an indispensable condition of success in the future, from a strictly military point of view, apart from any other consideration, that they be put under the leadership of a general whom they could love as well as respect and trust.

Kerensky, in spite of some shortcomings, has the spirit of a statesman, though he may lack experience. His comprehension is extremely quick, and the emotional part of his nature is sometimes of great help to him, when it comes to appeal to the feelings or the enthusiasm of the people with whom he finds himself. He is, moreover, quick in forming decisions, and these are generally right, when made alone and unaided by the advice of others. In the crisis which ended by his appointment to the post of War Minister, he displayed extraordinary firmness of character and foresight, and in spite of the many obstacles he found in his way, he contrived to persuade his colleagues, and especially Prince Lvoff, who had been the warmest supporter of Alexieieff, that it was impossible to leave the latter in possession of the supreme command. Lvoff thought that his removal from it would increase the spirit of insubordination among the army, that it might perhaps as a consequence enter upon the road of military pronunciamentos if it saw that its clamors for the dismissal of one of its chiefs had been crowned with success. Kerensky did not agree with this apprehension, and it is a curious thing that this Socialist, whose extreme political opinions had been looked upon with such dread even by some of his own personal friends, had understood better than a highly born nobleman, such as Prince Lvoff, the feelings of indignation of the army at the conduct of Russky and Alexieieff in regard to the deposed Tzar. That he did so proves how completely he had mastered the difficult question of the psychology of the Russian nation, and of the Russian soldiers, and it explains partly the prestige which he enjoys among the latter. Without Kerensky, it is not likely that Brusiloff would ever have been entrusted with the supreme command, and it is doubtful whether any other general would have been able to obtain the great successes which have most undoubtedly accompanied the new offensive that began so recently.

Brusiloff had always been popular in the army. For one thing he had risen almost from the ranks, in so far that he had never served in a guard regiment, which in the Russia of the Tzars was considered to be an indispensable condition to the acquiring of a high military command. He had been all through his career a cavalry officer, and nothing else, and he had won by his own personal

merits, unsupported by any kind of patronage, his different rewards, medals, orders, and other distinctions. He knew how to speak to his soldiers, and though not at all a man of the world, in the sense understood by that word in social circles, he was courteous by nature and a true gentleman at heart. He had never aspired or attempted to enter the Staff, a fact with which he had been bitterly reproached by his superiors, and he had shown himself profoundly disdainful of the old routine prevalent in the army, until the war. He hated St. Petersburg, and the useless life led there by officers in the crack regiments, and this also had proved a considerable hindrance to the success of his military career. But the troops liked him, and had confidence in his abilities, and in his regard for their welfare. He had never been known to do anything mean, and when Mr. Rodzianko, the President of the Duma, had telegraphed to him at the outbreak of the Revolution asking him to stand by the side of the newly appointed government, Brusiloff had simply replied that he would always perform his duty as a soldier. This was in contrast to the enthusiastic message in which Russky had put his services at the disposal of the revolutionary administration, and with the cringiness with which Alexieieff had constituted himself the executioner of the decrees of his masters. The troops had esteemed Brusiloff for his attitude in this hour of national crisis, and the army had welcomed his appointment to the post of commander-in-chief with enthusiasm. This fact goes far to prove that Kerensky alone had judged soundly the situation, such as it presented itself after the first surprise caused by the Revolution had subsided, and when it had become necessary to consider its consequences, and the impression which it had produced upon the troops. Kerensky can be described as the saviour of Russia, not so much perhaps for the fact that he put himself at the head of the army as it was being led to attack the Germans; this was done but figuratively, because his intervention did not extend itself beyond the fact of his calling upon the men to obey their leaders, but because he had gone on carefully preparing the offensive that had been already planned during the last days of the reign of Nicholas II, and especially because he had found in the person of Brusiloff the right man to execute it. This is the great, the inestimable service, which Kerensky has rendered not

only to his own country, but to the Allies in general, and it will always remain one of his most valuable assets in the future, even if he finds himself one day (one can never know what may happen during the course of a revolution, and the Russian one is far from being at an end), confronted by political bankruptcy.

When Brusiloff assumed the supreme command of the army, he found things less disorganized than he had been led to expect, and this fact explains why it proved relatively easy for him to reorganize the few defective details that might have compromised the forward movement upon which he himself had decided against the Austrian lines. This movement, however, was in his mind to be combined with another one, in another direction, about which it would be useless and premature to speak here, but it certainly raised the prestige of the Russian arms in the eyes of Russia's Allies, and what is perhaps even more important, it restored to the army the feeling of confidence in its own resources and strength, that had become considerably shaken during the course of the few months that had immediately preceded the abdication of Nicolas II.

Such is, from the military point of view, the secret history of the crisis which Russia has been called upon to pass, after the overthrow of the Romanoff dynasty, and the establishment of its new government. It accounts for the many hesitations and uncertainties which have so much perplexed public opinion in other countries, and it is to be hoped that now that confidence has been again restored between the Russian troops and their leaders, we shall see these troops go on with their victorious progresses in the near future. At the same time, it would be dangerous to expect that the new offensive which has begun so brilliantly will be able to go on as rapidly in the future as it has, and it is against any reaction from these new feelings of admiration inspired by the conduct of our soldiers, among our Allies, that I would like to sound a note of warning. This offensive may be stopped, not through any inability on our side to pursue it, but through purely local and climatic conditions. August is upon us, and in August the autumn rains may begin, combined with cold nights, and other unfavorable conditions. Now rains in Wolhynia and Galicia are a very serious thing. They may mean weeks of delay, and even compel our advancing detachments to stop, owing to the impassable

condition of the roads. This circumstance must not therefore be interpreted, as the Germans will probably seek to do, as a sign of weakness on our part, or as a lack of enthusiasm on that of our army. Whatever happens, the Russian soldier means to fight until a final victory, and perhaps no troops in the whole world are more convinced than ours, that it would be a dishonor to hesitate or to stop in the present circumstances.

Our Allies ought not, therefore, to have the slightest misconception as to our desire or determination to stand by them until the bitter or the glorious end. If we waited before starting on our offensive, this was due only to the conditions and circumstances which I have just described; it was not because our men had become demoralized, or because we had not the material means to execute what was required from us. In spite of all the rumors to the contrary, laboriously disseminated everywhere by the Germans, we lack neither soldiers, nor ammunition. The only weak point against which we have to contend is the difficulty of bringing this ammunition to the front in the future. I am using, with intention, the word *future,* because for the present the advancing masses which General Brusiloff has thrown against the Teuton lines are more than sufficiently provided with what they require. But it has taken months to achieve this result, months which might have been more usefully employed in fighting our formidable foe. The question of transport in general remains the dark point in the whole Russian situation, and this question cannot be solved by Russia alone. It requires to be handled also by her Allies, and especially by America, who can furnish her with the material which she requires. The presence in Petrograd of the Special Mission, headed by Mr. Root, has been in that respect of inestimable value, not only because it has helped to establish relations of confidence and mutual esteem between Russia and the American people, but because it has allowed the latter to come to an independent judgment in regard to Russian resources, which have been so seriously questioned lately, and the importance of which has been so wrongly estimated by the detractors of my country. Russia is still the land of the future, materially as well as financially, and though from the latter point of view she may find herself compelled to face a crisis after the war is over, she will easily withstand

it, provided her friends extend to her the help which she will need.

Up to the present Russia has been for the United States a closed book in many respects, and American capital has felt shy to trust itself to people governed by a system where the will of a few was considered superior to the rulings of the law. To-day things are changed. Russia has entered upon a new lease of life; she is beginning to exist as an independent nation, desirous of following in the ways of democracy her American sister, whom she had always admired from afar, but whom she had hardly dared to hope she would ever be able to imitate. What she asks now is that this sister should trust her, and try to know her better than she has done, and to judge her according to her true merits and qualities, and not by the fantastic tales and stories that have been related about her. The progress made by Russia in the matter of the development of her political activity and of her military resources since the Revolution have surpassed by far the most sanguine expectations of even her warmest admirers, as the recent offensive led by General Brusiloff has triumphantly proved. She may therefore be permitted to hope that her friends will show some patience in dealing with her in the future, and not feel discouraged if those progresses sometimes experience a check, or prove slower than one would wish them to be.

Russia will yet surprise her friends and her Allies by the promptitude with which she will adapt herself to her new conditions of existence, and push her way along to those at whose side she is fighting now, for the triumph of democracy.

A Russian Officer.

WHY NOT INDUSTRIAL CONSCRIPTION?

BY HAROLD G. MOULTON

Modern warfare requires the systematic organization of practically every aspect of national life. Imperative as is the skillful manipulation of troops on the field of battle—scientific organization of the resources back of the lines is quite as important. Indispensable as is the business-like handling of ordnance and quartermaster supplies, the systematic control of marketing and transport facilities is just as indispensable. And equally important with all these phases of military operations is the scientific mobilization of the vast industrial army of the Government to the end that the productive energy of the nation may be made to serve in the most effective manner the necessities of war rather than the interests of peace. There are circumstances indeed under which industrial organization is of even greater importance than military organization—when ultimate victory or defeat lies rather with the industrial than with the military forces. Particularly, this is the position in which the United States finds itself in the present war of attrition; for it is everywhere conceded that our greatest service to our allies will be in the furnishing of ships, materials and munitions of war, rather than men. Ultimately, if the war lasts two or three years, American soldiers may perchance prove the decisive factor on the fields of battle, but, in the meantime, it must be remembered that unless we construct ships as rapidly as others are destroyed by German submarines, unless we furnish vast quantities of munitions and supplies for the Allied armies in the field, two years may never be vouchsafed to us in which to equip and train our own soldiers for the final drive. Engaged, as we are, in a race with time, the outcome of the struggle would seem to depend largely upon the way in which we organize the industrial resources at our disposal.

If one accepts the brief analysis of the foregoing paragraph as substantially the position of the United States in the present war, he can scarcely avoid asking himself the question—Why not Industrial Conscription? As is well known, the main argument for the selective draft is that it gains time, where time is indispensable. Now, if industrial mobilization is of even greater importance, why should we not, in truth, resort to conscription of industry as well as of men? It is the purpose of this paper to analyze the requirements of the present situation and to urge a careful consideration of conscription of industry.

Four things, in the main, are required of the United States in the next year:

(1) Ships—as many as can be built.
(2) Munitions and materials of war—as many as can be supplied.
(3) Food—as much as can be produced.
(4) Soldiers—as many as can be trained.

It will be observed that money is not included in the list of things required. And in fact money will not win the war for us. It is merely a means to an end. The role that money does play in the process of mobilization for war will be discussed directly. But for the present attention must be centered upon goods and men—not upon money.

The problem that is before us in supplying the unlimited quantities of ships, munitions and materials, food and soldiers that are required, may be made clear by a simple diagrammatic statement:

50,000,000 workers[1] ordinarily produce
1. Indispensable commodities.
   (*a*) Prime necessities for physical and mental efficiency.
   (*b*) New capital goods required to produce such necessities.
2. Dispensable commodities.
   (*a*) Luxuries and many conventional necessities.
   (*b*) New capital goods used in producing luxuries, etc.

What now are the alternatives before us?

[1] I assume 50,000,000 workers; there may be more or less, but the exact number is quite immaterial. One may call it "x" workers if he prefers.

(1) Produce none or few of the indispensable things required if we are to prosecute the war successfully.

(2) Increase efficiency and speed up the workers to a point where they can produce not only the customary amounts of both classes of goods, the dispensables and the indispensables, but in addition the unlimited quantities of ships, munitions and materials, and food required for the war.

(3) Produce less of the things normally produced—the dispensables—and transfer our national energy into the production of the indispensable sinews of war.

I take it that it will be at once conceded that the first alternative is out of the question; it stands as an admission of failure.

The second alternative is regarded by many as adequate, or substantially adequate, to the task before us. We are a big rich powerful country and can do anything once we have buckled to the task with characteristic American energy and ingenuity. "We will get there somehow." But there is a fundamental error in the current opinion on this question. We can doubtless speed up somewhat; we can doubtless substantially increase our efficiency, but we cannot thereby produce more than a fraction of the munitions, ships and food required. For it must be observed that the speeding up of workers and the increasing of efficiency in *present* lines of production will merely give us additional quantities of the things normally produced, luxuries and other dispensables, along with the things that are indispensable. Insofar as we are now engaged in producing food, ships and war materials, speeding up and increasing efficiency will help. But it will scarcely begin to solve the problem. At best it will give us a little more of the indispensables required for war.

The third is therefore the only alternative open to us; and this inevitably means that labor and capital must be shifted from the places that do not count to the places that do count in the task we are undertaking. It means that capital and labor now being used in constructing machinery, factories, etc., that are not required for war purposes must be transferred to the construction of factories that can be used in manufacturing munitions and materials of war; it means that factories already built that are now being used for the manufacture of dispensable commodities must be (where possible) made over into factories that can manufacture indispensables; it means that where these factories can-

not be remodelled for war purposes they must be closed, and their laborers, at least, released for service that counts.

I would not go so far as to say that we can, practically speaking, in a year completely transfer our energy from the fields which do not count to the fields which do count heavily in the business of war. But the programme already outlined by the Government will necessitate the most heroic efforts if we are to accomplish the task we have set for ourselves. The Secretary of the Treasury tells us that the United States Government and our allies will spend $9,000,000,000 in our markets within the next twelve months—nine billions of dollars—a sum roughly equivalent to nine dollars a minute from the birth of Christ to the present time. Can we produce this coming year $9,000,000,000 worth of ships, munitions, materials and food, or any substantial part thereof, if we devote our national energy along customary lines, if we produce dispensable commodities in the usual amounts, or in anything like the usual amounts? To ask the question is to answer it. We *must* have thorough-going readjustments of industry.

In the discussion thus far we have merely raised the problem of industrial mobilization for war. Now as to the mechanism by which this shifting of social energy may be accomplished. In our pecuniarily organized society it is brought about through the agency of money. The precise role that money plays in industrial society is confusing at all times to the economic novice, and it is perhaps especially so in connection with war. Our Government is to raise the first year of the war $7,000,000,000. These funds are to be passed through the Treasury Department in successive installments, giving purchasing power while there, but passing, in the act of purchasing, back again into the channels of industry. Money, then, is the means by which the Government is enabled to buy the things it needs.

While the process thus far is generally enough understood, it is not usually so clear that if the commodities required by the Government are to be found ready on the market when they are desired, the Government must use the money placed in its hands in such a way as to induce capital and labor to be shifted into the production of the supplies and materials demanded.

Let us take some concrete examples. Mr. X, a manufacturer of silk hosiery, is offered a contract by the Govern-

ment to produce plain stockings for soldiers. If the price offered is attractive, and if the factory can be easily adapted to the manufacture of soldiers' stockings the manager will readily accept the Government contract; and we have accomplished a diversion of energy. But let us take a different case. Y is engaged in the manufacture of candy, or chewing gum, or beer, or ceramics. The Government seeks to induce Y concerns to manufacture war supplies. To do so would require extensive rehabilitation of plant if not indeed new factories altogether. Will Y change the character of his business? Purchasers of candy, chewing gum, beer and ceramics engage in direct competition with the Government and seek to induce Y to continue his present business by demanding the usual output of such commodities. The Government must here greatly outbid private spenders if it is to secure the production of war supplies.

In this connection it must be borne in mind that the Government is not a very effective competitor for either labor or capital,—it must pay much higher returns than normal industry if it is to attract the requisite production. Why? Because the laborer does not feel the call of patriotism or the lure of adventure except when he contemplates entering the active military establishment. The pecuniary motive *alone* must be looked to as the means of inducing him to enter the industrial army of the Government. He will not voluntarily leave his position and apply for one in munitions factories at the same wages, because of the costs incident to transferring to a new (and often distant) employment, and because of the ephemeral nature of the demand for war materials. Very high wages are therefore required if he is to be tempted. Similarly, the Government must pay high prices for the materials supplied if the capitalist is to be tempted into new and uncertain fields. Can he get efficient laborers for this work? How high wages will he have to pay? How long will the war last? These are questions that the industrial manager has to ask and answer as best he may. He will assume the speculative risks involved if the financial inducements are high enough, but not otherwise.

And not the least of his present concern is the probability of excess profits taxes and Government control of prices. Will the point at which the tax begins make allowance for his increased risks, or will it be at a flat rate, making no discrimination between standardized peace business and un-

certain war manufacture? If the latter, he will usually not be willing to make the change. If the price control that is developed is indiscriminate; if the prices fixed, owing either to popular agitation or governmental unwisdom, are so low as to offer no adequate insurance for the risks and uncertainties of war business, few will be found who will care to assume the hazards.

The foregoing analysis indicates that industrial mobilization through the agency of the pecuniary system must be extremely uncertain at best. There remains to be considered the working of other forces which greatly increase the difficulties inherent in the situation. In a preceding paragraph attention was called to the competition between the Government as a spender for war supplies and private persons as spenders for ordinary consumers goods. In connection with this competition we meet with a popular fallacy,—or rather a combination of self-interest and fallacy, which is further inimical to the rapid mobilization of our industries. I refer to the "business as usual" movement.

At the outbreak of the war our first reaction was quite generally in favor of substantial economizing. Immediately following the open letter of President Wilson early in April urging a nation-wide campaign of economy, we entered upon a few weeks of decided retrenchment. How real this curtailment of our customary expenditures was may be guessed from the protest it soon evoked. Manufacturers of many classes of luxuries and even of conventional necessities, and retailers of general merchandise shortly began to advertise how ruinous a campaign of rigid economy would be for the country (as well as for themselves). Prominent bankers and business men have very generally given indorsement to business as usual rather than strict economizing. The press editorials now generally urge that we should not "rock the boat"; that hysterical economizing is senseless; that we must allow business to proceed much as usual or we kill the goose that lays the golden eggs so necessary to the successful prosecution of the war. The possibility of widespread closing of factories, throwing thousands of laborers out of employment and resulting in general depression has caused genuine concern in the world of business.

The situation in which we find ourselves at the moment recalls the experience of England during the early months of the war. After the first terrific shock had spent its

force, as soon as the nation got its second breath, a tremendous campaign for business as usual was inaugurated. The leaders of opinion in England gave it virtually unanimous endorsement. "Normal living" was heralded as a cardinal virtue, as one of the supreme requirements of the hour. The opinions of the time were, moreover, translated into action and the year 1915 was a golden age for the English lower classes. The records show that the high wages paid in both military and civic life engendered a period of extravagant expenditures. More talking machines, expensive footwear, cosmetics and passementerie were purchased than ever before, and the general scale of living of the lower classes was substantially raised. Our Council of National Defense quotes with apparent approval that Selfridge's sales in London in 1915 were $375,000 in excess of the year previous,—this in spite of the great reduction in purchases by American tourists. This great increase in the demand for luxuries obviously served to increase the profits of ordinary industry and to render it still more difficult to attract the requisite labor and capital for military purposes. Rather than aiding or compelling the necessary readjustment of industry the people of England were unconsciously seriously retarding it.

I use the word *compel* advisedly, for the rank and file of consumers are in a position of strategic importance. By refusing to buy the things that do not count we can force industry into other channels. The Government, through the price and wage system, seeks to attract; we have it in our hands to aid the Government by the process of repulsion, by refusing to buy dispensable commodities. But we also have it in our hands to work at cross purposes with the Government by purchasing as usual and thereby preventing or seriously retarding the mobilization of industry. Unless we practice the most rigid economy during the coming months the method of industrial mobilization upon which we are relying is foredoomed to failure.

We might indeed succeed in raising the $7,000,000,000 of revenue that has been voted; but, as already seen, that is only the beginning of industrial mobilization. Even with coffers filled to overflowing the allied governments will have to wait indefinitely for equipment, munitions, ships, and food if the requisite social energy is not devoted to their production. It is an old saying that we cannot buy something with

nothing; it is just as true that we cannot buy that which does not exist even if we possess the requisite purchasing power. We always come back to the fundamental truth that we cannot devote our national energy to things that do not count for war purposes and devote the same energy to the production of the things that *are* necessary.

Granting the underlying truth of the above argument, that extensive readjustment is necessary, many will, however, insist that any such rapid reorganization as I have indicated would be suicidal. It will be urged that hysterical economy would throw laborers out of employment and generally unsettle the business structure, and that the ensuing depression would render it impossible for us to finance the war. "We must have wages and profits if we are to pay taxes and subscribe for bond issues." Now while this is perfectly true, there need be no fear of a general reduction in the aggregate demand for labor during the war and no fear of a general reduction of profits. Business may well be substantially as usual when measured in *aggregate* quantities; it will have to be *unusual* only as to kind or quality. The coming months will develop enormous industrial activity so far as total demand is concerned. Every ounce of our national energy will be required to meet the demands of the situation. If the business as usual advocates distinguished between the *total amount* and the *kinds* of business, we could have no serious argument with them; but in the popular thought business as usual means in the main the same kinds of business we now have, and unfortunately this popular thought translated into action, into the purchase of the usual commodities, is likely to be the decisive factor in directing our social energy.

But there nevertheless remains a serious problem in connection with the shifting process. What of the laborers who are thrown out of employment if by rigid economy we compel a manufacturer of dispensables to close his doors? The answer obviously is that many of them will very shortly find work in the production of food, in the building of munitions factories, and the manufacture of supplies and materials. Some, usually but a few, will find themselves wholly unfitted for a different employment. It is often asked if it is fair to deprive such persons of the means of livelihood? One effective answer is that this is not a time for debating fairness and justice to individuals; if social or military expedi-

ency demands a given course of action certain individuals may have to suffer. Another answer that may be made is that industrial misfits should be taken care of at public expense out of the funds raised by taxation or bond issues. But whatever the answer, we cannot let sympathy for these unfortunates stand in the way of diverting the energy of the rest of society to the fields in which it is needed. To see the situation in its true perspective we must center our attention always upon the alternative—that of failure in case we do not effectively mobilize our resources for the business of war.

It may also be urged that excessive general economy would result in throwing men out of employment too soon, that is, before places were ready for them in the new industrial order. There is unquestionable point to this contention; but it should be recalled that many thousands could have found employment upon the farms as early as April and that many thousands more could immediately be given work in the construction of munitions plants, ship yards, etc. I am far from arguing that there would be no loss of energy here. It is indeed another weakness of our pecuniary system that substantial loss must be sustained in the transition process. It may be asked here, however, should not the transition take place slowly in order to reduce losses to a minimum? Ordinarily *gradual* readjustment would be advisable, but when we are engaged in a race with time we must ride rough shod. To delay the transition is to incur minor losses on the way, it is true; but possibly (again the alternative) incur incomparably greater loss through failure to get mobilized in time to defeat the enemy. So long as we rely upon economizing as a means of driving industry into the required channels we may almost say the more rigid that economizing the better. It saves time; and time is nearly everything.

To summarize our discussion of industrial mobilization through the machinery of finance,—we have seen that excess profits taxation, price control and " business as usual " run directly counter to the rapid reorganization of industry. We have seen that the method is extremely costly and extremely slow and uncertain at best. We have seen, indeed, that where speed is all-important it cannot be safely relied upon. Is it not important, therefore, that the United States seriously consider the method of industrial conscription?

By industrial conscription the Government could transfer laborers from the industries that are unimportant to the fields of production that are imperatively necessary as rapidly as is required, without waiting, possibly indefinitely, for public economizing to force readjustment through the decline of profits and the closing of factory doors. Industrial establishments engaged in manufacturing commodities that are unnecessary for war purposes could by industrial conscription be forced to convert themselves at once into factories for the manufacture of munitions and other war materials. New construction that is not necessary for war purposes could be halted and the energy engaged therein diverted to the channels where imperatively demanded. Such a system would reduce to a minimum the social loss of time and energy incident to the transition period. *Wisely administered* (note the qualification) upon a basis of what may be called selective industrial conscription it would eliminate a great part of the confusion, disruption and maladjustment incident to the ordinary financial method of readjustment.

It will be objected, however, that conscription of industry is un-American, that it places autocratic power in the hands of a democratic government and strikes at the very foundation of our institutions, private property, vested interests, free initiative, individual liberty, competition and all the rest. A similar view may be, and has been, expressed with reference to conscription of men, but we have overruled the objection there mainly on the ground that the time element is so tremendously important that ordinary peace time principles and ideals have to give way. Much as we may dislike the principle and method of conscription, do we not dislike and fear the alternative—the indefinite eclipse of democratic institutions—more?

In one important respect industrial conscription is incomparably less objectionable than military conscription. The man who is compelled to serve in the army is forced to offer life itself in the cause for which he is enlisted; the man who is compelled to close his factory or convert it to different uses; the man who, as a laborer, is compelled to change his employment, at best offers but his services for a smaller remuneration. It is the old question of life *versus* property.

The method of industrial conscription obviously raises enormous problems of its own. How shall we provide the machinery necessary to its successful administration? Who

shall be given the power to decree life or death for industrial establishments in the exercise of the selective requirements of the plan? Who shall decide what industries are important to keep alive in war time—for recreational and cultural purposes as well as for physical and military requirements? What man or what body of men can be found with the necessary omniscience, with the requisite prevision for such a method of industrial reorganization?

Great as are the problems of industrial conscription, and many as the mistakes and blunders that would doubtless be made in its administration, is it not more to be trusted than the haphazard method of reorganization through the economizing of the people? Recall that the method we are at present following relies for its success not upon the concentrated thought and efficiency of a board of experts, imbued with a national point of view even if not possessed of experience; it relies rather upon the individual self-interests and the unreasoned impulses of the masses of society.

We are engaged in a mortal struggle with a nation that has long since learned the lesson of industrial mobilization. Do we marvel at Germany's powers of resistance? Let us remember that Germany has since early in the war followed largely the method of industrial conscription. The Germans are not wasting their national sustenance like sailors in a drunken orgy. They are down to the brass tacks of the situation. The brains at the head of the German organization doubtless counted on our resorting to the slow and uncertain *financial* method of industrial rehabilitation when the fateful decision was formed to make unrestricted use of the submarine and sink at sight. As we enter the struggle before us shall we heed perhaps the greatest lesson that the war has taught to those who have been through the fire? In choosing our method of industrial reorganization, will it not be salutary always to have it in mind that it is with Germany and Germany's methods that we are competing?

HAROLD G. MOULTON

THE GENERAL STAFF

BY L. AMES BROWN

As the days pass it becomes constantly more apparent at Washington that responsibility for the actual military conduct of the war will devolve very largely on the General Staff. The President has made clear on more than one occasion his conviction that modern warfare is no business for amateurs, and that in all questions of policy of a scientific or specialized nature he intended to seek and follow the guidance of men whose training and type of mind have best qualified them to determine the course the nation should follow. One of the most striking instances was his statement declining Colonel Roosevelt's offer to take a volunteer force to France, in which he asserted in effect that the business in hand was too highly specialized to permit room for any but professionally trained participants.

The one outstanding exception to his policy of following the lead of the General Staff on military matters served to emphasize, through the deliberation with which it was decided and the attention it attracted, the settled character of the President's determination. The General Staff was opposed to the proposal to send troops to France immediately, basing their view on well-considered reasons of a strictly military character, the chief one being the almost negligible military value of a small American expeditionary force and its relatively larger usefulness in the United States as a nucleus for the new national army soon to be trained. The Allies, and particularly so great an authority as Marshal Joffre, knowing conditions on the Western Front, contended that the admitted military reasons for withholding American troops at the present time would be overweighed by the tremendous moral value of the arrival in France of

a tangible evidence of American aid. The Marshal of France was determinedly upheld in the matter by Mr. Balfour, and after the most thorough deliberation, in itself the best evidence of the weight which the President intends to attach to the word of his military advisers, Mr. Wilson overruled the General Staff, subordinated military strategy to diplomatic policy, and permitted the great French General to have his wish. It may be noted even here, however, that the General Staff was not unanimous in its recommendations, and that before the President's final decision was announced some of the opponents of the expeditionary force had been won over.

So much for the President's attitude toward the General Staff and his confidence in their judgment on military matters. Just what is the character of the professional organization on which the President and his Secretary of War will rely for their guidance in military strategy and policy?

The General Staff is composed of five men. Major General Hugh L. Scott is the Chief of Staff. Next in order comes Major General Tasker H. Bliss, Assistant to the Chief of Staff and at present Acting Chief of Staff; then Brigadier General Joseph E. Kuhn, President of the War College; Major General Erasmus M. Weaver, Jr., Chief of the Coast Artillery, and Brigadier General William A. Mann, Chief of the Militia Bureau. Each of these men has had a brilliant career and has been appointed to his present position because of high merit. Working with them as assistants is a list of subordinate officers, also trained soldiers and competent to lead. This list includes:

COLONELS

Infantry:—William H. Johnston, William F. Martin, Munroe McFarland, William S. Graves, Francis E. Lacey, Jr.

Cavalry:—Robert E. L. Michie, Malvern-Hill Barnum, P. D. Lochridge, Robert L. Howze.

Field Artillery:—Ernest Hinds.

Coast Artillery:—Frank W. Coe.

LIEUTENANT-COLONELS

Infantry:—H. A. Smith, Palmer E. Pierce, Ralph H. Van Deman, John McA. Palmer, Frank S. Cocheu, Oliver Edwards, Briant H. Wells.

Cavalry:—J. G. Harbord.
Field Artillery:—D. T. Moore.
Coast Artillery:—Robert E. Callan, Andrew Moses, George A. Nugent.

MAJORS

Infantry:—George H. Shelton, Merch B. Stewart, Dennis E. Nolan, George S. Goodale, Edgar T. Collins, Monroe C. Kerth, Alfred W. Bjornstadt, Tenney Ross, Ezekiel J. Williams, Dana T. Merrill, Arthur L. Conger, Hugh A. Drum, Wm. H. Fassett.
Cavalry:—Walter C. Babcock, Francis LeJ. Parker, Edward L. King, Malin Craig, Ewing E. Booth, Roger S. Fitch.
Field Artillery:—Daniel F. Craig, Edward H. DeArmond, Nelson E. Margetts, Leslie J. McNair, William Bryden.
Coast Artillery:—Stanley D. Embick, Charles E. Kilbourne, John W. Gulick, William H. Raymond, Henry C. Merriam.
Engineers:—Douglas MacArthur, John J. Kingman.

CAPTAINS

Infantry:—W. N. Hughes, Jr., R. I. Ross, A. J. Greer, Constant Cordier, W. R. Standiford, Frederick S. Young, L. D. Gasser, W. A. Castle, A. O. Seaman, T. W. Brown, F. W. Brabson, G. C. Marshall, Jr., C. K. Mason, G. A. Lynch, Campbell B. Hodges, T. W. Hammond.
Cavalry:—Harry N. Cootes, George T. Bowman, Walter S Grant, Samuel R. Gleaves, William O. Reed, Alexander B. Coxe, George P. Tyner.
Field Artillery:—Sherman Miles, Fred T. Cruse, Roger S. Parrott, Franz A. Doniat.
Coast Artillery:—F. T. Hines, Francis W. Clark, A. A. Maybach, G. E. T. Lull, C. L. Fenton, G. A. Wildrick.
Engineers:—Creswell Garlington.

General Scott, a Kentuckian by birth, graduated thirty-sixth in his class at West Point. During the years 1899 and 1900 he served as Assistant Adjutant-General of the Department of Havana under General Ludlow. He then became Assistant Adjutant-General of the Division of Cuba, becoming in August, 1900, Adjutant-General of the Division, and later in the year, when the Division was changed to the Department of Cuba, General Scott retained his position of Adjutant-General. He served in this capacity until 1903, working under Major-General Leonard Wood, the present ranking officer, who was then Military Governor of Cuba. During this time, he took part in turning over the govern-

ment of the island to the Cubans. From September, 1903, until July, 1906, he was Governor, Sulu Archipelago and Commander of Post Jolo. His chief accomplishment during this period was the abrogation of slavery in the Archipelago.

He became Superintendent of the United States Military Academy August 31, 1906, and continued in this office until he was appointed to the General Staff in April, 1914. Seven months later he became Chief of Staff. He has had the honorary degree of L.H.B. conferred upon him by Princeton, and was made a Doctor of Laws by Columbia University. His appointment to a Brigadier-Generalship came March 25, 1913, and on April 30, 1915, he reached the highest position attainable under our military system, the office of Major-General.

General Scott is known in army circles as the "Pacifist General." A great part of his military career has been spent among the Indians. A natural attachment arose between him and members of the various tribes, and from them he learned their language. When the Utes went on the war-path several years ago, the Department of Interior borrowed General Scott and sent him to Utah to quell the disturbance. Instead of waging war against them, he secured their confidence, and the uprising ended when he sat on the ground with several of their chiefs and smoked the pipe of peace.

In 1913 there was another Indian uprising. The Navajos, admonished against polygamy, threatened to go on the war-path. General Scott was again sent West. He decided to quiet the redskins single-handed. He left his troops and rode alone and unarmed into the Navajo camp. The Indians were hostile but so surprised that not a hand was raised against him. After he had talked to them for a few hours, he convinced them of the Nation's beneficent attitude toward them. When he left camp, he was escorted to his own regiment by a group of elderly chieftains.

But General Scott is more than a pacifist. When the occasion arose while he was governor of a province in the Philippines, he started in pursuit of one of the wiliest and most barbarous Moro leaders. His expeditionary force surprised the enemy and surrounded them, but, before the engagement ended, a hand-to-hand conflict ensued. During its progress, three of the fingers on the General's left hand were cut off by the blade of one of the Moros.

Tasker H. Bliss was born in Pennsylvania. He grad-

uated eighth in his class from the Military Academy and later became Chief of the Cuban Customs Service and Collector of Customs of the Port of Havana. He held this position from January, 1899, until May, 1902. During this service he acted as President of the Commission to revise the Cuban tariff. The work of this board was successfully finished in 1901. July 21, 1902, he was promoted to the position of Brigadier-General and was assigned to serve as a member of the War College Board. When the question of reciprocity with Cuba arose, General Bliss was appointed a special envoy to negotiate the treaty. Four months before this work was finished in December, 1903, he was appointed a member of the General Staff.

For two years he served as Chief of the third Division of the General Staff and President of the Army War College and, in June, 1905, he was ordered to the Philippine Islands to take command of the Department of Luzon. In January of the following year he was placed in charge of the Department of Mindanao and was appointed Governor of the Moro Province. December, 1908, while still acting in that capacity he became Commander of the Philippine Division, but in April, 1909, he relinquished both of these positions. After a couple of months of travel in China and Manchuria, he returned to the United States and resumed his position as a member of the General Staff and as President of the Army War College. Shortly after arriving in this country, the maneouvers in Massachusetts took place and General Bliss gained new distinction for the successful manner in which he directed the "Red Army."

General Bliss is of a scientific turn of mind. His chief interest has been centered in constructive affairs and, while a capable leader and well versed in military strategy, he is chiefly noted as an engineer.

In addition to being a trained soldier, General Kuhn is an expert engineer. He was appointed to West Point from his native state, Kansas, and was graduated in 1888. Eight years later he entered the office of the chief of Engineers at Washington, becoming one year later Assistant to the Chief. He served with Company M, third battalion of Engineers in the Philippines from October, 1903, to March, 1904, when he became Military Attaché at the United States Legation at Tokio. His duty there was to observe the operations of the Japanese army during the war with Russia. On April 23,

1904, he was given the rank of Major of the Corps of Engineers. He served in the office of the Chief of Staff from December, 1905, until June, 1906. Five months later he took charge of the fortification work and the River and Harbor Improvements at Norfolk, Virginia. He was made a Lieutenant Colonel of the Corps of Engineers on October 16, 1909. At this time he was on duty at the Army Service Schools at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, and he remained at this post for three years. After one year spent in performance of engineer duty at Philadelphia, he was then placed in command of the Washington Barracks. From November 25, 1914, until December 5, 1916, when relations between this country and the Central Powers became very much estranged, General Kuhn was an official observer of the German Armies. Recently he was appointed President of the War College. His rise in rank has been very rapid, his appointment as Colonel coming March 12, 1915, and as Brigadier-General, January 2, 1917.

The keynote to General Kuhn's character is enthusiasm. Vigorous and rugged, he plunges into every task assigned to him with the greatest ardor. He was graduated first in his class at West Point and, according to his classmate, General McIntyre, Chief of the Bureau of Insular Affairs, he was probably the most popular man in the Academy at the time.

Erasmus Morgan Weaver, Jr., was born in Indiana. He graduated fourteenth in his class at West Point. In April and May, 1899, he was Chief Mustering Officer in Massachusetts. For one year after that, he was in command of the defenses at Galveston, Texas. He then spent three years as an instructor in charge of the Department of Artillery, Chemistry, and Explosives at the Artillery School at Fortress Monroe. In 1903 he was made a Major of the Artillery Corps. He also served as a member of the Board of Ordnance and Fortification and as a member of the Board of Revision of Coast Artillery Drill Regulations in 1903. From 1904 until 1906 he was Artillery Inspector of the Atlantic Division, and from 1906 until 1908 he was Senior Assistant to the Chief of Artillery. He became an officer of the General Staff in June, 1905, and held this position, in addition to his other duties, until 1908. He was appointed Lieutenant Colonel at this time and was made Chief of the Division of Militia Officers in the Office of the Secretary of

War. A year later he was appointed Colonel. In 1911 he was assigned to duty as Chief of the Coast Artillery and an additional member of the General Staff, his appointment as Brigadier General coming at this time. He has remained in this position until the present, receiving one more promotion, to the rank of Major General, in 1916. His work on various boards has proved of exceptional advantage to the War Department.

General William A. Mann was appointed to the Military Academy from Pennsylvania. After the War with Spain, he was made Acting Adjutant General of Visayas Military District at Iloila, Island of Panay. During that time he took part in a number of engagements with insurgents. In 1900 he was made Inspector General of the Department of Visayas and Supervisor of Internal Revenue. July 1, 1901, he was advanced to the position of Major. In 1902, he served as a member of the Board for the revision of Firing Regulations and the following year found him on duty in the Adjutant General's office. In 1904, he was made Chief of Staff of the Department of Visayas, Philippines, and the next year he was on duty at the Army War College. In 1906 and 1907, he was in Cuba as Assistant to the Chief of Staff of the Expedition to that Island, and in 1907 he was made Chief of Staff of the Army of Cuban Pacification. In 1908, simultaneously with his appointment to the rank of Lieutenant Colonel, he was placed in command of Fort William Harrison, Montana. In May, 1909, he was again transferred, this time being placed in command of the Recruit Depot at Columbus Barracks, Ohio. From 1911 until 1913, he served as Chief of Staff of the Eastern Division and Eastern Department at Governor's Island, New York, and the following year as Chief of Staff of the Central Department and Second Division at Texas City, Texas. In 1915, he was placed in command of the First Brigade, First Division at Albany, New York; in 1916 he commanded the post at Fort Sill, Oklahoma and the School of Fire for Field Artillery, and from November, 1916, until the present, he has been Chief of the Militia Bureau. In May of this year, when he was made a Brigadier General, he became a member of the Staff.

General Scott is at present in Russia with the Root mission. Perhaps it was a tribute to his long years of service that President Wilson paid in giving him this commission; but possibly there is basis for the statement that the Presi-

dent had something more in mind. General Scott is not, by any means, a young man, and it is not idle to suspect that in sending him abroad, the President had no misgivings because of the entailed necessity of placing additional responsibilities upon the shoulders of younger men.

General Bliss is now the acting Chief of Staff. In case General Scott is relieved of his duties, either General Bliss or General Kuhn will probably be made the actual head of the General Staff. Although he has not yet been made a Major General, Kuhn is probably more frequently discussed as Scott's successor than any other man. He is not as experienced, in point of years in service, as the Acting Chief, but his brilliance has made him, perhaps, the most admired man on the Staff.

Outside of these five men, furthermore, there are several officers who stand out somewhat above their fellows, notably Adjutant-General H. P. McCain, who has made a splendid reputation for efficiency in his office and Brigadier General William Crozier, Chief of Ordnance, an inventive genius as well as an officer of remarkable ability; and among the men now away from Washington, Major General John F. Morrison, now Commanding General of the Philippines and Major-General Hunter Liggett. General Liggett has been President of the War College, Commanding General of the Philippines, and is now Commanding General of the Western Department, with headquarters at San Francisco. He is a man who combines a strong personality with ability of the first order. General Morrison was for six years head of the Department of Military Art at the Army Service School at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, where he revolutionized the method of instruction. He is perhaps the first authority in the army in strategy and tactics.

These are, of course, only a few of the men whom the war may shove into prominence, but their ability shows plainly enough the reserve on which the demands of the struggle may draw. The brilliant younger officers of the Staff Corps —Bjornstadt and his associates—assuredly have high destinies before them.

General McCain was born in Mississippi and graduated from West Point in 1895. In 1899, he became Professor of Military Tactics at Louisiana University. In 1891, he was transferred to service with the 14th Infantry, and in 1896 became Adjutant of that Corps. Two years later he was

sent to the District of Lynn Canal, Alaska, as Assistant Adjutant General. Later in the year he was again transferred, serving in Cavite and Manila during the Spanish War. After serving in various positions for only a few months at a time, he was made in 1900, a Major, and became Assistant Adjutant General in Washington. He served in this capacity, receiving a promotion to Lieutenant Colonel in the meantime, until 1903, when he was detailed to the General Staff and was made Chief of Staff of the Department of Mindanao. One year later he was again promoted and returned to his former position, Assistant Adjutant General in Washington. He continued at this post until 1912 when he became Adjutant-General of the Philippine Islands. The following year he returned to Washington as Acting Adjutant-General and in 1914, with his promotion to the rank of Brigadier-General, he was appointed Adjutant-General. His rise was the result of steady and proficient application in a specialized field. His service at his present post has been invaluable. It is due to his efficient conduct of his office that much of the red tape formerly connected with the War Department, has been done away with.

Another officer whose work brings him into intimate contact with the General Staff is the Chief of Ordnance, Brigadier General William Crozier. General Crozier has had much experience in ordnance work and is particularly fitted for his post. He first came into prominence as a delegate to the International Peace Conference at the Hague in 1899. Before returning to the United States, he was commissioned to investigate the ordnance service in various countries in Europe. After arriving in America he was stationed in the office of the Chief of Ordnance in Washington, and, in 1900, he went to Manila as a special ordnance officer with the troops in the field in the campaign against insurgents in southern Luzon. He was attached to the staffs of General J. C. Bates, commanding the First Division of the Eighth Army Corps, and of General Theodore Schwan, commanding the Second Brigade of that Division.

Subsequently he became Chief of Ordnance of the Philippines but in July, 1900, he accompanied the Chief Ordnance officer of the Pekin relief expedition. While in this position he was present at several important engagements, among them the battle at Pietsang, August 5, the battle at Yangtsun, August 6, and the more deathly conflicts at Pekin, August

14 and 15. Upon his return to America, he inspected and tried the armament of the Pacific Coast fortifications. He then resumed his position as Assistant to the Chief of Ordnance in Washington, and on December 22, 1901, he was made Chief of Ordnance. He has held this position ever since.

Doubtless the progress of the war will see the American General Staff undergo some changes in organization, as well as in personnel. It would indeed be strange, in a war which has revolutionized the armies of the Allies, if the exigencies of the struggle did not exert a directing influence on the development of the body which must control America's armies. It would be most unfortunate for the nation if the composition of that body did not prove elastic enough to adapt itself to the changing conditions. One of the spokesmen of the French mission remarked on their recent visit that modern war was constant change, a continual branching out in new directions and new fields, and the people who would be victorious must be an ever-watchful people, always ready to meet the unexpected turn. Granting this premise, and remembering that the United States is entering the greatest war of history with a military organization and military leaders alike untried by any but negligible experience in actual fighting, it is to be expected that the end of the war will find a military system developed and altered by experience and directed in some measure by new leaders whom the war itself has brought to the front.

Acknowledging the probability of such changes, however, which the war has produced in nations of far more military experience than the United States during the last two years, it is a matter for profound congratulation that the American General Staff system is founded as a whole on sound principles in accord with the experience of Europe.

Under the terms of the act establishing the Staff Corps the officers who compose the organization are assigned to staff duty for periods of only four years. It is not detracting from the admirable features of the system to point out that this is a weakness which should be corrected at the earliest opportunity. Under modern conditions, where warfare has become so highly specialized a science, to give an officer only four years in which to master and put to use the administrative detail essential to his success as a staff officer is wasteful and obsolete.

A really scientific reorganization along the most approved modern lines would demand the creation of a permanent General Staff Corps, with a carefully worked out system of training for the officers who are to become members, just as a specialized education is given the officer who is to go into the engineering or the signal corps. Expressed in ordinary terms, the work of the General Staff is little else than the business like administration of the country's military forces. It is a duty which calls for special qualifications in the officers just as particular characteristics are demanded of the successful business executive.

Further than that the capable staff officer must have thorough experience in the administration of his duties before he can really develop his natural talents to the point where they will be of the most effective use. Four years for both learning the job and applying the knowledge in its effective administration is all too short a period. The staff position should be made the objective and the opportunity for a life work, with provision for the preliminary training necessary to introduce the young officer into his duties of administration and military research under the most favorable auspices. It is only necessary to compare the four-year plan with the years of training and experience demanded for fitting a big business executive in order to understand the principle involved. Under the present arrangement the staff officer has only attained his full knowledge of the administrative work and his full efficiency when he is liable to be sent back to field work.

It must be remembered, however, that the system undoubtedly works out far better in practice than it promises theoretically. The ready adaptability of the American character enables the officer to fit into a new place more quickly and effectively than the outlook might seem to promise. Yet the failure of the authorities to press home the necessity of recognizing the essential character of the staff position as an administrative job requiring special qualifications and training and especial soldierly qualities has undoubtedly been a serious oversight. It is a tribute to the high character and ability of the men who have composed and now make up the General Staff that this weakness has not been more dangerous.

The point to remember is that no matter what comparatively slight errors may and inevitably will develop during

the first few months of the war, or what criticism may from time to time be justified, the character of the Staff organization as a whole, although untried in actual warfare, is such as to arouse confidence, and there should be no wholesale condemnation of the General Staff until thorough investigation has proved it deserved. The body is so organized that the President can remove any proved incompetent at will, and the war can be depended to force its own readjustments.

The system, with the one fault already mentioned, is properly constituted. There is every reason to expect devoted and able service from the men now at its head, but if any one of them fails under the test, the country has the assurance that the General Staff Corps has the elasticity and adaptability and the resources of younger men to make his replacement certain. We may assume from all we know that the leadership of the General Staff is adequate, although still untried. The war itself must be the final arbiter.

L. Ames Brown.

LYNCHING AND RACE RELATIONS IN THE SOUTH

BY THOMAS WALKER PAGE

It appears to have grown customary to take the yearly number of lynchings as barometric readings of race relations in the South. A rise from sixty to seventy in these wild outbursts of violence is taken to show increasing cloudiness; a fall to fifty would show "clearing, with light variable winds." But in spite of its general use this pseudo statistical device is of very uncertain value. For it is doubtful whether the actual number of lynchings has ever been ascertained, and whatever the number, not all the victims have been negroes. Furthermore, when it is known or suspected that race antagonism exists, it is so easy to attribute mob violence to that alone that other promotive conditions have been ignored. Yet it seems to be these other conditions in a very great number of cases, and not race prejudice, that explain the frequency of lynching in the South.

A brutal crime growing out of malice, envy, lust, or degeneracy has much the same effect on the mind of men in all parts of the world. Men have it in common with cattle to be wildly stirred at sight of blood and conflagration, a sort of shuddering horror begets a hysteric wish to trample and gore. This trait of human nature is elemental and universal. It is also destructive and terrifying, and in their sober hours men know the need of guarding against it. Therefore, organized in society they create agencies not only to prevent crimes by individuals but also to control themselves when moved to mob and riot. In populous, well organized regions there are usually men enough and wealth enough to provide for keeping the peace under nearly all conditions. Primitive frontier settlements, on the other hand, and widely

scattered rural communities find organization and maintenance always difficult and sometimes impossible. Between these extremes are many grades of civic development, and in each grade the attempt is made with the means available to adjust the protective agencies as closely as possible to normal local conditions. But in all grades they sometimes prove too weak for sudden and great emergencies.

Now, in most parts of the rural South the agencies for physical protection and control have the appearance of an outworn survival. The average county, the unit of local government, extends for many miles in all directions, and communication within its borders is frequently hampered by swamps, deep rivers or mountain barriers. The sheriff is sometimes a day's journey distant from a spot where his presence is suddenly required. Even the magisterial districts, into which the county is divided, usually cover many miles of territory. Thus in a typical county embracing some five hundred square miles the sheriff, some three or four magistrates and as many constables constitute the whole establishment for enforcing order and keeping the peace. Of these the sheriff alone is supposed to give more than a small fraction of his time to official duties. His alone is a salaried position; the others receive small fees for their occasional services, and the emoluments of office are regarded merely as extra earnings, they do not suffice for a livelihood. The dignity once attached to the position of justice of the peace has long since departed. Election as magistrate or constable carries no appreciable prestige; and in an office lacking both honor and income it is seldom that men of force and training can be induced to serve.

It is obvious that such an establishment exists only to "vindicate the majesty of the law" *after* it has been insulted. Its purpose is to arrest offenders and bring them to punishment when the offense is an accomplished fact. It is practically helpless to prevent felonious acts, to guard and protect the peaceful, to police the roads, to keep under surveillance turbulent or suspicious characters. Its function is to punish and not to prevent crime. In the discharge even of this function it moves slowly with cumbrous and creaking machinery, affording to the criminal abundant warning of its intentions and opportunity for escape. It is a deterrent only to those evildoers with whom the fear of a more or less remote punishment outweighs the temptation to

break the law. As a means of controlling tumultuous outbreaks and group movements it is utterly futile.

The question naturally arises, why should the old and civilized Southern communities content themselves with so weak an establishment for protection and control? The answer is that for centuries it proved sufficient for their needs. Far back, indeed, into Saxon England its main features may be traced, and the early colonists received it as an ancient and cherished inheritance. Tradition, use, sentiment, and inertia all have helped to preserve it, but in England itself and in most parts of this country it has been strengthened and modified so as to adjust it to altered needs. It is because the needs of the rural South until recently have not so greatly changed that it is still retained there in almost primitive simplicity.

More than anywhere else in America the Southern white people are homogeneous. This means not only a common race, but also, in the great essentials, common beliefs, common convictions of right and wrong, a general agreement on the standards of conduct and behavior proper to each state of life to which it pleases God to call one, a general acceptance of the rights of person and property, mutual trust and regard, and general conformity to established usages. With such a people public opinion has an overwhelming strength—*vox populi vox Dei*—and it is to this rather than to physical agencies that society has looked for both protection and control. It affords protection, because the individual before defying it must break the strongest influence that has surrounded him from birth, and outraging it is analogous to blaspheming God. It affords control, because it stands for law and order; it is conservative, very definite and very steady. It is the Atlas that supports the sky and protects humanity from falling heavens. Jefferson's observation of it in his day explains his theory of government, a theory based on trust in the people rather than in any artificial agency for physical control. That theory still persists, although with waning strength, among the homogeneous white people of the South, and public opinion is still the giant trusted to support the social firmament.

In those regions developed under Anglo-Saxon institutions where public opinion has become uncertain or divided, government agencies have been substituted for it. Many things acting singly or together may account for the change. The

immigration of large numbers with new customs and opinions, an economic growth that splits the population into classes with different interests and motives, intellectual movements that annihilate old ideals and beliefs while new ones are still vague or find limited acceptance—these are among the things that in the more populous and progressive sections of Anglo-Saxondom have made necessary the creation of physical agencies. Until recently the rural South has been slightly affected by them, and the survival of old conditions accounts for the retention of old institutions; the continuance of homogeneity, economic simplicity and intellectual conservatism saved the controlling strength of an undivided public opinion.

Without discussing here the relation of law and opinion it may be admitted that submission to public opinion is very much like obedience to law. To say then that an orderly public opinion has in the main effectively controlled the people of the South is to say that they are essentially law abiding and peaceful. Probably such a statement will be received with incredulity. And yet it is strictly true, however strongly it contrasts with the popular conception of the typical "Southerner."

It is true that within the boundaries of what is called the South there are regions, restricted but notorious, where lawlessness has prevailed; where if there was a public opinion it did not stand for peace and order; where Highland clanishness, Corsican vindictiveness, distorted notions of personal liberty combined to nullify moral as well as physical agencies of control. In a sense these regions are the last "frontier" of this country. They were occupied some four or five generations ago by men whose only title to the land was known as "rifle" right. In subsequent years isolation has arrested their development, conditions have continued primitive, and "rifle right" to many things besides the land still holds its sway. These well marked and isolated regions were never typical of the South, but their geographical location has caused much misapprehension.

It appears then that the conservative character of the Southern people and the peaceful course of ordinary life among them account for their failure hitherto to set up physical agencies to control themselves. Until social and economic conditions were radically changed their trust in themselves was not unjustified. There is no reason to be-

lieve that they are more excitable and vengeful than other people, or that brutal crime is more heinous in their eyes than in the eyes of others. It is indeed possible that the horror it causes among them is more general. For in rural regions and small cities and towns people are apt to know each other more intimately than elsewhere. In the South this intimacy is promoted by the homogeneity of the population. There are relatively few strangers and transient sojourners; immigration has been small; and all the residents of a community are apt to be well acquainted. What happens to one is therefore a matter of close concern to all. Men may be mightily unmoved by a wrong done to a stranger and yet be deeply stirred by the same thing in the case of a friend or acquaintance. Through their very cordiality and hospitable habits and the neighborly life they lead the Southern people are peculiarly exposed to a keen and vivid sensitiveness to the horror of crime among them. This explains the seeming paradox that lynching occurs as frequently in a peaceful community as elsewhere; indeed, the more peaceful the people and the more orderly the life, the greater will be the horror and excitement. But the South is not unique in this regard. Its distinctive weakness lies in its failure to adapt its institutions to social changes that in this generation have grown constantly more apparent.

It should be emphasized that such fury is no respecter of race or color. It is true that more negroes than white men are lynched in the South, so many more indeed as to explain the belief that race prejudice is the cause of the evil. But in truth the disparity grows out of the fact that the kind of crimes that provoke lynching are more often committed by negroes than by white men. This may be said without disparagement of the negroes as a race, with no reflection upon their docility, their amiable good nature, their efforts to attain a higher standard, the creditable success of those efforts in the past and their prospect for the future. For it is not because they are negroes that more of the brutal criminals are black than white; it is because in the South more black men are exposed to the conditions and forces that make men criminal. In every society crimes of lust, degeneracy or hatred predominate in the poorest class of the population. Ignorance and squalor and vice and crime and poverty and disease of body and soul are commonly found together. Certainly not all poor men are criminals, nor are

all criminals poor. None the less, the close connection between crime and ignorance and want is too well known to need discussion. Furthermore, it is with members of this class that the controlling influence of public opinion is weakest. When the ties of home and property are lacking, when there is no established position of respectability to be maintained, when one's usual associates and acquaintances are already the lowest in the social scale, what is to be lost by offending public opinion? Conviction for crime can carry no degradation to one already at the bottom, and the fear of physical punishment is the only deterrent to wrongdoing.

Now, the poor we have always with us. There is no known society without its squalid and ignorant class. But in most regions this class is not distinguished by race and color from the class above it, whereas in the South the class of the very poor is still composed for the most part of negroes. That it contains no small number of depraved whites may be freely admitted. Also it should be emphasized that it does not contain more than a small part of the colored race, a race that as a whole has made in fifty years a progress in civilization that has never before been achieved in the same time by any people in history. But it was inevitable that in this swift progress many weak and unfortunate members must be left behind. In the advance from the verge of barbarism to an appreciation of law and order and decency there were obstacles that many members of the race could not overcome. Since these could not go forward, they went backward; and it is they who mainly compose the worst class of the Southern population. It is in this fact that we find the true explanation of the greater number of negroes that are lynched.

It is, then, not against the race but against the criminal that the fury of the mob is directed. But before this fury any negro is in one respect at a disadvantage. Suspicion falls upon him more readily than upon a white man, because the negro belongs to the race with the larger proportion of ignorance and delinquency. Even a half frenzied mob requires strong evidence before it imputes to a white man the guilt of a heinous crime, because such crimes are more likely to be committed by the depraved members of the poorer race. For this reason it very seldom happens that an innocent white man is lynched, while it is a lamentable truth

that innocent negroes are sometimes done to death with every accompaniment of gruesome torture. But while the mob is quicker to impute crime to a black man than to a white, it is still the individual and not the race that moves it to violence. This is no mere distinction without a difference: it is an expression of the fact that crime and not color is the incentive to lynchings. It would be false to say that race prejudice does not exist in the South. It would be equally false to say that it does not exist wherever two races with strongly marked differences inhabit the same territory. At the same time lynching in the South is not always one of its manifestations.

But even when race prejudice has not caused lynching, it seems certain that lynching has greatly increased race prejudice. For it is not unnatural that the greater frequency of negro lynchings should be attributed to race hatred by those that do not understand its cause, and among these are the greater part of the negroes themselves. A continuation of the practice, therefore, will inevitably widen the gulf between white and black and inflame the resentment of the negroes by increasing their feeling of injustice and discrimination. Indeed, already it has had this effect in no small degree. It has weakened their respect for the white man's law to see the white man himself set it at defiance. It gives them a grievance under which they withdraw further from the white man's influence, attach less value to his good opinion, are less willing to coöperate with him for the maintenance of law and decency and the promotion of the general public welfare.

At the same time it has tended to demoralize the white race and to affect its attitude towards the negroes. Whenever men with a standard of respectability to maintain transgress the bounds of decency, they seek palliation and excuse. When a man who is usually temperate becomes drunk and disorderly, he tries to shift the blame to his associates or the conditions that led to his lapse. In the same way lynching mobs try to justify their deeds by fixing the blame on their victims. To do this they point to the prevalence of crime among the negroes, their bestial propensities, their lack of moral sense, their inaccessibility to the motives that control a white man's conduct. They argue that the ordinary procedure of the courts is too slow and orderly and decent to act as a deterrent to such a race, and that the only effec-

tive preventive of crime among them is a vengeance so swift and ghastly as to fill the soul with dread. This sort of reasoning, adopted by the perpetrators of a lynching to soothe their own sense of shame after defying the law, ends by convincing them and their friends that the negro race is in truth too vile to be treated as other human beings. Thus an act that was really caused by the crime of an individual results in widening the breach between the races; it makes easier its own repetition; and sometimes even prepares the way for genuine race riots.

The futility of the reasoning is obvious to those who know how mob violence is precipitated. It is not the thoughtful action of men who aim to protect society; it is an uncontrolled outburst of passion. Yet as a matter of historical interest it may be noted that it is to the claim made for it as a preventive that "lynch law" owes its name.

Charles Lynch, whose name has been thus unjustly defamed, was an honorable Quaker gentleman, a justice of the peace in Bedford County, Virginia, and a gallant officer in the Revolutionary militia. In 1780, when his State was threatened with invasion by Cornwallis, Lynch discovered a Tory conspiracy to seize certain stores that had been collected in his county for the American army under General Greene. As justice of the peace he had the conspirators arrested and confined till the danger was ended by the reverse to Cornwallis at Guilford Court House. When the war was over the men arrested threatened to sue him for damages, on the ground that he had overstepped his powers as a mere county official. But Lynch, who was then a member of the State Legislature, succeeded in getting through it an act to the effect that:

> Whereas divers evil disposed persons in the year 1780 formed a conspiracy and did actually attempt to levy war against the commonwealth, and it is represented to the present General Assembly . . . that Charles Lynch and other faithful citizens, aided by detachments of volunteers from different parts of the State, did by timely and effectual measures suppress such conspiracy, and whereas the measures taken for that purpose may not be strictly warranted by law, although justifiable from the imminence of the danger,
>
> Be it therefore enacted, that the said Charles Lynch and all other persons whatsoever concerned in suppressing the said conspiracy or in advising, issuing, or exacting any orders or measures taken for that purpose, stand indemnified and exonerated from all pains,

penalties, prosecutions, actions, suits and damages on account thereof. . . .

The principle expressed in the preamble of this act, that measures not strictly warranted by law may be justifiable from the imminence of the danger, was the distinctive feature of "Lynch's Law." It is by appealing to it that modern "lynchers" seek to mitigate their shame in the eyes of mankind. The fallacy in their appeal is too obvious for comment.

It is impossible to say with confidence that lynchings are becoming either more or less frequent with the passing years. There seems to be a very general belief that conditions are improving, but safe grounds for the belief are not easy to find. Conditions differ very widely in different parts of the South. Statistics derived from different sources also differ, and none of them is altogether trustworthy. The best appear to be merely a list of the cases found by individual observers in the newspapers; others are the result of estimate or pure guessing. In an open letter to college men the University Commission on Southern Race Questions reports a "decrease in the average annual number of lynchings from 171 for the decade 1886-1895 to 70 for the decade 1906-1915." But no explanation is given as to how these very definite figures were ascertained, and it is hardly too much to say that, for the first decade at least, any approach they make to accuracy is purely accidental. For several years the head of the department of records and research at Tuskegee has compiled such facts about lynchings as he could gather. He reports 52 lynchings for the year 1914, 69 for 1915, and 54 for 1916.

Much confusion arises from the difficulty of determining just what constitutes a lynching. Many a desperate or panic-stricken fugitive has been shot to death by volunteer search parties before he is actually captured. Especially is this apt to occur with a white desperado, who usually offers more resistance than a negro, and it accounts in part for the race discrepancy in the number of lynchings. Occasionally such parties are called out by the sheriff, usually they are purely volunteer; sometimes they are disguised as white caps or night riders or maskers; more often they make no concealment of person or purpose. If they capture the fugitive and then kill him, the deed is commonly known as a lynching; if for safety or convenience, they kill him before he is captured,

it is not called a lynching. But whatever their procedure, their acts are in principle much the same as those of the typical lynchers.

Perhaps an explanation of the belief in improved conditions is to be found in the awakening of the Southern people to the importance of the economic and social changes that are taking place among them. The swift growth of urban districts with a greatly strengthened police system, whose influence reaches out into the adjacent country, the diversification of industry that brings a demand for more effective regulation, an altered social structure due to economic causes and composed of distinct classes with differing economic interests, the example of other regions which have already made the transition that is now under way in the South, the influence of schools and colleges and individual leaders of thought—these and other things have drawn attention to the need of measures for dealing with a wide group of interrelated problems. Many of these measures aim at the removal of conditions that promote crime. Reform schools, State institutions for the defective and delinquent, public hospitals and asylums for both races, well equipped boards of health, efficient organization of poor relief, enlightened methods of prison reform—in the adoption of these things and in the aid that is given to them the negro problem was never out of the mind of Southern legislatures. Other measures aim more directly at control. There is a marked tendency to increase the powers of the State governments. They share at least equally with the localities in the support and control of public education. Local option seems to be nearly everywhere giving way to State-wide prohibition. In most States the assessment and collection of taxes is under the strict supervision of the State. State regulation of banks, public utilities and other corporations has been extended to include many kinds of unincorporated business and individual activities. All signs indicate that the Southern people are becoming decidedly "governmentish"—to use a word of William Penn. They are trusting less to self-control and public opinion and relying more on government control and statute law. There are many who believe that the change will not be for the better. Be that as it may, it is as yet too recent and incomplete to forecast its effect on race conditions.

THOMAS WALKER PAGE.

FRANKLIN KNIGHT LANE

BY JAMES C. HEMPHILL

Franklin Knight Lane is Secretary of the Interior in Woodrow Wilson's Cabinet. He had no personal acquaintance with the President before he was invited to act as one of the President's advisers, and was chosen for the place he holds solely on the ground of approved executive efficiency. He had no reputation as a national figure and had been noted only for the faithfulness with which he had performed his duties as a member of the Interstate Commerce Commission and for the radical spirit in which he dealt with the questions submitted to that tribunal; but radical only in the sense that upon all the grave issues presented for settlement he invariably sought to get at the root of the matter in order that the principles affecting the transportation affairs of the country might be established in the interest of honest litigation. So thoroughly was the work done in the disposition of many of the cases involving seriously disputed issues and so transparently unselfish and judicially wise were the conclusions at which he arrived that what men then called radicalism has since proved to have been the conservatism of justice.

Mr. Lane was practicing law in San Francisco twenty years ago when he was called upon to draft a charter for that city, and the success of that work, for the charter was adopted, led to his election as Corporation Counsel and to this office he was re-elected twice. His unusual merits made him an "available candidate" for Governor of his State on the Democratic ticket, and since the days of the Vigilantes there was never such a campaign as he made, a losing campaign it is true, as the counting machinery was against him, but his friends and supporters will never believe that he was not counted out. The following year he received the Democratic vote of the State Legislature for United States

Senator; but as the Legislature had been stolen doubtless along with the Governorship his nomination was not confirmed. So strongly, however, had he impressed the country with the soundness of his democracy and his fighting quality that he was named for membership on the Interstate Commerce Commission by President Roosevelt, where he remained for seven years and until he was called into the Cabinet of the second Democratic President the United States have had in fifty years.

On his appointment to the office of Commissioner he was regarded as an extreme radical; but the decisions of the Interstate Commerce Commission written by Mr. Lane that went to the United States Supreme Court were among the most important, and probably the most important, that determined the constitutional powers of the Government in the regulation of common carriers. Among these decisions were what is known as "the Shreveport Case," "the Switching Case," the Pipe Line decision, and the Southern Pacific merger case, all of which were sustained by the Supreme Court, although there were very close questions of constitutional law involved.

In the Shreveport case it was held by Mr. Lane that if a State, by the exercise of its lawful power, establish rates which the interstate carrier makes effective upon State traffic, that carrier does so with full knowledge that the Federal Government requires it to apply such rates under like conditions upon interstate traffic; and that "to say that an interstate carrier may discriminate against interstate commerce because of the order of a State commission would be to admit that a State may limit and prescribe the flow of commerce between the States." The paramount duty of the interstate carrier, irrespective of its obligations to the State, is to so adjust its rates as to interstate traffic that justice will be done between communities without regard to State lines. The Interstate Commerce Commission was equally divided on the issues involved in the case but the Supreme Court sustained the opinion of Lane, and thus established the supremacy of Federal regulation.

In the Pipe Line decision Mr. Lane held that the Act to regulate commerce impresses the obligations of a common carrier upon a pipe line engaged in the transportation of oil in interstate commerce, even though such pipe line was built over its privately acquired right of way, and trans-

ports only its own oil, and that the character of the traffic is not changed by placing the ownership of the pipe line doing the business in a different corporation in each State through which the transportation passes and by transferring the title to the oil to each of such corporations contemporaneously with the entrance of the oil into the pipes of that corporation at the State line. The decision of Lane in this case was confirmed by the Supreme Court as in all the other cases noted.

While Mr. Lane was a member of the Commission several large pieces of constructive work were undertaken by him, and among them the installation of a uniform system of demurrage laws. The matter of demurrage that a shipper paid on a car held overtime was one which practically every road in the country determined for itself, with the result that there were some forty-seven different demurrage codes. After hearings and inquiry extending over a year, and by bringing together the shippers and the railroads, a uniform demurrage code was adopted which has been in effect, with slight variation, for the last ten or twelve years throughout the United States, and with distinct advantage to both shippers and carriers.

Then there was a great body of complaint against the Pullman rates, and Mr. Lane undertook to make a uniform standard Pullman rate that would obtain throughout the country, and since his decision nine years ago there has been practically no complaint against the rates now in force, which are based upon the standard at that time adopted.

One of the largest pieces of work undertaken by the Commission, when Mr. Lane was one of its members and with which he had a great deal to do, was the regulation of the express rates in the United States. This work grew out of three or four formal complaints made to the Commission affecting rates from New York to San Francisco and from St. Paul to New Orleans, and resulted eventually in entire revolution in the manner of classifying freight for express carriage, in the adoption of the present zone system and in a uniform scale of rates in the five large zones into which the country was divided. At the time of this inquiry there was no system of express rates. The States had rates which varied from those that obtained as to interstate carriers and each express company had separate rates and different classifications. The manner of stating the rates was so

difficult that it was found that in one day's carriage by one express company there were three thousand violations of the tariff. As a result of this inquiry a uniform method of stating a rate, a uniform method of classification, a uniform system of bookkeeping, receipts, stamping and rates was adopted throughout the United States. At the time this was supposed to be ruinous to the companies; but it has led in fact to an increase of their business upon small parcels that has given them unusual prosperity.

It was because of Mr. Lane's work on the Interstate Commerce Commission—his mastery of details, his breadth of vision, his sense of justice, his contempt of all precedent except that founded upon law, his courage to do the thing he believed to be right in scorn of consequence—that he was asked by President Wilson to take the Interior portfolio. This office has always been one of particular difficulty because of the wide range of the activities for which the Secretary must be responsible—the Land Office, the Reclamation Service, the Indian Office, the Bureau of Mines, the Geological Survey, the Patent Office, the Bureau of Pensions, the National Parks, and the development of Alaska being among the matters of importance to which he must give his attention. Working under the Secretary there is an army of thirty thousand men and women, every one of whom was selected for some special fitness for the service required, and so thoroughly has the business of the Department been systematized and so effective the co-ordination of the many different bureaus and so potential the inspiration of the Secretary that the great machine moves on and on without lost motion anywhere. There has been no scandal in the Department under Lane, no favorites to reward, no approach except by the ways that are open to all, no purpose to serve but the common good. Mr. Lane and the men and women working with him are all "good fellows" together. They have organized what they call the "Home Club," where they meet and plan and talk together in the freedom and intimacy of a common cause, and so it has come to pass that for the effectiveness of its service the Department of the Interior has made a new mark that entitles it to the highest rank among the agencies of the Government at Washington. Among the employees of the Department is a force of nine hundred lawyers, who are kept constantly at the business of construing statutes,

protecting patents, guarding concessions, untying hard knots, opening new fields for public exploitation and making the establishment which must administer the law itself obedient to the law.

There is quite enough variety in Mr. Lane's employment to keep him constantly interested. Should he grow tired of work in the technological laboratories of the Bureau of Mines developing processes for the extraction of gasoline from crude oil or the reduction of radium, he can find relief in the playgrounds of the National Parks which are being beautified and improved for the service of the millions. One of the interesting occupations of the Secretary is the building of dams for the conservation of the water supply in arid regions so that desert lands may become fruitful fields. Within the last year one of these dams has been finished near Boise, Idaho, and on the Rio Grande, near the Texas border, by means of still another dam the largest artificial lake in the world has been created. Weary of semi-tropical sun and heat, the Secretary can find refuge under the Northern Lights in Alaska, where for two years he has been building a railroad from Seward to Fairbanks, a distance of five hundred miles, for the purpose of opening the two great coal fields of the Matanuska and the Nenana. To add to the interest of his work in Alaska the Secretary is raising reindeer as a food supply for the Pacific Coast and has made such progress with this experiment that he now has a herd of eighty thousand of these valuable animals feeding upon the moss of the country and self-supporting. It is also the duty of the Secretary to keep a sharp eye on the sugar plantations and fruit farms of distant Hawaii.

One of the most interesting and perplexing problems with which Mr. Lane has to deal is the just and proper handling of the Indian. A large part of his first annual report was devoted to the consideration of this subject. Three years ago the Cherokee Nation ceased to exist, in accordance with a treaty promise made over eighty years ago—the Cherokee Nation, with its Senate and House, governor and officers, laws, property and authority, was " lifted as American citizens into full fellowship with their civilized conquerors." The white man had kept faith for once in fulfilling his treaty pledge, in part at least, though the United States still kept its hand on the property and the private concerns of approximately one-fifth of these " free people,"

a position so anomalous that Mr. Lane was forced to inquire: "Has this Government a policy with relation to these people and the others of their race?" and to insist that if the Government has a policy it should be stated so that it can be developed and enforced with clear and unwavering purpose. "For a hundred years," said Mr. Lane, "he (the Indian) has been spun round like a blindfolded child in a game of blind man's buff. Treated as an enemy at first, overcome, driven from his lands, negotiated with most formally as an independent nation, given by treaty a distinct boundary line, negotiated with again, and then set down upon a reservation, half captive, half protégé, what could an Indian, simple thinking and direct of mind, make of all this? To us it might give rise to a deprecatory smile. To him it must have seemed the systematized malevolence of a cynical civilization." The contention of Mr. Lane was that "a positive and systematic effort to cast the full burden of independence and responsibility upon an increasing number of the Indians of all tribes" must be made; that "our goal is the free Indian"; free as the white man whose treaties with the Indians have been so many scraps of paper, and to this end he has been working with encouraging results. The new policy adopted by Mr. Lane is that the Indian should be released from the guardianship of the Government as soon as he gives evidence that he is able to take care of his own affairs, and this policy has been followed with such result that thousands of Indians each year are now being given their property and full rights of citizenship. That some of their number at least appreciate the diginity and obligations of American citizenship was proved by the subscription to the Liberty Loan by one of them who has come into possession of his property of something like $300,000, and by others who have offered their services to fight for their country and Government in the war for civilization.

One of the principles Mr. Lane has consistently advocated since holding his present office is that the resources of the West should be made to develop the West; that all our great resources of oil, potash, phosphates and water powers should be opened for the development of the country in which they are found, that the water power sites should be leased for long terms on favorable conditions, and that the proceeds of these resources should be used

for the irrigation of the desert lands and for the enrichment of the people of that region.

Mr. Lane believes that "the spirit of our people is against a paternal government"; that "a people who make their own way are in the end riper and of stronger fibre than those who accept what is not the result of common determination"; but that while the Government may not command it may "show how," and that "this is democracy's substitute for absolutism in the effort to secure efficiency." This is the policy which has established experimental farms throughout the country to demonstrate farm values and has taught the farmer of today "a world of things which his father or grandfather would have laughed at as the frills of a doctrinaire education, notwithstanding the early example of the wise and many-sided farmer who was the third President of this country." The test of a democracy is to be found in its ability to grow, in the way it thinks and works, in its "hard, close, insistent, constructive thought, illuminated by knowledge and made practical by imagination," in the adoption of methods which will bring the energies of many individuals to work together for a common end, in this case for the intense nationalization which is the marking note of present-day Americanism.

The Secretary of the Interior might very well be called the "handy man" of the Cabinet; one of his friends and admirers has accurately described him as "the one cosmopolitan in the lot"; for, as Socrates said, he is neither an Athenian nor a Greek, but a citizen of the world. Speaking at Syracuse in the recent national campaign, he paid tribute to the President as "that plain, unassuming gentleman who four years ago was in derision called a schoolmaster, but who has now risen to be recognized as one of the master minds of the world," and there is a perfect understanding between the President and his loyal adviser. Whenever there is a kindly service to be rendered the President cannot himself perform, he sends Lane. Whenever there is a delicate mission to be met requiring good manners and exquisite tact, he sends Lane. Whenever there is a situation calling for great firmness with discretion, he sends Lane. When the President could not open the Expositions at San Francisco and San Diego, Lane took his place and talked to thousands as they had never been talked to before about the spirit of

Democracy and the marvelous achievements that had been wrought under its compelling influence.

It was Lane who was deputized by the President to settle the railroad strike by free and open communication with the labor forces of the country, and because of his patience under sore stress in handling a situation which threatened disaster to every industry in the land and the starvation of thousands of people in congested districts and his wisdom the impending catastrophe was averted.

Mr. Lane is a man of fine imagination, as well as a man of courage and poetic soul. He has spoken of the problem of government as "after all the problem of human growth, a problem of soils and sunshine, mind and weather, struggle and rejoicing, tools and vision, machinery and vitality, imagination and hope." He respects all the hallowed traditions of history, but he deplores the spirit of any man so given to a sentiment, however holy, that would hold him back from leading a full, rich life; and so he made bold to protest to the Historical Association of North Carolina against "idolizing what has been, blind to the great vision of the future, fettered by the chains of the past, gripped and held fast in the hand of the dead." On the other hand, he exalted as the supreme tradition of America "the right of man to govern himself, the right of property and personal liberty, the right of freedom of speech, the right to make of himself all that nature will permit." Addressing the same audience, Mr. Lane laid down this broad principle as the only basis upon which effective government can be founded: "If a nation is to have a full life it must devise methods by which its citizens shall be insured against monopoly of opportunity. We must look for men to meet the false cry of both sides—'gentlemen unafraid,' who will neither be the money-hired butlers of the rich nor power-loving panderers to the poor."

No better explanation of the reasons why the United States has gone to war with Germany has been made than by Mr. Lane in these eloquent words:

> We fight with the world for an honest world, in which nations keep their word; for a world in which nations do not live by swagger or by threat; for a world in which men think of the ways in which they can conquer the common cruelties of nature instead of inventing more horrible cruelties to inflict upon the spirit and body of man; for a world in which the ambition or the philosophy of

a few shall not make miserable all mankind; for a world in which the man is held more precious than the machine, the system or the State.

Mr. Lane is a "forward-looking" man. He does not believe that the world will ever be the same again after this war is over, that there must be readjustments in all industrial, financial and political fields. Democracy as a political force will control the world. Men will go about their affairs, sowing seed, harvesting crops, making merchandise, building railroads, sailing the seas in ships, inventing new instruments to lighten the toil of human hands, doing great sums in finance; but the tendency of the times is toward a socialism which would rob genius of incentive, law of authority and property of security. Under the new conditions, while the opportunities of the poor must be increased the security of the rich must not be imperiled. The time will have passed for the accretion of immense wealth in the hands of the few, but the utmost care must be taken not to impose such restraints upon wealth that it will be deprived of the disposition and power to work for the public good. It will require the highest statesmanship to so adjust the scales that there will be freedom of opportunity and incentive to all without prejudice or punishment. There will be readjustment, the tendency is clear, the temptation to extra radical treatment of the question will be great, the thing that must be done in the interest of well ordered society is to stop the work of reconstruction at the right point so that no injustice will be done and no obstacle be placed in the building up of a new world out of the wreck of war. The question will be how far to go and where to stop and this is the question that the statesmanship of the near future will have to settle.

The Secretary has a very clear idea about the importance of the President's Cabinet. At one time, it will be recollected, when the President, writing as a theorist and not as "one having authority," did not seem to have any right conception of the uses that could be made of Cabinet officers, and there has been a popular misconception that a Cabinet officer was in fact of the order of higher and confidential clerks, but this misconception has been removed since the beginning of the present era in national politics. Mr. Lane thinks it practicable to have in the Cabinet an officer of great administrative gifts who would not be of any considerable value as an adviser on questions of national and

international importance, and that an officer who might advise wisely would not necessarily be gifted with executive qualities of the first order. He thinks that besides being the executive head of the Department assigned to him, the Cabinet officer should be in the large sense the President's adviser in all matters of policy upon which he might seek counsel, it being utterly impossible for the President with all the fearful weight of the administrative load resting upon him to have time or opportunity for the details required in the best solution of many vital issues. The President, however, despite much public misapprehension on the subject, has relied upon the members of his council in the disposition of many of the issues with which he has dealt. Generally, he has given them a free hand in the administration of their several departments, but the thing has grown so big that Mr. Lane would make the Cabinet officers more and more efficient as counsellors to the President.

JAMES C. HEMPHILL.

MAYOR MITCHEL AND HIS WORK

BY THE EDITOR

"THERE is no denying," wrote James Bryce in 1893, "that the government of cities is the one conspicuous failure of the United States. In New York the political vices (extravagance, corruption and mismanagement) have revealed themselves on the largest scale. They are 'gross as a mountain, open, palpable' . . . That the good citizens of New York should continue to rivet on their necks the yoke of a club which is almost as much a business concern as one of their own dry-goods stores, by dividing forces which, if united, would break the tyranny of the last forty years,—this indeed seems strange, yet perhaps no stranger than other instances of the power of habit, of laziness, of names and party spirit. In such a policy of union, and in the stimulation of a keener sense of public duty rather than in further changes of the mechanism of government, lies the best hope of reform. . . . The one supreme remedy is to strike at the root of the evil by arousing the conscience of the better classes, both rich and poor, and by holding up to them a higher ideal of civic life."

The truth of the indictment, when drawn, was generally recognized; so, too, was the remedy suggested as bearing the only hope of regeneration; and yet a full twenty years elapsed before it was applied. True, the reaction of dismay and disgust at the shocking Van Wyck régime produced the election of Seth Low as Mayor, but however admirable as a citizen Mr. Low proved unequal to his task and was rejected at the end of a single term. His successor, Mr. George B. McClellan, equally worthy, was elected as a Tammany Democrat and, strive as earnestly as he might and did, he could not break the bonds of partisan obligations; nor could the erratic Gaynor who followed him. So it came about

that 1913 became the year of the Great Experiment,—the year in which the "policy of union" hoped for by Mr. Bryce was achieved in fact and Mr. John Purroy Mitchel, as an unpartisan candidate for Mayor, received from "the better classes, both rich and poor," a plurality of 124,000.

It was the last, despairing gasp of a disheartened citizenry. Failure of the new administration inviting reaction such as followed that of Mr. Low could spell nothing else and nothing less than enforced reconciliation of six million souls to continuance in the government of their mighty municipality of "the one conspicuous failure of the United States." It is not too much to say that, in its inevitable effect upon the ideals of other cities throughout the land no less than upon its own, the administration of Mayor Mitchel has been the most critical, as in our judgment it has been the most notable, in the annals of American municipalities.

The chief points in the remarkable record have been summarized by a competent observer as follows:

1. Under the Mitchel administration, New York City has achieved substantial non-partisan government.
2. Thanks to this government, law and order are better preserved than ever before.
3. Thanks to this government, New York is in process of being made an infinitely better place to live and to work in.
4. Thanks to this government, New York City was adequately prepared to meet conditions created by our entrance into the European War.

Point 1. It was only twenty years ago when Richard Croker took Robert A. Van Wyck—just elected Mayor—to Lakewood and handed to him a list of Tammany district leaders and workers who were to be rewarded by appointments to city office or by the receipt of city contracts. Today, there is no boss, no machine and no political party running the city. On the contrary, its affairs are conducted by responsible elected officials. In the field of executive administration, the Mayor is largely supreme; in the Board of Estimate, decisions are reached through the meeting of minds. Until Mr. McAneny retired, the three most important members of the Board of Estimate were, of course, the Mayor, the Comptroller and the President of the Board of Aldermen. Of these, the first and the last were Democrats, the second a Republican. The decisions of the Board of Estimate are practically outside of party lines.

The heads of departments have been appointed by the Mayor for personal competence. Most of them have had especially valuable training for their work, as Woods for Police, Emerson and Gold-

water for Health, Miss Davis and Lewis for Corrections, Kingsbury for Charities and Fetherston for Street Cleaning.

But when Mayor Mitchel took office, there was no shakeup of the city's administrative machinery for political reasons. Thus, Lawson Purdy remained at the head of Taxes and Assessments; Murphy at the Tenement House Department; Haag—a Tammany Democrat—remained Secretary of the Board of Estimate; Nelson P. Lewis remained as Chief Engineer of the Board of Estimate, and Harry P. Nichols as Chief of the Bureau of Franchises of the Board of Estimate.

Commissioner Keogh was carried over from Mayor Gaynor's Civil Service Commission, and the experience of Mayor Gaynor's secretary, Robert Adamson, was utilized in the Fire Department. Thus, New York City is receiving the services of experienced officials and securing a continuity of skilled administration which was unheard of even a few years ago. This benefit proceeds directly from the ideals of non-partisanship and good government which are the raison d'être of the Fusion movement.

As a result of keeping good men in office, and of making new appointments for fitness a new and vital spirit has animated departmental administration. The days of the leisurely chair warmer who earned his salary by political activity are gone. The great working forces of city departments are no longer content to do a minimum amount of work according to the ancient customs or methods of the particular department. The objects of public service are not only seen more clearly, but more vividly, and methods are under a constant test in the light of their contributions toward the objects of public service.

So we have the unusual spectacle of greatly expanding work, increased efficiency and substantial economy going hand in hand for practically the first time in the city's history, at any rate, since the formation of the greater city by consolidation in 1897. It is generally conceded that Mayor McClellan's second administration (1906-1910) was abler and more public spirited than his first administration. We owe to McClellan's second administration the institution of the budget system. Nevertheless, during the four years from 1906-1910, the current administrative expense of the city increased at the rate of over 9 per cent per annum. During Mayor Gaynor's administration (1910-1914) the Fusion forces controlled the Board of Estimate through the Comptroller, the president of the Board of Alderman and the presidents of the Boroughs of Manhattan, Brooklyn and the Bronx. They held the purse strings tighter and brought the average annual increase for the city's current administrative expense down to slightly over 2 per cent.

The first two years of the Mitchel administration (1914-1915) brought about an actual decrease of over two per cent per annum, so that in 1916 the administrative departments were running for

over three million dollars less than in 1914, while at the same time furnishing vastly increased service. In the budget of 1917 some of these savings were used for additional policemen and firemen, and for deserved salary increases, but still leaving a current administrative economy of about $1,500,000 for 1917 over 1914.

Point 2. The spirit and achievements just outlined are well illustrated in the police department. New York City is certainly a cleaner and safer city than for many, many years,—thanks to intelligent and able police administration. The public does not realize, however, and must constantly be told, how little the best police commissioner can accomplish except with the backing of the right kind of Mayor. Perhaps the biggest single fact in present day police administration is that there is no side door nor back door to police administration through political influence or the Mayor's office. The police commissioner is actually what he ought to be,—the real head of the department. Policemen are not put upon charges, nor transferred, nor detailed to easy lines of duty as the result of political or personal suggestion.

Under the influence of this really square deal, the force has responded with marked *esprit de corps.* Through weekly conferences with his captains and inspectors, the police commissioner has produced a spirit of competition in the efficient performance of police duty, which has reacted upon the members of the force generally.

The tremendous service rendered to the city by this improvement can be demonstrated in a variety of ways. For instance, murders have actually decreased from 286 in 1913 to 246 in 1915. Bomb outrages have decreased from 151 in 1913 to 45 in 1915. The illegal drug traffic has been attacked vigorously—1,978 arrests having been made in 1915 as against only 512 in 1913. While gangs are undoubtedly still in existence, their activities have been greatly curtailed. The proof of this statement, however, must be found in the decrease of serious crimes, as there are no reliable statistics upon gangs *per se.* In 1915 the police secured convictions in almost 79 per cent of their cases,—the highest record in the history of the department.

Particular activity has been directed against organized vice. Open solicitation on the streets has been prosecuted so relentlessly as to be exceedingly rare. While gambling and disorderly houses may exist for short periods of time, the warfare against them is unremitting, and it is impossible for them to stay unmolested in any place long enough to make it profitable. In addition, a vigorous war has been carried on against the loosely organized system which constituted the supply branch of organized vice. Thus, in 1915 the police department secured convictions for white slavery in 59 cases—more than had been secured in the entire previous history of the department.

Point 3. All intelligent men today realize that they cannot make a great modern city a civilized place to live in, and permit it to be developed by purely selfish and private forces. The modern city can be made civilized only by fixing its street systems and its rapid transit on grounds of public concern. Even when this is achieved, the object will be frustrated unless private building can likewise be made to serve the same public objects which dictated the layout of streets and the development of rapid transit facilities.

To the present Fusion administration, New York City owes the most important single contribution to its future ever made. The zoning resolution of July 25, 1916, is the biggest accomplishment in American city planning. For each of three classes of regulations, the city is divided into numerous zones, in each of which all possible regard is had for the existing developing. The three regulations govern the height of buildings, the area of buildings and the uses to which buildings may be put. The height of every building hereafter erected in New York City must bear a definite relation to the width of the street on which it is located. In most of Manhattan, a building may be one and one half times the width of the street; in a considerable part of the Bronx, one and one-quarter the width of the street, and over large areas of Brooklyn and Queens only one time the width of the street. This means a tremendous conservation of light and air for the future as well as a safeguard against hideous congestion which would take an enormous toll of human life.

The second set of restrictions limit the area of a lot which may be occupied, and insure on an average the retention of about one-quarter of the lot area for purposes of light and air. (In the detached residence sections of Brooklyn, Queens and the Bronx, about two-thirds of the lot area is kept vacant.) The third set of restrictions govern the uses of buildings. In a residence district, there may be only residences; in a business district, there may be either residences or business, with only so much manufacturing as is incidental to the business. In unrestricted areas, anything may be built, but these are, of course, located along lines of transportation which insure a predominant industrial use.

So far as possible, the streets around the small neighborhood parks of the city have been restricted to residence use, thus insuring that these parks will always be the sustaining hearts of little residence neighborhoods. These, in time, will effect a very considerable influence on rapid transit difficulties by producing diversified traffic. It is evident that a much more orderly development of the city will ensue; that the various property, residence, business and industrial portions of the city will each assume very much greater stability; and that by reason of increased provision for light and air, living and working conditions in New York City will, ten and twenty years hence, be infinitely better than ever before.

There has been a substantial improvement in tenement house conditions, owing not only to the competition of better new tenements with older ones, but also to more vigorous enforcement of the housekeeping provisions of the tenement house law. Rubbish is kept out of halls and cellars; hallways are kept better painted, better cleaned and better lighted.

The Health Department has appreciated the fact that the final protection of the public health depends upon a general understanding of the laws of healthful living. Thus,—while requiring all milk to be pasteurized, extending the number of milk stations, increasing the medical examinations of school children and making vigorous efforts to improve conditions in hazardous trades—it has put its chief emphasis upon public health education. In elevated or subway stations, posters are put out by the Health Department showing how the death rate varies with the amount of fresh air used. In Winter, when more windows are closed, the death rate is highest. As we approach Summer with more and more windows being opened, the death rate steadily declines. With the closing of windows on the approach of Fall and Winter, the death rate again steadily rises. This is merely an example of the methods used to teach the a b c of right living to the people of the city.

The Street Cleaning Department is, of course, only a branch of municipal sanitation. The department has been put upon a new basis of efficiency and the streets are cleaner than they have been in years. There has been a tremendous increase in the use of water. All paved streets are frequently washed, and in the more congested or more traveled portions, are flushed every night. A model street cleaning district has been established in which every known mechanical device is thoroughly tested before its use is extended to the city as a whole.

Through the substitution of motor apparatus, and a better technical training, the fire fighting ability of the Fire Department has been greatly increased; but the department has put its main emphasis upon preventing fires rather than on putting them out after they have started. The bureau of fire prevention has reached the highest point in effective work as can be partially judged from the fact that the per capita fire loss for the year 1915 was the lowest in the history of the city.

There has been a great increase in recreation facilities; thus, playgrounds have been increased from 49 in 1913 to 108 in 1915; athletic fields from 28 to 34; skating ponds from 15 to 30; indoor recreation centers from 2 to 8; probably the best index of increased facilities and increased use of facilities is found in the fact that for such use there were issued in 1913 about 24,000 permits; in 1915 nearly 65,000 permits were issued.

Closely allied with this has been a great expansion in the use of school buildings after school hours. Not only are hundreds of

school buildings used for election purposes, but they are used for recreation centers, for neighborhood associations and for all sorts of neighborhood activities. On the lower East side, a labor university is conducted in one of the public schools each evening by labor men.

The city no longer considers it an object of no concern that persons willing and able to work are out of employment. Not only did the Mitchel administration grapple with the hard conditions of the year 1914 with an emergency committee, but it established a system of employment bureaus which have been steadily expanding their usefulness.

Point 4. Beginning a year and a half ago, steps were taken to train the police force as a military body. A military training camp was established at Fort Wadsworth, Staten Island, and the police were accustomed to acting efficiently in larger units than ever before. In this, of course, there was no expectation that the police force would act as a defending army but there was the possibility that it would have to meet disturbances beyond all normal size.

To take the place of the police when subject to such call and to supplement generally, the Home Defense League was formed. This now comprises some 25,000 citizens who are trained in the fundamentals of street policing, and who volunteer their services. Mr. Alexander M. White of Brooklyn has been made a Deputy Police Commissioner in charge of Home Defense League work. This has been an extraordinarily successful organization.

A study was made of various emergencies which might arise in case the United States got into war and plans were worked out in advance for protecting water supply, rapid transit, telephone plants and the other various nerve centers of city life.

At about the time that the above preparations were made, the Mayor appointed a Committee on National Defense. This committee has studied the method and defects of mobilizing the National Guard and arrived at the conclusion that selective conscription was a proper way to organize an army, and both the Mayor and this committee vigorously supported this proposal. On the breaking off of diplomatic relations with Germany, this committee instituted a loyalty pledge to which about 1,000,000 signatures were secured.

Since the Declaration of War, this committee has conducted every possible activity to secure enlistments for the regular army and navy and for the national guard, and has also been the medium for transmitting to the national government offers of volunteer assistance and of property for the national use.

Early recognizing the importance of food supplies, the Mayor appointed a Food Supply Committee. Originally this committee concentrated its efforts upon trying to secure adequate legal power to establish an efficient system of wholesale terminal markets. Fail-

ing in this, the committee co-operated with the commission appointed by the Governor in the passage of the Wicks bill. Sufficient private funds were raised to enable it to buy and sell staple articles of food in sufficient quantity to affect their price and supply for the City of New York market. The city government itself, through the Board of Estimate, asked from the legislature the power to buy and sell food at cost which the legislature declined to grant.

Through the Department of Health, Bellevue and Allied Hospitals, the Department of Charities and a special committee appointed by the Mayor, emergency hospital preparations have been made and hospital units placed in training for army service.

An intelligent effort has been made to co-ordinate all physical public works within the city so as to prevent various public contracts from unwisely competing with each other. An order of urgency on such work has been established. The most important work is being fully prosecuted while less important work is being temporarily withheld. If at any time the National Government needs a certain amount of day labor in New York City, the municipal officers know exactly the additional public contracts which can best be suspended and which would release the necessary amount of labor for government work.

All of the above has been done hand in hand with careful administration, cutting costs, increasing income, standardizing salaries, subjecting contract work to more careful supervision, and with more far sighted planning on the part of the Board of Estimate than ever before. And while these things have been done, more dock space has been added to the port of New York than in any prior administration; subway construction has been actively prosecuted, and various portions of the subway system put into operation; and the city has practically ceased using its credit for non-revenue producing public improvements. As a result of direct state taxes and interest during the construction upon docks and subways, plus the greatly added annual expense of paying for non-revenue producing improvements out of current funds, the city budget during the Mitchel administration has been rising and will continue to rise for some years to come. Nevertheless, it must be apparent that no administration has ever exercised so strong or so intelligent a direction of the city's activity nor demonstrated an equal ability to place courageous public financing and sound administrative methods at the human service of the people of the City of New York.

Although written by one who is, with good reason, proudly friendly to Mayor Mitchel and his administration, this summary is to the best of our knowledge a fair presentation of both purposes and consequences. Mr. Mitchel has been actuated by no better intent to serve the great city well and truly than that which possessed Mr. Low, Mr. Mc-

Clellan or even perhaps Mr. Gaynor; it is to his keener insight and wider comprehension that his larger measure of success is attributable. Mr. Bryce himself could not have marked a sharper, clearer or sounder distinction than that voiced by the Mayor at the close of his first year of service.

"There are," he declared, "two theories on which a fusion may be based, the non-partisan and the multi-partisan. The multi-partisan theory contemplates a parceling out of patronage to the parties in proportion to the value of their support. The non-partisan theory demands fitness, qualifications and experience first and a recognition of party service only when the party can produce candidates who conform to the highest standards of efficient government. This difference is what distinguishes the mere temporary federation of political elements effected for the capturing of a number of public offices, from a genuine citizens' movement inspired by a determination to improve the character and standards of government. The interests of the citizenship in city affairs are often opposed to the interests of party, and an administration which is pledged to observe only the former must often find itself compelled to disregard the latter. The present administration recognizes its direct responsibility to the citizenship. It has sought to deal equitably with the parties under the principle that I have laid down, but it is not responsible to them nor they for it. Its accounting will not be to them, but to the people of the city."

Here is the crux of the whole matter. "Unpartisan," to our mind, would express more exactly than the innocuous "non-partisan" the differentiating thought, but the line of cleavage is plain enough. Even so, the correctly formed theory would have broken into a thousand pieces and the Great Experiment would have proved a ghastly failure but for the quality of the man himself. Very early in his official career Mayor Mitchel convinced the people of his intelligence, his sincerity, his courage and his determination to resolve his words into deeds. To that circumstance is due the most significant fact that the recent shocking exhibition of impotence and stupidity of the police in connection with the Cruger case evoked no mighty outbreak of popular wrath, as in the past, but induced rather a quiet thanking of God that the city had an administration above suspicion, free to detect and punish all official offenders because it was

obligated to the shielding of none and sure to conceal nothing because it had nothing to hide. A more striking tribute to the integrity of a government springing directly from the confidence of the people never was paid—especially upon the eve of an election, upon which vultures of all grades, sizes and stripes have fixed their glittering eyes.

While the complete disappearance of "graft" and political corruption must be regarded as the most noteworthy effect of the Mayor's endeavors, hardly less gratifying is the pride of the city in the Mayor himself engendered by his exceptional poise, as notably illustrated by the personal dignity and grace of speech which characterized his recent welcoming of our distinguished guests from abroad. Great municipalities are proverbially no more grateful than great republics, but even New York, as a matter of preference, appreciates the honor of being represented by an American gentleman.

Whatever, then, may be the personal inclination of Mr. Mitchel, we cannot doubt that the citizens of New York will demand continuance in service of himself and his equally efficient and experienced aids, and that their call will be heeded as a summons from the people to public duty.

THE EDITOR.

ORTHODOX SCIENCE AND PSYCHICAL RESEARCH

BY H. B. MARRIOTT WATSON

Most ancient religions have postulated the duality of life. The tri-partition of man by Christian lore and Christian dogma into body, soul and spirit is familiar even in the nurseries. The distinction held also in old Greek writings, though certainly for the most part with but vague and confused definitions. It is curious to note that modern spiritualism holds the same view, but apparently with much clearer connotations. The spiritualists declare that spirit is the essential core of personality, but that it is clothed upon with two bodies, the spiritual body and the earthly body in Paul the Apostle's words. It is claimed that the spiritual body, which answers to the ancient soul, is created by natural processes and keeps growth and pace with the material body. It is a replica of this grosser body, and co-exists with it till death, at which moment the material body falls into the inevitable decay of its perishable elements, whereas the spiritual replica, built of ethereal essences, survives, and remains the investiture of the spirit in its new world and its new conditions. The acceptance of these statements would lead one to an eminently rational and agreeable solution of the problem of life. But of course the very strongest evidence would be required to prove this, and in the meantime the statement only remains a theory, if a very inviting and consolatory theory.

Orthodox science exacts by its rules a rigid scrupulousness in proofs, and declares that it can recognize through its instruments nothing but the body. Its attitude, except in the case of foolish extremists, is of course purely agnostic. "We don't know. We know the body, but nothing else has come to us in the course of our researches. As for soul or spirit, if we come across it we will let you know.

So far we have met with nothing but what is referable to elements and conditions familiar to us." That is an intelligible position, and indeed it is the only conceivable position for rational beings to take up. But it should be coupled with a proviso that the professors of orthodox science shall not refuse to consider evidence which might open up a new region of investigation. Huxley contemptuously refused to investigate certain alleged supernormal phenomena on the ground that even if true they did not interest him. Tyndal and the once famous William Carpenter attended one séance, and declined to follow up this rash conduct by any further visits. Dr. Russel Wallace, F.R.S., implored them to do so, but they contemptuously shook the dust of the séance room from their shoes. Orthodox science had no time to waste on such obscure phenomena, phenomena which, if substantiated, threatened to subvert the whole scheme of Natural Law as built up by several generations. This conservatism of science amounts to a prejudice as regrettable as the crusted traditions of orthodox religion.

There has been of late years a distinct improvement in the attitude of science, as represented by its leading exponents, to what may be broadly called Psychical phenomena. Dr. Wallace, writing in the seventies of last century, very rightly claimed that every time Science had opposed alleged discoveries on *a priori* grounds, she had been wrong. He says:

> When Benjamin Franklin brought the subject of lightning-conductors before the Royal Society, he was laughed at as a dreamer, and his paper was not admitted to the *Philosophical Transactions*. When Young put forth his wonderful proofs of the undulatory theory of light he was equally hooted at as absurd by the popular scientific writers of the day. The *Edinburgh Review* called upon the public to put Thomas Gray into a strait jacket for maintaining the practicability of railroads. Sir Humphry Davy laughed at the idea of London ever being lighted with gas. When Stephenson proposed to use locomotives on the Liverpool & Manchester Railway, learned men gave evidence that it was impossible that they could go even twelve miles an hour. Another great scientific authority declared it to be equally impossible for ocean steamers ever to cross the Atlantic. The French Academy of Sciences ridiculed the great astronomer Arago when he wanted to discuss the subject of the electric telegraph. Medical men ridiculed the stethoscope when it was first discovered. Painless operations during the mesmeric coma were pronounced impossible and therefore impostures,

It is well to be reminded of these facts sometimes.

So far then orthodox science anchors itself on Monism, and refuses to budge. What cannot come under the scalpel and the microscope does not exist, or at least is not worth consideration. No orthodox man of science now takes up the attitude of such writers as Haeckel or Clifford; all are anxious to guard themselves, and prefer to say "We don't know." As a rule, however, their attitude is one of contemptuous indifference to occult phenomena, and in effect agnosticism becomes merely dogmatism. Yet it would be ungracious and impolitic not to recognize the alteration in leading scientific circles. Sir Oliver Lodge's courageous declaration in favor of the survival of human personality before the British Association some two years ago was received with toleration; forty years before the most distinguished physicist of his day, Sir William Crookes, F.R.S., O.M., was almost hounded out of the Royal Society for the publication of experiments bearing on the same subject.

There is still a considerable school of thinkers who adhere to the old theory of "accidental" origin as an explanation of cosmic phenomena. But whereas once their views were triumphantly trumpeted from the housetops, nowadays they are reserved for private exchanges. This theory was most magnificently celebrated by Lucretius in immortal lines. The "fortuitous concourse of atoms," the dissolution of constituent elements of the monad—all were here. A thousand jets playing from a thousand years must result in one jet at any rate reaching its goal—*et voila!* You have the opening of Evolution. Lucretius almost fiercely reveled in the thought that death ended all things, mainly, it seems, because mankind in his day had the fear of eternal retribution after death. But his undernote is one of sad resignation, as in those wonderful lines written of the passing of friends to extinction:

> Insatiabiliter deflebimus aeternumque
> Nulla dies nobis maerorem pectore demet.

Yet it would be unwise to accept the "accidental" theory before considering its alternatives. It may be that the origin of the universe is to be sought in the form of some Intelligence and Designer, and this Intelligence may be beneficent, malevolent or indifferent so far as regards its concern with human beings.

It may be claimed *prima facie* that the idea of a malevolent creator is incredible, yet it must be considered. By the fruits we may presume to judge. And looking back upon the course of ages as revealed in history, and beyond that to the story of the earth as recorded in its dust, it is difficult to associate the gradual evolution of created things with a malevolent design. The confluence of progress has been undoubtedly towards a betterment of the world, and the inexorable laws, though seeming to press hardly at times upon individuals and races, have resulted in a general elevation of life. Some races have reached a nobler stage in early times than many have reached now, but the average of civilization, mental and moral as well as material, is considerably higher than it was in the early historical periods, and almost immeasurably beyond what it was in the primeval epochs. The history of the world is one of dynamic progress from an insensitive welter to an orderly social and intelligent organization. And the ethical sense has indisputably grown until as from some Pisgah height great spirits can discover the dawn of a beautiful world such as dreamers have imagined and shadowed forth.

On the other hand, if we cannot accept the theory of malevolence it is equally impossible to entertain that of indifference. If a creator were working to some unknown end regardless of the suffering and the cost of the ultimate achievement he would, as Edmund Gurney said, not be a God whom one could worship or admire. So far as the effects on the human units sacrificed in this progression to an unknown end, the indifferent God would be tantamount to a malevolent God. He would rank in the position of an Emperor who, determined to win the war he had started, should pay no heed to the multitudes over whom his ruthless car had driven. If indeed there is no design in the universe, if there is no purpose, but only mechanical motion, God is conceivable only as a maniac child building up ceaselessly new worlds with creatures capable of infinite pain, and then destroying them, to continue the awful game into eternity. In the distant future our world, according to astronomers, must fade and die, and with its countless myriads of dead be dashed in some cataclysm of the stars and planets; and so emerge into a new and blazing planet, again to revive and produce its hapless and hopeless victims in the course of a continuing evolution. What sense is here? What purpose?

Does death then end the poor creature, and is the maniacal Power that is despatching to doom these endless series of human beings ever to be satiated? It is unthinkable. Better fall back upon the chilling theory that there is no God, and that life is accidental, the universe accidental, framed out of fortuitous atoms—which derive their existence from—what?

It is easier, then, to believe in an unknown God working to a beneficent end, but if there be no proof of it, our belief must remain merely a vague faith, an aspiration. Although on *a priori* grounds we are justified in postulating a beneficent God we shall never achieve real conviction without direct evidence. The fact of survival must, in short, be attested by similar means to those which prove any other fact of knowledge. There is no other way of establishing the duality of life and thus the beneficence of the Great Scheme. Religion takes for granted what we as scientific investigators are not entitled to do. We are given our reason by which to test things, even ultimates. I confess here at once that mysticism is to me as a red rag to a bull. If there are people so constituted and so fortunate as to require no evidence for the faith that is in them I can only congratulate them. So the child has implicit faith in wonderful and unknown things, in fairies, in monstrous animals, in topsy turvydom. Our mysticists would reply in Wordsworth's fashion that "heaven lies about us in our infancy," and that we come "trailing clouds of glory" from that supernal world of which we have dim memories. It may be, but we must have proof of it. Since Myers developed his great theory of subliminal consciousness, a good deal of light has been shed on human faculties and properties. Many queer and unintelligible traits are attributable to this second self which lies below the threshold of our terrene consciousness and terrene life. How far does the subliminal consciousness explain supernormal phenomena? Researchers into this department of human knowledge are at issue on this point; but it seems very certain that many phenomena which are attributed to "spiritual" intervention are explicable on the subliminal theory. The disintegration of consciousness during hypnotic influence is well known to modern science. There are many interesting cases on record which bear on this argument, cases of dual and even multiple personality, in which one person manifests as two or more under certain

conditions. This is the stuff that dreams are made of. Professor Flournoy investigated a strange case in which a girl, Helene Smith, purported in trance to have relations with the planet Mars, and she even went so far as to produce words of the Martian language. In his elaborate account of the case Professor Flournoy was able to trace the source of this language, which was ingeniously modeled on French. There was no question of bad faith on the part of the patient; she had been drawing unconsciously on the subliminal reservoir.

It is borne in upon one from consideration of instances such as this that it is extremely unwise to accept phenomena at their face value. Thus, if I am told that the Virgin Mary appeared to an ignorant peasant girl at Lourdes I am not prepared to accept the statement without more adequate proof than the mere statement. But your mystic will swallow anything that is supernormal. *Credo, quia impossibile.* Many of the professed mediums and "psychics" are not charlatans in the proper sense of the word, but are self-delusioned, reading out of their latent consciousness astonishing things to a credulous world. There is a well-known book dealing with automatic messages from the dead which is a conspicuous instance in point. It has had a large sale and a widespread influence, yet there is not in it one atom of evidence that it is what it purports to be. It reads like a highly imaginative and extravagant conception of an after life by an ingenious and practiced writer. It is not necessary to suppose that this is a case of tricking the public. On the contrary, it is probable that the messages came through the writer's hand, as she declares. But there is no need to look farther for their origin than to the subliminal powers of the author. When the human mind in a boy of fourteen is capable of the instantaneous solution of complex mathematical problems we must be chary in delimiting the possible powers of that mind.

Blessed are they who have not seen, and yet have believed. But we make our claim to see before believing, as did Thomas who was not rebuked by his Master. Μακάριοσ signifies fortunate, happy, blessed. Well, we who have doubts or have had doubts and may have cleared our way to faith, can congratulate the easy believers without envying them. Our faith, if we achieve it, will rest on more permanent foundations, and be unshakeable.

Fortunately there has arisen of recent years a school of scientific men who show no prejudice against the investigation of "psychical" phenomena. Not all of these by any means have accepted the explanation that the phenomena are due to the action of human beings in another state of existence, and are thus demonstrative of human survival. But many have done so. It would be impossible to record a complete list, but I may recall some names, such as Sir William Crookes, F.R.S., O.M.; Dr. Russel Wallace, F.R.S.; Sir Oliver Lodge, F.R.S.; Sir Joseph Thomson, F.R.S., O.M.; Sir William Barrett, F.R.S. (in England); Dr. Richet, Dr. Ochorowitz, Dr. Janet, Professor Flammarion, Dr. Maxwell, Col. de Rochas (in France), Lombroso, Morselli, and many other scientific professors in Italy, besides Dr. Hyslop, Professor James, in America, and others in Russia and Germany. For many years now these and other collaborators in the same field have been working on the difficult phenomena which we roughly include as "psychical." The tangle is intricate, but a beginning at any rate has been made on its unravelment. Perhaps the credit is due in the first instance to the initiation of the English Society of Psychical Research which was established some thirty-three years ago, and which was inspired by the enthusiastic zeal of the late F. W. H. Myers. It is difficult to over-rate the work of Myers in this cause of obscure and neglected facts. He turned aside from his work, which was educational at Cambridge University, in order to devote himself to the investigation. He began as an agnostic, worked his way patiently, ardently through mazes of illusion, deceit and real facts until he at last arrived at the conclusion that the obscure and baffling phenomena were not only genuine, but were evidence of the survival of man as a spiritual being. His evidence and his arguments are embodied in a great work called *Human Personality and its Survival of Bodily Death,* published posthumously in 1902. The appearance of that book marked the definite ranging of Psychical Research among the legitimate provinces of science. Thenceforth there could be no turning back. And plentiful as the literature of the subject had been previously it has grown enormously since. The Psychical Research Societies of England and America have both done honorable work in this connection. Their best work perhaps is that they have made it possible for people with scientific methods to associate

themselves with the investigation. But the pursuit of this object over thirty years has made a vast change in the attitude of thinking men. I have frankly put the question to two distinguished members of "the Council of the English Society," one of them the Right Hon. Gerald Balfour, "What have your investigations resulted in as regards your personal belief?" and in both cases I received the answer, "They have convinced me of the survival of the human personality."

Dr. Hyslop, the head of the American Society, who began as a strenuous philosophic agnostic, makes no secret of his conversion through the observation and study of these same phenomena. Have not these facts some significance? It has been said that no one who has persistently studied the phenomena has not been convinced. This perhaps is too large a claim, for there are certain scientific investigators on the Continent, such as Professor Richet and Dr. Maxwell, who still suspend judgment, though, it is possible to see, with dwindling resolution.

The history of the Continental investigations is very interesting. For some reason the researches of students in Great Britain and America have been mainly confined to what are known as "intellectual" phenomena, as distinct from "physical" phenomena. That is to say Anglo-Saxon inquirers have devoted themselves to manifestations which purport to be communications from discarnate minds to incarnate minds, while Continental students have taken up what purports to be the intervention of spirits through physical and material phenomena. The distinction is not rigid. For example there is the phenomenon of the "direct voice," in which it is claimed that spirits of surviving human beings talk directly as with material vocal chords with sitters at a séance. I have myself several times had this experience. The communications (if the hypothesis of fraud is excluded) are necessarily a combination of the intellectual and physical phenomena since, whereas the vocalization of the voice is physical, the content of the communication is the issue of intellectual forces.

But on the Continent of Europe there has been a persistent inquiry into "physical" phenomena which have been neglected in England. These phenomena include table-rappings, movements of inanimate objects at a distance, commonly called telekinesis, vocal and musical sounds, per-

fumes, and materializations. This last is that which has been the bone of contention between investigators and orthodox science. Orthodox science declares dogmatically that materializations do not occur; and I know several psychical investigators who have been convinced of survival by other phenomena, but who refuse to believe in the genuineness of physical phenomena. Yet there is a *prima facie* case made out for these even in the records of the Psychical Research Society which more or less ignores this line of investigation.

The body of the supernormal phenomena which have been recorded, and, in many cases, substantiated, is enormous, whatever explanation be sought and approved. To pass all the evidence by after your attention is drawn to them is to be willfully negligent. To shoulder them aside is an outrage on the honor of science. Let me give some idea of the multitude and complexity of these phenomena, and in order to do this I must borrow the categories of Dr. Maxwell, the distinguished French investigator.

I. Physical phenomena, comprising (1) Raps and knockings. (2) Sundry other noises. (3) Movements of objects without contact (telekinesis) and movements of objects with insufficient contact to account for the movement (parakinesis). (4) Apports, that is the sudden appearance of objects without the intervention of human agency. (5) Penetrability; the passage of matter through matter. (6) Visual phenomena, which can be subdivided: (a) Vision of the odic effluvium; (b) Amorphous lights; (c) Forms, either luminous or non-luminous; (d) Materializations. (7) Phenomena leaving permanent traces, such as imprints. (8) Alteration in weights of objects, levitation. (9) Changes in the temperature; sensations of heat and cold. (10) Cool breezes. (11) Scents.

II. Intellectual Phenomena. (1) Typtology, table-rapping to form coherent communications. (2) Automatic writing, (a) Immediate; (b) By instrument such as planchette, ouijah board, etc. (3) Direct writing on slates or paper without human agency; this includes precipitated writing. (4) Incarnation or control (otherwise communication by voice or writing in trance). (5) Direct voices: where voices are heard appearing to emanate from vocal organs other than those of the persons present. (6) Various other automatisms.

It is not within the design of this article to cite cases in

illustration of these phenomena. It would be impossible to do so in the space at my command. All I have wished to do is to indicate the variety of the phenomena to be examined, and to emphasize the great abundance of records which exist. They are to be found in the Proceedings of the two well-known Societies for Psychical Research and in numberless books and journals.

It is obvious that a strong case has been made out from the investigation of the phenomena. Many of them are beyond doubt genuine, and the question arises as to their origin. Orthodox science, when it condescends to notice them at all, lightly attributes them to fraud, conscious or unconscious, to unconscious cerebration, to collective hypnotism, to imperfect observation. Dr. Maxwell, who is unwilling to accept the spiritist theory, leans to the hypothesis that they mark an extension of human faculty, and this seems to be the mental attitude of Professor Richet and other Continental researchers. But there is a growing school of thinkers who have frankly accepted the explanation that the phenomena are mainly the work of surviving human beings, and that thus they demonstrate the existence of life beyond death.

There are, it appears to me, two laws which should control our researches in these fields. The first is that nothing is impossible merely because it is incredible. So many things have been found incredible to other generations, and yet have been proved true, and are now accepted among the commonplaces of fact. You have only to refer to the quotation from Dr. Russel Wallace in the forepart of this article to illustrate this. The second law is that nothing should be accepted unless it is adequately proved. These may seem, and indeed are, simple, trite axioms, but they are in constant danger of being forgotten—the one or the other—and moreover they cover the whole ground and are a sufficient protection to us in these or any other investigations. The one guards us from obstinacy, the other from credulity. The monistic theory claims that life is only known as functioning through the physical structure of the body; and that the mind is the product of chemical processes in the brain. If the brain perish the mind perishes with it. If that theory be correct, there is an end to our speculations as to the beneficent God. Man dies, and there is no further record of him save in the disintegrating dust and bones in

the graveyard. If mind is a mere function of the brain this is undeniably true. It was Professor William James who suggested that possibly the mind is a *transmissive* function of the brain; that is to say that the brain is a necessary conduit for the action of the mind in physical life. In Bergson's words the brain is the organ of attention to earth. There is surely no difficulty in squaring our theories with ascertained facts. *If* it be proved that human beings survive, if the evidence is so great in quantity and quality that a reasonable mind cannot resist it, that reasonable mind will revise its old working hypotheses and come out with new ones. It all depends on evidence, and you are not in a position to pronounce judgment until you have carefully examined the evidence. To all scientific men who are at work in the various provinces I would say bluntly—"Have you?"

An acceptance of the faith that the human personality survives death involves a tremendous change in one's outlook on life. No longer is the universe seen as a chance issue of undetermined forces, no longer as the ruthless scheme of an unknown and terrible God. The phenomena, if they prove anything, not only demonstrate the persistence of life beyond death, but also give evidence of a beneficent scheme of continuous evolution. Let us look for a moment at the content of these communications which are represented as coming from human spirits. There are many contradictions and inconsistencies in them, mainly on question of detail; nor need we boggle at that, as there are many contradictions, inconsistencies and even absurdities conveyed in descriptions of earth life by human beings on earth. But in the main facts the communications agree, and from a consideration of them one can see a picture emerge, rational in its aspects, bold, satisfying in its effects, logical, and harmonious with the great law of evolution. There is in this picture a God of unknown power, the source of all spiritual life who has through unknown agencies set the universe in being and started it on a course of eternal evolution. In the fabric of this divine scheme our earth is but a speck, yet as essential as the smallest nut is to the proper working of vast and intricate machinery. No one on earth has been able to explain the mystery of life, or of birth; and no one on the other side of death has been able to explain the mystery. Death indeed does not solve the problem of life, but only the problem of death. It is only

known, or at least believed, that the incarnation of spirit, as presented to us in birth, is necessary for the individuation of spiritual entities, that they live their physical life through, a correlated and co-ordinated duality; and that dissociation takes place through death. The problem of death has been often the subject of communications by clairvoyants and other psychics. All are agreed that at the instant of bodily dissolution a nebulous mist forms over the body and is slowly gathered into an ethereal form which is the counterpart of the physical body in subtle matter. The world this spiritual body inhabits (they say) lies about our own earth, and is not so very greatly different from it. It is divided into spheres according to the state of evolution of the spirit. It is indeed evolution that is the key of this other world. Human life does not stop short at the grave, a truncated thing, but takes up its growth and development after death and continues the course of evolution in future worlds as yet unknown and unguessed. No one can possibly deny the nobility and comprehensiveness of this conception; which far surpasses the conventional ideas of heaven taught by orthodox religions. The spirit that was imprisoned today in a physical body, wakes tomorrow, in its new birth, into a life of greater freedom, greater power, greater opportunity, greater happiness; and it wakens the same personality as it was in earth life. Mere physical accretions have fallen away, but the character and properties remain the same.

To me this seems inspiring in its general conception, and calculated to stimulate to the full the ethical efforts of mankind on this side, efforts to join hands in the common cause of spiritual evolution. For that evolution is endless, and it is impossible to put a term to it. The ultimate goal that we poor human creatures shall reach is to us now inconceivable, but that it is one in keeping with a divine and beneficent scheme we are able to satisfy ourselves by careful and conscientious study—conscientious study of all the obscure, scattered and often involved phenomena to which these pages have endeavored to call attention.

H. B. Marriott Watson.

MYLES

BY PADRAIC COLUM

You blew in
Where Jillin Brady kept up state on nothing,
Married her daughter, and brought to Jillin's house
A leash of dogs, a run of ferrets, a kite
In a wired box; linnets and larks and goldfinches
In their proper cages, and you brought with you the song—

If you come to look for me
Perhaps you'll not me find,
For I'll not in my Castle be—
Enquire where horns wind.

You used to say
Five hounds' lives were a man's life, and when Teague
Had died of old age, and when Fury that was a pup
When Teague was maundering, had turned from hill to hearth,
And lay in the dimness of a hound's old age,
I went with you again, and you were upright
As the circus-rider standing on his horse,
Quick as a goat that will take any path, and lean—
Lean as a lash. You would have no speech
With wife or child or mother-in-law till you
Were out of doors and standing on the ditch
Ready to face the river or the hill—

If you come to look for me
Perhaps you'll not me find,
For I'll not in my Castle be—
Enquire where horns wind.

Before I had a man-at-arms
I had an eager hound:
Then was I known as Reynardine
In no crib to be found.

I can see you now
Under the doorway-lintel of the house
That once was Jillin Brady's, now is yours:
The hounds are cringing; but they hear your voice
And straighten up: they know the words you sing—

The hen-wife's son once heard the grouse
Talk to his soft-voiced mate,
And what he heard the heath-poult say
The loon would not relate.

Impatient in the yard he grew
And patient on the hill:
Of cocks and hens he'd keep no chargē,
And he went with Reynardine.

I can remember
Lean days when we were idle as the birds
That will not preen their feathers, but will travel
To taste a berry or pull a shred of wool
That they will never use. We pass the bounds:
A forest's grave, the black bog, is before us,
And in its very middle you will show me
The snipe's nest that is lonelier than the snipe
That's all that's there; and then a stony hill;
A red fox climbing, pausing, looking round his tail
At us travailing against wind and rain
To reach the river-spring where Finn or Fergus
Hardened a spear, back of a thousand years.

And still your cronies are what they were then—
The hounds that know the hill and know the hearth;
And still your poets are the blackbirds singing
When kites are leaving, crows are going home,
And the thrush in the morning like a spectre showing
Beside the day-spring; your visitors I know:
The cuckoo that will swing upon a branch,
The corncrake with quick head between the grass-tufts.
I see and hear you, and should lightning make
Its momentary writing in your sky,
Remember by that token me who tried
To make the epic about Reynardine,
So seldom in his Hall. *Before he had*
A man-at-arms, an eager hound was his.

PADRAIC COLUM.

THE DARDANELLES*

BY LIEUTENANT JEAN GIRAUDOUX

To our right Marmora fell away; to our left the Gulf of Saros seemed to climb. On this peninsula which thrusts itself like the bow of a boat between the rising and the falling sea, we lay one close against the other, asleep. My neighbors were the twin brothers; if I woke I could comfort myself with the thought that all Frenchmen are alike. War then appeared an anodyne; it was enough that one of us should be saved, just one; and when I shut my eyes again there also came to me, came and calmed me, the thought of an only child, of one wife. France in her remoteness made herself simple, to give one for a moment the sleep of primitive man. Then suddenly the same guilty hand lighted all at the same time, each on its own continent, sunrise, daybreak—and towards Armenia—the cold dawn. The stars dwindled. Two silver olive trees—it always happens on the movie screen—were stirring and shivering between the lines the tatters of an immortal foliage. Then the sun rose.

It rose just below us, under our caps, under our knapsacks, and I knew after that what each one of my men would have done had he received the sun itself as a gift. Baltesse kneaded it, rolled it in his hands; Riotard put it on his head, balanced it, catching it when it bounced off. A carmine sun which set everything on fire, and pricked our staring eyes till they suddenly seemed projections of its own rays. A lark, attracted by the glitter of our arms and our kits came soaring over the trench, following every traverse, every salient. Over in the Turkish lines they would only have had to draw its flight to know our shelter, and especially to mark those

*Translated by Elizabeth Shepley Sergeant.

Frenchmen—the worst enemies of the Prophet—who use a mirror. On the coast of Asia one color was laid on after another, and my corporal from the Beaux Arts shouted and protested when the same one reappeared. Every black rock, every gold-bordered cypress, was no more than a thick blurred mass, choking up one of the springs of day. Little by little a light that was heavier than water fell into the depths of the Strait; you could see mosques balanced on their minarets, plane-trees turned upside down, hour-glasses to measure times and seasons: you understood the Orient. . . . But by this time the people who rise early had begun to attack on the left, and some Sidney regiments, surprising the Kurds, were exterminating them without quarter, because the Turk is the national enemy of the Australian.

* * *

Relief. At the junction of the Anglo-French line the *liaison* officers had stopped exchanging postage-stamps, and without this gummed paper there was danger of their losing contact again. We went down over the hills, jostling Bambaras and Peuls in the corridors; creatures with inglorious eyes, poor, blurred and dulled images of ourselves—for our major-general, a clever strategist, kept his white soldiers on duty at night, his negroes by day. All the brilliance, all the emptiness, which the greatest poets in our country only suspect when they lie on their backs in the middle of a rolling field, these were ours here in our boyau. Miserable soldiers that we were, three months ago in France, to have to go off on patrol duty and risk death just to see the tip of a church tower between two clods of earth! Along the flanks of the peninsula below us the sea etched those parallel lines that it only takes in good maps. We went on again, raising the sun to the level of our arms by a single downward stride. For those who do not care to see a whole continent the first thing in the morning, there were islands. In the purple gulf, English ships; in the Straits, French ones, which prefer golden waters. We recognized the *Henry IV,* with its backslanting plank; the *Chateaurenaud,* riding at anchor, but flecked with imitation foam at the bow to make the Turkish artillery think she was speeding at thirty knots. The torpedo destroyers, which had come in as far as Yenikeui, were slowly drifting out again, stern foremost, instead of turning. Far on the horizon Tenedos kept changing its place as we walked,

attaching itself now to one island, now to another, then floating clear again to follow Imbros or Samothrace. Between its olive hill and its cypress hill the camp was astir, and every bird, too, showed a dark wing and a light. From four solitary columns rose ring-doves, flying by threes, and jays, which flew in couples; as if Love, half awake at this early hour, were still confusing his symbols. Some cicadas, those born that very morning on the plain, where the olive-trees had all been cut, lifted themselves ambitiously to the height of the pines, found nothing, dropped then to the level of the olives, where they fell and died. We had now got within earshot of the African chasseurs, who had been anchored in the roads for a fortnight, and were blowing their trumpets steadily to quiet the restless horses on the deck.

The whole army was there, between slopes which were now bare of their young rye, and their barley, younger still; contained on a mere ten acres which Englishmen, on the way to bathe, crossed all day long with their towels, just as they used to step across France to Nice. The gold-brown mass in the distance was the too-white horses of the spahis, enamelled, by order, with permanganate; encamped at the mouth of the brook it was their right, as privileged beings, to drink all the water that came down to them. The zouave, with boxes on his head, was Colonel Nieger's orderly, on his way to the castle with Tanagra figurines that the sappers had found; whenever a shell came near him he stood perfectly still, like a Spanish toreador, who freezes into a statue when snuffed at by a bull. A New Zealander was painting his cannon in tiger-stripes to give it a more natural air. Some splendid aeroplanes were bringing the General Staff chickens from Tenedos.

All that the European war had rejected was here; all the people whom the engineers of the next century will exile and imprison on an island: scholars, madmen, sportsmen. There was the most famous of Irish entomologists, whom the Indians—brothers of the ant—arrested from time to time as a spy; war in the English sector was hard upon insects too. There were Creoles from the island of Reunion, whose poor circular gaze their adjutant sought in vain to lengthen on this long-drawn peninsula by always making them aim at Achi-Baba. There was the millionaire who had come with his nine hunters of Spanish wild goat. They were armed with giant spy-glasses, and used them lying flat on their backs, as

Moroccans use their guns—one of them always declared he could see snow. Nothing but volunteers, these men of Auvergne and Burgundy, who had always wanted to see Byzantium; simple souls whom one recognized at a glance to have been born before the age of lies. The taller were more romantic, the smaller more practical, the darker more passionate. There were Duparc and Garrigue—one square-built, with eyes that did not match, the other a giant with braided hair—archaic warriors, who in the siege operations of an earlier age had offered themselves to handle the ram. There were the two policemen from Béziers, who all day long prevented us from cutting wood or birds-nesting, under penalty of the law, and who after dark—always in the interest of the General Staff—pursued the forbidden sport of fishing with hand-grenades. There was Moréas, Toulouse Lautrec, Albala, who had never before been seen outside his Paris café. The Turks and the Greeks of the brigade, consulting together in a circular trench, were busy compiling the little dictionary that was to be so useful when we entered Constantinople, and could not agree either about the word "fox" or the word " immortal." . . . They sometimes got up all together and demanded the Croix de Guerre.

We were having lunch. We had half a quart of wine, a leg of cold storage mutton, a sweet biscuit. Drunk and replete, we did not mind lending our fountain-pens to the comrades who were to attack to-morrow, and who were recopying —from inability to love better—the letters written before the last attack. Hoffman was playing his pocket-bugle in tears —he always wept as he played, otherwise it would have been the flute, which his lachrymose habit had obliged him to give up in his school days. Juéry was writing poetry, his head at the bottom of the trench, his feet against the parapet, so that quantities of the same letters rolled about inside him, and at the Dardanelles nothing came to him but alliterations. For our water spaniel, Garrigue collected tortoises, orange adders, scorpions; but presented the monsters one at a time, lest he should come to believe in a single too-powerful beast. The sacristan of the church of Sainte-Eugénie at Biarritz, who was to be the first to die, had already given himself a scratch with his gun, and for his sake they broke my first tube of iodine. I took advantage of it to hand out my laudanum. From that time on, all my good-bye presents were to be of service: there was nothing that could not answer some

purpose; the little pharmacopeia, the English flask, the purple and red blanket . . . all my friends had been useful to me. . . . I was cheating nobody's kindness. . . . I could die.

* * *

Midday. In each wave the sun and a whole jelly-fish. In each clod of earth a centipede clasping the day's hot centre in its rigidly curved feet. The wind was blowing from Russia and covered us with sand, all but our arms and legs, which we could shake. The Senegalese, taking their siesta in their hole edged with mosaics of pebbles, were doing what we do at midnight; turning, and groaning, and calling on their wise men. War was half asleep, and to spare her fist, was striking only things with a give to them: the sea, the ships—she was attacking the bobbing cistern boat with fury. The *Annam,* the mail boat, was burning in the roadstead, and blackened papers floated all the way up to us. The *Triumph* had been torpedoed, and was sinking; we could hear the crew, drawn up at attention on the deck, chanting her name. The Strait swelled between its two banks as if an enormous submarine were stealing down its centre. All the boats were whistling the alarm; all the sirens were screeching, and the ships, suddenly gone blind, manœuvered in the whirlwinds of light with more noise and cautiousness than in the thickest fog. Legionaries were firing vollies at the floating mines. Scarcely visible at the far end of the Gulf, the largest armored cruiser in the world was having an attack of nerves, and shrouded herself at intervals with a golden powder, as flowers throw out pollen at the approach of a noxious insect. Like children who have taken refuge inside an organ, our men slept on.

But now Affre, the judge, came back from the Cape, dripping with perspiration, and loaded with sweet lemons. He offered them to us with misplaced allusions—for even when he has the Dardanelles under his eyes he always confuses them with the Hesperides—and took us off to bathe. Picking our way over colonials, over legionaries, stretched out side by side—unable till we reached the shore to take a single step shorter or broader than a sleeping man—we came at last to Myrto. Then we went swimming, bumping negroes, who sank at our touch like good hippopotami. As our eyes were on the level of the water, all the shadow we

had left took refuge on our heads, and we had only to dive to get rid of it forever.

* * *

Thus we lived, without living too much, through flat and dazzling days; we felt ourselves minute points above the world's joy, and its sorrow; we did not dig our shelters either, because the water kept coming in. The little hump made by our writing case under our cloak—it varies in the European soldier as the heart varies among civilians—was always the same size with us, who had no interest in letters, scarcely visible at all. No vile or futile act could be even imagined; one was in plain sight from every side, and not a movement was permitted unless it was acceptable to ten different peoples. An inoffensive, careless world, like worlds of a single sex: without falsifying their story, historians may recount our exploits in the feminine gender, and let it be thought that the armies of the Dardanelles were armies of women. Fabulous evenings. The colonels, made languid by the burning heat, came to cool their hands in the current of the Strait, as in Brittany one goes to warm them in the Gulf Stream. A child of Miramas, the only offshoot of these hundred thousand warriors, went from company to company—a make-believe child—to be admired. The African soldiers were already slipping out of their holes toward the cemetery to steal the pebbles from the tombs and finish their mosaic design. The French, suddenly realizing how impossible it was that they shouldn't see the station of the P-L-M again, that there should not be any more jugged hare or Vouvray for them in this world, were reassured as to their fate and sang in chorus. Every one of their cheeses, too—Brie, Levroux, Cantal, was a promise of life; logically, if they reasoned it out, a promise of eternity. The Australians were smoking, with their shirt sleeves rolled up, not thinking of the future, mortal beings.

War! I hate him who loves you, and I hate him who detests you. The smoke of the kitchens came to us, but crouched in our burrow-like retreat in the depths of the golden sea we resisted their odor. War, why are you not a mere idea in our minds, or why are you not at most limited to a few isolated friends, to a few naked men, as you suddenly were this afternoon, when Jacques and I were coming

out of our bath and all the shells fell only on him and me? We could not reach our clothes; we fell to earth like wrestlers who know their strength, Jacques parallel to the tomb of Patroclus, I, parallel to Jacques; you obliged us to make all sorts of friendly geometrical figures to escape you. Then the irritated trajectories stupidly lengthened, and the shells left us to fall on the camp and wound Colomb, our lieutenant, and kill poor Coulomb, his orderly—for the simple folk who bear our names, or almost bear them, are killed in our stead.

* * *

Midnight. The frogs of the Turkish brook were replying to our frogs in their code language, and I only understood what had to do with the weather. . . . An Asian cannon, one millimeter smaller than the French one, made a furious attack upon it, and after this dilation grew peaceful again. Every man of us, sure of his death, got out his farewell letter and confided it to his right-hand neighbor, an immortal.

A day smooth and glossy as wax. What relief can I give to you, what other lonely evening, the evening of a young woman in France, shall I stamp upon you, so that our double soul, our double language may sometime be born again, and Paris, with its gliding taxis?

JEAN GIRAUDOUX.

THE PROGRESS OF A PATH-FINDER

BY EDITH WYATT

Early in the last city springtime, I chanced to find in the Chicago Library a yellow-paged volume, rare and little-known, composed in the able manner of a self-reliant traveler. The first record in our own tongue of many of the central regions of the United States, this book was the *Topographical History of North America* by Captain Gilbert Imlay.

The author had been known to me before, not as a man of liberal views and a pioneer surveyor, but only as the poor-natured creature portrayed in Mary Wollstonecraft's wonderful Letters to Imlay. After all, not so very many persons have attempted to find paths through the competitive jungle of our world. It is a rather curious circumstance that the two most intimate companions of Mary Wollstonecraft's destiny, Imlay and William Godwin, the author of *Political Justice,* rank as useful explorers in our social and geographical history. The face of Mary Wollstonecraft too, even in her pictured countenance, looks forth at us from the past with the far-sighted glance of a path-finder not among un-peopled plains and forests, but in the ways of men. As with her fellow-travelers it is the manner of her journey and the truth she learned on her way rather than the points she reached that give her life its signal value for us.

One of the most important distinctions to be made about Mary Wollstonecraft, I think, is that in several senses of the word she was a beautiful woman. "More than one print was engraved of this portrait," says Kegan Paul, of her lovely portrait by Opie, "In which is well-preserved its tender, wistful, childlike, pathetic beauty, with a look of pleading against the hardness of the world, which I know in only one other face, that of Beatrice Cenci." We feel the peculiar grace of her personality, even when she was fifteen, in her friendship with a London clergyman, Mr. Clare, who gave

her most of her education. Born in 1759, the eldest of the six children of a man of considerable fortune who had squandered it all in drunkenness, she early acquired a habit of protecting other persons, her sisters, her young brother, her mother. As a "companion" for a trivial, peevish old woman, as a governess in the rough "husband-hunting" life of an Irish noble family, as the teacher of a school for girls, she guarded and worked for her family indefatigably. Her mother died in her arms. After the birth of a child, her dear friend Fanny Blood died in her arms. Her sisters' struggling lives as governesses were the subject of her constant solicitude. At twenty-nine she became the reader and translator for the London publisher, Mr. Johnson; and one finds in his life-long attachment to her and hers to him, another instance of the special affection she felt and inspired.

Johnson was the publisher of Tom Paine, of William Godwin and Holcroft, of William Blake and Erasmus Darwin. His establishment was the center of a circle of radical thinkers of the day in England: and it was for him she wrote at thirty-three her *Vindication of the Rights of Women.* Famous as the first book to advocate woman's suffrage, though very tentatively and briefly, and the first to advocate co-education, its strongest plea, the force of the work is in its first-hand knowledge of the wretchedness of dependence for women. As an original and noble criticism of the Sentimental Education it has an indescribable and thrilling dignity.

The book met great and deserved success, was widely translated, went through many editions. Lionized in radical circles and with larger means, Mary Wollstonecraft seems now to have enjoyed many pleasures in the society of the painter Fuseli and his wife and her old friend Miss Hayes, and Mr. Johnson. It was at this time that she first knew William Godwin. She did not, it appears, make a favorable impression on him. He met her in company with Tom Paine, a rather uncommunicative man. Godwin desired to hear Paine's conversation, and he thought Mary Wollstonecraft talked too much. It is the first appearance of Godwin's grave, clear-cut and remarkable face, a little bent forward with its long nose and blazing eye, the first appearance of his strange, thin figure, questing and thoughtful, upon the road of life where he was destined to become her most intimate and beloved fellow-traveler.

He was about thirty-seven years of age. The son of a Presbyterian clergyman of Sussex, he had left the church a decade since. As the author of *Political Justice* and the successful defender of the revolutionary Holcroft, Godwin was then, Hazlitt says, "blazing like a sun in the firmament of reputation—no one more talked of, more looked up to, more sought after." On account of his opposing impulses he was forever attracting opposite forces on each side of his position. It is for this reason and because of their friendship with Godwin that we see in the background of the bright-colored picture of his circle, Thomas and Josiah Wedgewood and their pottery at Etruria, and Mrs. Inchbald, the dramatist and actress, a fair-haired little lady who, though she lived in garrets and her dress of black stuff was "seldom worth more than eighteenpence"—Mrs. Oliphant has made the penetrating suggestion that this is probably a fallacious masculine estimate—was sought by fashionable society, and was surrounded as soon as she entered the most brilliant drawing-rooms of London. It is for this reason, too, that we observe behind the "liberal" group, in vista, the Drury Lane Theater, of which Godwin was a devoted patron; and also the figure of his kind, countrified old mother who sent him fresh eggs from Wood Dalling. In spite of his "advanced" views, Godwin himself retained something countrified and plain and kind in his disposition.

Such was William Godwin, the greatest radical thinker of England of his day, when Mary Wollstonecraft first met him. But she thought very little about him for a reason he has described to us in his strange, characteristic manner, a reason not known to him at the time, and revealed to him afterwards in a confidence from which it never seems to have occurred to him to exclude the general public. This reason was her susceptibility to the painter Fuseli, for whom Godwin tells us, "she conceived a personal and ardent affection." Finally, he says, Fuseli became "a source of perpetual torment to her. She conceived it necessary to snap the chain," and went to France, "the single object she had in view being that of an endeavor to heal her distempered mind." Mrs. Fuseli and Mary were life-long friends; and undoubtedly Godwin overrates this incident. Yet it has a place in the biography of an impulsive and susceptible woman.

She made her journey in the Spring of 1792. She had

hardly arrived when the Flames of the French Revolution rose to their greatest height. England was declared the enemy of France. All communication between the two nations was cut off, and for eighteen months no word passed between her and the friends of her whole former life. It was in this isolation from her previous existence and surrounded by the excitement of the great revolution that she first knew Captain Gilbert Imlay, an officer in the American Revolution, an American Land Commissioner. She formed his acquaintance as she had formed Godwin's in the company of Tom Paine, then officially representing the United States in France.

An appointee of President Washington's, a trusted friend of Paine's, of Roland's and Madame Roland's, a compiler of history who could command the services of Benjamin Franklin, as we may learn from his *Topographical History,* and a man capable of producing this curious book, Imlay must have possessed no mean qualities of understanding and execution. He seems to have been conducting extensive timber speculations from Havre at the time when his intimacy with Mary Wollstonecraft began in the Spring of 1793; and whether it may not have been formalized by some ceremony is unknown. Two years later, in a legal document empowering her to act as his financial agent in Norway, he refers to her as his wife. In August in 1793 she was living under his roof and registered as his wife in Paris: and so received in the American and English colonies there. In September he went away to Havre on a business journey; and it was during his absence that most of the first series of her letters to him was written.

Captain Imlay must have been nearly forty and with a rough, adventurous life behind him in the year of his visit to Paine in Paris. No doubt he was in many respects a coarsened man, and not sensitive to the well-being of other persons. You feel increasingly the beautiful young Englishwoman's idealization of him, as her letters recount the fortunes of their life together. In the Autumn of their first intimacy he went back and forth between Havre and Paris, where Mary remained. Her regard for him at this time was one of complete sacramental devotion. She learned she was to be a mother: and was most happy in that expectation. But when Imlay remained for six months at Havre, dallying between coming to her and sending for her, she became very

uneasy; and there is a cruel fear of his lack of staunchness behind all the depth and fire of her love for him, in these hard months. He sent for her to come to him in February. They were for the next half year very happy together. Their little girl was born in April, and they enjoyed Havre till the next August, when Imlay went to Paris. Mary and the baby joined him there in September for a few discontented weeks before he went to London.

Here again money-making schemes were paramount with him. He sent evasive replies to Mary in Paris. She has much to say to him on the topic of his commercial preoccupation. "Is it not possible to enter into business as an employment necessary to keep the faculties awake, and to sink a little in the expression, the pot boiling, without suffering what must ever be a secondary object to engross the mind and drive sentiment and affection out of the heart?" When he at last arranged for her meeting him, the occasion of her arrival at Bristol when the little Fanny was a year old, in April of 1795, was wretched indeed. Imlay was obviously estranged. Godwin says he had formed another connection with a young strolling actress, and the next twelve months seem only a various record of vain oblations to a vanished god of household devotion.

By a plan of Imlay's Mary and her little girl went to Norway in the summer for a sea-change, and to attend to his business interests. She returned to an unaltered unhappiness with him in England.

Here at some time in November she learned from her servants that he was deceiving her: that he was living with a new mistress in another establishment. She followed him thither; and what occurred at this scene is unknown except that after it, she passed a night of agony.

In the morning she wrote to him,

> I would encounter a thousand deaths rather than a night like the last. Your treatment has thrown my mind into a state of chaos; yet I am serene. I go to find comfort; and my only fear is that my poor body will be insulted by an endeavor to recall my hated existence. But I shall plunge into the Thames, where there is the least chance of my being snatched from the death I seek.

It was a cold and foggy day when she started forth from her lodgings on her desperate errand. She went to Battersea Bridge. But there were too many observers in

its vicinity for her purpose. She hired a boat and rowed along the river to Putney. It was night when she reached here; and the foggy day had concentrated its mist in a dark torrent of rain. Nothing should stop her now. After landing she walked up and down the bridge till she was drenched through and through. It was her hope that she would drown instantly from the weight of her clothing. She leaped from the bridge. But before she sank for the last time, unknown persons rescued her; and though she had lost consciousness, at last they brought her back to the world she had sought to escape.

The persuasion of the staunch Mr. Johnson, and of other friends, induced her to relinquish the idea of suicide. Her responsibility as a mother re-asserted itself. In the same month she wrote to Imlay, "I shall protect and provide for the child. I only mean by this to say that you have nothing to fear from my desperation. Farewell."

At the end of November Imlay went to Paris with his new mistress. In the days after her attempt at self-destruction he had it seems strangely referred to his present alliance as "a merely, casual, sensual connection"—though, it would appear, implying that he intended to continue this while a natural bond remained.

It seems to be to this she refers when she says: "I have no criterion for morality, and have thought in vain, if the sensations which lead you to follow an ankle or a step be the sacred foundation of principle and affection. Mine has been of a different nature." She tells him she parts with him in peace.

But the last assertion, like others she made concerning her serenity, is plainly a mere, heart-breaking insincerity. Although it chances that the next biographical reference to her we possess is in a less tragic vein than that of her scenes and correspondence with Captain Imlay.

Again the blazing eye and grave countenance of William Godwin, the leading philosopher of England appears in the circle of Hazlitt and Coleridge and Mr. Johnson's friends: and we find him early in January writing to Miss Hayes.

I will do myself the pleasure of waiting on you on Friday and shall be happy to meet Mrs. Wollstonecraft, of whom I know not that I ever said a word of harm, and who has frequently amused herself with depreciating me. But I trust you acknowledge in me the real-

ity of a habit upon which I pique myself, that I speak of the qualities of others uninfluenced by personal considerations, and am as prompt to do justice to an enemy as to a friend.

In these two years and a half of her association with Imlay she had by no means lost her connection with the radical, literary circle of Mr. Johnson's friends. She had moreover written in this period two original, able and popular books. The first was *A Historical and Moral View of the Origin and Progress of the French Revolution.* The second, entitled *Letters from Sweden and Norway,* was a description of the contemporary social life of these countries. Filled with lively, humorous and observant comment, it affords a striking instance of the remarkable volatility of the author's nature. It must have been composed in the very days of some of her most tragic correspondence with Captain Imlay, from the North Sea.

He returned to England shortly after the time of this letter of Godwin's—a season when Mary Wollstonecraft's attention seems to have been again pre-occupied with the interests of Johnson and of his friends. Mrs. Pennell has told us that in the Spring of that year as Mary was walking along the New Road, Imlay overtook her on horseback. He dismounted and leading his horse accompanied her for some distance. After this Imlay's figure vanishes out of our knowledge of him.

Mary Wollstonecraft had planned for that summer a journey with her little girl, now a little over two years old, to Switzerland and Italy. But instead she stayed on in England: and moved her belongings and began housekeeping in rooms of her own in Somers Town. She told Godwin that her last chance meeting with Imlay had scarcely affected her. Godwin had now become her constant sympathetic companion and devoted friend. He himself with his strange pompousness has described their growing attachment.

The partiality we conceived for each other was in that mode which I have always considered as the purest and most refined style of love. It grew with equal advances in the mind of each. It would have been impossible for the most minute observer to have said who was before, and who after. One sex did not take the priority which long-established custom has awarded it, nor the other over-step that delicacy which is so severely imposed. I am not conscious that either party can assume to have been the agent or the patient, the toil-

spreader or the prey in the affair. When in the course of things the disclosure came, there was nothing in a manner for either party to disclose to the other. There was no period of throes and resolute explanation attendant on the tale. It was friendship melting into love.

About four months after Mary's April walk on the New Road, they had joined their fortunes. In the following March they were married at Saint Pancras' Church.

For a little time the ceremony was secret from their friends. This was easy as they had determined to live in different houses. With his London circle both Godwin and his wife were somewhat evasive about their formal union. He had taken a strong stand against the institution of marriage. He is much concerned to justify himself; and writes to Thomas Wedgewood—

> The doctrine of Political Justice is that an attachment in some degree permanent between two persons of opposite sexes is right, but that marriage as practiced in European countries is wrong. I still adhere to that opinion. Nothing but a regard for the happiness of the individual whom I had no right to injure would have induced me to submit to an institution which I wish to see abandoned, and which I would recommend to my fellowmen never to practice but with the greatest caution. Having done what I thought necessary for the peace and respectability of the individual I hold myself not otherwise bound than before the ceremony took place.

Thus they now began a species of married student-life about twenty doors off each other in "the Polygon, Somers Town," writing countless notes to each other, visiting each other and "walking out together." This arrangement appears to have been especially agreeable to little Fanny who thus acquired two households to run about in.

All Godwin's friends became his wife's friends with the single strange exception of Mrs. Inchbald: and her disaffection was inspired not by a disapproval of the institution of marriage but by a disapproval of Mary Wollstonecraft. In a society whose ideal of love was and has remained a high standard of what Mrs. Wharton has called "relentless domesticity" their plan of being married just enough and not too much has roused a great deal of comment on its absurdities, and very little on its pragmatic values. Was it a success? I think it can be said that it was. They were both very happy in it: and the tone of their notes is light-hearted and free, and yet filled with confidence in life.

When Godwin is absent on a journey to Etruria he writes to her "I wish I knew of some sympathy which could inform me from moment to moment how you do and what you feel. Tell Fanny something about me. Ask her where she thinks I am. Tell her I have not forgotten her little mug, and that I shall choose her a very pretty one." And she answers.

I hailed the sunshine and the moonlight, and traveled with you scenting the fragrant gale. Enable me still to be in your company, and I will enable you to peep over my shoulder and see me under the shade of my green blind, thinking of you and all I am to hear and feel when you return.

And he tells her that he has been reading her letter over for the fourth time; and that it "loses not one grace by the repetition. Well, fold it up; give Fanny the kiss I sent her, and tell her, as I desired you, that I am in the land of mugs."

The world has forgotten a great many things about Godwin—his courage and his greed and his monumental *Political Justice* and the tomes of *Caleb Williams* and his important publishing-house, and all his other importances. But his long affection for the unfathered little Fanny Imlay still blows fresh in the dust of changed opinions, still keeps its delicacy of hue and graceful outline.

Godwin visits the flour and paper mills of the author of *Man As He Is,* the celebrated Mr. Bage; and he attends county fairs; and notes "the faces of the work-people," and rambles around Etruria in a diffuse, well-meaning manner, with the Wedgewoods and the great Dr. Parr. Life at Etruria seems to be Godwin's natural element. But in the midst of all the talk about Deism and the sight-seeing of mills and "works" and the dissertation on marriage and free union, in the Wedgewood's impressive establishment he remembers with particularity something of vital significance. "Tell Fanny we have chosen a mug for her. . . . There is an F on it shaped on an island of flowers, of green and orange alternately."

There is but one story about Godwin's and Mary Wollstonecraft's happiness together and their devotion—cruelly ended by fate.

She died early in September, a week after the birth of their child—a week of alternate hope and despair, in which he hardly slept or left her side. "The best of men" were the last words her lips formed; and whispered to him: and

with her death all the beauty and dignity seemed to go out of his existence.

Her old friend, Miss Hayes, said:

> I was with her for the last four days of her life. And . . . my imagination could never have pictured to me a mind so tranquil under affliction so great. . . . Her whole soul seemed to dwell with anxious fondness on her friends; and her affections, which were at all times more alive than perhaps those of any other human being, seemed to gather new disinterestedness upon this trying occasion. The attachment and regret of those who surrounded her seemed to increase every hour; and if her principles are to be judged by what I saw of her death, I should say that no principles could be more conducive to calmness and consolation.

"If there be a searcher of hearts," Mary Wollstonecraft wrote, "mine will not be despised." She was right. After a hundred years we look back to the story of her way through the world, and find it more wonderful, more beautiful and valuable to us than the tale of a thousand journeyers less faulty, more cautious, more wise if you will, and poorer-hearted.

Looking back over the Letters to Imlay in the light of the ideas and principles of the rest of Mary Wollstonecraft's life, one is struck first and most strongly by the element in them which has traditionally held the world. They are filled with a dark yearning and pain, almost Biblical in its force. Like Philomela, she might have said,

> My heart in me is a molten ember
> And over my head the waves have met.

She suffered, it is to be believed, as intensely as it is possible for a human creature to suffer. The burden of her expression is the deathless cry of the nightingale to the swallow.

> But thou wouldst tarry or I would follow
> Could I forget, or thou remember,
> Couldst thou remember, or I forget.

Life resounds with the song of the remembering nightingale and the forgetting swallow; and it is undoubtedly the tone of the eternal passion and eternal pain of the Imlay letters that calls the world back to read them. But their over-tones speak with a voice very different from that of eternal passion and eternal pain—with an echo far more

clear and alluring. Is this the love that makes the world go round these over-tones ask of you: and you know that the impetus of the author's emotion has no forward movement, and can only go backward and remember happier things.

She says that the emotions that have led Imlay to follow an ankle or a step are very different in nature from her own for him, which are built upon "the sacred foundation of principle or affection." But are her sensations built on these foundations? With all respect for her suffering and her large-mindedness one asks just how her emotions are so different from those she condemns in Imlay: and whether she didn't make a mistake of idealization rather characteristic of brilliant minds. "Caesar sees women not as they are, but as he wishes them to appear to him." And it was so one must believe that Mary Wollstonecraft saw Imlay.

At least one seeks in vain for the elements of a special confidence, or intimate, common understanding in her feeling for him. She never really trusts him. Indeed she often appears to hate him. At one minute she says to him "God bless you." At the next she certainly seems to be doing her best to make him miserable. She never turns to him as to her spiritual peer, nor even as her honest friend. She writes at him, rather than to him.

An interesting, a typical, an all-too-human record of passion the tale of Mary Wellstonecraft's love for Imlay undoubtedly is. But if she had been a man, her long madness for a human being of the opposite sex, without reference to the forces of his heart or soul or mind, would have been regarded as Wagner regards Tannhauser's preoccupation with the Venusberg. It was indeed with her a preoccupation of which Shakespeare has wisely told us that none know well how to shun it—an expense of spirit in a waste of shame.

What is remarkable in the biography of Mary Wollstonecraft, a feature of fine, original grace and power, is not her long and somewhat vindictive pursuit of her despised lover. Instead the goddess reveals herself in her departure from this; and in the fact that she had the spontaneous strength to turn away from her yearning, and make a new happiness for herself of other resources.

In a civilization whose morals have been largely guided by superstitions rather than by creative intelligence, Mary

Wollstonecraft made a brave contribution to the world's ideas of a woman's direction of her own powers and passions. Such a contribution could not have been made by any but a woman of innate genius in her conception of great uses for the forces of human life.

No one could have predicted that eighteenth century ideas of co-education would be developed in the kaleidoscope of fortune into the field of "The College Widow." The great money-games of the United States have remained the leading pre-occupation of our national existence just as they were for our countryman, Imlay. No one can predict what the growing idea that pre-occupation in these games is a triviality, will develop into in a hundred years. No one can guess what self-reliance for women will mean in the twenty-first century. It is something that these ideas were conceived long ago by a generous and warm-hearted woman.

It is said that the star Arcturus, is a hundred light-years away from us; and that the white splendor we see when the immemorial Herdsman crosses the dark heavens, has radiated to us from the days of the Napoleonic Wars. Perhaps it is so with the lovely and moving light that Mary Wollstonecraft has thrown on our pursuit of happiness. We could not have seen it until now: and as we look at it we wonder whether it will shine so beautifully as it does for us for women wiser in the ways of truth than we can be, who will look back at it after another hundred years.

EDITH WYATT.

THE BOOK OF THE MONTH

MRS. WHARTON REVERTS TO SHAW[1]

BY LAWRENCE GILMAN

It is a good many years since Mr. Bernard Shaw complained, in a famous Dedicatory Epistle to Mr. A. B. Walkley, that "though we have plenty of dramas with heroes and heroines who are in love and must accordingly marry or perish at the end of the play, or about people whose relations with one another have been complicated by the marriage laws, not to mention the looser sort of plays which trade on the tradition that illicit love affairs are at once vicious and delightful, we have no modern English plays in which the natural attraction of the sexes for one another is made the mainspring of the action." Mr. Shaw's lament would scarcely implicate the English-speaking stage of to-day. It is true that when the conformist Briton or American (who can bring himself to discuss matters of sex only in the genteel jargon of journalese) uses the word "betrayed" in connection with the passional relations of men and women, he does not yet follow Mr. Shaw's example and enclose the term in derisively challenging quotation-marks. Nevertheless, in our contemporary Anglo-Saxon theatre, matters are not as they were in 1903. The discussions in *Man and Superman* are to-day a good deal more familiar to our provincial Drama Clubs than are those blameless farces of Mr. Howells upon which our amateur histrions used to wreak themselves in the innocent American 'nineties. But however it may be in the theatre, to the greater part of our commercially engendered fiction the substance of Mr. Shaw's complaint would still apply. Among those wonderful beings who produce the bulk of our nation's fictional provender,

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[1] *Summer*, by Edith Wharton. New York : D. Appleton & Co., 1917.

the delusions of a legendary sexual philosophy persistently endure,—as ubiquitous as ragweed, though far more beloved; and for ninety-nine million American readers, Man is still the Pursuer and Woman the Pursued, just as if Mr. Shaw had never been born.

At first blush, for the reader habituated to the conventional novelistic philosophy of sexual experience, Mrs. Wharton's *Summer* will probably suggest familiar satisfactions. But we deem it only fair to warn those moral policemen of American letters whose vigilance may for the moment be diverted by public excitements of another kind that Mrs. Wharton, wearing the most guileless and disarming expression in the world, has in this novel dared to portray an erotic interlude in which Girlhood is exhibited to the reading public as instinctively bent upon fulfilling what Mr. Shaw so long ago called "the woman's need of the man to enable her to carry on Nature's most urgent work," claiming him "by natural right for a purpose that far transcends their mortal personal purposes." Mr. Shaw, in those distant days of nascent theatrical emancipation, observed, you will remember, that men, to "protect themselves against a too aggressive prosecution of the woman's business, have set up a feeble romantic convention that the initiative in sex business must always come from the man"; but that "the pretence is so shallow that even in the theatre, that last sanctuary of unreality, it imposes only on the inexperienced." In that still more impregnable sanctuary of unreality, the Popular Novel,—and also in the sentimental amber of newspaper chronicles,—is preserved the degrading myth of woman's sexual imbecility —a tradition which would make of her (in the imperishable phrase of Dr. Middleton) merely "a fantastical plan-guncula." Now Mrs. Wharton, whatever her defects of sympathy and her spiritual *lacunæ,* is, as M. Emile Boutroux observed of Pascal, "a singular mixture of passion and geometry." A recognizably malicious fellow-craftswoman of Mrs. Wharton's once characterized her fiction as the product of "an unslaked voluptuary." We need not view Mrs. Wharton in exactly that light to perceive that she is at least extraordinarily sensitive to the vibrations of a passionate mood; and when we take into account her grasp of psychic geometry,—her exquisite perception of spatial relationships and impingements in the emotional field,—we

shall understand why it is that she can give us so veracious and precise and living a picture as her study of Charity Royall's intercourse with Lucius Harney. We shall also understand why, in her notation of this experience, she has necessarily been incapable of recognizing that "feeble romantic convention" which Mr. Shaw so energetically turned out of doors in his classic treatise on Woman as Pursuer and Contriver. Charity Royall is separated by a thousand worlds of origin and impulse and spiritual process from John Tanner's conception of Ann Whitefield; but she is an equally definite refutation of the tradition that Woman is the helpless prey of Man.

The raw materials of this erotic history of Mrs. Wharton's are traditional enough to have produced, in the hands of almost any one of the hucksters of our fictional marketplace, a conventional romance of seduction and betrayal (minus the Shavian quotation-marks), with its inevitable aura of disgraced and heart-broken parents, secret parturition, "a little life unwanted and unloved," and matrimony ultimately enforced to appease an outraged community. Mrs. Wharton has employed this antique mechanism with a bold and free hand, with a fine disdain of its sanctified implications. Charity Royall knew perfectly well what "going with a city fellow" meant—knew that "almost every village could show a victim of the perilous venture." Crouching on the steps of the verandah and looking into the window of Harney's room through the parted sprays of clematis, seeing him brooding there under the lamp, she was aware, "in every pulse of her rigid body, of the welcome his eyes and lips would give her" should she make known her presence. "She suddenly understood what would happen if she went in. It was the thing that *did* happen between young men and girls, and that North Dormer ignored in public and snickered over on the sly. It was what every girl of Charity's class knew about before she left school. It was what had happened to Ally Hawes' sister Julia. . . . Since the day before, she had known exactly what she would feel if Harney should take her in his arms: the melting of palm into palm and mouth on mouth, and the long flame burning her from head to foot." And, fully knowing, eagerly desiring, she invited freely her lover, later on in the little abandoned farmhouse on the mountainside, with its bleached gray walls, its sun-washed empty rooms, its broken dangling gate, its rose-bushes run

wild, and the long shadows of the old environing apple trees stretching their cool fingers over the grass in the evening light. . . . Here she and Harney lived flaming and secret and dream-like hours, "when the only reality was the wondrous unfolding of her new self, the reaching out to the light of all her contracted tendrils. . . . She had always thought of love as something confused and furtive, and he made it as bright and open as the summer air."

Here, and to the end, Mrs. Wharton conducts her tragic chronicle with a grave contempt for the *clichés* of sexual romance. That she chooses to direct the culmination of the tale to an issue that would have enraged Mr. Shaw's John Tanner, constitutes, of course, no lapse on her part from artistic integrity. In an ideal civilization, no doubt,—one governed by intelligence and feeling rather than by conventional sanctions and formulas and taboos,—the gestatory outcome of Charity's passion would have made her a subject for felicitation. In such an ideal civilization, we like to fancy that we should hear John Tanner exhorting some atavistic pharisee . . . "Good Heavens, man, what are you complaining of? . . . Here is a woman who has turned to her highest purpose and greatest function—to increase, multiply and replenish the earth. And instead of admiring her courage and rejoicing in her instinct; instead of crowning the completed womanhood and raising the triumphal strain of 'Unto us a child is born: unto us a son is given,' here you are pulling a long face and looking as ashamed and disgraced as if the girl had committed the vilest of crimes. . . . She is doing the State a service. . . . The whole world really knows, though it dare not say so, . . . that vitality and bravery are the greatest qualities a woman can have, and motherhood her solemn initiation into womanhood; and that the fact of her not being legally married matters not one scrap to her worth."

But Mrs. Wharton, as she might graciously remind us, is not projecting a social Utopia: she is denoting a social condition. And so the history of Charity Royall—a history uttered with beauty and memorable honesty—ends grayly, resignedly, with long anonymous years of kindly and terrible amelioration stretching vacantly before her.

LAWRENCE GILMAN.

NEW BOOKS REVIEWED

THE LIFE OF HENRY DAVID THOREAU. By F. B. SANBORN. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1917.

The writings of Henry David Thoreau, little regarded during his lifetime, have steadily and quietly won their way to high esteem in the minds of an increasingly large number of readers. Today almost every page that Thoreau ever wrote has been printed, and portions of his works have been translated into various European languages. Selections from the books of this somewhat eccentric philosopher, poet, and naturalist, are included in the courses of instruction for high-school and college students in the United States —not merely as samples of a distinctive product, but as a part of our best literary heritage. On the whole, the fame of Thoreau has constantly grown during the last half-century and now, more than ever before, he is understood to be one of those few persons whose complete life-records have meaning and value for posterity. The permanent charm of a quaintly individual high-mindedness, of an original yet conscientiously truth-seeking spirit, is felt in Thoreau's life-story with the actuality that only full biographical treatment can give.

As compared with earlier memoirs—with Salt's *Life* of Thoreau, with Channing's *Thoreau, the Poet Naturalist,* and even with Mr. Sanborn's first biography of Thoreau, published in 1882—this new *Life* by the late Frank B. Sanborn justifies itself as a needed and definitive work. So thorough has been the search for records and manuscripts that it is unlikely that there will ever be further discoveries of importance. All the existing materials were in the hands of Mr. Sanborn, the last survivor of the Concord group, who, as the result of his long researches in the writings of Thoreau—and of Ellery Channing as well—and by reason of his ten years' intimacy with Thoreau and his family, was thoroughly qualified to write the final *Life.* The new biography, besides including a number of verses, letters, and memoranda not hitherto accessible, presents many additional facts about Thoreau's ancestry, and contains, as perhaps its most interesting single feature, a collection of his college essays given in their complete form.

Emerson once spoke of Thoreau as "a person not accounted for by anything in his antecedents, his birth, his education, or his way of life." It was this remark that set Mr. Sanborn upon a long investigation, which has disclosed quite fully the descent of Thoreau and has brought to light many interesting memoirs of his ancestors.

The Thoreaus when first heard of (about 1725) were merchants in St. Helier, the capital of the Channel Island, Jersey. They were respectable, middle-class people, well educated and rising in the social scale. In 1773 John Thoreau of Jersey, a seaman, came to Boston. During the Revolution he prospered in privateering and commerce, and in 1781 he married Jane Burns, the daughter of a Scotch emigrant from Sterling. The mother of Jane Burns was Sarah Orrok, whose parents were David Orrok, a Quaker, and Hannah Tillet, who was possibly of Huguenot descent. John Thoreau the Jerseyman and Jane Burns had eight sons and daughters, only two of whom married—John, the father of Henry, and Elizabeth, who married a Mr. Billings and removed to Maine.

The ancestry of Henry Thoreau on his father's side was thus well mixed—a condition doubtless favorable to genius—and it is interesting to note that in the opinion of so cautious and well-informed a biographer as Mr. Sanborn "certain traits in which Henry seemed peculiar might be traced back to the Channel Island, inhabited by a composite, pugnacious, sturdy, thrifty, equalized but privileged people of the old Duchy of Normandy."

From the maternal side also strong qualities were transmitted. Henry's mother was Cynthia Dunbar, the daughter of the Reverend Asa Dunbar and Mary Jones, whose father was Colonel Elisha Jones of Weston, near Concord. The Colonel, we are told, "owned two slaves and much land in Massachusetts and Maine; had for ten years represented Weston in the Provincial Assembly, and in January, 1774, had prevented his town from adopting the plan for Committees of Correspondence and a Continental Congress." A man of firm character, he was steadfast in his adherence to the mother country. He escaped banishment only by death, and his estate at Weston was confiscated. Eight of his sons suffered banishment and the confiscation of their considerable property. Pleasantly and with accurate detail the biographer has related the adventurous tale of how two of these brothers, Josiah and Simeon, came to be confined in the Concord prison, and how they escaped.

Not less interesting is the account given of Thoreau's maternal grandfather. A graduate in 1767 of Harvard College, the Reverend Asa Dunbar was pastor of a Congregational Church in Salem at the time of his marriage. As an undergraduate, he had headed a rebellion which for a time had threatened to disrupt the institution. Early in the autumn of 1766 increased severity on the part of the faculty regarding the offense of absence from morning prayers became a grievance with the students. Moreover, a well-founded

demand was made upon the college steward for better food. Dunbar, who voiced this demand, was refused and threatened with expulsion. Later he wrote the manifesto put forth by the whole student body, and was one of the four seniors to sign it. In the end Dr. Holyoke yielded to a *modus vivendi*. Dunbar's action gave him a standing among the alumni, and doubtless favored his early ordination and his marriage with the daughter of Colonel Jones in 1772. In some manuscripts of the Weeks family of Greenland, New Hampshire, which he was permitted to copy before they were sold to Harvard University, Mr. Sanborn found a detailed story of this affair, supplementing previous accounts. Further items of especial interest in relation to the Dunbars are a signed statement of Asa Dunbar's testifying to the embarrassment which he suffered in consequence of his intermarriage with a loyal family, and a full account of the narrow escape of Mrs. Dunbar and her daughters from shipwreck in Frenchman's Bay.

Nothing, perhaps, in the whole rather uneventful and necessarily somewhat discursive *Life* brings the real Henry Thoreau closer to the reader than the college essays, covering many pages, and which Mr. Sanborn wisely reproduced in substantial completeness and in a sequence that facilitates comparison. It is pleasant to find in these earliest writings of Thoreau something of the common traits of youthfulness, the artless appeal of immaturity; and at the same time it is instructive to trace through its initial stages the growth of Thoreau's peculiar qualities of mind and heart. The essays, despite a certain amusing participation (discernible by a connoisseur of student themes) in the traits of all undergraduate work, are really remarkable performances for a young college man and are in themselves by no means dull reading. They were written upon such themes (suggestive of independent thought yet giving room for commonplace) as "The Varying Pursuits of Men"; "The Comparative Moral Policy of Severe and Mild Punishments"; "The Literary Life." The very earliest, an essay on "Following the Fashion," manifests the writer's ruling trait—a readiness to be thought eccentric. Felicity in the choice of terms is to be remarked in the earlier as well as the later compositions. Especially at first there is something of that excessive fondness for figurative language which is natural to young writers eager to explore the resources of style. But the essay on "Anxieties and Delights of a Discoverer," a sophomore theme, based upon the early chapters of Irving's *Life of Columbus* and the first volume of Bancroft's History of the United States, sometimes equals these sources in conciseness and effectiveness of phrasing. Altogether the essays show consistent progress, and illustrate in many ways the characteristic qualities of the mature Thoreau—emphasizing on the whole his power of analysis rather than his inherited love of paradox, though there are proofs enough of originality, and evidences now and then of a "vein of

humor and juvenility in Thoreau that until his last illness he never quite outgrew."

It is a little to be regretted, perhaps, that the *Life* as a whole is not more consecutively interesting; yet the materials contained in it, if presented rather dryly and with many digressions, are handled with skill and uniform good taste. Though one craves occasionally a little more illumination—a little more sense of reality as distinct from facts—the knowledge that the work as a whole is substantially complete, and that every statement and allusion has been understandingly weighed by a friend and contemporary of Thoreau compensates for any slight literary defects .

The narrative chapters of the work deal fully with the boyhood and youth of Thoreau, with the school-teaching and pencil-making experiences of Henry and his brother John, with "The Week on the River," with the journeyings of Thoreau (including the Minnesota notebook), with his relation to slavery and John Brown. Other chapters, of a more general nature, contain interesting discussions of Thoreau in literature, of his symbolism and paradox, of Thoreau as a friend and neighbor, as a man of letters and of affairs. Particularly rewarding is a chapter of "Village Sketches," mostly from the journals. Throughout the book are passages of Thoreau's verse and prose, hitherto unprinted or unfamiliar, which sound the characteristic note quite as effectively as do some of his better known writings, and in some cases reveal more familiarly than those the mental processes of the writer.

GREEK IDEALS. By C. DELISLE BURNS. London: G. Bell & Sons, Ltd., 1917.

So indefinite in meaning are the words *ideal* and *ideals* in common usage that one may quite naturally fall into the error of reading the first half of the book *Greek Ideals,* by C. Delisle Burns, as if it were meant to be an intensive study of Greek society. Indeed, the purpose and character of the book would perhaps be clearer to most readers if the volume were entitled "Athenian Moral Conceptions" or "Athenian Ethics." For the author aims, in fact, at edification rather than instruction in the narrower sense, and the treatise is really an ethical discourse with an Athenian color. It is too easy, however, to mistake it for the work of one who has simply rediscovered the "reality" and interest which inhere in Greek life and customs; and this is unfortunate, for to one who is fairly familiar with Greek literature, and has read Mahaffy on Greek life and Frazer on ancient religions, the first part of the book offers nothing new. It has, indeed, the defect of being rather too diffuse for scholars while demanding a little too much from the reader unversed in Greek.

By this one does not mean to imply that the chapters upon Greek religion and politics and upon the epic tradition are superfluous. They form, on the contrary, an integral part of the author's design. For the study of ideals is not, of course, merely a matter of abstract reasoning. Every ideal which has moved large numbers of men has had an emotional background in tradition and custom, and it is this background which explains at once the effectiveness of the ideal and its limitations. Thus, in order to obtain a real grasp of what was best in Greek thought it is not enough to study Plato and Aristotle: it is necessary to know Greek life.

These chapters, then (I-VII), of the book under review, have their use as painting in the necessary background—giving point to the Greek sentiments, especially, of liberty and friendship, and enabling one to understand the criticisms formulated by the philosophers. What they chiefly accomplish is to impress upon the reader's mind the Athenian conception of the *polis* as differing fundamentally from the German conception of the State and from the American idea of Government, in that, without being absolute, the *polis* included in a bond of sentiment all sorts of energies, religious and secular; so that the distinction between politics and religion, or between political and religious life on the one hand and " private " life on the other, was not in the Athenian mind very deep or important.

With the eighth chapter the discussion acquires a keener interest and a surer appeal; for here a certain psychological acumen with which the author is rather unusually gifted comes strongly into play. The analysis of the Athenian thinker of " the old school " —a school that we have always with us—is both just and humorously acute, while it shows clearly the effect upon minds of this type, of the Athenian tradition, as compared with the influence of—let us say—Puritanism.

This leads up to a consideration of Socrates, the sharp critic of superficial, traditional modes of thought, and the ardent lover of the realities that he discerned in the traditional ways. He has been represented by some, remarks the author, as much further in advance of his day than he really was, while others have thought him " as inconsistent as a modern liberal theologian." In point of fact, while he, no more than Luther or Erasmus or any other thinker who ever lived, could detach himself from the past or would have been of any value to his generation if he could have done so, his criticism was fundamental. By citations from Aristophanes and other Greek writers of the time, and by well-chosen modern parallels, the author shows just why it was that the teaching of Socrates was so disturbing to the conventionally minded " for-God's-sake-leave-me-in-peace " good citizen of his time and city.

There follows a somewhat detailed account of the doctrines of Socrates and Plato and of Aristotle, which amounts in itself to a very fine sifting of Greek ideals, the author's part being confined

for the most part to reminding the reader of those facts of tradition or environment which one must keep in view in order to avoid total misapprehensions as to what the philosophers actually meant. It is only, for example, when one remembers the Athenian conception of the *polis* that one escapes from the error of supposing that Plato in his *Republic* wrote himself down as a foe of liberty. For the outcome of the idea of coöperation which was embodied in the *polis* became, when criticized by the philosophers, the conception of liberty as a voluntary obedience to the dictates of the higher reason. If the argument advanced by Socrates, that all men are willing to do what is right as soon as they perceive that it *is* right, seemed conclusive, it was also natural to suppose that no one would refuse to do what the guardians of the ideal Republic directed, any more than an Athenian would be likely to decline an appointment as leader of a chorus.

In the main an excellent description and a somewhat penetrating analysis of Greek moral ideas, the book is occasionally marred by a certain looseness of statement. It seems to be, for instance, a considerable exaggeration to say that "Socrates never really freed himself from the burden of inherited custom and contemporary creeds," and the force of this assertion is not fully justified by anything that follows. Again it is not easy to determine just how much the author means by the unqualified statement that Socrates belonged to a religious brotherhood—the only proof cited being certain indications that there was an inner circle of disciples, with (possibly) "Pythagorean and Orphic connections." A similar indefiniteness affects the contention that "the Socrates of Plato is the historic Socrates." Although the author in one passage seems to adopt the extreme view that Plato was a "mere Boswell," it is not altogether clear that he would really deny to Plato any originality whatever. Certainly, there is distressing ambiguity in the argument that "only if the Platonic Socrates is the real Socrates can we explain the immense effect of Socrates upon later thinkers, some of whom were not at all Platonic?"

Such faults as have been mentioned do not, however, diminish the principal value of the book, which consists in its emphasis upon certain moral values—an emphasis secured in the only right way; that is, by placing these conceptions of value in their true setting. Particularly wholesome and clarifying is the chapter entitled "Plato on Right Action," in which it is shown that "Socrates and Plato were really opposing the two entirely inconsistent views, that (1) nobody really knows what is right, and that (2) we know it already!" It is still true, no doubt, that much of what we call wickedness is a wilful refusal to think, while moral relativism and political subjectivism are at least as common in America as they were in Athens. But if the greatest lesson, for us, of Greek thought, as it comes to us through the philosophers, is the true (moral) value

of reasoning, one may also find even in the older tradition, emotionally colored conceptions of freedom, of beauty, and of friendship, which the individual may in some sort take to himself.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE. By MRS. DISNEY LEITH. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1917.

If one needs to discover that the poet Algernon Charles Swinburne, author of a number of verses that not unjustifiably shocked staid British opinion, and of many poems unsurpassed in passion and artistry, was, after all, a very normal, unaffected and human sort of person in relation to his friends and family, then assuredly the book of reminiscences and letters recently published over the name of Swinburne's cousin, Mrs. Disney Leith, is a book that one ought to read. Indeed, it seems as if the letters, in particular, had been selected partly with a view to counteracting any conception that the general public may still retain of Swinburne as a morbid, hyperaesthetic or extravagantly eccentric man. However this may be, it is certain that in this volume a veil is dropped which is hardly more than drawn aside even in the admirable *Life and Letters of Watts-Dunton.* To Mrs. Disney Leith, the poet was "as an elder brother, a loved and sympathetic playmate as in later years a loyal and affectionate friend." To her was revealed, one may suppose, the simplest and friendliest side of the poet's nature as well as much of the poetic feeling of the "elder brother." Thus she is able to make plain to her readers that Swinburne could not infrequently take delight in sheer nonsense, in family jokes, in *bouts rimés,* and in Limericks (wherein he excelled), and that his love of swimming and tramping and climbing was as much in the way of being pure boyishness as it was the result of the poet's craving for new thrills or new beauties. Swinburne, as a boy, climbed up the sheer face of Culver Cliff, obviously, like any boy, to test his nerve; though his extravagant daring in selecting that particular cliff, and also his thoughts on the way up, indicated exceptional traits.

But if one is unaffected by the mythical and anecdotal view of Swinburne—if what one chiefly wants is greater insight into the poet's art and his ways of thinking and feeling, the present volume may prove unsatisfying. Apart from the refreshing little chapter of personal recollections with which it begins, the book is made up entirely of letters for the most part upon every-day topics that are little adapted to display even by indirection any unusual powers of intellect or to betray any individual weaknesses. The letters—written mostly to his mother—show the good son, the ardent champion of republicanism, the lover of nature, and the right-minded, whole-hearted man, of unfevered pulse and clear conscience.

To one, however, who is no great admirer of Swinburne's prose style these extracts from his correspondence may easily prove somewhat tedious; for particularly in the numerous descriptions of nature and the sketches of what is best worth seeing abroad, there is even in the letters something of the same tendency to looseness and turgidity that is noticeable in much of Swinburne's prose writing—something of the same conspicuous failure to attain anything like the grace and power which he so splendidly achieved in his verse.

A pleasing feature of the letters is the love of children that is repeatedly revealed in them—a love as unmistakably genuine and as unashamedly demonstrative as that of a woman, and not at all intellectualized or philosophized about as the same emotion was in the poetry, if not in the every-day mind of Francis Thompson. After reading these letters, one cannot readily imagine that Swinburne could have written about a child anything so studied in its tenderness as for instance *The Making of Viola*. Equally plain and unaffected are the expressions of affectionate veneration which Swinburne lavishes in some of these letters upon Mazzini and Victor Hugo. In these cases, his admirations, if less " penetrating " than some of those which he publicly expressed are in no appreciable degree marred, as his published prose too often was, by the excesses of an untrammelled rhetoric.

It is worth noting, too, that the letters show, throughout, a remarkable uniformity in temper and point of view. The survival of boyishness, and the permanence of tastes and opinions acquired early in life, are no doubt in large part characteristic of the man and his genius—though allowance must here be made for the fact that so many of the letters are addressed to the same person. For it is entirely natural that a man in writing to his mother—even to a mother who remained always the most sympathetic of friends—should put forward the more reasonable view of himself and should so far as possible interpret his thoughts in the light of early comradeship and old understandings.

There are at least two classes of readers to whom this book will prove highly acceptable—students who feel it laid upon them not to leave uninvestigated any portion of Swinburne's life, and those readers whose love for the poet begets an affectionate interest in everything that concerns him.

OUR WAR WITH GERMANY

IV

(*June* 17—*July* 17.)

Two events of exceptional significance and interest mark the fourth month of American participation in the war between autocracy and democracy—the arrival of American fighting men in considerable force on French soil, to take up there the final training preliminary to their entrance into the actual conflict; and the exhilarating renewal of the Russian offensive in Galicia, with its immediate and striking successes. The first is the chief purely American event of the month, certainly from the spectacular point of view, although it may not have all the ultimate importance that attaches to certain other circumstances which, even though they are clearly beginnings, have hardly attained as yet the stature of full growth. The second, being Russian, and therefore not technically entitled to consideration in a review of merely American activities, yet does have a sure claim to inclusion here not only in the tie that binds the newest of the great world democracies to us, but also in the steady encouragement and the strenuous efforts at assistance that have proceeded from America to Russia.

Our domestic situation during this month has been one chiefly of Congressional and Administrative wrangling; of bickering over proposals of legislation, or execution of laws already passed, or, sometimes, regarding arrangements that it was attempted to effect extra legally and *ultra vires*. The situation at home is still marked by confusion and uncertainty especially with regard to some of the most important items of national equipment for the war. But as this is written, just at the close of the review period, there seems to be developing a better tendency, and the fifth month now promises to open, as the fourth did, with a distinctly successful achievement.

Subscriptions for the Liberty Loan, which closed just as the preceding instalment of this REVIEW went to press, aggregated the colossal sum of $3,035,226,850. This was an oversubscription of more than fifty per cent. More than four million different subscriptions were received, representing a national participation in a first loan not accomplished by any other of the nations involved in this conflict. This oversubscription made necessary the curtail-

ment of allotments to certain subscribers. The Treasury department ruled that full allotment would be made to all subscribers taking bonds to the amount of $10,000 or less, and that a graduated reduction of allotments would be made on subscriptions above that sum, so that the greatest percentage of reduction would fall on the largest subscriptions.

The Liberty Loan campaign was followed immediately by a Red Cross drive to secure a hundred millions by private donation for the work of the Red Cross with our armies. This campaign also, was successful, although not heavily oversubscribed as was the Government loan.

As the payments to the Treasury on the Liberty bonds bring funds under the disposition of the Government the amount of the American loans to our Allies, as provided in the seven billion dollar bond bill, mounts steadily. It has now exceeded $1,300,000,000. The United States is taking a large part in financing England and some of the other Allies, the loan to England now aggregating nearly three-quarters of a billion.

General Pershing had been in Paris long enough to have both that side of the Atlantic and this become accustomed to the idea of the American general and his staff working in the French capital, when this country was thrilled on the afternoon of June 27 by the publication of dispatches from " a French port " announcing the arrival of the first contingent of the American soldiers who are to fight the Germans under Pershing's orders. The departure of these troops had been conducted with such quiet skill that the vast majority of Americans, even in the port from which they sailed, had not the least notion that they had gone, and the first general American information that they had left was conveyed in the announcement of their arrival in France. The news that they had crossed the ocean successfully was received with very much the same manifestations of emotion that would have greeted the receipt of the news of a victory.

But it was followed promptly by word from Washington that the publication had been premature, and there was obvious perturbation among the different offices of censorship in the capital. It appeared, at length, that the several sections of the expedition had not all arrived when the first publication was made, and it had been feared in Washington that this premature publication might endanger the safety of the later sections. However, they all arrived safely, and General Pershing said that " not a man was lost, nor was there any serious illness." The French newspapers had been restrained from printing the news until the despatches of the American correspondents were permitted to come through, some days after the arrival of the first section. But the British papers printed the news on the first day. Just when there was a disposition in this country to make inquiry into these circumstances, on the afternoon

of July 3, the Committee on Public Information in Washington, whose chairman is credited with being the head of the censorate at the national capital, issued an announcement that the troop ships had been attacked twice by German submarines—once well this side of what had been regarded as the possible danger zone, and again the next day. The first attack was said to have been at night, in considerable force, and the Information Committee reported that it had been repulsed by superb work on the part of the American warships convoying the transports. The Committee announced that its report was based on an official report from Rear-Admiral Gleaves who commanded the convoy.

This publication stirred the country profoundly. But it was followed by a very singular circumstance. An Associated Press correspondent, who was travelling to France on one of the convoying warships, telegraphed a categorical denial that there had been any attack whatever on the troop ships. The official report from Rear-Admiral Gleaves was not made public, and as this is written a resolution is pending in the Senate, calling on the Navy Department for full information concerning the affair.

The landing of American troops in France was the occasion of the greatest enthusiasm among the people of the port where they landed. The Americans were promptly christened with a name which seems likely to stick to them as long as they are in service in foreign lands. "*Sammee! Sammee!*" shouted the enthusiastic French, "*Vive Sammee!*"

The report that the troop ships had been attacked by submarines led of course to a sharp outburst of spy talk. It was asserted that the Germans must have known of the sailing and route of the troop ships, and must have had information on which to arrange these attacks. Whether this affair was the cause of it or not, there has been a tightening of the surveillance of enemy aliens, and several prominent Germans have been interned, including one man who was an assistant to Dr. Albert, the German financial agent in New York; another who was a prominent electrician and a well-known New York City banker.

Meanwhile the work of preparation for the new American army has gone forward rapidly and steadily, and with extremely little fuss and feathers. The organization of the preliminaries for the selection by draft of the 500,000 men for the first contingent of the new National Army, and of the additional 125,000 for the reserve battalions for this first contingent is practically completed, and the draft is likely to be made even before this appears in print. The order for mobilization of the National Guard has been issued, and before this is on the press many of the Guardsmen will be in their concentration stations. At the same time an immense amount of work has been done in preparing the equipment for the new armies, securing the supplies of clothing, food and other materials, and

making ready the cantonments where the different divisions of the National Army are to be trained. Contracts for the building work at these cantonments have been let and every effort is making to push the work so as to have as many as possible of them near readiness for the men early in September. So with some of its men actually in France, some hundreds of thousands more about to go into camp preparatory to going to France, and another half million about to be selected to begin their training, the Army is making every effort to get where it can strike effective blows.

Very little information has been permitted to reach the public concerning the activities of the Navy. Announcement of successful recruiting is made, and of the letting of contracts for construction of submarine chasers, together with information from South America of the arrival of an American squadron at Montevideo. And Secretary Daniels has asked Congress to appropriate $45,000,000 for navy aeroplanes, hydroplanes and seaplanes, and another hundred million for more destroyers and chasers and boats of that general type.

The air phase of military preparation has received much attention throughout the month. The Board on Aircraft Production, of the Advisory Commission of the Council of National Defense, has recommended a huge appropriation for this construction. Men of eminence in various lines which gives them authority have argued that the expenditure of half a billion dollars or more would be certain to end the war soon and favorably. They want to " put out the eyes " of the Germans in the air. This proposal has received marked attention and wide support. President Wilson himself is said to be strongly in favor of something of this kind. Some of the men advocating the measure have urged the appropriation of a billion dollars for airplane construction. The Aircraft Production Board estimates that an output of 2,000 airplanes a month can be accomplished by November. The figure most favored for appropriation is $600,000,000. On July 14th—anniversary of the fall of the Bastile—the House passed unanimously the bill authorizing the President to construct airplanes without number and to increase the signal corps of the Army without limit in this direction and appropriating $640,000,000 for those purposes. Almost unlimited power, authority and money were given to the President without hampering restrictions. Hearings had been held by the House Committee on this bill in secret for a week. It was argued that information as to American plans for aircraft production should not be made public, and the effort was to produce a bill that would confer the authority without giving undue information to the enemy.

While our troops were landing in France and getting ready to encounter the deadly products of German ingenuity, and while at home Army and Navy were exerting themselves to the utmost in further preparation, Congress has spent almost the entire month

in wrangling over the question as to whether or not it will grant power to the President to control the production and distribution of necessaries. That one bill has been the unfinished business in the Senate for the whole month, and has been mauled and twisted and amended and altered until its best friend would hardly recognize it, so that at length Senators Martin and Simmons, the two leaders of the majority party in the Senate, openly appealed to the President for his advice and assistance. The Senate having agreed by unanimous consent to vote on the bill and all amendments to action on July 21, the prospect is that some kind of food control bill will be passed by the Senate before it adjourns on that day. The House passed this bill on June 23, after a week of discussion. The final vote was 365 to 5. Just before taking final action on the bill the House adopted an amendment providing that no foods, food materials or feeds should be used in the production of alcohol or alcoholic beverages, except alcohol for medical and scientific and government uses. This bill went at once to the Senate, and was substituted for the measure then under consideration in the Senate. It immediately opened the whole range of the prohibition question in the Senate, and immensely complicated the question of food control. Opponents of food control at once seized upon this prohibition feature of the bill as a means of defeating it, and others who are more interested in prohibition than in food control took advantage of this opportunity to secure action on their favorite measure.

Literally scores of amendments were drafted and submitted, dealing with all conceivable phases of the question of food control and prohibition.

Meantime the first food bill, providing for the greatly needed survey or census, which was passed by both houses over six weeks ago, is held up in conference awaiting action on the control bill.

While this wrangling went on the President and Herbert Hoover, whom Mr. Wilson had announced as his choice for food administrator, made repeated public appeals for action. It was pointed out that the new crop is coming forward, and that because of the delay on this bill the market is absolutely quiescent; that if anything is to be done it must be done quickly. Still the Senate could not be hurried. The President wrote to Mr. Hoover asking him to begin his organization any way and to do what he could without the enactment of the law. Thereupon Mr. Hoover issued a public appeal to the women of the country, urging them to join the Food Administration by signing a pledge card agreeing to work for the conservation of food and prevention of waste. "Food will decide the war," said Mr. Hoover in this appeal. Mrs. Wilson, wife of the President, was one of the first to register in the Women's Food Army. Mr. Hoover pointed out that the saving of a single one-pound loaf of bread per week by each of the hundred million people in the United

States would mean the releasing of 100,000,000 bushels of wheat for shipment to our Allies in the course of a year. As an incentive to saving and an illustration of what the united action of the American people could accomplish he showed also that the saving of two cents per person per meal would amount in a year to more than the first issue of the Liberty Loan, or over two billion dollars.

Before the Senate Committee on Agriculture Mr. Hoover testified that speculators had taken more than $250,000,000 from the country in flour alone, and that the entire output of the American canning industry for 1917 had been sold before any of the materials reached any of the canners.

As the bill stands in the Senate at this writing it covers a wide range of products besides foods, feeds and fuels, and includes a provision that no foods or feeds shall be used for the production of alcohol for beverage purposes, at the same time giving the President power to commandeer stocks of distilled liquors in bond and to say whether the prohibition of the use of food materials shall apply also to beer and light wines. This is a power that the President does not care to exercise and he advised Senators who consulted him late in June not to include beer and wines in the bill. But the President has asked the Senators for a good many powers which they were not at all pleased at granting, and this beer prohibition question seemed to offer an opportunity to grant him something willingly.

Conferences between Democratic and Republican leaders are reported to have reached agreement on a measure creating a Food Board of three, subject to confirmation by the Senate—where Mr. Hoover has some virulent opponents—and limiting the control to shipments in interstate commerce. That emasculates the bill and is described as wholly unsatisfactory to the Administration.

The House has occupied part of the month by putting through several minor war measures, and two important ones, that known as the "Enemy Trading Bill" and the bill providing for unlimited aeroplane construction. The House passed a rivers and harbors bill, a measure increasing the membership of the Interstate Commerce Commission, and the bill known as the "Priority Bill" conferring on the President the power to determine preference between shipments by rail, one of the less controversial of the important war measures. The Senate found time, between bouts with the food control bill, to pass a "daylight saving" bill, which is not to go into effect until next year, and consideration of which the House has postponed until the next session.

Acting under authority of the so-called "embargo" section of the Espionage act the President, on June 22, signed an executive order creating an Exports Council, for the control of exports. It consists of the Secretaries of State, Agriculture and Commerce, and the Food Administrator. It has already prepared for an Advisory Board which shall do the actual work of controlling exports, and a

bureau of licenses has been erected in the Department of Commerce. On July 8 the President issued a proclamation setting the exports control in motion from July 15. In accordance with the terms of the statute the President gave a list of the articles to be controlled, including fuels, foods and food grains, fodder and feeds, iron and steel and their products, ship plates, arms, munitions, explosives and so forth. The countries named included practically every one listed in the geography, so that the Exports Council is now equipped with authority to lay a complete prohibition upon the shipments of any of these materials from the United States if it finds cause for doing so. Our European Allies are basing great hopes upon this American control of exports. Figures have been published by the Government to show that very great supplies of food and feeds have been going into Germany through Holland and Sweden especially. Government reports showed that food sufficient for 7,700,000 soldiers for a year went into Germany from Holland alone. The neutral countries, especially Scandinavia and Holland, have manifested great anxiety over the exercise of this new power by this Government. President Wilson, in announcing it, explained that our purpose would be to supply first ourselves, then our Allies and then to do what we can for neutrals. But the figures published of the situation among our Allies and of our own crop prospects leave very little possible supply for the neutrals.

The Root Commission to Russia, which had just reached its post when the last instalment of this REVIEW was prepared, has now concluded its labors with every indication of success and is about to return to the United States. In a speech on the occasion of their reception by the Council of Ministers in Petrograd Mr. Root said, "We fight for your freedom as well as for ours, and we ask that you fight for our freedom as well as for your own." In reply Minister Tereschtenko said, "We shall fight together to secure liberty, freedom and happiness for all the world." It was after that that the new Russian drive in Galicia began. While this was going on in Russia the new Russian mission was received with enthusiasm in this country. In receiving Ambassador Bakhmeteff President Wilson promised new Russia the "full support and steadfast friendship" of America.

In reply to the Belgian Mission, which had presented him a letter from King Albert, the President made a significant statement regarding the conditions which will satisfy the United States when the time comes to talk of peace. He said that America "welcomed the opportunity to express our solemn determination that on the inevitable day of victory Belgium shall be restored to the place she has so nobly won."

While Congress—especially the Senate—has been backing and filling over the question of food control there has been a somewhat similar indecision among some of the executive offices over measures

of war preparation, chiefly prices for different war materials, especially steel and coal. On June 20 the Federal Trade Commission made a report to the President and Congress proposing the pooling of all coal and coke production and distribution, and of all water and rail transportation, the transportation companies to receive a reasonable rate of compensation for the public use of their properties and the coal and coke producers to have a uniform profit per ton. Several hundred coal operators gathered in Washington late in June in conference on coal prices, and were addressed very frankly by Secretary Lane, of the Department of the Interior, one of the members of the Council of National Defense. Subsequently the operators agreed to the principle of government price fixing, and in conference with Mr. Lane and a member of the Federal Trade Commission agreed upon a price of $3 a ton at the mines for bituminous coal. The next day Mr. Baker, Secretary of War, repudiated this price and termed it, "exorbitant, oppressive and unjust." After there had been time for interference by the President, Mr. Baker explained that he had not intended any reflection upon any one in what he said, but he did think $3 too high.

Simultaneously there was much discussion over steel prices. Mr. Denman, chairman of the Shipping Board, let it be known that General Goethals, with whom he had a difference of opinion as to wooden or steel ship construction, was inclined to make contracts for ship steel at $95 a ton, which was a good deal higher than he could approve. The navy was getting steel for $65 a ton and Mr. Denman thought the Shipping Board ought to get it for $56 a ton. The upshot of this was a visit to Washington of a committee of the Iron and Steel Institute composed of the heads of several of the big steel concerns. They reached the capital just as the President issued a statement denouncing profiteering, assailing ship owners for high freight rates and declaring that fair prices must prevail, and that our Allies and the public generally must have the same prices that the Government gets. The steel conference resulted in an agreement by the steel men to furnish the Government all they possibly can produce, and to have the prices determined costs, upon which a fair profit is to be allowed.

Thus the fourth month of our war with Germany closes with something actually accomplished and a fair prospect of considerably more.

(This record is as of July 17 and is to be continued.)

CONTEMPORARY ECHOES

REMEMBER RUSSIA

FROM A SPEECH BY MELVILLE E. STONE, GENERAL MANAGER OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS

WHEN we consider that the number of newspapers in Russia is limited to fifteen hundred or two thousand, all under a rigid censorship, all forbidden to express any views, we naturally inquire, "How is it possible for such a country, occupied by nearly two hundred millions of people, of whom only ten per cent, read or write any language, to achieve and maintain self-government?"

That is a perfectly natural inquiry; but it makes no account of another side of the picture. Russia, whether all I have said is true or not, has another side. For one hundred and fifty years, in many of her activities, she has been one of the self-governing countries of the world. The little farmer who, in Russia, can neither read nor write, meets once a year with the other farmers in his vicinity or in his village (it is called a "Mir") for defensive purposes. The villages in Russia are built as many of the villages in the old days were. The village there is built in the center, and the farms radiate therefrom. They meet in this manner, and have so met for more than one hundred and fifty years, once a year, to transact their own little local business.

If you will read John Fiske's book on *The American Political Ideals and their Origin,* you will find that the author traces our New England town meeting back to the Russian "Mir." It was there that it had its origin. It was born in the days of Catherine II. Of course, at that time the serfs were not free, and the landlords were the masters and they met in these village meetings. Then, in 1861, when the serfs were freed and attached to the land, they became participants in these meetings. Now a great many of these people cannot read or write, but they are taught by practice a form of self-government.

There are some rather interesting and amusing incidents in connection with these annual meetings of the Russians. For instance, every year they re-allot the farms, and, curiously enough, the man who grumbles is the man who gets the best farm, because he will have to pay more taxes and work harder, and he would rather have a poor farm and work less and pay less taxes.

They have a second form of self-government—they hold their municipal elections in the cities. They have had municipal elections for years. They also have a third form, which is analogous to the county councils of England, covering a larger field. These are the Zemstvoes, and they are self-governing. And, finally, they have a fourth form—the Duma, which was given them in 1905 by the Emperor Nicholas. The people have been trained through all these activities in self-government.

You have read, of course, of bomb-throwing in Russia, the work of the Nihilists and of the revolutionaries. But underlying all these things, Russia in the main has been a quiet and orderly country. Two things in her history that stand out as wonderfully significant are, first, that when Alexander freed the serfs (which was a thing of great moment, involving, as it did, the fortunes of a great many men), it was done quietly and calmly; the landlords of Russia participated in it, approved it, and there was no excitement and no disturbance.

Then since this war you have had an illustration of the calm character of the Russian people. By a stroke of the pen, vodka disappeared entirely from every table in Russia. I said to a friend of mine, a colonel of a Siberian regiment, who was over here recently, "Was there no dissent?" "No," he replied. "Did it depend entirely upon the supreme authority of the autocrat of the Russias?" I asked. "No," he said. "We all recognized that vodka drinking was a curse. In my own case, my brother and I had two vodka factories, and when this order came we said, 'Well, it means bankruptcy, but it is right, and we are going to do it; we are not going to dissent from the order of His Majesty.' We converted our factories into munition factories; we put our people at work in them, and we have been saved by them. Of course, we are not making nearly the amount of money we did before."

I do not know whether you read the stories The Associated Press had recently on the liberation of the Siberian exiles. These despatches were of a very remarkable character. One that impressed me very greatly was written by Mr. Robert Crozier Long, whom I sent from Stockholm to Petrograd, and out into Asia, to meet the incoming exiles from the mines. You may be interested in my calling renewed attention to them, as giving some illustration of the Russian character.

Out near some point—Irkutsk or Omsk—there was a Governor of a prison who heard of the revolution. The prisoners didn't hear of it, but the Governor knew it was coming. "Well," he said, "I am going to flog them once today, anyhow, so they will enjoy freedom when they get it." So he called them in and flogged them, and then disappeared. The parish priest told them of the revolution and informed them they were all free, and they went down to get this man, who had indulged in the flogging process in the morning. And they found him, and, of course, they were greatly incensed and they wanted to kill him. One of them said, "No—No, we will not do it. We will not stain this revolution by murder!" And they didn't.

Now I have very great hope for the future of Russia. I first visited Russia something like twenty-five or twenty-seven years ago. I have been there frequently since. The Russian people are a kindly people. There was never any reason in the world for the racial quarrel that existed there, except that it was stimulated by the bureaucracy. The Kishinev massacre, the Lodz massacre and the others were all stimulated by a number of

Chauvinists, who were acting in conjunction with the St. Petersburg bureaucracy.

That went on and on and on until it finally reached a point where no member of the bureaucracy felt that he was safe; that these attacks which were made by the Third Section of the Czar's police were likely to reach him. A man would sit in his apartment or in his home in St. Petersburg. There would come a rap on the door. A polite young man in citizen's clothing would be introduced. He would say to this home-staying body, "They would like to see you down at Police Headquarters. There is a carriage downstairs; will you come down?" He would put on his hat and coat and go down. He was taken to Police Headquarters, and then, without trial, without any knowledge as to his offense, he found himself sent to one of the dungeons in the prison of St. Peter and St. Paul on an island in the Neva.

Well, the next day his family, not knowing, but suspecting that something was wrong, took steps to inquire. The man's brother went to the prison and asked the keeper if Ivan is there. The keeper said, "Well, who are you that you should inquire?" "I am his brother." "Oh, you are." "Yes." "And you want to see your brother?" "Yes." "Well, the next cell to his is vacant, and you shall have it."

And so he was incarcerated. And those two men were sent to Siberia, and unless by some fortuitous circumstance they could get word out, their families, who had not the faintest idea of their whereabouts, might never know what their fate had been. That condition had gone on. Bureaucratic, tyrannous government had become intolerable for everyone. It had its terrors for even the bureaucrats themselves. The *lettres de cachet* of Mirabeau's day were harmless compared with the diabolism practiced by the Third Section of the Czar's police.

If a man of the bureaucracy for any reason felt he would like to see another member of the bureaucracy put out of the way—and sometimes for reasons that are amazing—he might take the husband of a woman who is wanted. If he wanted a fellow bureaucrat put out of the way, he would make some charge against this bureaucrat, and if he could get the ear of the Third Section, this bureaucrat himself would go to Siberia.

Now they reached a point where the bureaucracy of Russia overturned almost all of the decisions of the "Mir" and of the municipal elections, and of the Zemstvoes, and closed the Duma and reached down with such terrible tyranny upon them that they finally, all of them, even bureaucrats, were glad to have the revolution.

I don't think the Emperor was as responsible for these conditions as perhaps would appear on the surface. I remember a very interesting talk I had with him, in which he said, "If they let me live, I will give Russia a government modeled after the British Government. My mother was an Englishwoman; my tutor was an English clergyman. Don't make any mistake; I know what a limited monarchy is. And English is the language of our home." (It is the Court language at the Winter Palace and Tsarskoe-Selo.) He said, "I do not know whether they will let me live or not. My grandfather undertook to give them a constitution, but on the very day he had given it to them he was assassinated."

Now that brings me to a point of view in respect to Russia that I think is a just one. I know that Dr. Andrew D. White has said he thought Nicholas was savage in his instinct—a view growing out of a statement

Nicholas made in his presence when Dr. White was our Ambassador to Russia. I do not agree with him. He *is* a coward, and small wonder that he is a coward. He has lived in the atmosphere of poison and of bombs, and he has exemplified the theory that, "all cowards are brutes." It is inherent in him; it is a part of his nature. That was expressed by Plehve, the Minister of the Interior. I was talking to him about the censorship, and he said, "Oh, no, I don't think it can be done." "Well," I said, "I am sorry I don't agree with you. I don't think these repressive measures will work out in the end. Of course, all government is repressive, in a measure, but over-repression ends in revolution." "Well," he said, "if you drop the lines the horses are going to run away."

Now that is the attitude, and has been the attitude of the country so far. "If you drop the lines the horses would run away." All you had to do to induce the Emperor to send a man to Siberia was to say, "Well, your children are in danger." "This man is a revolutionist." "This man will poison your food." "This man will throw a bomb and kill you."

While I think Nicholas honestly wished to give them a better government, he countenanced tyranny and barbarism out of his fears, until it became absolutely unendurable.

The Chairman has called attention to something I said at the National Arts Club about our relation with the Russians. If you will read the authenticated history of your own country, you will learn that, from the very foundation of the Republic to this hour, Russia has been our steadfast friend. Not a friend in lavish professions—to whisper a tale of devotion to our ear in the moment of our triumph only to break faith with us in the moment of our trial—but a friend who has ever held out a helping hand in every time of need. If you care to learn the story, you will find it in the diary of John Quincy Adams, in Thiers' *History of the Consulate and Empire* of Bonaparte; in the letters and reports of Bayard Taylor and Cassius M. Clay, and every minister and every ambassador and every *chargé* of this country at St. Petersburg. It was not the unbroken squares of Wellington under the shadow of Mont St. Jean that sealed Napoleon's doom, it was the friendship of Alexander, the Czar of Russia, for the Americans, four years earlier. There was an hour when an American President—Madison—had but one minister at any court of Europe, and that minister was at St. Petersburg. And that minister was John Quincy Adams, "the old man eloquent." Russia and France were in close alliance as the result of the famous treaty on the raft at Tilsit. The Berlin and Milan decrees had been issued forbidding commerce with Britain by any of the continental Powers which were under Napoleon's thumb. By direction of the French Emperor, American ships were classed with British ships, because we had refused to obey his command that we make war on Great Britain. Adams was sent as minister to Russia. On his way, pursuant to Bonaparte's decree, he found fifty American merchantmen held, by order of the French Emperor, for trial by a Danish prize court at Copenhagen. He stopped and protested, but in vain. He pushed on to St. Petersburg; he begged Russia to intervene. Russia was committed by her alliance with France to the Berlin and Milan decrees. The Russian Minister of Foreign Affairs declined the demand of Adams. Then Adams went to Alexander, the Russian Emperor, and the Czar struck the blow which toppled the mighty Corsican from his throne and finally sent him to St. Helena. Overruling his minister, he not only compelled the release of the impounded American ships at Copenhagen, but,

defying his French allies, he opened all of the Russian ports to American commerce. And later, through his influence, he induced Sweden, under John Bernadotte, to join in defying the Milan decrees and to allow American vessels to enter the ports of Sweden; and because of this—because of this act—the alliance between France and Russia was broken, and Russia and Sweden joined with England in marching on to Waterloo and to Paris. Criticizing his Imperial Master on that occasion, the Russian Minister of Foreign Affairs said to Mr. Adams, "Our friendship for America is obstinate, more obstinate than you know." It was so obstinate, that for it Alexander broke with Napoleon and remade the map of Europe.

But two years after Waterloo, and while Russia was fresh in her alliance with Britain, she gave us another signal evidence of her friendship for the United States. We quarreled with England over the construction of the treaty of Ghent, and the matter was submitted to Alexander, the same Russian Emperor as arbiter, and he decided in our favor. But still later, when we were in the throes of the Civil War, another Alexander, another Czar of the Russians, sent two fleets, not one, to New York and San Francisco, to testify that there was one civilized Power of Europe who was our friend.

I know that doubt has been cast upon the statement that these fleets were under sealed orders to report to President Lincoln in case England and France undertook to intervene, and although there is much evidence that such was the fact (indeed, Minister Lothrop, who was our minister there, left testimony that he himself had seen the sealed orders)—although there is much evidence to sustain that statement, I do not care to assert it. What is of still greater importance and significance, and what cannot be challenged, is a letter from Bayard Taylor to Secretary Seward, written in the hour of our sorest peril and detailing an audience with Gortschakoff, the Russian Minister of Foreign Affairs: "Russia alone has stood by you from the first, and will continue to stand by you," said Prince Gortschakoff to Mr. Taylor. "Proposals will be made to Russia to join in some plan of interference. She will refuse any invitation of the kind. Russia will occupy the same ground as at the beginning of the struggle. You may rely upon it. She will not change." Turn to the diplomatic papers of the Government for 1862 and read that letter, and imagine what it meant to the agonized soul of Lincoln. I am sure it is not too much to say that but for Russia's firm attitude of friendship there would have been an intervention and probably the resultant disruption of this Union.

Such, gentlemen, is our obligation to Russia.

We are engaged in a great world struggle for democracy. You have had the most wonderful illustration in Russia of a people rising in its might. As I said the other night, I firmly believe that if all the blood that has been spilled and all the wealth that has been spent in this war results only in a free Russia, it will have been well worth all it has cost humanity.

FAIR PLAY FOR ALL

From the Chicago Journal.

Secretary Daniels has rejected the prices demanded by producers of steel, oil and coal, and ordered these products delivered to the navy at prices to be determined later by a Government investigating board. The steel men have agreed to a price which the Secretary deemed fair, and no inves-

tigation on that score is necessary. The coal and oil men are complying with the order while the investigators work. There is every reason to believe that the government will save many millions of dollars by this act, and still leave a fair profit for the producers.

In view of this, and a number of similar occurrences, isn't it about time for anti-Administration organs to quit their endeavor to make Mr. Daniels the "goat"?

George Harvey started this work in the NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, but in the last number of that Review, Harvey puts the reverse English on his criticisms, and concedes that Daniels put the destroyer fleet in European waters "as if it had been dropped from the sky."

Doubtless Mr. Daniels has made mistakes. In particular, he made the mistake of underestimating the importance and menace to America of the European conflict; thereby ranking himself with about nine-tenths of his countrymen. But since the struggle came home to us, someone seems to be handling our navy in first-class fashion; and if anti-Administrationists will not give Daniels credit for positive action, they must admit that at least he has the ability to get and follow good advice.

Give Secretary Daniels fair play and full support. If he fails to make good under those conditions, off with his head—but do not begin discussing his successor or wiring for the headsman until he has failed.

THE NEED OF CO-OPERATION

From the Indianapolis Star.

The suggestion that the President form a war council for the purpose of relieving him of a measure of his tremendous burden has been frequently made since war was declared. Ever since Mr. Wilson became President it has been made plain that it is his inclination to take upon himself the performance of many duties which could be and are ordinarily delegated to assistants. He is a man who, all his life, has been accustomed to depend on himself and he has an unusual capacity for detail work. One illustration of his habit and method is his writing out of his own speeches and public documents on the type machine, contrary to the almost universal custom among public officers and business men of dictating such papers.

In discussing the subject Col. George Harvey urges that the five best minds of the country be selected—the choice to be made from any walk in life, the only requirement being that they should be the biggest, the broadest and intellectually the strongest in the land. They should be men in whom the President and the people would have confidence and to them the President could delegate such duties as he might see fit. This board should have the one purpose of helping the country and the people to win the war. This is a practical suggestion and worth considering, the only difficulty that presents itself being the President's indisposition to gather big men around him.

It is probable that authority for the formation of such a board would have to be given by Congress, and it is intimated that certain Southern Congressmen who are dissatisfied with some of the war measures and especially with some provisions of the conscription law are preparing to urge the creation of a committee on the conduct of the war which shall stand

as a sort of guardian over Mr. Wilson. This would be an absurdity, since no such body could deprive him of any of his constitutional rights, and would simply operate to give aid and encouragement to the enemy. It stands Congress in hand to work in co-operation with the President to win the war. That one duty is what the country now expects it to perform.

OPINION OF A PESSIMIST

From the Boston Evening Transcript

What the President needs most urgently at the moment, remarks Colonel George Harvey in the current NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, is "a combined sieve and buffer." He is convinced that a Solomon and a Samson coalesced would collapse under the tremendous burden which now rests upon the mind and body of the President. Colonel Harvey believes that the overpowering and most pressing need of the hour is concentration of direction of the manifold divergent forces which must be exercised to their utmost if we are to win the war. "Physically, although of toughest fibre, the President is not a superman. . . . A War Council there must be, to co-ordinate, to perceive, to suggest, to study, to safeguard the life, the health, the perspective and the vision of the leader of the nation." This War Council, Colonel Harvey believes, "should comprise the five best minds in the country. Its members should be drawn from our entire aggregation of brains—from the Supreme Court, from the Congress, from the Cabinet, from the law, from finance, from business, from labor, from any of the professions, from any walk in life." Certainly a sublime optimist is Colonel George Harvey if he expects it to be done.

FOR A WAR COUNCIL

From the Hartford Courant.

Colonel Harvey's suggestion of a war council which should comprise the five best minds to be found in the country, men commanding the confidence of President and of people, for the purpose of helping the President, is a good one. Every power now in conflict has been compelled to this recourse. Such a council would be worth incalculably more than the whole bunch of the Cabinet, and could be depended upon for both military and economic necessities.

From the Tacoma News.

Not even a combination of Samson and Solomon could stand the burden which the people of the United States are seeking to lay upon their President's shoulders, according to Col. Harvey of the NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, whose solicitude for the presidential shoulders is more generous than last fall when the colonel's ambition was to load upon them a consummate defeat. Patriotism, however, makes a whole nation kin and the colonel has forgotten the peccancies of the man he made, to discuss the need of a war council of five of the greatest minds in the United States, to which the load of war may be transferred by the President.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

LABOR AND THE FARMS

SIR,—The Editor's article in the May number is excellent, as usual, but in the section under the caption of "Back to the Land," the Editor has strayed from topics that he is familiar with to a topic that is a new acquaintance.

He says "that increasing the food supply is simpler than raising and equipping an army." He recommends conservation. We can conserve if we must.

The distillers say that there would be a great loss of revenue if we forbid the use of grain for their purposes.

We would more than make up the loss either "in meal or in malt"; the revenue from distilled grain would not equal the price of the whisky, so the people would be the gainers. Money spent for whisky could be spent more profitably in other directions. There will be a greater shortage of grain next year than in this. The yield of wheat in this country is about thirteen bushels per acre; Germany, with very poor lands, yields thirty bushels. In efficient Germany the dealers in fertilizers are not allowed to cheat the farmers; in this land of the free the dealers may do their worst.

Some months ago a report from the New York Agricultural Station gave the results from using chemical fertilizers on land. When the station bought and mixed its own chemicals the result was very profitable; the fertilizers that were bought from dealers showed very little profit—this agrees with the general experience. Germany's fields must be in a bad way just now (for this small mercy let us be thankful) as the supply of foreign chemicals for fertilizers has been cut off.

It has been recommended by some who have voices in our national affairs, that unused land should be confiscated. The gentlemen alluded to probably know nothing about farming. There is no scarcity of land; thanks to the labor party and the Pacific slopers we have no laborers. Industrious Chinese and Japanese who know nothing of the eight-hour law, and who are more desirable than Sicilians or Greeks, would cultivate our idle acres. These people would not be employed in our munition factories at wages that farmers cannot pay unless they receive $5 as a minimum price for their wheat, and proportionately for other products.

Provisions seem high already to consumers. There have been hysterical urgings by city people to plough up lawns and golf links and to cultivate the same. The golf players could hardly be induced to frequent the links if hoeing were the only recreation offered in return for their annual

subscription. A lady who has a nice place in Lenox received word from her foreman that he could not get any one to mow the lawn; the reply was, "plough the lawn and plant it with corn."

I succeeded in giving the use of five acres to be planted in potatoes. I hope and think it will turn out well, as it will have the benefit of good supervision. I have not been able, as yet, to find anyone to take more land.

It is to be hoped that the advice of Mr. J. Ogden Armour will be taken now (pp. 656-7). Surely no one is more competent to advise than he. Unless laborers can be found, we in the United States will face a shortage of farm products quite as serious as the shortage afflicting Europe. One would think that the German prisoners in France and England might work at husbandry.

In Bermuda there are about fifty interned Germans; they work in the onion and potato patches—get three shillings a day, and are apparently contented; they are certainly in good physical condition.

The American farmer (p. 659) cannot increase his production unless he have fields handy—he has always been reproached for trying to do more than he could do thoroughly; now he is urged to undertake more yet.

We are the worst farmers in the world. It is only lately that our farmers have ceased looking for virgin soil. The Genesee Valley was thought at one time to be inexhaustible wheat land, and Rochester was the Flour City (I think it is now called the Flower City—*tempora mutantur*, etc.). Mixed farming is now the rule in the Valley. Other fertile sections share the same experience. We "skin the land" as long as it will produce anything; the East is full of abandoned farms; the owners have gone West to look for fresh fields to skin.

Page 660: "The simple, inexpensive and perfectly practicable expedient of drainage would enable the yearly returns from the soil to be increased."

Drainage—sad to say—is so expensive that only the State or "gentlemen farmers" who have made their money in the "busy marts of trade" can afford to undertake the "simple expedient."

Page 661: "If it be lawful for the Government to draft men for a military army, it should be equally lawful to draft them for an industrial or an agricultural army." Conceded. Would the Government take them from the munition factories, from the banks, the printing offices, the custom houses, the post office, or whence?

"An industrial army of men and boys not qualified for military service, but quite able to do agricultural work, etc." This assumes that there is an army of men and boys who are unemployed; the fact is that one now rarely sees a tramp.

MOUNT KISCO, N. Y. ROBERT W. LEONARD.

[We really cannot see that our courteous and interesting correspondent convicts us of a less familiar acquaintance with the agricultural problem than he himself enjoys. On the contrary, in most respects he confirms our opinions with the weight of his own expert authority. He cites but does not attempt to controvert our statement that to increase the food supply is simpler than to raise and equip an army, and he argues at length in support of our proposal for food conservation. The questions of prohibiting the use of grain for liquor making, of adulteration of fertilizers, and of introducing Coolie labor—which last is being seriously proposed at Washington—were not touched upon in our article.

Our correspondent commends the advice lately given by Mr. Armour, as we did in our article. He complains that our farmers are not thorough in their work, and that excellent farming lands in the East have been neglected and abandoned by farmers who "have gone West to look for fresh fields to skin"—points which we have ourselves repeatedly made.

In so far as he disagrees with our article on the question of drainage his disagreement is really with the Government report which we were quoting; and we cannot see that he convicts it of error. Drainage undoubtedly costs a good deal. But if through it land now quite unproductive can be made to yield returns of $100 an acre, we must believe that it would be possible and profitable to have it done.

Finally, as to labor. There are myriads of able-bodied men who because of some slight defect—lack of weight, color-blindness, flat-footedness, loss of a finger or two, or what not—are unacceptable for the army but are perfectly capable of farm work. We trust that it will not be necessary to draft them for such work, but if it were, they would be taken "from the factories, from the banks, the post office," etc., just as much as but no more than those whom the Government will draft for the army. In drafting soldiers the Government will not destroy nor check those industries, and neither would it do so in drafting farmers, if it had to do so. It is true, as our correspondent says, that one now rarely sees a tramp. On the other hand the State Government of New Jersey last month announced that as a result of its official canvass it had registered more men and boys for farm work than it could find places for, and it urged landowners to increase the amount of work on their places, either by tilling more land or by tilling it more thoroughly, so as to utilize this waiting and idle labor.

We have an idea that if our correspondent and we should get together at the shady end of our bean patch for a talk, we should find ourselves in amazingly close agreement.—EDITOR.]

LETTERS OF GERMAN SOLDIERS

SIR,—On page 837 of your June REVIEW you make mention of a remarkable letter, replete with treason, found on a German prisoner, addressed to his wife. In your comment thereon you state further "that it was like scores and hundreds of letters that for some months have been coming into British hands—letters of wailing misery, letters of bitterest despair, letters of deep, of almost murderous anger against the German officers."

There are a few things about these letters found on German prisoners, exploited for some time by the American and British press evidently for the purpose of convincing the public that Germany is on the verge of a collapse, that I as a plain man cannot comprehend and would like to have a little more light from a man of your caliber and experience.

I have seen repeated statements that even in the American army, in war time, the soldiers are not at liberty to write what they please in letters to friends and relatives, and should they embody such treasonable utterances, imprisonment if not execution would speedily overtake them. Even civilians who slammed our President by slanderous speech have been nabbed by secret service men all through the country. The Allies too exercise a

very strict censorship over what soldiers may and may not write in letters. Such treasonable utterances could not get through the mail and would bring speedy and dire punishment on the heads of the perpetrators.

Our press has from time to time stated that censorship is strictest of all in Germany and above all in the German army. I cannot comprehend if these facts be true, how a German soldier writing such a treasonable letter could ever see a possibility of its passing the censor and reaching its destination. I do not see how a German soldier would risk such a thing unless he had made up his mind to die.

If this matter about the finding of such letters on German prisoners is not mere phantasy or fiction, does it not appear to be a ruse under the connivance of army officers to pull the wool over British eyes as to the real conditions in Germany in order to make them believe that a collapse in Germany is imminent? Or does it show that there is greater freedom in so-called autocratic Germany than in democratic America and Britain?

SUPERIOR, WIS. J. S. ROESELER.

WHY SPARE GERMANY'S ALLIES?

SIR,—In the June issue of the REVIEW you say, in discussing "Fair Play for the Government and Whole Truth for the People," that "this is not a popular war." We agree with you. In fact, it is doubtful whether any war in the history of civilization has ever been popular while it was waging, when the participants did not instinctively long for peace, the natural state of society.

What the American people lack at this time, and without which victory will never be achieved, is intelligent enthusiasm concerning the causes of the war and the probable effects. They are told that we are fighting for "Democracy" and "Humanity." The full meaning of these abstract terms they do not fully grasp. They do not realize what German victory would mean, the extent and depth of their suffering should the world be placed under the yoke of the same principles which now dominate Germany and her allies. You were among the first to see the danger that menaced the entire world should Germany emerge in triumph from this war, and you were among the first to urge that America throw her strength with England and France and Russia in this war for the freedom of the world. The President himself said, in his declaration, that we were fighting for a great principle and not merely to avenge a single insult. Why, then, do we not declare war on Austria, Turkey, and Bulgaria? Are they not fighting side by side with Germany for the same ideals which Germany upholds? Is not the fact that they are allied with Germany and will make peace only upon terms dictated by Germany sufficient evidence that they are our enemies, even though as yet they have committed no "overt act" directly against the United States?

These are the problems that confront the American people. When the menace of Prussianism is made sufficiently clear, when the people become convinced that there is a real and terrible danger which they must fight against if civilization is to endure, it is our belief that, while the war will not be a popular one, it will at least be as enthusiastically waged as any war in the history of our beloved country.

NEW YORK CITY. W. J. FULLER.

COVETING "THE MARSEILLAISE"

SIR,—In memory of the visit of the French Commission to the United States, and as a mark and proof of a virtual alliance between this Republic and the brother Republic of France in the glorious cause of Liberty, I venture to propose that *The Marseillaise* be added to the national songs of America.

In that superb cry of triumphant Freedom, the most vibrant and stirring martial music that ever was composed is united to words which are equally magnificent, to words which breathe the very soul of liberty and republicanism in deadly conflict with tyranny and despotism, and which are, moreover, singularly fitted to the present tremendous crisis.

BERTRAND SHADWELL.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

[Nothing would give us greater pleasure than to see *The Marseillaise* "added to the national songs of America"; and inasmuch as the music of what appears to be regarded as our chief national song—*The Star-Spangled Banner*—was composed by an Englishman, it would seem to be in keeping with our complacent habits of utilization to adopt a song written by a Frenchman, were it not for the somewhat inconvenient fact that *The Marseillaise* stands in rather an intimate relation to French hearts. Moreover, we cannot escape the conviction that the national song of a country should be composed by one of its own sons (or daughters). That *The Star-Spangled Banner* is not, musically, native to America, is its prime defect—quite aside from the fact that the words are commonplace, the music paltry and hard to sing. Would that some composer of genius might set to the stirring Battle Hymn of Mrs. Howe music both noble, contagious, and of large simplicity! Then we should have a National Anthem fit to set beside the splendid songs of France, Russia, England, and Austria. —EDITOR.]

A QUESTION FOR THE DOCTORS

SIR,—It is claimed by public speakers, and by many writers as well as by some physicians, that alcohol has no use at the present time in the practice of the best physicians. It is also claimed that there are substitutes for this indispensable element of nature, and that these substitutes are as effective and produce none of the evil effects of the universal stimulant and preservative. The public would like to know if there *is* a substitute for alcohol. The reply of some doctors when they were asked this question was that there is no substitute for alcohol.

This has nothing to do with the question of temperance; I merely ask what the best medical authority has decided upon this question. No one appears to know definitely what the practice is in the hospitals of this country, or what the position of the Government is regarding the use of this stimulant by surgeons and doctors in the Army and Navy. A great many people would like to know just what use alcohol serves in the treatment of the wounded among the nations at war across the sea.

S. R. SMITH.

WILKES-BARRE, PA.

FROM DR. PARKHURST

SIR,—I am interested in Mr. Cobb's criticism of Mr. Steinhardt's theory of international law as it appears in a recent issue of the REVIEW. The latter denies the existence of such law; the former is certainly correct in affirming it. I submit that, even so, Mr. Cobb has not fathomed the truth to its ultimate by claiming that law is the product of organized consciousness. Law is no product. It is original, un-made, unbegotten. What the organized consciousness does is to produce not law but an interpretation of law, an interpretation which may or may not be coincident with law—probably not, but only approximately so, and more and more so as the popular understanding becomes increasingly clarified mentally and morally.

CHARLES H. PARKHURST.

NEW YORK CITY.

AGAIN, VIVE LA FRANCE!

SIR,—On page 23 of the July number of the NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW is published Dr. Holmes' poem *Vive La France!,* omitting the last two verses.

This poem has always been a favorite of mine and I think the omission must be an oversight. I have not Dr. Holmes' poems here but, if memory serves, the omitted verses are as follows:

Pluck Conde's baton from the trench,
  Wake up stout Charles Martel
Or find some woman's hand to clench
  The sword of La Pucelle!
Give us one hour of old Turenne,—
  One lift of Bayard's lance,—
Nay, call Marengo's chief again
  To lead us! VIVE LA FRANCE!

Ah, hush! our welcome guest shall hear
  But sounds of peace and joy;
No angry echo vex thine ear,
  Fair daughter of Savoy!
Once more! The land of arms and art,
  Of glory, grace, romance:
Here love lies warm in all our hearts;
  God bless her! VIVE LA FRANCE!

Yours very truly,

ALFRED C. COXE.

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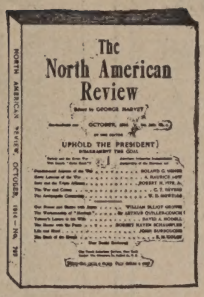
One-Hundred-Third Year



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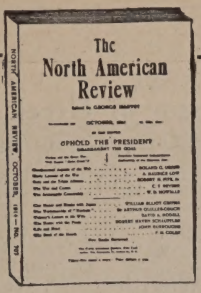
The North American Review

OPHOLD THE PRESIDENT'S

CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS NUMBER

GILBERT MURRAY,
one of the most famous of living English scholars and poets, is widely known for his unequalled translations from the Greek, especially his renderings of Euripides into English verse of superb felicity and eloquence. His activities have been chiefly concerned with classical scholarship; yet he has found time to write with shrewdness and power upon political subjects, especially since the beginning of the War.

CHARLES JOHNSTON,
though now a citizen of the United States, has traveled extensively in Russia. His Russian connections (he is a brother-in-law of General Brusiloff) have given him exceptional opportunities for understanding conditions in that country.

MUNROE SMITH
is Professor of Roman Law and Comparative Jurisprudence at Columbia University. Since the beginning of the War he has made a special study of the great conflict in its legalistic and philosophical aspects.

LIEUTENANT JEAN GIRAUDOUX
is one of the group of six French officers sent to Harvard University by the French Government for the purpose of giving military instruction. He has served at the Marne, Champagne, Gallipoli and Soissons, and is now invalided. His striking literary gift, (artfully preserved and communicated in Miss Elizabeth Shepley Sargent's brilliantly skilful translation) is easily discernible in this essay, and in that which appeared in the REVIEW last month, *The Dardanelles.*

FLORENCE MARY BENNETT
is Assistant Professor of Greek and Latin at Hunter College, New York City. She has published numerous works on classical themes, studies in archæology, and poems.

STEPHEN BONSAL
served as special correspondent in the Bulgarian-Serbian War, and in Macedonia, Morocco, Cuba, and the Far East. He has also been in the diplomatic service of the United States.

J. C. HEMPHILL,
long one of the most prominent of Southern journalists, is a native of Due West, South Carolina. He is a familiar contributor to this REVIEW.

ERVING WINSLOW
has long been eminent as economist, publicist, journalist, translator, and connoisseur of letters. An active champion of Free Trade, he has yet found time to turn Maeterlinck's *Pélléas et Mélisande* into admirable English prose.

WILLARD HUNTINGTON WRIGHT,
whose place among the more independent of the younger American critics is already won, has made a special study of experimental aesthetics, both here and abroad. He is now literary editor of the New York *Evening Mail*. His published books include *Modern Painting, The Creative Will*, and *Misinforming a Nation*.

AMY LOWELL
is ranked by sensitive critical judgment as the most brilliant and accomplished representative in America of "The New Poetry." Her experiments in "Polyphonic Prose," of which her contribution to this issue of the REVIEW is one of the most successful, have considerably enlarged the technical resources of poetic expression.

WINIFRED WELLES
is a member of that younger company of American poets whose performances are claiming such lively interest at present. Her verse, which has appeared in various magazines of late years, including the REVIEW, has provoked admiration by its delicate richness of mood, its rare sensibility, and its individuality of tone.

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NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW
SEPTEMBER, 1917

THE PRESIDENT
NOW FREE TO ACT
MUST WIN THE WAR

BY THE EDITOR

We report progress; not enough to exhilarate our allies or to dismay our enemies; and yet—progress. "Whereas," naïvely declared the senior Senator from Montana, four months after war was declared, as the preamble of a resolution designating a day of prayer, "this country is about to engage in preparing for war," be it resolved, etc. And so indeed it is, as with Siam and such other distant nations as have more recently proclaimed their adherence to the great cause. Whatever may be said or thought to the contrary, the fact is undeniable that we are beginning to get ready to commence to arrange to take steps to inaugurate a movement to proceed to make good our promise to enter upon the field of battle for the preservation of our own liberties and the safeguarding of democracy throughout the world. Whether the immortal Bard, in his vast imagining, conceived certain Senators, when he wrote—

> When our actions do not,
> Our fears do make us traitors,—

or our President, when he added —

> I'll make assurance doubly sure,
> And take a bond of fate,—

we have no means of knowing; nor would we, if we could, attain the curse for moving precious bones . . . Let be! We're getting on!

It has taken four months to clear the decks for what the

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Secretary of the Navy would call action; but what of it? They are cleared now. Despite the haggling and hobbling of a Congress unwilling to invoke cloture to make effective the will of a majority, despite the hundred days of futile debate upon a single bill imposed by a few wilful men under sinister leadership of extraordinary skill, the true theory of undivided, masterful direction in war has finally prevailed, and the President holds in the hollow of his hands the full power which should have been his from the beginning,—a power infinitely greater than that of any other living ruler and unsurpassed by that of Alexander or of Napoleon.

We do not magnify it; we would not minimize it. That he himself realizes the magnitude of both his authority and his responsibility we may be assured. That he appreciates the demand of the logic of an unprecedented situation is proved by his insistence at a time when another of less resolution or daring would have been at best timorously acquiescent in the face of consequences so momentous to both his country and himself. Calmly, be it said to his highest credit, the President abides the mighty event, and patiently, considerately, yet vigilantly, a hundred millions of people await the outcome of the application of the sagacity of a single mind to the solving of problems existing and bound to arise, so many, so intricate and so vast as to seem well-nigh incomprehensible.

Five months of crippled endeavor have passed and all is well as could be asked in reason. But fourteen months of unimpeded guidance remain before the rendering of a verdict at the polls which—make no mistake—will be, not preliminary, but conclusive and final. So again, in all sincerity and in high hope, we cry, *Vite! vite!*

Unquestionably the President was right in demanding the concentration of authority which he has obtained and undoubtedly, we are confident, he now holds no less essential concentration of effort to be the immediate corollary. That there is altogether too much diversification at present is painfully apparent. The various civilian commissions, the various press agents, even the various cabinet officers, continue unmistakably to cross one another's paths in seeming ignorance and obvious jealousy of their respective prerogatives. The most notable case in point was, of course, the lamentable clash between General Goethals and Mr. Denman which re-

sulted in wholly unnecessary delay of months in the most pressing of needs, the construction of ships. We cannot see that blame for this very grave hindrance to both our allies and ourselves can be affixed justly upon anybody,—least of all upon the President, whose selection of General Goethals was acclaimed universally. The difficulty was inherent in the temperaments of two masterful, pig-headed men accustomed to have their own way. Its final resolution by the harassed President himself was apparently the best attainable and the country now looks to Mr. Hurley and Admiral Capps with full confidence in their amenability no less than in their capability. Nevertheless much mischief was done.

Hardly less menacing for the moment seemed the difference which arose over the price of coal between the Secretary of the Interior and the Secretary of War. The former supposed and had reason to suppose that he had effected a most satisfactory settlement and felicitated the country accordingly, only to be notified publicly and somewhat curtly, we must say, by the latter that he was empowered only to recommend and that his recommendation was not acceptable. But for the exceptional forbearance and wholehearted loyalty to his chief of Mr. Lane, this unhappy episode might easily have deranged an official relationship which should be, above all, at least harmonious. Fortunately no immediate harm ensued, but surely the calling of the attention of the country to a contrariety of opinion within the Cabinet upon so vital a subject could be productive of little good.

Of less importance but of hardly less significance was the prompt overruling by the Provost Marshal of the announced decision of the Secretary of the Navy that men enlisted for naval service were not subject to the draft. Needless to say, the deplorable confusion created in the minds of the thousands most directly concerned by these opposing decrees could and should have been averted through conference.

Other instances of lack of that team-play which none values more highly than the President himself might be adduced without close limitation; but let these suffice. The fundamental difficulty, as we perceive it, lies far less in the unwillingness of various officials to accord with definite policies than in the absence of the policies themselves. The controversy between General Goethals and Mr. Denman was not personal at the beginning. It arose from an honest difference of opinion respecting the relative merits of wooden

and steel ships,—a question, not of construction nor of management, but wholly of judgment. We think it quite probable that if, at the outset, a War Council of intelligent and open minds had given full consideration to the arguments of both sides and the President had rendered a decision based upon their recommendation, the outcome would have differed little from that which finally emerged from distasteful bickering; but, oh, the precious time that would have been saved!

So, too, with the happily temporary difference between the Secretary of the Interior and the Secretary of War. Here again was a question, not of authority, vested technically in Mr. Baker though actually in the President, nor of administration, but of policy. Was it wiser and more practicable for the Government to effect a suitable arrangement with producers and manufacturers with respect to prices or to fix prices arbitrarily? In view of the hearty and apparently unselfish response of those directly concerned to the President's moving appeal for general co-operation, we are disposed to think that he, in common with the country, would have considered negotiation well worth trying, and the first attempt by Mr. Lane certainly promised well; but the opportunity to make further tests was forfeited and the Government seems merely to have drifted into adoption of the arbitrary method, without due consideration of its relative merits or its positive hazards,—a conclusion which truly might have proved necessary in the end, but which many thoughtful persons feel should have been avoided if possible.

The point, respecting the bearing of enlistments upon the draft, at issue for a moment between the Secretary of the Navy and the Provost Marshal, being one of law and already abruptly determined by the Marshal, need not be considered. Nor need we concern ourselves at present with the bewildering antics of uncensorious publicity agents whose conception of their functions, sizzling at first in the frying-pan, seems now to be undergoing protracted formulation in the oven.

As we perceive the present situation, the urgent need is application of common sense, such as only the President apparently can supply, in the formulation of definite lines of military procedure. The Departments or advisers, whoever they may be, seem to be groping. Not long ago, for example, we were notified officially that no big guns would be sent abroad, first, because we had none to spare and, secondly,

because an adequate number could be obtained from the arsenals of France. Clearly, an announcement better calculated to cheer the enemy could hardly be imagined. Everybody knows that, in this war, infantry, deprived of the old-time cavalry screen, is helpless without the protection and blazing of the way by heavy artillery. Only the other day we read of a Canadian regiment going "over the top" at the wrong moment, because of the non-delivery of a rescinding order, and leaving dead upon the field six hundred out of eight hundred, mowed down with the utmost ease in open light of day by the machines of the enemy. It was but one of many like shocking experiences from which we should profit if we would avert the useless slaughter which too often has overwhelmed our brave neighbors from across the northern border.

That our field artillery is woefully destitute of big guns we were only too painfully aware, but there was and is in the coast artillery a large number of the so-called "obsolete" type, which are valueless for coast defense but wholly adapted to use in the field. Why they should not be utilized and why others should not be produced as rapidly as possible was inexplicable except upon the second theory that France could fill the need,—an assumption that seemed most doubtful and quickly proved to be wholly false. Now we are officially informed that the available big guns are to be sent and that a fresh supply has been ordered. It is gratifying information, to be sure; but, oh, again we cry, the time, the precious time that has been lost!

Another dereliction quite beyond our comprehension is attributable probably to our inordinate conceit. Nobody needed to be told, when we entered the war, that the German submarine was the chief menace of the Allies. England had striven with all her power and skill to solve the problem, but thus far in vain. How proudly, then, away back in April, we received the many flattering expressions of her fond anticipation that "American inventive genius" would find the way! How grandly we called upon our venerable wizard and his satellites and how complacently we heralded our foresight in having already brought their skill into play! How eagerly and gleefully we seized upon the brilliant suggestion of some imaginative wayfarer and ordered the construction overnight of a myriad of wonderful "chasers"!

But, alas, if not a dream, it was a mirage. Four months

later it was discovered that the building of "chasers" was impracticable; quite likely the small craft would prove ineffective in any case; so the project was abandoned. After all, upon second or third or fourth thought, perhaps it would be well to place dependence for a time, while our inventive genius was still hatching, upon destroyers.

And here comes the bitterness of the tale. When the Secretary of the Navy presented his famous Fourth-of-July gift to the country and received the cordial thanks of the Secretary of War for convoying the first detachment of troops safely to France, the people gladly responded to the call for recognition of the efficiency of the navy. But one vital fact seems to have been overlooked, namely, that the safe arrival of our troopships was attributable wholly to the vigilance of the accompanying destroyers. The achievement was noteworthy, to be sure, and gratifying, of course; but relatively it was hardly remarkable. England had transported nearly five hundred thousand troops from Canada alone without the loss of a single life, and how many she had borne safely from the other colonies and across the channel could only be imagined. Indeed, so far as we have been apprised, not one troopship nor one merchantman properly convoyed had or has been sunk since the beginning of the war.

The immediate and overwhelming value of destroyers, both in safeguarding the lives of our own soldiers and in ridding the seas of the pirate craft, was apparent to the veriest tyro. Unlimited sums of money had been voted by Congress for such construction as might be regarded as most advantageous by those in authority. That the usual secrecy was requisite nobody questioned, but we venture to assert that everybody who gave the subject the most casual consideration took for granted that scores, probably hundreds, of standardized destroyers, the only type that had actually demonstrated efficiency, were in process of the speediest manufacture.

For ourselves, at any rate, we have to confess, it was with a sense of sheer dismay that we read coincidently with the announcement of the abandonment of "chaser" building, that the entire fleet consisted of but forty-nine destroyers, not all in commission presumably, that only "seven or eight" additional will be available during the next six months, and that hardly twenty more will be ready during 1918. A larger number, we are happy to say, are promised for 1919; but, oh,

again, the time, the precious time that has been lost in providing, as might have been provided so easily, protection for our American boys in transit to the battlefields!

We would not be understood as deprecating endeavor to solve the submarine problem by scientific process or through inventive revelation; on the contrary, efforts along those lines should be doubled and redoubled, upon the theory that no poison lacks an antidote. What we do maintain is that simultaneously every obvious and practical offset, however inadequate as a remedy, should be utilized in conformity with the dictates of common sense. And this involves the whole question of naval policy on the part of both ourselves and our allies. England demonstrated her tardy realization of this fact when finally she placed the civilian, Sir Eric Geddes, at the head of the Admiralty, but our own Government continues to drift and grope. We can hardly credit the phrase, "That cannot be determined until we know whether we are going to fight an offensive or a defensive war," attributed by Mr. Roosevelt to the Secretary of the Navy; but the fact is all too plain that so far we have been content merely to trail along, without assuming or even asking to participate in the conferences now taking place in London under the direction of the new First Lord.

It is with peculiar satisfaction and no little relief, therefore, not only as evidence of firmer determination but indicative of the President's intention to take the subject matter within his own strong grasp, that we hear from Washington a proposal to send a special commission to London to study at first hand in co-operation the actual situation.

"This commission," writes Mr. C. W. Gilbert in the *Tribune,* "may either devise a policy for attacking the German submarine or the German navy—in which case vigorous support will be required from the Administration, such as will give to this country the leadership in forming a naval policy for the Allies; or it may report that the present policy of the Allies represents all that is possible in the way of naval effort; or it may report, what all the best naval critics are saying, that more aggressive strategy is called for, though it may fail to suggest such strategy. In any case, if the commission is wisely chosen the best brains in American civil and naval life will have been put into contact with the U-boat problem, and the nation will know what may be expected."

Readers of this REVIEW need not be told how earnestly we concur with this intelligent observer when he continues:

> What is needed on the commission is men who can see America's great part and great responsibility as they really are; men who will go over, not with the idea that we are the younger brother, to do whatever the older brother says, but men who will see that in the end it is America that will have to win the war, and who accordingly will preserve their independent point of view. What is needed more than anything else is a different point of view and a different vision of responsibility. This country is going to be the dominant partner in this war before a year and a half passes, by reason of its possession in the largest measures of those things that up till now have made England the dominant partner—above all, economic power, which means capacity to build ships of war and merchant ships.

Day by day the truth of our declaration, made away back in May, that it is " up to America " to *win the war* and that consequently we must take the lead in formulating policies, as well as meet demands for money, munitions and men, is becoming more apparent. Grateful as we are and should be to our allies for their magnificent service in the great cause, the grim fact cannot be ignored that they are war-worn and weary while we are alert, vigorous and soon, we hope and pray, shall become fighting mad. The President himself has done well to " make assurance doubly sure " by moving cautiously along the " precise and scientific " lines which he delimited at the beginning, but of all men living he would be the last to encourage the fools who would " fight Germany only on American soil " by trying to differentiate between " offensive " and " defensive " warfare.

We would not be so presumptuous as—well, as Mr. Gilbert,—in suggesting even Colonel House as the most desirable head of such a commission; nor is there reason to suspect that the distinguished publicist need concern himself unduly in this regard. The appointments of civilians to important posts, beginning with that of Mr. Root and including such men as Mr. Hoover, Mr. Vail and Mr. Davison, all made without heed to political predilections, have been admirable without exception. The selection of General Pershing, too, is conceded even by Our Colonel to have been the best conceivable, with possibly one exception.

Of the wisdom of heeding the ancient rule of seniority in designating general officers there is less certainty. Some time ago announcement was made, and subsequently rather half-heartedly denied, that General Pershing had requested

that no general officers of more than forty-five years of age be sent to France because inquiry and observation had convinced him that older men could not meet the physical requirements successfully. His recommendation applied only to officers to be put in charge of actual operations and did not affect those to be attached to headquarters, but the General Staff adhered to the old rule of seniority and the President, reversing his previous observance of the selective or merit system, sustained his official advisers. The consequence is that the new brigadiers comprise in a large measure elderly colonels, practically none of whom has commanded a brigade or even a regiment in the field, many of whom are approaching the age of retirement, few of whom regard with favor the changes in organization proposed by General Pershing to meet the novel requirements abroad and practically all of whom are wedded by training and tradition to ancient methods long since abandoned by the Allied commanders.

Upon its face the President's reversal of his original policy, as indicated by his appointments in June, seems ill-judged, but it is admitted that the officers designated are generally capable, even though somewhat unelastic if not hidebound, are nearly all graduates of the Military Academy and in all fairness, after lifetimes of faithful service, are entitled to promotion. Moreover, despite the constant "scrapping" of older officers in the Allied armies, a large majority of those holding highest commands are in the sixties. The average age of the French generals is 60.5 and only one, Gourad, is under 50. The others include General Joffre, 64; Foch, 65; de Castelnau, 65; Dubail, 65; de Maud'huy, 60; Langle de Cary, 67; Villaret, 64; and Roques, 60. In the German Army the average age is higher still; it is 63.5, though a list of twenty-one names includes that of the Crown Prince, who is only thirty-four. Field Marshal von Hindenburg is 69, and Field Marshal von Mackensen, 71. British generals in the field are younger. A list of twenty names proves the average age to be 53.9. General Sir Douglas Haig is 55, General Sir H. Plumer, 59; General Sir C. Monro, 56; and General Birdwood, 51, like Lord Cavan and Sir C. Ferguson. The youngest commander, General Gough, is 46—the age of Wellington and Napoleon at Waterloo.

Nevertheless the familiar adage respecting old men for counsel and young men for war abundantly justified itself

in our own Civil War and we may assume safely that the President is fully awake to the necessities of the fighting line. The work in the training camps will afford ample opportunity for weeding out and it is most unlikely that any general officers who betray mental or physical laxity will see actual service in Europe. Meanwhile the promotions open the way for quick advancement of the younger graduates of West Point, who are recognized universally as the most alert, competent and up-to-date in the world. Notwithstanding the seeming unwisdom of rigid adherence to the seniority system, therefore, it would appear that the farsightedness which has characterized nearly all of the President's acts since the beginning of the war did not fail him in this instance.

We can understand, too, why he should have felt impelled to confer absurdly disproportionate and incongruous military titles upon the officers of the Red Cross. It would be interesting to know what fertile imagination hatched this brilliant suggestion, but once proffered to him as a way of showing his appreciation of the enormous sums raised for carrying on the greatest humanitarian work ever undertaken, the suggestion was one which the President doubtless felt he could not reject without ungraciousness.

What our militant Colonel thinks of the performance which put the coveted two stars upon the shoulders of his unloved successor while he, alas, must rest content with the hardly won eagle has not yet been betrayed in public, but it is worthy of note that on the very day when the announcement appeared the stomach of Mr. Taft rebelled so poignantly that he had to send for a doctor. To add insult to injury, the *World* mischievously printed a portrait of the former President in the uniform of a Major General, but mercifully spared Mr. Davison, whose personal modesty is surpassed only by his executive ability. Surely neither of these plain Americans sought a distinction comparable only to that self-bestowed by the late General William Booth. Nor can we believe that Brigadier General Cornelius N. Bliss deliberately grasped the opportunity to take his place in rank by the side of the distinguished Tasker H. It may be, of course, that the happy thought cracked its shell at a caucus of the nobby young Colonels of Wall Street, but if so we hardly think one of them would admit it.

Happily the report that the titles of Admiral, Rear Ad-

miral and Captain are to be conferred upon the officers of the W. C. T. U., who also are rendering valiant service, is officially denied. So we may conclude with a sigh of relief that the present outcome signifies the end of a quite ominous beginning. Otherwise the imagination would run riot in depicting Senior Major General Taft starting forth from Paris astride a tank followed by his gallant staff with flashing swords and cohorts of captains laden with lint for a desperate assault upon the helpless blessés.

But we refrain in the hope that this signal example may suffice to minimize the promiscuous scattering of military degrees, to the obvious and serious detriment of the service. One of the greatest of the many difficulties which now confront the President is that of resolving the various segments of the great National Army, comprising regulars, volunteers, conscripts and all species of " reserves " into one harmonious and efficient working body. For years our professional soldiers, unlike those of any other nation, have received scant consideration from the people except in the event of a dangerous strike which the militia could not be relied upon to quell. Even now, at the inception of a mighty conflict in which they must play the leading part, public attention is centred upon the patriotic but amateurish newcomers.

That under such circumstances the highly trained men who have given their life work to their country should become somewhat callous and regard themselves as a class without the pale of fair recognition goes without saying, but words of complaint such as were voiced, in a recent number of the *Army and Navy Journal,* by an officer whose indignation at his treatment in New York passed the bounds of human restraint, are the rarest imaginable. It should be, then, a matter of deep gratification to all good citizens that these most capable and most hardworking soldiers feel that they have in the President not only a chief commander who cannot be swerved by political or personal considerations but also a friend, conscious of the country's and his own obligation to render just rewards. The gentlemen of the Red Cross and like societies are entitled to the highest credit for their superb service in the cause of humanity and we would not begrudge them empty titular baubles as tokens of the Nation's gratitude, but let us not forget that only lives can *win the war* and that those who give or risk them are not proper subjects of unfair or even inferential discrimination.

As we write, the President is preparing an answer to the Pope. Quite likely, before these words shall appear in print, the reply will have been published. It will be courteous in phrase, and sympathetic in spirit, of course, but to doubt for a moment that it will convey in plainest terms an emphatic refusal to entertain so childish a proposal would be to question the President's integrity. We await his response with absorbing interest but without the slightest trepidation. In simple fact, he need only point to his own great declaration of April 2nd, when he announced to the world that "our object is to vindicate the principles of peace and justice in the life of the world as against selfish and autocratic power"; when he told us that "no autocratic Government could be trusted to keep faith" within a league of nations, that "in such a Government" as Germany's, "following such methods, we can never have a friend; and that in the presence of its organized power, always lying in wait to accomplish we know not what purpose, there can be no assured security for the democratic Governments of the world"; when he accepted the gage of battle, to fight "for the rights of nations great and small and the privilege of men everywhere to choose their way of life and of obedience"; and when he declared irrevocably that "we shall be satisfied when those rights have been made as secure as the faith and the freedom of the nation can make them",— and not till then.

Clearly foreseeing just such an attempt as that of the Pope to intervene in response, conscious or unconscious, to the beguiling of Austria and the manœuvering of Germany, he added these ringing words which cannot be reiterated too frequently:

"'Peace, peace, peace' has been the talk of Germany's Foreign Office for a year or more, not peace upon her own initiative, but upon the initiative of the nations over which she now deems herself to hold the advantage. A little of the talk has been public, but most of it has been private, through all sorts of channels. It has come to me in all sorts of guises, but never with the terms disclosed which the German Government would be willing to accept . . . The military masters under whom Germany is bleeding see very clearly to what point Fate has brought them; if they fall back or are forced back an inch, their power abroad and at home will fall to pieces. . . . Deep fear has entered their hearts. They have but one chance to perpetuate their military power, or even their controlling political influence. If they can secure peace now, with the immense advantage still in their hands, they will have justified themselves before the German people. They will have gained by force what they promised to gain by it—an immense expansion of German power

and an immense enlargement of German industrial and commercial opportunities. Their prestige will be secure, and with their prestige their political power. If they fail, their people will thrust them aside. A Government accountable to the people themselves will be set up in Germany. . . . Do you not now understand the new intrigue for peace, and why the masters of Germany do not hesitate to use any agency that promises to effect their purpose, the deceit of nations? Their present particular aim is to deceive all those who, throughout the world, stand for the rights of peoples and the self-government of nations, for they see what immense strength the forces of justice and liberalism are gathering out of this war. They are employing Liberals in their enterprises. Let them once succeed, and these men, now their tools, will be ground to powder beneath the weight of the great military Empire."

We willingly pay the benignant and griefstricken Benedictus the doubtful honor of being a dupe; but when, in the face of the awful revelations made to him in person by the great Cardinal of Belgium, he asserts that "everybody acknowledges that on both sides the honor of arms is safe," we shudder at what can only be regarded as his wilful obsession. Granting, moreover, the sincerity of his opinion, shared by few others, that the great conflict must end as a drawn battle, how can we reconcile to any conceivable conception of morals and righteousness an ignoble compromise between right and wrong, between good and evil, between civilization and barbarism, between human freedom and human slavery?

The Holy Father should study the holy laws:

Thou shalt have no other gods before me.
Thou shalt not kill (wantonly).
Thou shalt not commit adultery (or rape).
Thou shalt not steal.
Thou shalt not bear false witness.
Thou shalt not covet.

"The Ten Commandments," said James Russell Lowell, "will not budge." Each and every one of those enumerated Germany has violated openly, brazenly, defiantly, shamelessly—and she must pay the penalty in full.

We hope the President may feel impelled to say in diplomatic language but in unmistakable terms:

"When Germany shall have withdrawn within her borders every soldier whose feet now stand upon foreign soil; when she shall have returned to France, to Belgium, to Serbia, to Roumania, to Poland and to Russia all of the helpless men and ravished women whom she has wrested ruthlessly from their homes; when she shall have abandoned wholly her illegal and inhuman warfare at sea; when she shall

have ceased to bombard unprotected villages and to kill little children from the air; when she shall have driven from power the group of monsters who forced this frightful calamity upon an unoffending world,—then, and not till then, will America consent to consider her appeal for peace."

But all with this explicit understanding, as set forth by General U. S. Grant to General S. B. Buckner at Fort Donelson in 1862:

"No terms except unconditional and immediate surrender can be accepted . . . I propose to move immediately upon your works."

Away with Peace, peace when there is no peace! On with the fight for God and man! "The responsibility," truly says the President, "rests upon the Administration,"—and now when at last, he holds the power, full and undivided, again we cry, *Vite, vite!* To make the world safe for democracy? Yes, a thousand times, yes! But first, and no less to that glorious end, let us—

Make America secure for liberty!

DEGENERATE GERMANY

THE cup is filled. It is the cup of German mendacity; more deep, more dark, more virulent, than any ever filled before by any nation in all the erring annals of mankind. Appropriately, too, it is the Kaiser of *Kultur* who himself adds the final drops.

It is not pleasant to brand an Emperor as a liar; but then it is not pleasant to see one thus convicted out of his own mouth and the mouths of his retainers. Mr. Gerard made public the other day the text of a personal letter or statement, addressed by the German Emperor to the President of the United States. In that document the Emperor declared, directly and unequivocally, that he invaded Belgium and violated the neutrality treaty because of knowledge or at least news that France was preparing to invade Germany through Belgium. That same impudent falsehood had been put forward many times before, by others; but here it was directly and unqualifiedly fathered by the Emperor himself. In one draft of the letter he said that he had "knowledge," and in a later draft, that he had "news," of France's impending invasion of Germany by way of Belgium. It does not matter which word is used. We cannot assume an Emperor to act

in so grave a matter upon news which he does not know to be true.

Mark the sequel. The Chief of the Supplementary General Staff of the German Army, a person whose imposing name and titles we may abbreviate to Lieutenant-General Baron von Freytag-Loringhoven, now declares that Germany had no such knowledge of French intentions, and that such was not the reason for Germany's invasion of Belgium. France, he admits, had no thought of invading Germany through Belgium. She did not mass her troops on the Belgian frontier, but on that of Alsace-Lorraine for a direct invasion of Germany. And it was thus not because France was preparing to invade through Belgium, but, on the exact contrary, because she was *not* preparing to do so, that Germany committed her rape of that neutral country. It was not in self-defence, to block a blow from France in that quarter, that Germany overran Belgium; but it was a bit of sharp practice, to take France by surprise, by attacking her in a quarter in which, vainly trusting to the sanctity of treaties, she had made no preparation even for defence.

Now to put the matter bluntly,—and of course soldiers, like the Kaiser and the Lieutenant-General Baron, et cetera, always prefer blunt, direct speech,—either the Emperor or his Chief of Supplementary General Staff has lied. And it is not alone on the ground of precedence and deference to his superior rank that we must let our first choice fall upon the Kaiser. The known facts of the case unerringly and inevitably point to the Lieutenant-General Baron's story as the true one.

This, we say, is the last drop in the cup of German mendacity. But it is the last of many. There was the lie about German mobilization which the German Government caused to be printed in a Berlin newspaper, in a special edition designed only for the eyes of the Russian Ambassador; so that he might send the news to his Government, that that Government might itself order mobilization to meet that of Germany, and that Germany might thus have Russia's mobilization as a pretext for her own. There was the lie formally embodied in the German declaration of war against France, that France had already begun war by making aerial invasions and bombardments of German territory—a statement which was subsequently confessed, by high German officials, to have been entirely without foundation. There was the lie

about guns having been mounted or at least carried on the *Lusitania,* admitted to be a lie by the wretched agent of the German Government who, under orders from Berlin, originally uttered it. There was the lie to the effect that Germany was not privy, in advance, to the Austro-Hungarian ultimatum to Serbia, which has been pilloried as a lie by high officials of Germany and of Austria-Hungary.

We need not further analyze the noisome contents of the cup. These few drops are sufficient to indicate the vileness of the whole. Nor need we, on reflection, wonder at it; nor particularly wonder at the personal mendacity of the Emperor himself. As master, so disciple; and at least two of the three men whose examples and precepts have most moulded the character and directed the course of William II were distinguished for their cynical disregard for truth.

One of these was Bismarck, who boasted of the fact that he had falsified an important dispatch, and thus had tricked France into beginning the War of 1870; which France would not have begun if she had not thus been deceived by him. That was a trick which William II closely copied in 1914 by issuing that spurious edition of an officially inspired newspaper, luring or provoking Russia into a step toward war which she would never have taken but for that lie.

The other was Frederick the Great, whose memory and example have been all but apotheosized by the present Kaiser. Apart from the well known examples of that great soldier's duplicity and falsehood, it is of peculiar interest to recall some passages from his *Instructions in the Art of Reigning,* addressed by him to his nephew, Frederick William II. In that work he said:

> Religion is absolutely necessary in a State, but it would not be very wise in a King to have any religion himself. Should it be necessary to make a treaty with other Powers, if we remember that we are Christians, we are undone; all would be over with us. As to war, it is a trade in which the least scruple would spoil everything.
>
> Do not suffer yourself to be dazzled with the word Justice; it is a word that has different relations, and is susceptible of different constructions.
>
> I understand by this word [politics] that we are ever to try to cheat others. This principle being established, never be ashamed of making alliances, and of being yourself the only party that draws advantages from them. Do not commit that stupid fault of not abandoning them whenever it is your interest to do so.
>
> Have you a mind to pass for a hero? Make boldly your approaches to crimes.

It is good policy to be perfectly persuaded that we have a right to everything that suits us.

When Prussia shall have made her fortune, it will be time enough for her to give herself an air of fidelity to engagements; an air which, at the most, becomes none but great States or little sovereigns.

How faithfully and effectively the present Emperor has followed these precepts of "Old Fritz" the world knows only too well. Nor is he alone in assimilation of the moral poison. Nor is the evil confined to the Junkers and to the Prussian military caste. It has spread through the nation. The utterances of German papers, publicists, professors, and preachers, since the beginning of the war, have been deeply tinctured with it. It is not alone the Kaiser who has incurred the characterization which William Watson has given him in one of his late poems, prospective of the Kaiser's entrance into the Plutonian Shades:

Father of Lies, receive thy Son!

Lamentable as it may seem, the German nation itself is in the pillory; and that is indeed the deplorable, the heart-rending feature of the case: that Germany stands before the world to-day, and is doomed to stand for many years to come, as a degenerate nation. Through the teaching begun by Frederick the Great and sedulously continued by a succession of leaders since his time, Germany has become a moral pervert.

This is the more lamentable because we are about to celebrate the four hundredth anniversary of Martin Luther, who gave to the world perhaps its greatest impulse toward liberty that it had had in a thousand years. It is the more lamentable, when we recall what German Culture was before it became *Kultur*. Lessing, the prophet of the universal brotherhood of man; Schiller, almost the peer of Byron as the poet of freedom; Richter, Goethe—these and others were what Germany meant to the world, before the days of Bernhardi and Tirpitz.

Germany has become a moral bankrupt: mendacious, lawless, immoral, inhuman. And this latest revelation shows that the bankruptcy extends from the humblest Boche in the trenches up to the occupant of the imperial—or imperious—throne. Like sovereign, like subject. That is the sad feature of the case, but it is also one of the most practically important for the rest of the world to bear in mind. We must remember that we are dealing with an enemy that is as mendacious as it is militant; an enemy that is not to be believed

under oath; an enemy whose proposals for peace and whose promises of terms of peace must spontaneously be assumed to be deceptive and treacherous until they are proved to be sincere.

It is a dreadful thing to have this true of one of the most populous nations of the world, and of one to which the world owes so much of the arts of material civilization. But it is true, and it is essential for the security of the world that it should so be recognized, and that, accordingly, this appalling fact should be made one of the chief bases of our procedure. We cannot safely listen to her and negotiate with her as we could listen to and negotiate with other nations. We must regard her as a degenerate, as an exception to the law, as a perverted criminal to whom we must apply special treatment, even as penologists do to degenerate and perverted individuals. It is an appalling spectacle, for the twentieth century of the Christian Era; but it is after all only the logical fruition of generations of *Kultur* directed at nothing but material gain and quite ignoring and despising the things which are spiritual and eternal. Never was there an utterance more characteristic of *Kultur* than that of the greatest of all contemporary German philosophers, Haeckel, when he said of a certain theory that, though he could not prove it to be true and there was no sure indication that it was true, yet "it must be true; for otherwise we should have to admit the existence of God."

One of these days degenerate Germany will indeed have to admit the existence of God.

DID WE MEAN IT?

Has this Nation—has this Government—meant what it has said about the war during these last three years? We refer to what has been said seriously, thoughtfully, officially, on matters of the greatest importance. Did we mean those things? Or were we all the time, as Mr. Bryan said we were on one supreme occasion, merely talking for buncombe? Let us recall a few of the things that have been said, and consider whether we really meant them then; and mean them now.

There was at the very beginning of the war a general and emphatic expression of opinion that a great wrong had been done in ignoring the provisions of the Treaty of The Hague and in entering upon war just as though no such

convention had ever been formed. There was immeasurably strong condemnation of the treatment of the Belgian neutrality treaty as a mere "scrap of paper." The wanton destruction of Louvain and other places aroused our passionate reprobation. The deportation of Belgian civilians into alien slavery, and the other atrocious crimes against non-combatants, greatly moved the American people and caused our Government officially to protest against them.

The *Lusitania* massacre elicited from press and public, and from official circles, strong protests and denunciations. In relation to that and other like crimes the President himself used some of the strongest language of his official career. He spoke of "strict accountability;" and he declared that the German submarine campaign was "utterly incompatible with the principles of humanity, the long-established and incontrovertible rights of neutrals, and the sacred immunities of non-combatants."

Five months ago the President, speaking very thoughtfully and deliberately, said—and in so saying he was sustained by Congress and by the nation with a unanimity and emphasis seldom witnessed in our history—that Germany had thrown to the winds all scruples of humanity and of respect for the understandings that were supposed to underlie the intercourse of the world; that Germany was waging a warfare against all nations, against mankind; that the most sacred rights of this nation had been ignored and violated; that we were arrayed against wrongs which cut to the very roots of human life; and that we were accepting the gage of battle with a natural foe to liberty, and should if necessary spend the whole force of the nation to check and nullify its pretensions and its power.

These are some of the things which we said.

Did we mean them?

Were they true?

It should seem not only superfluous but offensively impertinent to ask these questions. It would be a monstrous, an intolerable, aspersion upon us to suggest that we said or could have said such things without meaning them, or without the most complete and convincing assurance of their truth. Yet there is nothing less than just such a suggestion, or something if possible still worse, in the pattering demands that are being made by German agents and their American dupes for a statement of our purposes in the war and of our

terms of peace. For in the utterances to which we have referred those purposes and those terms have already been indicated as distinctly and as unequivocally as any rational person could wish them to be. The only object of the present demand must be, therefore, to secure a modification of them. It would be silly to ask for a mere restatement of what has been so often, so clearly, and so definitely stated.

But what would be implied in a modification of our purposes and terms? One of three things; to wit:

First, that we were wrong in our former statements; that we did not mean them, or that they were not true. We have already characterized that as a monstrous and intolerable aspersion, in which characterization we are confident that we have the support of the American nation.

Second, that we now condone the crimes which we then condemned. We do not believe that the American nation will agree to that. We do not believe that opinion concerning the "scrap of paper," the deportation and enslavement of the Belgians, and the *Lusitania* massacre, has reversed itself, or undergone any material change. If three years ago we regarded the rape of Belgium as a violation of treaty-pledged faith, and of the principles of humanity, so do we regard it to-day. If we looked upon the *Lusitania* affair as murder, we so look upon it to-day. If a year or two ago we considered the U-boat campaign as "utterly incompatible with the principles of humanity," we so consider it to-day; and we note that it is being conducted to-day with even greater disregard for humanity than when the President thus condemned it. It would be an intolerable insult to the nation, to suggest that we now condone the crimes which hitherto we have condemned.

There remains a third suggestion. That is, a *non possumus*. That is, that we have come to the conclusion that we are not able to do anything about it. That is, that while we meant all that we said, and while it was all true, and while we still regard with that same abhorrence the crimes of Germany, yet we are really not able to compel cessation of those practices, we are unable to exact the strict accountability of which we once so bravely spoke, we are not strong enough to punish the guilty or to secure guarantees for the future, and we must be content to call the game of war a draw, and make peace on the general ground of doing nothing about the past, and of letting everything go on just as it was before.

Now we repeat that this third suggestion, which is obviously what our Hun-led pacifists are seeking to have realized, is if possible the most offensive of the three. It would be bad enough to say that we had been in error or had been "bluffing," or that we had changed our minds. But to say that we were right and in earnest, and have not changed our minds, but have decided to plead the baby act, would be simply unspeakable in its vileness.

Now, when at last we are beginning to wake up and to employ our strength; now, when our enemy and the enemy of humanity is palpably weakening; now, when more than ever before there is a prospect of vindicating the right and punishing the wrong and making the world safe for democracy, now to falter and trim and recede would be an act of treason to America and to humanity so monstrous as to make the sum of all preceding treason throughout the ages seem petty and inconsiderable. Now is the time to stand by every righteous word that we have spoken. Now is the time to enforce every principle of right that we have proclaimed. Now is the time to exact every item of indemnity which we have claimed. Now is the time to insist upon no compromise, no recession, no conceivable terms but UNCONDITIONAL SURRENDER.

"Now strike! and end the creature! to the hilt!"

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF MR. HOOVER

THERE is need of Mr. Hoover. Simultaneously with his assumption of the duties and powers of a National Food Administrator came one of the most convincing indications of the necessity of just such work as he is to do. To which we may joyously add that his first announcement of plans and purposes, made with gratifying promptness, displayed a singularly complete comprehension of the needs of the situation, and an admirable resolution to meet those needs in a thoroughgoing manner.

The indications of the need of food administration, or control, were given in Dun's Index Numbers of wholesale prices for August 1, and in comparison with the corresponding numbers for just a year before. These showed that the Index Number of the price of breadstuffs—meaning, of course, chiefly wheat—had risen from $28.660 on August 1, 1916, to $64.071 on August 1, 1917: an increase of 123 per cent.

No other important class of commodities showed anything like such an increase. Meats of all kinds rose only twenty-nine per cent. Dairy and garden products showed an increase of twenty-two per cent. All other food products were content with a rise of twenty-six per cent. Clothing rose forty-two per cent; metals, for which there is a vastly increased demand because of the war, fifty-four per cent; and all other commodities, twenty-two per cent. The total increase of all these classes, including foodstuffs, was fifty-two per cent.

What did it mean, that the price of breadstuffs increased considerably more than twice as much as that of anything else, and much more than twice as much as the prices of all things put together? It would require a greater degree of credulity than even our exuberant kindliness and faith in human nature could summon, to believe that such an increase was entirely legitimate and due solely to the natural operations of the law of demand and supply. It is true that there has been no such enormous expansion of wheat acreage, as there has been of garden area. The latter achievement has been one of the most noteworthy and most gratifying of the year.

Last spring, at garden-planting time, we urged in these pages the mobilization of food-producing forces, and the increase of production, partly through intensified culture, to increase the yield per acre, and partly through the increase of acreage by the cultivation of neglected fields and even small plots in suburban and urban areas. How well this policy was adopted and executed is seen in the report of the National Emergency Food Garden Commission, that the gardens of the country were this year more than trebled in area. Thus in "worn-out" New Hampshire there was an increase in garden area of 400 per cent, and in the whole of New England, with its notorious array of "neglected and abandoned farms" and its "barren hill lands," the increase was 275 per cent. Beyond question, this achievement has much to do with the fact that the increase in price of garden products in the year was only twenty-two per cent, or less than one-fifth that of breadstuffs.

But even the lack of any such expansion of wheat-growing area and consequent increase of production is quite insufficient to account for so enormous a rise in price. We must therefore attribute the 123 per cent increase largely to

artificial causes. Wheat is of all important food products the most easily stored and hoarded. It does not require canning nor cold storage. The farmer can keep it in bins in his barn, the elevator-man or the miller can keep it in his warehouse. The speculator can hold it back from the market indefinitely, until an artificial scarcity is produced and prices are artificially forced up.

That this very thing has been done is notorious. Western farmers are known to have been preparing vast storage bins, with the frankly avowed purpose of holding back their wheat from market until they had forced it up to $2.50 or more a bushel. Obviously, garden and dairy products cannot thus be manipulated so easily, if at all. They must be sold at once, at whatever price the market affords. That is one chief reason why there is so great a contrast in the respective increase of prices of the two classes of commodities.

Mr. Hoover evidently understands the case. That is why at the very beginning of his administration he announced stringent ways and means for preventing such manipulation of breadstuffs. He will prohibit the storing of wheat for more than thirty days without special permission, and he will require every elevator or mill of over a hundred barrels daily capacity to be licensed. Speculation in " wheat futures " is to be stopped, prices are to be regulated, and the Government will establish agencies for buying up the whole crop, to resell it in suitable quantities and at proper prices. As for any who may " hold up " wheat or flour contracts, they will be unsparingly prosecuted.

This is all highly significant. It means, we should say, a radical reform in the wheat trade, in the interest of the consumers and not against the legitimate interests of the producers: against nobody, indeed, save the sordid speculators who would enrich themselves by gambling in the necessities of life. If Mr. Hoover is permitted to carry out his plans, we shall expect to see a considerable reduction in the price of wheat and of bread, as there ought to be. We are informed upon good authority that in war-beleaguered England, dependent for food upon the outside world, the cost of foods of all sorts is now just about double what it was before the war. If that is so, certainly the cost of breadstuffs should not be *more* than doubled here in a single year of the war, after a very considerable increase during the two preceding years.

We are told that there is vehement opposition to the

system of control which Mr. Hoover is establishing. At that we are not surprised, but the fact does not lessen our approval of his system. "You would have it so, George Dandin!" The young men of this country had an opportunity, on most favorable terms, to enlist voluntarily in the nation's military service. They would not do it, and therefore conscription was adopted. The nation must be defended. So, too, the wheat growers and dealers have had an opportunity, long drawn out, to regulate prices on an equitable basis, equitable to producer and consumer alike. They would not do it, and therefore food control is adopted. The nation must have bread.

That is the significance of Mr. Hoover.

THE PALE SHADE

"The British soldiers fought in the pale shade of Aristocracy."—Napier.

BY GILBERT MURRAY

I.

THE conception which one country entertains of another is always several generations out of date, and nearly always based on something romantic or startling. There are still plenty of Englishmen, and many more Frenchmen, who in their secret hearts conceive of America as a mixture of Bret Harte and the *Last of the Mohicans,* with a rather regrettable surface-dressing of skyscrapers and great inventors and millionaires mourning for their kidnapped sons. And I have noticed in American popular theatres traces of a belief that our farmers still dress in the costumes of George III's day, and that kings, princesses, earls, and—oddly enough—pickpockets play a more prominent part in our daily life than is warranted by experience. And neither party likes to lose its illusion. Our people are distinctly saddened when they hear that there are no more wild buffaloes and that Indians are taking university degrees, and sympathetic Americans are a little pained and incredulous when our statesmen describe England as a " great democracy " and discuss social problems without even mentioning the wishes of the King.

The momentous epoch when America broke from us and asserted her freedom inevitably still affects her national imagination. Her central enemy then was a British King. He was, as a matter of fact, the last of our kings who attempted anything like personal government; his ministers were not yet responsible to Parliament, nor did Parliament, in those days, represent the people. It is always difficult to realize that any place one has left does not look just the same as when one saw it last. And the national memory of America hardly realizes how rapidly England was beginning to

change even then, and how much more she has changed since.

The fact is that in some ways America is more old-fashioned than we are. Everyone knows that American speech contains many points in vocabulary and pronunciation which are not new developments but remnants of old classical English. And it is the same with the American Constitution. For example, the great emphasis which it lays on the separation of the Executive and the Legislature comes partly perhaps from Montesquieu, but chiefly from the old Colonial constitutions, in which the Governor was appointed directly by the Crown and not responsible to the Legislature. That is why the two are expected to check one another. Congress, even when the two houses agree, can have its will thwarted by the President, by the Supreme Court, and by the written Constitution. The British Parliament may not, even yet, represent the people quite as exactly as Congress does, but its will is unfettered. No executive, no supreme court and no constitution stands in its way.

Another reason why the old monarchical constitution of Great Britain makes such an impression on the popular mind in America is simply that it is romantic. People who have lived all their lives in England hardly realize this feeling of romance, but to an American, as to Canadians and Australians, it comes naturally. Kings, and Earls and Princesses . . . of course we will not for a moment allow them to oppress us or tax us, but which of us would not be rather sorry if they did not exist somewhere? What child, at any rate? I remember once finding two very intelligent children in tears because they had seen a prince for the first time and he had not come up to expectation. He was a German prince with a rather fine name, and he was coming to stay with the children's uncle, and they had climbed up a tree to see him driving from the station, and there he was, a rather nice fat little man in a bowler hat! Which of us does not sympathize with them?

De Quincey tells us of the emotion roused in him in his dreams by the tremendous name "Tiberius Claudius Nero, Consul Romanus"; I can remember in much the same way in the bush in Australia, a child who heard for the first time that there was somebody called "The Marquis of Lorne" and felt that the name was almost too beautiful for a human being. This state of feeling is not snobbishness: it is merely a natural love of the romantic. One can feel just the same

about a place-name; indeed the same child was quite intoxicated by the name "Arizona." It sounded like heaven, and he preferred to forget that a great river in Arizona was called Billy Williams.

But what I wish to point out is that this feeling is ever so much stronger where the objects in question are remote and only known through the imagination: much weaker, and almost non-existent, where they are familiarly present and known by ordinary contact. And consequently an American, accustomed to republican institutions and an atmosphere in which there are no titles except plain business titles, like Colonel or Doctor or President, almost always begins by over-rating greatly the importance of titles in English life. I do not lay such stress on the fact that distinguished men very frequently prefer not to have a title. Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Asquith, Mr. Balfour, Mr. Lloyd George and others could all have been peers if they had wished. These, it may be said, are politicians and naturally did not wish to leave the House of Commons. In that case they could all have been knights or baronets, or they might even, I suppose, have had Scotch or Irish titles and still stayed in the House of Commons. And it was not that they were deterred by any principles of rigid republican virtue. Merely the matter was not worth bothering about.

The essential point is that, when once a man is really distinguished and his name familiar, one forgets whether the name includes a title or not. It is often a convenient thing to give a very distinguished man, in his later age, a seat in the House of Lords, where there are no contested elections or all-night sittings. But no one reading the books of John Morley or James Bryce feels more respectful, or less interested, because the authors are now Viscounts. And, in cases where the title is born and not made, no one feels that Lord Robert Cecil is of higher social rank than his uncle, Mr. Balfour.

Where rank tells and "snobbishness" comes in is chiefly among people who are not otherwise known. If two quite unknown men are contesting a constituency and neither seems particularly brilliant or particularly objectionable, and one is called William Wilkinson and the other Lord Eustace Howard, of course the latter will have a preliminary advantage. Average voters will feel that they do know something about him after all; they will inquire whose son

he is. Their wives (and those wives' husbands too) will be pleased at attending his garden party or receiving his card. And, if you get away from the average to the extremes, some romantic Tories will adore him at first sight, and some idealist Radicals will make a point of being rude to him. Would things be very different in America if one of the candidates was called Quincy Adams or Lowell or even Bonaparte, or Astor or Vanderbilt, for that matter? I do not wish, however, to bring in considerations of mere wealth, as distinct from rank and titles. The power of wealth is, no doubt, very great indeed and mostly deplorable, in every modern democracy.

The fact is that in Great Britain the King and the House of Lords are both survivals. They are relics of a form of government and a structure of society that have both passed out of existence. In other countries they would have been swept away by a clean-cut revolution about the years 1830-1848, but the English habit in reform is never to go further than you really want. If your eye offends you, try shutting it for a bit; or use a little ointment or lotion; or give up reading by artificial light. But do not be such a fool as to have it taken out until you are perfectly certain you must. And still more, if your neighbor offends you: try to put up with him, try to get round him, try to diminish his powers in the particular point where he is most offensive; but do not hang him or shoot him unless he absolutely insists upon it; and, if you must fight him, do not forget that you will have to live with him or his friends afterwards.

It is this characteristic which has won for England two reputations which seem at first sight contradictory. She is known as the most Liberal of European nations and also as the most Conservative. Both statements are fairly true, and they both mean almost the same thing. She is Liberal because she believes in letting people do as they like and think as they like: she hates oppression and espionage and interference except where they are absolutely necessary for the public safety; and for that very same reason she is Conservative. She adapts herself to new conditions with as little disturbance as she conveniently can, and never destroys institutions or worries individuals for the sake of mere logical consistency. The people who praise her for being Liberal would seldom claim that she was specially Progressive. Those who call her Conservative would never think of her as

Reactionary. The fact is that, for various reasons, she has enjoyed greater security, both inside and out, than most European nations; and, being free from fear, she could afford, as a general rule, to be patient and good-natured.

II.

Of these ancient undemocratic institutions which English Conservatism has left in being while in other democracies they have disappeared, the Crown is at once the most conspicuous and the most harmless. No king has ever asserted his will against that of the nation since George III, and no one seems to anticipate that any king is likely again to do so. Such republican feeling as there is in Great Britain—and it is markedly less than it was thirty years ago—is idealist and theoretic. It is not a protest against felt oppression; it is an echo from Mazzini and Kossuth and 1848, and, in the last few months, from the great wind of the Russian Revolution. The only grievance of a practical kind that could be charged against the monarchy is its supposed expensiveness. About half a million yearly is voted by parliament to the King's "Civil List." But then many of the services now charged to the Civil List would have to continue under any system; only instead of being put down under this heading, they would be under the Board of Works or Public Health or some other government department. And experts differ as to whether the expenses actually due directly and indirectly to the maintenance of the Crown are greater or less than the expenses of a recurrent Presidential election would be.

Another circumstance that weighs considerably with the British people, as it would with any other, is the personal liking and respect which the last three occupants of the throne have as a matter of fact inspired. They have all "played fair" and observed the Constitution. Queen Victoria was a great queen, and became by the end of her long reign an almost legendary being. Her ministers knew her as a very businesslike and hard-working and old-fashioned woman, with great knowledge of public affairs, and with strong principles and views of her own; but to the mass of the people she was a rather romantic figure, the little lady with her strictly puritan court and her widow's weeds, reigning unperturbed over such a vast and variegated empire. King Edward was

unpopular at his accession, but his famous tact and *bonhomie* together with his talent for public affairs won him eventually much esteem and liking even in those circles where his sporting proclivities were the reverse of a recommendation. And the respect felt for the present king is, I think, a perfectly genuine and democratic sentiment. The plain man cannot help admiring a young king who works hard, lives plainly, devotes himself to the public service and, in the matter of total abstinence during the war, has given the nation an example which most people have either followed or suspect in their hearts that they ought to have followed.

It is hard to tell, until the monarchy is in some way threatened, how deep this feeling may be. It is not comparable to the half-religious idolization of the Kaiser which is felt by many loyal Germans; but then the Kaiser plays for emotion as our kings do not, and the Kaiser's throne is supposed to be in danger, which is not the case with ours. I incline to the belief that the personal loyalty of most Englishmen to the Crown would prove to be a strong feeling if it were put to a strain. But it certainly makes no parade of itself.

The real strength of the monarchy lies in its practical convenience. It hurts no one, and it solves a number of difficult problems. The races of India and Egypt and Afghanistan understand loyalty to a king; many of them would not understand loyalty to a Parliament. Princes and Rajahs of ancient birth and accustomed to magnificence are flattered by a message from the King-Emperor, or his Viceroy: it might be less easy to win their homage for an elected official. More important than these considerations is the advantage of not having the head of the Empire a party-leader. Party feeling runs very high in Great Britain. Opinion in the colonies and the dominions is often greatly out of touch with opinion at home; it is generally more democratic, it is often less liberal. And it might make a strain on the loyalty, say, of Indian soldiers and officials if a radical leader, whom they were accustomed to curse every morning at tiffin, were suddenly made the chief magistrate of the Empire. As it is the King has no politics, and people of all views can be loyal to him. He represents something permanent amid the changes of ministries, something that seems to be England itself, and, if people feel disposed to idealize it, does nothing to prevent them.

The same consideration has some force at home also. When party feeling is strong a change of government produces a great strain; but it would be a far greater strain if the hated head of the opposite political party became actually the President of the whole British people. As it is the Crown and the civil service remain unchanged, so the beaten party can comfort itself; the whole government of the nation has not quite been given over into the hands of the wicked!

America knows by her own experience the particular difficulty here mentioned. It could be surmounted without much difficulty so far as Great Britain herself is concerned. It is the relation of Great Britain to the other parts of the Empire that makes the monarchy so extremely helpful. A few months ago, when events in Russia set us all talking of republican ideals, General Smuts, the famous Boer statesman and soldier, whose campaigns have been among the most successful in this war, had occasion to make a speech about the future of the Empire. He was by birth a republican. He still dislikes, as most of us do, the word "Empire." He emphasized strongly the truth that the British "commonwealth of nations" is in its essence both democratic and republican. But one of the most striking parts of his speech was a plea for the absolute necessity of maintaining the Crown as a centre for the loyalty of the whole group. Apart from the arguments given above he insisted that the only alternative to the Crown would be a President elected not by Great Britain, but by the votes of some five hundred million people, scattered over all parts of the world, in communities with different franchises, different customs, different constitutions and even standing at different stages of civilization. Such an election is an impossibility; and if it were possible it is just the kind of thing that might split the Empire into hostile groups. And one after another every Colonial statesman who is present in England has repeated his words with emphasis. Republican institutions by all means; but let it be "A Crowned Republic."

By the British Constitution the King is a mythical being built up by a mass of legal fictions. He is king "by the Grace of God"; he can do no wrong; he never dies; he is never under age; he cannot be taxed; he cannot be arrested. Conversely he is the only person in the realm who cannot arrest a suspected criminal, because if he arrested by mistake an innocent man, no action at law could be taken against

him, and therefore there would be "a wrong without a remedy"! He is also the fountain of justice and the fountain of honor, and the sole repository of the prerogative of pardon. But when you examine into the meaning of all these wonderful statements they melt into mist. He does no wrong because he never does anything. He cannot act except by the advice of his ministers. And his ministers are the leaders of the political party which represents the majority of the nation. He pardons criminals or reduces their sentences, but only when the Home Secretary on behalf of the Government advises him to do so. He is the fountain of honor and he alone can create peers; but he only creates those whom the Prime Minister recommends. No Act of Parliament is valid without his signature, and he can in theory refuse to sign. But it is over 200 years since Queen Anne refused the royal assent to a certain Scotch Militia Act, and no sovereign since has attempted to follow her example. At a few great constitutional crises, like the passing of the Reform Bill, the hotheads of the minority party have talked of persuading the King to veto some bill which they thought particularly monstrous; but they have never had their way.

Does the King then really count for nothing? No; clearly it would not be true to say that. But it is very hard to say what his power actually is. Though he cannot ever overrule the ministers with whom the House of Commons provides him, it must be remembered that he is always in office whereas the ministers change. He sees a great deal of the most important business of state. He gets to know all the persons of political importance in the Kingdom. If he is a man of character himself or a good judge of character in others, he is pretty sure to obtain sooner or later a considerable personal influence, dependent not on his supposed prerogative but on his experience and position. Published memoirs enable us to say with confidence that in the last generation a proposal which had the approval of King Edward or of Queen Victoria had generally a smoother career than one which those sovereigns thought harmful. But of course there would be no question in either case of the Crown setting itself up against the known will of parliament.

It is true then, that, to a slight extent, in a matter where the will of Parliament and people was not clear, and minis-

ters were not interested or were divided among themselves, the wish of the King, a hereditary and unrepresentative officer, might be the deciding force. That is, as far as it goes, a defect in the British Constitution from the stand-point of pure democracy. But there are few democracies in the world that have not worse defects than that.

The ardent republican will no doubt insist upon something more fundamental, "The Crown," he will say, "produces inevitably a false social atmosphere. The air of the Court, with its immense interest in small personal questions, with its honors and distinctions which depend on the pleasure of particular individuals, with its regard for hereditary rank and its false standards in judging the world, is an influence essentially hostile to human dignity and to the spiritual equality of man with man. It concentrates attention on itself, and, among the masses of thoughtless people at any rate, that means concentrating attention on a wrong object. When George III was speaking with Dr. Johnson certainly most people in England would have been more interested in listening to the King than to the philosopher. And if instead of Dr. Johnson, His Majesty had been speaking to Socrates and George Washington and Shakespeare all at once, I daresay it would have been much the same. When Burke was studying the French Revolution he was so dazzled by the thought of the suffering Queen that he could not see the social and economic distresses of the people of France. "He pitied the plumage and forgot the dying bird," and that is just the state of mind which the false glitter of monarchy leads to.

This argument, as far as it goes, is probably quite true: but it is just the sort of argument that middle-aged Englishmen, as a rule, are not much affected by. A Frenchman or an Italian perhaps feel it more. An Englishman is apt to smile indulgently and say he sees what you mean, but that after all in practice he thinks there is not much harm done, and that snobbish people would be just as snobbish without a Court as with one.

The question is difficult to argue. But at the present day a King who is strictly constitutional in his action and respected for his personal character, confronted by the problem of holding together in one commonwealth a series of scattered nations, who all accept the Crown with ease and loyalty but might quarrel like tigers over the election of a

common President, and might even in some cases refuse to obey him when elected, I think Brutus himself would hesitate to overthrow the Crown and proclaim a British Republic. And I am sure George Washington would.

III.

The House of Lords is a far greater check on the working of British democracy than the Crown. The Crown never throws out bills. The House of Lords has done so pretty frequently, at least when the Liberals were in power and the bills not suited to their Lordships' taste. And except for money bills, the assent of the Lords is or was until lately as necessary as that of the Crown.

Yet even here the case is not quite what it seems. The House of Lords does feel the weakness of its position. It knows that it is not representative, and that if it really thwarts the people's will seriously its days are numbered. It does not claim equal power with the Commons. It claims a power of delay. Normally it accepts measures passed by the House of Commons, but it claims, in Lord Lansdowne's words, the right and duty "to arrest the progress of such measures whenever we believe that they have been insufficiently considered and that they are not in accord with the deliberate judgment of the country." If the country shows that it does approve the said measures, the House of Lords immediately retires. The Senate of the United States would hardly be so modest, nor yet the French Senate.

The claim is theoretically modest but in practice it has amounted to a good deal. It has meant that when after the huge expense and trouble of a general election a Liberal Government came into power, the House of Lords could "arrest the progress" of all its measures until they were confirmed by another general election. This was a great burden. And it was made worse by the fact that if the Conservative party was in power, the Lords passed their bills without question. That is to say, the real objection is not so much to the claim of a Second Chamber to amend or delay legislation of which it does not approve; it is rather to the unsatisfactory constitution of the Second Chamber itself. On this point opinion is agreed, and while I write a Parliamentary Commission formed of all parties is trying to

frame a scheme for a reformed Second Chamber. In the meantime the Parliament Act, passed by Mr. Asquith's Government, secures that any bill which is passed by the Commons three times in three successive sessions shall become law even without the assent of the Lords. The Lords can delay a measure for two years, but not more, unless indeed the Government responsible for the measure fails to stay in power.

It seems rather unnecessary to discuss the powers of the House of Lords when a scheme for amending those powers and reconstituting the House itself is actually under consideration. But it is worth while remarking that in practice a power of delay is an exceedingly powerful weapon. Every reformer knows how every little extra obstacle in the path of reform tells. You can just, by long educational efforts, get a majority for your reform in the country or in the House of Commons. If you are then told that the majority must be " clearly decisive," that the country must be consulted again to make sure that it knows what it is doing, that your measure must be submitted to a referendum or a royal commission and delayed until by the natural swing of the pendulum public opinion has changed and your majority disappeared, that is the kind of thing that reformers find hard to bear. And when, as with the House of Lords, the body which exercises the power of " delay " is emphatically a class body with strong class interests, and a steady conservative majority, they find it harder still. So many of the best and most important measures in the past have been won by small majorities, and have had no force of overwhelming public demand behind them.

The House of Lords is, from the political point of view, a body hard to defend. It is unrepresentative, it is too large, it is drawn too predominantly from one class, and that a class whose interests are exceptionally exposed to criticism. Such a Second Chamber stands condemned. Yet we may put in some pleas in mitigation of sentence. It would be wrong to conceive of the House of Lords as a great mass meeting of nearly seven hundred hereditary landowners sitting permanently to obstruct all Liberal reforms. It is only on very rare occasions that the mass of peers—the " backwoodsmen " as they are called—turn up to vote; only on the great party issues, such as the Home Rule Bill, the Parliament Bill and the like. On ordinary occasions the House

of Lords is attended by some forty to sixty members, nearly all of them serious, eminent and hard-working public men, and a good number of them Liberals.

The ranks of the peerage are recruited every year by new creations; and, to one who does not expect too much of our frail human nature, especially in a region where it is apt to be seen at its frailest, the new creations, though far from ideal, are, on the whole, by no means unrespectable. The obviously bad appointments attract lively public interest; the good ones pass by unnoticed. Of course mere money bags count far too much; of course party services are unduly rewarded. Of course the people who work and scheme industriously to get a title are more likely to receive one than those who do not. Occasionally there is a scandal. One or two have echoed across the Atlantic. But if you make a list of the most recent peers you will find among them a very large proportion of men who are at the head of their respective professions or walks of life, especially of course if they have been engaged in law or public administration. Turn up the record of a few old House of Lords debates and notice the speakers. You will find first several of these recent peers, whose rank is not hereditary but has been conferred on them for public services: Lord Cromer, a very great governor who reformed the finances of Egypt; Lord Morley, the famous radical philosopher and man of letters, friend of Mr. Gladstone and John Stuart Mill; Lord Milner, an extreme imperialist who is strongly distrusted in Liberal circles but certainly achieved his peerage by hard work and personal qualities; Lord Loreburn, a great lawyer and a former Liberal Lord Chancellor; Lord Courtney, formerly Chairman of Committees in the House of Commons, a leading radical and pacifist; Lord Parmoor, a Conservative lawyer; two or three Bishops, some very conservative, some moderate like the Archbishop of Canterbury, some Socialist, like the Bishop of Oxford. Then there are many peers whose title is hereditary, but who would probably have attained eminence in whatever rank of life they had been born: Lord Rosebery, the famous orator; Lord Crewe, Lord Lansdowne, the very accomplished leaders of the Liberal and Conservative peers respectively; Lord Curzon, a great traveller, a distinguished ex-Viceroy of India, and a man of academic distinction. These are all men whose opinion is of real importance, and who probably ought

to be members of any second chamber, however democratically constructed. Then there are a number of successful business men, brewers, doctors, and men of science.

The House of Lords on ordinary days is not at all an unsatisfactory senate. An old friend of the writer, a Liberal of undoubted soundness and an enthusiastic admirer of Abraham Lincoln, avers that on ordinary occasions, where no great party question is at issue, he finds the debates in the House of Lords better than those which he remembers in the Commons. Above all there is more freedom, and more power of expressing unpopular views. When certain Quakers and other Conscientious Objectors to military service were shown to have been harshly or unfairly treated, the best statement of their case was made in the House of Lords. When the Government, by way of " reprisals " against German cruelty sent an expedition to drop bombs on the open town of Freiburg, by far the best and most effective protest was made in the House of Lords—and made by Liberals, Bishops and Conservatives alike. Again when abstruse questions affecting remote parts of the world come up for debate, there are generally some peers present who have special knowledge of them. Only those peers attend who are really interested in public affairs; there is no obstruction or " filibustering," no " talking out " of proposals, no threats by party leaders against their too independent followers. There is just the one absolutely fatal defect, that, whenever the Conservative leader thinks fit to take the trouble, he can whip up an overwhelming majority to destroy any Liberal bill; and that majority will consist largely of quite undistinguished and unpolitical persons, some few of them perhaps of indifferent character and intelligence, and most of them not known to him by sight.

It is England all over, this anomalous and indefensible institution, which generally happens to work rather well because most of its members do not attend, and has not—until lately—made itself so serious an obstacle to progress and the popular will that the nation was willing to take the trouble of "ending or mending it." However, reform is now inevitable. The only question is whether the House of Lords itself will consent to a reform sufficiently thorough to satisfy the feeling of the country, or whether it prefers to follow the counsel of its own " Die-hards " and " Last-ditchers," and will go down fighting. It will no longer be a

grave obstacle to the progress of democracy. That may be taken as certain.

If you consulted at this moment the feeling of radical and socialist circles in Great Britain you would probably find comparatively little bitterness against the House of Lords; rather the reverse. It has proved itself the one place where the unpopular views of the pacifists can be fully expressed and accorded a courteous hearing. The real object of bitterness would be the pseudo-democratic capitalist press —which is quite another story.

IV.

"This is all very well," an American reader may say: "It may be that your King has no political power and your House of Lords is having its claws clipped at the moment, so far as the poor things needed clipping. But you are an aristocratic nation. We know it in our bones. We feel it when we meet Englishmen. The first thing they ask about a man is whether he is or is not a 'gentleman,'—it is the all important question. And the answer to it seems to depend neither on the man's moral qualities, which we would respect, nor on the size of his income, which we could at least understand, but on the abstruse points connected with his pronunciation, and his relatives, and the way he wears his necktie. Your aristocrats are supposed to have exquisite manners, but as a matter of fact they often offend us. They are too much accustomed to deference from common people; they stand aside and expect to be waited on. And, when we go to England, we may not see as much gross luxury as in New York or Newport, but we do see that life is made extraordinarily comfortable for the 'upper classes,' and for them alone. They do no doubt care about the 'poor'; they are charitable and they are public-spirited; but they despise, or, at any rate, they exclude from their society whole classes of people who seem to us just as good as they are—commercial men, wealthy shop-keepers, leaders of industry and others, just because they have not the same way of talking."

Now there is some truth in this, and some falsehood. And it is exceedingly difficult to unravel the two, even in the roughest and most elementary way. I should not dare to attempt it if I were a born Englishman, educated at Eton

or Winchester. Because in that case, I believe I should think it mere nonsense. But, having come to England from Australia, and been at one time a stranger to the well-to-do English public-school society which sets the tone in the British upper class, I think I can understand the criticism.

It is a fact that in Great Britain the aristocracy, which America on the whole shook off when it shook off the British connection, still survives and is in some ways still powerful. And I think, perhaps, in no way more than this: that its standard of behavior and minor morals is more or less accepted as a model by the whole nation. It is true that Englishmen, more than other nations, do consider whether a man is a gentleman; and the average Englishman of all classes normally considers that he himself is a gentleman and expects to be treated as one. This may sound like mere servility or class-worship; but of course it is not that. It does not mean that the average man tries to behave exactly as he has seen some earl or viscount behave, or as he reads that such persons did behave in the eighteenth century. It means that a certain ideal has been formed of the way in which a " gentleman " ought to behave, and that practically every self-respecting British citizen feels himself—theoretically at least—bound to live up to it.

It is in part a class imitation and in part a genuine moral standard; it is based in part on snobbishness and in part on idealism. That is just what gives it its power. It appeals to every kind of person. No doubt it would be far better to aim at being a philosopher or a true Christian; but thousands of people who have no ambition in either of those directions will be very strong on conducting themselves like gentlemen. And some will do it in a superficial way and some in a sincere and searching way.

This mixture of social class and moral ideal is, of course, a normal thing in human history. Most of our words of moral praise or blame are in their origin class words: " nobility," " villainy," " gentleness," " simplicity," " generosity," " baseness," " courtesy," and the like. They all originally denoted the supposed quality of a social class, though by now one has forgotten the connection. In a generation or two the word " gentleman " will no more connote the observed behavior of the " upper classes " than the word " villain " now connotes the natural qualities of an agricultural laborer. But I think it happens to be charac-

teristic of Great Britain, as compared with the other great democratic nations, that it is profoundly permeated at present by this ambiguous and confused standard, a quarter servility and three quarters idealism.

Every one is tempted, of course, to satirize the ideal of the " gentleman." Its manifold inconsistencies invite satire. But the satire of such ideals is apt to be even more superficial than the ideals themselves. Think of Don Quixote trying to live up to the standard of the Knight Errant; of Mr. Conrad's " Lord Jim " trying to live up to the standard of the long-forgotten White Men. Ridiculous if you like: but the main feeling which they excite should not be ridiculed. Of course I cannot define a gentleman; no one can. I should find it difficult even to describe a gentleman, especially when every one who is likely to read these words already knows quite well what it means. It would be like trying to describe in words the taste of white bread—which most people know already and those who do not could never learn from the description.

For one thing it is hard to say in England what anyone means when he speaks of " the aristocracy." In the eighteenth century it would have been fairly clear; but the old British aristocracy has been far from exclusive. It has intermarried with other classes; it has accepted the democratic revolution, it has taken up whatever work came to its hand, it has served in the House of Commons and on County Councils and the like and made friends of its colleagues, to such an extent that no one can now say where the aristocracy ends and the middle classes begin. Mr. Belloc in his satires speaks generally of the " governing classes " and pretends that they do what they like with England. But they are not the aristocracy, nor are they identical with "gentlefolk." They consist, I suppose, of the people who hold leading positions in politics or government, together with their families and friends. They may be Labor Members or dukes or millionaires or politicians or popular journalists or fashionable explorers. They live near the centre of things, with their hands convenient to the handles that make things move. Such people are powerful in every nation, and the bigger the nation the greater is their power. If good places are going, these people and their nominees are likely to get a rather speedier and more sympathetic consideration than other persons equally worthy, or more so, who happen to

live in Cornwall or the Hebrides and know nobody in London. It is not a question of undue influence, much less of corruption. It is merely that, as in all large modern states, some people are more conspicuous than others without being by any means more meritorious.

If the " governing classes " are not of necessity aristocrats, neither are they of necessity " gentlefolk," while their supposed rivals from Cornwall and the Hebrides very likely may be. When we come to " gentlefolk " we are at the heart of the matter. There is here, for good or evil, or both together, something profoundly characteristic of English feeling. The feeling is instinctive and unreasoned, and is therefore very subtle and delicate, very inconsistent and logically indefensible, yet intensely dear to British habits of thought. I believe this is the one country in Europe where a working man feels himself insulted if anyone suggests that he is " not a gentleman." A self-respecting workman or small shopkeeper in France—and perhaps in America—would base his self-respect on the Equality of mankind; in Germany or old Russia on his worthy performance of the duties of his class, including that of obedience to his betters. In England, I think, he recognizes the existence of higher and lower standards of social conduct, and prides himself on practising the higher.

Regarded historically, this means that a certain ideal of feeling and conduct which was incumbent several centuries ago upon the nobility has spread gradually in wide waves, and of course with some modifications, over the whole people. It is self-respect but more than self-respect. The old conception at its highest was expressed in the motto *" Noblesse Oblige," "High rank imposes obligations."* The noble had enormous advantages in life and he was bound in honor to make repayment for them. Common people obeyed him, worked for him, waited upon him, paid rent to him, saw that he lived in leisure and plenty and regarded him frankly as their superior. In return he had to act in a way worthy of his supposed superiority. He must be honorable and fearless; never betray those who trusted in him; and preserve a certain cleanness of soul to correspond with the cleanness of person and linen which was one of his privileges. Of course, when you enquire into the psychological origins of " gentlemanly " conduct, a great deal of it can be resolved into that " pride of idleness " and " pride of waste " which

Dr. Veblen and others have so amusingly analyzed. It may be that, to some fractional extent, in the last analysis, a gentleman does not haggle about money because he likes to act as if he were too rich to mind; that he does not push or boast or intrigue because he likes to think he is already so great that he need not bother to attain higher greatness; that he does not lie because if he did it might look as if he was afraid of somebody. But, whatever the psychological origin, the result is something rather splendid; and the supposed origins are by now very far away and certainly do not hold good of the mass of "gentlefolk."

Of course I do not say that any class in the world ever lived consistently up to these ideals, any more than professing Christians live up to the ideals of Christianity. Nor do I suggest for a moment that the ideals themselves are either sublime or consistent. They may allow a man to be more afraid of walking down Piccadilly in a frock coat and bowler hat than of neglecting to pay his tailor's bill. But they are based on a real instinct and they have a way of seizing on those points of superficial conduct which correspond to something that lies deep in human nature.

To take a typical case. The gentleman is apt to be also, in the metaphorical sense, a "sportsman." Indeed it is through the common English interest in games and sports that the ideal has spread so widely. All classes meet on the county cricket field. And there is no point on which the rule is clearer than on proper behavior in a game. A gentleman if beaten must not sulk. If given "out" by the umpire when in his own opinion he is not out, he must not swear and make a scene. He must never lightly accuse people of cheating. These things seem small but they probe human nature very deep, and when transferred to the more serious issues of life there is a kind of majesty about them. And they are keenly felt. I can remember hearing some radical north-country coal-miners warmly praising a Conservative Prime Minister because, when intrigued against by some of his followers and largely superseded by a colleague, he had never shown public resentment or allowed his friendly relations with the said colleague to be interrupted. And I have heard similar praises of a Liberal Prime Minister in a similar situation by people who were out of sympathy with his politics. In each case the man "behaved like a gentleman." And the plain Britisher often

has the feeling that he does not quite understand difficult questions of policy, but he does " know a gentleman when he sees one." And to leap suddenly to the other end of the scale, I cannot resist repeating a story which I heard years ago from an official dealing with prisons: how he had once received a petition signed by nearly all the convicts in a particular institution protesting that one of their companions was behaving " in a way unbecoming to a gentleman." It was not exactly against the rules, but they found it difficult to put up with. The man was in the habit of putting crumbs on his windowsill to attract the tame pigeons, and when they came he grabbed them and wrung their necks. He thought it " sport," but it was not what a gentleman calls sport. It had " brought upon him the disgust of every right minded person in this prison."

So on this point I have to plead guilty on behalf of my country. The English are still rather haunted by this old class ideal and are to that extent an aristocratic nation. They like the standards of " gentlefolk " and when they see the external signs they perhaps do tend too hastily to believe in the inward and spiritual grace. I remember a democratic Frenchman complaining to me that an Englishman who had been at a public school or a university, and had so acquired the manner belonging to those places, had extraordinary and, as it seemed to him, iniquitous privileges. Say he was on a walking tour in a strange part of the country and his money ran out, he could get almost any hotel to cash a cheque for him—and that even if his clothes were ragged and he had walked through the soles of his boots! All I could plead in answer was that, evidently, the people who had that manner were known, as a matter of fact, to be honest, and that was why the hotels trusted them. No doubt it was hard on other people who were equally honest but happened not to bear any well-known signs of the fact upon their persons. But it was not to the discredit of the public schoolboys.

I do not know if this story of the English hotels is true but something very similar is true of hotels in Switzerland. I once asked a large hotel proprietor near Zermatt if it was true that he always cashed English visitors' cheques when they asked him and he said " yes he did; and he never lost by it." And I happened to have heard since that afterwards, by some error, the wrong sort of man got in at one of these hotels—the sort of man who ought by rights to have

gone to Monte Carlo. And he drew a cheque and it was cashed and he departed and the cheque was not honored. And the other English guests at the hotel made the sum up between them, so that English cheques are still honored in that hotel.

Of course this applies only to Switzerland. It would not apply to the Riviera, or to Paris or the towns on the way to Paris. The English visitors to Switzerland are to an overwhelming degree " gentlefolk "—parsons, university dons, schoolmasters, civil servants, lawyers and such like. And whatever you may think of the failings of that class of persons (Mr. Shaw can tell you all and more than all about them) you can within certain limits be sure of the way they will behave. You know at least the sort of thing they will not do.

You know what they will not do. And for a very great part of life that is what you most want to know about people on whom you depend. Especially it is what you want to know in matters of government and administration, and it must never be forgotten that a quite enormous proportion of the English upper class is occupied in that work. That is the result of having a great and highly qualified civil service and a world wide empire. In administration you are dependent on all your colleagues. It would no doubt be delightful if many of them were brilliantly original and imaginative and saintly and eloquent and all the rest of it. But it is essential that all of them should have a certain known standard of behavior and stick to it. And that is what the governing classes believe they get by having the services permeated, consciously or unconsciously, by the ideal of the " gentleman."

V.

All this, as I re-read it, sounds somewhat oligarchical, somewhat inconsistent with the true and complete ideal of democracy. But the truth is that no democracy can thrive without a wide-spread and vigorous sense of self-respect and mutual respect among its members. And the British democracy has set about acquiring that sense by the means that happened for historical reasons to lie ready to its hand. In an old aristocratic society, such as existed in the eighteenth century, where only the select Few were really re-

spected, wider and wider circles of the nation determined to live up to the standard of that Few in honor and courtesy and self-discipline, and so to earn the respect which that standard gave.

I do not feel ashamed when I think of it. If the standard were, owing to the war, to break down, as some people say it will, I should be bitterly sorry, not glad. When I heard people attack a late Foreign Minister on the ground that he was "too much of a gentleman for the work that is wanted in war," I found it difficult within the limits of gentlemanly language to express the vehemence of my dissent. I will not for a moment plead, on behalf of my country, that she once had these somewhat aristocratic standards but is now throwing them over. And the majority of any working class audience in the country will feel as I do.

We want to democratize the country, true, but we do not want to vulgarize it. Just the reverse. I remember twenty years ago hearing two members of Parliament discuss who was the truest gentleman in the House of Commons, and the choice fell on a Northumberland miner, sent by his fellow miners to represent them. It is not from the working classes that any danger to this ideal will come. Money and intrigue and insincerity and lying advertisement: those are the enemies to true "gentleness," not hard work nor poverty.

We are no doubt still affected by the tradition of the aristocracy which once governed Great Britain, a tradition already made legendary and greatly idealized. The class of gentlefolk has enormously widened and no man living is necessarily shut out from it. It still largely fills the civil service and governs the outlying portions of the empire. The public services are now, with few exceptions, filled by open competitive examination. The examinations are severe and skillful, and their fairness has never been questioned. If the services still remain somewhat select and aristocratic, that is because the higher education has in Great Britain, as in all industrial societies, remained too much a privilege of the upper and middle classes. We must not forget the immense and steady effort made to counteract this tendency from the Renaissance onwards. No nation has had such rich provision for the education of "poor scholars" as England had after the foundation of the great public schools. No nation has such a system of "scholarships," or large

money prizes lasting for four years or so, and open to the best pupils in competitive examinations in all parts of the country. The present writer was supported almost entirely by scholarships from the age of fourteen to the age of twenty-three, and could not have got through the University otherwise. So it is not for him to complain of the exclusion of poor boys from the highest education that England can provide. And his case is perfectly normal and common. If you look through the lists of "scholars" and "exhibitioners" compiled by several Oxford colleges of recent years you will find a majority coming from homes by no means wealthy and a large proportion actually from the working class. And these men go on to fill high positions in the civil service, politics, the law, the Church or other "gentlemanly" professions. And, if this was done under the old system with its "great Public Schools," with high fees, numbering less than a hundred all told, how much more will be done when the new State-aided Secondary Schools, numbering over nine hundred already, with very low fees and an abundance of free places and university scholarships, have begun to exert their full influence in the national education? Of course we must not delude ourselves. It remains difficult, by any measures of public help, entirely to get over the inherent disadvantages to a working-class child of the poverty of its parents. They will want it to bring in wages at once instead of improving its education. They will not be able to provide it at home with a background of cultured thought or interesting conversation. However, we see those difficulties and we mean to face them. I must not allow them now to make me digress from my main subject. . . . Hitherto the public services and learned professions, the original preserves of the "upper classes," have absorbed without any loss of standard, indeed with a considerable rise in standard, the hundreds of "poor scholars" who came to them from the old Public Schools and Universities. They will absorb equally the thousands of chosen boys and girls who come from the new Secondary Schools and the cheap modern Universities.

I have spoken of the civil side of life, since that is the only side of which I have personal knowledge. The army and navy used to be the great strongholds of aristocratic privilege, the impregnable fortresses of anti-liberal thought. The famous phrase quoted at the head of this essay has lin-

gered in men's memories. But it is well to remember that it referred to the England of 1812, and even then only to the army. The army of 1917 is very different from the army of a hundred years ago, or even of three years ago. The soldier in whom the nation now places its chief trust, Sir William Robertson, was himself a working man. Promotions from the ranks are now the rule, not the exception. I make no profession of knowing the army from inside; but I believe one is safe in saying that if the nation as a whole is moving forward in a democratic direction the opposite tendency will find no stronghold any longer in the army. The British soldier fights no more "in the pale shade of aristocracy."

Yet the standard of honor remains untouched. War makes good men do horrible things; there is no shutting of the eyes to that. Yet I believe all good judges will agree that our soldiers now have more chivalry, not less, than those of Wellington.

There are bad symptoms here and there: vulgarities, meannesses, intrigues and blatancies. Such things exist in every large society, and a state of long and desperate warfare calls them into prominence. But on the whole, there is no visible decay in the strength of that ideal of manners which is descended originally from a bye-gone aristocracy but is now felt to be part of the birthright of every free Briton: an obligation imposed on him by his own freedom and by the position which his race holds in the world. How can a member of so great a Commonwealth consent to be anything but a Gentleman? A rule of duty as of the strong towards the weak, courage and gentleness, no bullying and no intrigue: it may be based ultimately on mere pride, but it is better to be proud of these qualities than of their opposites. And such pride, as America herself is the best witness, is no bad ornament to a great and sovereign democracy.

GILBERT MURRAY.

RUSSIA'S DANGER: ITS CAUSE AND CURE

BY CHARLES JOHNSTON

A PESSIMIST might well hold that the present state of Russia is hopeless; that there is nothing to choose between her military and political condition, since both are chaotic and disastrous. But in reality, I think, there is solid ground for hope, even though the Russian armies are falling back and may continue to fall back; even though political storms are raging, and may continue to rage, at Petrograd: solid ground for hope, because the root of the evil is at last being recognized and revealed, and because there is a growing determination to destroy it.

In order to get a clear view of the situation, let us try to go over what has happened in Russia since the revolution, first taking the superficial view from before the footlights, then trying to see what really happened behind the scenes.

Looked at from the audience, looked at superficially, what took place in Russia may be described somewhat as follows: The abdication of Nicholas II left political power in the hands of the National Duma, and of a Provisional Government, formed from the Duma, and led by Prince Lvoff, the able leader of the Zemstvo Union. There were several ministerial changes, but continuity was preserved, and the great Government departments, with their army of permanent officials, continued to work as before. After a pause, which naturally followed the revolution, the Russian army felt ready to advance. Brusiloff was commander in chief; Korniloff was fighting commander, leading the old group of Brusiloff armies, and, for the first half of July, carrying everything before him, taking territory, prisoners and guns quite in the style of Brusiloff's great drive a year before. All seemed to be going splendidly for free, democratic Russia.

Then came the smash. Korniloff had pressed swiftly forward through Halicz almost to Dolina among the Carpathian foothills when, under no great pressure, since no strong Austro-German counter-attack had been prepared, the Russian armies immediately on his right and left suddenly broke and ran, with the appearance of a huge, collective cowardice for which there is no precedent in the military history of a nation that has ever been distinguished for the heroism of its soldiers.

What is the explanation of this astounding and disgraceful collapse, which has covered a courageous army with shame and gravely menaced the whole Entente cause?

To find that explanation, we shall have to go back to Petrograd and look behind the scenes, beginning a little before the actual days of revolution. Besides the machinery of the Imperial Government, there were two outstanding forces in Petrograd: first, a great body of excellent Russians, with genuinely Russian ideals, sincerely and loyally devoted to the cause of the Allies, ardently desiring that Russia should fight on, by the side of France and England, for final victory. But these good people, these genuinely national Russians, were almost without organization; they had no single, concrete goal to unite their efforts; the long period in which they had no real political power had weakened their will and initiative, and the ten years' life of the National Duma had only begun to call out and train their powers of action. For the most part, these were the people represented in the Provisional Government in the beginning, in the first weeks following the Ides of March. Had they been free to go forward unhindered, all might indeed have gone well with the new democracy, and Korniloff's advance might have developed into a triumph, materially hastening the ending of the great war in a sense wholly favorable to liberty and justice.

But these Russian nationalists were not unhindered. We have described them as the first of two outstanding forces at Petrograd. We come now to the second: the Socialist party, strongly organized, including a large proportion of the artisans of the capital, and with a firmly knit organization extending throughout a great part of Russia. It would seem that, as appears to be the invariable rule in Socialist organizations, the whole of the power was in the hands of a small group of dictators, of Socialist "bosses," who were able to

drive the bulk of their flock this way and that like sheep, and who, while proclaiming liberty and a renewed world, were really a new despotism.

These Petrograd Socialists, like the orthodox Socialists the world over, were wholly fed and nurtured on German thought, their prophets being German economists of the school of Karl Marx. And it is worth while to bring out the fact that, between German Socialism and German Kaiserism, the difference is in appearance only. Both aspire to rule the world; both are prepared to seize universal power by force; both are absolutely intolerant of any form of life or society but their own, both are prepared to thrust their nostrums down the throats of all mankind. There is a slight difference in their phrasing, none in their spirit. German Socialism, the genuine and orthodox Socialism, is simply the paper edition of the Kaiser's *Kultur*. This is why, I think, world-wide Socialism of the German brand is, at this moment, the strongest and most dangerous ally of the Kaiser.

A real adherence to this creed, this cheaper version of German *Weltmacht* and Kaiserism, automatically makes a man incapable of loyal service to his country. He does not want Russia, or France, or England, or the United States to win; he wants Germanic Socialism to win, to conquer the world. He is further automatically incapable of following a pure moral ideal, like genuine liberty or justice; the Germanic Socialist is as starkly materialist and atheist in thought as the Imperial German Staff is in act, and for the same reason: the goal of both is world-wide material power. When he speaks of liberty, he means larger opportunity for material enjoyment; he means exactly the same thing, when he speaks of justice. Therefore I think it is wholly illogical to accuse men like Philip Scheidemann of disloyalty, because he supports Kaiserism; for Kaiserism is the closest realization on earth of the materialist tyranny which the Germanic Socialist desires.

There is this difficulty: many humane men, who seek a better and happier lot for the lowly, who are eager to better the lot of women and children, call themselves, and believe themselves to be, Socialists, and have worked hand in hand with the Socialist parties. But, in this country and elsewhere, these nobler natures are waking up to realities; they are either leaving the Socialist parties—or being expelled from them. When they are fully awake, they will see the

evil of Germanic Socialism, and work vigorously against it.

There were, in Petrograd immediately before the revolution, Socialists of both types, the orthodox and the nominal. The genuine Germanic Socialists, there as everywhere, had only one goal: the international triumph of Socialism, with its confiscation and tyranny. They cared nothing for the victory of the Russian nation, unless it could be made a step towards the world-wide triumph of Socialism; they would have welcomed a Russian defeat, if defeat had promised the victory of Socialism. There were also nominal Socialists, full of a genuine love for Russia; eager to work for the betterment of the lowly; sincerely believing that the Russian character held a promise of better things for mankind. But these nobler spirits seem to have been in a small minority among the Petrograd Socialists, just as they were in our own Socialist party. The majority were thoroughly Germanized in thoughts and purposes. Their minds were full of the Karl Marx dogmas: war between the proletariat and the bourgeois, until the bourgeois bit the dust; war between the enslaving "capitalist" and the enslaved working class, until the "capitalist" should be overthrown. Again and again, these Karl Marxian tags have echoed in the cable messages from Petrograd, in the months since the revolution.

So much for the temper and organization of the Petrograd Socialists of the German school. Their close-knit organization gave them a formidable power; the lack of good industrial legislation in Russia gave them a genuine grievance to work upon; and, finally, the genuine Russian nationalists, of the Duma and the Zemstvos, appear to have been willing to accept their aid, in order to overthrow the bureaucracy. How deeply they involved themselves, just what pledges they made to the Socialist organization, what payment they promised for its aid, we do not yet know. But we do know how the matter worked out in practise.

Immediately after the revolution, the Socialist Council of Workmen's Deputies dominated the situation at Petrograd. A clever, far-seeing and dangerous bit of strategy added Soldiers' Deputies to the workmen; and this addition is the direct cause of the disintegration and shameful retreat of the Russian armies—for this reason:

The Socialists, true to their dogmas, proclaimed that the army officers, since they were drawn from the "bourgeoisie," were the natural enemies of the soldiers, who are drawn from

the proletariat. Therefore the soldiers must wrest all power from their officers and govern themselves. In obedience to this teaching, numbers of Russian officers were shot down by their men—officers who, again and again, had risked their lives to save these very men in battle; and the slaughter of these officers has been one main cause of the disintegration of the army. But the more formidable cause was the formation of soldiers' councils, for each army unit, each company, battalion, regiment, brigade, division and corps, who practically took all authority out of the officers' hands; who, even when under fire, held long debates as to the desirability of fighting; some of them even announcing that they had concluded a "separate peace" with their Teuton "comrades."

This formidable act of disintegration was launched by the famous Order No. 1, purporting to have the authority of the Executive Council of Workmen's and Soldiers' Deputies; but it was openly said that it was really issued by paid agents of Germany. But the same vicious principle is embodied in Order No. 2, which had the undoubted backing of the Executive Council, of which Nicholas Tscheidze was, and still is, the head. The idea of the Petrograd Socialists seems to have been, to get the Russian army into their hands, and to use it to bring about "the social revolution."

It is difficult, at this point, to say just how much of this work of disintegration was done by paid agents of the German General Staff; how much by Socialists, saturated with German thought and working for "the social revolution." But, so far as the result is concerned, it is not important to fix the responsibility. The lamentable fact to be recorded is that, whether through sheer timidity, or because of obligations to the Socialist organizations, the Provisional Government did not stop this dangerous tide at its source; on the contrary, the then Minister of War embodied these anarchist principles in an Order to the whole army, and the work of disintegration was soon in full swing. The men of the Galician armies who held their councils even while under fire, and who voted to run away, were simply following to its last and entirely logical conclusion the principles inherent in the two famous Orders—the principles so fatally accepted by the then Minister of War. That these soldiers, youthful, ignorant, untaught, should be shot down in thousands, while the initiators and inspirers of their action go scot free, seems, to say the least, something of an injustice.

So much for the action of Germanic Socialism at Petrograd upon the Russian army. Let us now consider its political effects.

When the revolution was accomplished, a general invitation was extended to former revolutionists to return to Russia, whether from Siberian exile or from milder refuges in Switzerland, Germany and Scandinavia. They swarmed back, many Germanic Socialists amongst them, with copies of *Das Capital* under their arms, with portraits of Karl Marx in their baggage, with German thoughts in their heads, with German speech on their lips. Many of them, it is now clearly recognized, were in the pay of the German General Staff from the first, and it is freely said that the sudden fall in Berlin's gold reserve was due in part to the sending of lavish corruption funds to Russia; at least, the event lends strong appearance of truth to this announcement. But the others, who were not directly in German pay were, so far as they were stanch Germanic Socialists, at least as dangerous to liberty in Russia, to the cause of freedom and justice throughout the world. They think Germanism; Germanism flows in their veins; they are, as we have said, automatically allies of the Kaiser, just as their "comrades" are in the United States.

Immensely strengthened by this new influx, the Germanic Socialists at Petrograd grew bolder and, as is invariably the case with your real Socialist, more dogmatic and tyrannical. They planned to seize the government of Russia, and then to use Russia to force "the social revolution" on the world. From that determination flowed the intolerable attacks upon the Provisional Government, predominantly from the Council of Workmen's and Soldiers' Deputies—that is, from the clique of Germanic Socialist "bosses"—that have forced into retirement the whole Duma group which formed the nucleus of the Provisional Government: men trusted by the whole world, like Milyukoff, Rodzianko, Prince Lvoff, who were superseded by Ministers amenable to Socialist dictation. Having captured so many seats in the Ministry, the Socialists proceeded to do two things: first, they did their best to fasten a permanently Socialistic régime upon Russia, by political and economic acts that would, in effect, forestall the legitimate decisions of the coming Constitutional Convention; second, they did their best to bind Russia to a foreign policy essentially pro-German, a policy

intended to give Kaiserism exactly the basis it now seeks, to prepare for "the next war," that war that will make Germans the masters of the world.

This question of Russia's foreign policy is so vital that it seems best to analyse and illustrate it at some length. Here is a characteristic expression of it:

On June 27, at Petrograd, the Congress of Workmen's and Soldiers' Deputies of all Russia passed a Resolution against a separate peace. The substantive resolution was, "The Congress categorically rejects every policy tending in fact to the conclusion of a separate peace, or to its prelude, a separate armistice." So far so good; there is no fault to be found with that.

But the German agents wrote the preamble, which begins thus: "The present war arose in consequence of the aspiration of imperialists prevailing among the ruling class of all countries . . ." a curious sentence! Of course it is obviously the exact reverse of the truth; the war was begun by one sole cause, Germany's determination to rule the world, and the whole world knows it. But the interesting thing about this sentence is, that it is at the same time a first-class piece of Kaiserist propaganda and a Karl Marxian dogma. The "capitalist classes" started this war, as they start all wars; therefore Germany and her gracious Kaiser are not culpable; therefore they should not be punished; therefore Germany must be left in possession of the territories she holds, from Brussels to Bagdad, to prepare for "the next war."

Not a strikingly subtle piece of reasoning; but it seems to have proved too subtle for the Congress of Russian peasants; since they passed it as a part of their "no separate peace" resolution.

A second sentence in the preamble bears the same earmarks: "The Congress recognizes that to end the war by means of the defeat of one of the belligerents would constitute the point of departure for fresh wars, increase dissension among the nations, and lead them to complete exhaustion, famine and ruin . . ."

That, I suppose, means simply this: We must not defeat Germany, because this would make Germany very angry, and she might begin a new war! It is a little difficult to do justice to this. What possible mood of the German mind could be worse, more dangerous, than her present mood of

treacherous cruelty—treachery towards these very dupes of hers in Russia; abominable cruelty towards the peoples of Belgium, occupied France, Serbia, which are under the iron heel of her military despotism? And Germany, far from rankling under defeat and humiliation, is boasting of victory. The worst atrocities in Belgium and North France were perpetrated when Germany thought she was completely triumphant. If there could be any German mood worse, more dangerous to the world, I think the world is prepared to risk it.

But what are the historic facts as to Germany's moods? Prussia, in 1864, defeated Denmark and seized Schleswig-Holstein. So far, that humiliating defeat has not goaded Denmark into war. But did her victory soothe Prussian militarism to sleep, turning the hyena to a lamb? What really happened was that, within two years, Germany engineered a new aggressive war. We generally think of the six-weeks' campaign of 1866 as merely the defeat of Austria. It was really something quite different and far greater. It resulted in the annexation to Prussia of Hesse, Hanover and Nassau, enlarging the kingdom of the victor by one-half and raising its population from twenty to thirty millions. Well, did the defeat of Austria goad her into a new war? Was Prussia softened by the absence of defeat? What Prussia was in fact inspired to do, was to plan and consummate the crime of the French invasion, the spoliation of Alsace-Lorraine, the exaction of the heaviest indemnity the world had ever seen.

Prussia, transformed into the German Empire, had now the longed-for opportunity to dream of peace, of good-will to all men. She did dream, it is true, but it was the evil dream of Pan-German world-dominance, including a detailed plan for the destruction of Russia. As we write very much of it has been realized. The Baltic Provinces and Lithuania, up to the Dwina river, are in German hands; Poland is an "autonomous" kingdom, owing her national and political liberty to Germany! Nearly all Roumania is in German hands, and she is driving hard towards Bessarabia and Odessa. Germany has still more than thirty years left, of the time she allowed herself, to complete this dismemberment of Russia. The Germanic Socialists are pleading that she shall have a long breathing spell to renew and complete her work. Do they and their collaborators at Petrograd quite realize what they are doing?

The work, therefore, of the Germanic Socialists at Petrograd has been almost fatal to the Russian army, highly menacing to the internal political life of Russia, exceedingly dangerous to Russia's foreign policy.

But, as we saw at the outset, there are signs that the better people in Russia, the genuinely national Russians, are at last waking up, and their awaking is filling the Germanic Socialists with wild dismay, inspiring them to outrageous and calumnious attacks. A cable message sent from Petrograd on August 3 throws a vivid light on this situation. The official organ of the Socialist Council of Workmen's and Soldiers' Deputies, which very strongly reminds us, in its tone and tendency, of a group of "inspired" (and subsidized) Germanist newspapers in our midst, is crying out that the Duma "aims at a counter revolution." This charge has been taken up by other organs of the Left—that is, of the Germanic Socialists. *The Day,* for example, declares that the Duma aims to re-establish a despotism in the interest of property, particularly landed property—which accusation is a bid for the support of the peasants, whose appetite the Socialists have whetted by promises of confiscation. *The New Life* calls a recent unofficial meeting of the Duma a giant conspiracy against freedom. It declares that, as after the July revolt, citizens will have to fight and arrest the members of the Duma.

Very naturally, the Duma has not been silent under these outrageous attacks. At a session of August 1, all the speakers repudiated the accusation that they aimed at a counter-revolution. They declared that the Councils of Workmen's and Soldiers' Deputies were ruining Russia irretrievably, and that the Duma's only aim was to prevent such ruin. Paul Milyukoff sharply assailed the Councils for trying to dictate to the non-Socialist members of the Cabinet in the manner in which they already dictate to the Socialist members. A sensational speech was made by a member of the Progressive party, Mr. Maslennikoff, who declared that the military disasters and internal anarchy were due to the Socialists. He referred to the Socialists as "a crowd of mad fanatics, adventurers and traitors, who call themselves the Executive Council of Workmen's and Soldiers' Deputies." Mr. Maslennikoff declared that the Duma alone could save Russia, but that to do so, it must cease sitting in a corner, afraid of its own shadow, and meet in regular session, and

demand that the Ministers appear before it and render an account of their stewardship.

So we come to this conclusion: We, as a nation, have cordially tendered the right hand of friendship to the new Russia. It will be wise for us, now, to look the facts in the face,—to realize that the hopes of the new Russia are being throttled, her armies destroyed, her territories endangered, her allies estranged, by an arrogant group of Germanic Socialists, determined either to make Russia a tool of "the social revolution," or to ruin Russia; obviously succeeding in this latter venture. There are also the genuine nationalists of Russia, so far almost unorganized, not yet quite resolute, but representing all that is best in a great and noble people. Let us be very certain that we clearly see to which of these two parties—the Germanist or the genuinely national—we are really lending the aid of our brotherly sympathy and our generous material help. At Petrograd, as elsewhere, we may help the Kaiser, or we may help the cause of humanity, of justice and genuine freedom. Let us be certain that we quite clearly see.

CHARLES JOHNSTON.

THE GERMAN THEORY OF WARFARE

BY MUNROE SMITH

In the present war Germany has shown a disregard of humane instincts and of international rules and customs that is unprecedented in modern warfare between civilized States. She has introduced into land warfare the use of poisonous gases and of liquid fire. Also the bombardment by aircraft, without the preliminary notice required by custom, not only of "fortresses" but also of open villages and cities. In some of the places bombarded there were no constructions of military importance nor any appliances of war except anti-aircraft guns. That German officers have at times used civilian enemies as fire-screens, and that German troops have in some instances been instructed to give no quarter, even to wounded enemies, is established by German testimony.

Germany has introduced into sea warfare the use of submarines, not only against war vessels but against merchantmen, and not only against enemy ships but against those of neutrals. Of late Germany is avowedly sinking hospital ships, on the plea—denied and unproven—that such ships have been used to carry soldiers and munitions of war.

In Belgium and in other occupied territories the German authorities have subjected the civil population to a reign of terror unexampled in modern war. They have repressed "sniping," the destruction of railroads and telegraphs, and other hostile acts, by burning villages and towns and by killing the inhabitants; that is, by indiscriminate punishment of possible offenders, whose guilt was not established, and of much larger numbers of men, women and children who were undoubtedly innocent. To prevent offenses and to ensure order, the German authorities have

seized civilian hostages, to be shot if any hostile act or transgression of military orders should occur in the locality.

The German army has secured from civilian enemies services of direct or indirect military value, not only by threats and by imprisonment but also by depriving them of food. Finally, Germany has deported at least a quarter of a million Belgian and French men and women to German factories and to labor camps, where they are subjected to similar if not greater duress. General von Bissing claimed that many Belgian workmen "voluntarily" signed labor contracts; but he admitted that those who refused to sign were deported and received a lower rate of pay.

Violation of private property rights has been frequent and flagrant. The districts occupied by German troops have suffered not a little from irresponsible private looting and destruction. They have suffered much more from organized official looting in the form of excessive requisitions, indemnities and contributions. In some instances, not only the local authorities but prominent citizens also have been made responsible for prompt payment; in other instances the levy has been secured by house-to-house search and distraint of goods. In their retirement from occupied French territory, not only have the Germans destroyed everything that could be of use to the armed forces following their retreat, but they have endeavored also to destroy everything that could be of use to the civil population.

Official pleas of justification for those acts which are admitted fall into two classes. Either they invoke "necessity" or they allege prior breaches of law by Germany's enemies which have forced the German Government to exercise the right of retaliation. Each of these pleas implies a recognition that the German acts were at least irregular. In view of this attitude, it is pertinent to show that for nearly a century German military writers have specifically recognized many of these acts as regular and normal incidents of war, and have developed general theories of warfare which justify all the others.[1]

Terrorism, defended in the present war largely on the ground of atrocities alleged (but not proved) to have been

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[1]The German military writings cited in the following pages are: Gen. Carl von Clausewitz, *On War* (1832), translated by Col. F. N. Maude (3 vols., 1911); Gen. Julius von Hartmann, *Militärische Notwendigkeit und Humanität*, in the *Deutsche Rundschau*, vols. xiii, xiv (1877-1878); *The German War Book*, published under the auspices of the German General Staff, translated by J. H. Morgan (1915).

committed by civilians, was advocated by Hartmann forty years ago:

Terror seems relatively the milder method of holding in subjection masses of people who have been thrown out of the normal and regular conditions of peace. . . . Bluntschli, Jacquemyns and others . . . object to imposing upon towns in which offenses have been committed fines which exceed the amount of damage that has been done; they condemn the burning of villages from which civilians have attacked troops; they refuse their assent to the taking of hostages, whose arrest is to prevent illegal acts on the part of the population. . . . Military realism in listening to such utterances silently shrugs its shoulders.

Hartmann and the War Book justify also the harshest measures needed to secure services from civilian enemies, even services of military value:

When the law of peace [Hartmann argues] is supplanted by the law of war . . . it does not abandon its claim to continued authority. All paragraphs of the domestic code threatening punishment for treason remain in force; only extreme duress imposed by the invader can protect the inhabitants, in case these render services to the invading army, against subsequent accountability to their own courts in case of a change in the fortunes of war or after the conclusion of peace. Here interest and fear must silence patriotism and the sense of right in the hostile population. This is certainly far from moral, but it is a military necessity and the inevitable result of military invasion.

The summoning of the inhabitants to supply vehicles and perform works [the War Book explains] has also been stigmatized as an unjustifiable compulsion upon the inhabitants to participate in "military operations." But it is clear that an officer can never allow such a far-reaching extension of this conception. . . . The argument of war must decide.

The War Book follows Hartmann in justifying the taking of hostages—a policy adopted, but more sparingly practised, in the war of 1870:

Since the lives of peaceable inhabitants were without any fault on their part thereby exposed to grave danger, every writer outside Germany has stigmatized this measure as contrary to the law of nations and as unjustified towards the inhabitants of the country. As against this unfavorable criticism it must be pointed out that this measure, which was also recognized on the German side as harsh and cruel, was only resorted to after declarations and instructions of the occupying authorities had proved ineffective, and that in the particular circumstance it was the only method which promised to be effective. . . .

As regards requisitions the War Book quietly brushes away all limitations of international law and custom:

Article 40 of the Declaration of Brussels requires that the requisitions (being written out) shall bear a direct relation to the capacity and

resources of a country, and, indeed, the justification for this condition would be willingly recognized by everyone in theory, but it will scarcely ever be observed in practice. In cases of necessity the needs of the army will alone decide. . . .

This leaves the door wide open to unlimited spoliation, without resort to indemnities or contributions. By both Clausewitz and Hartmann the right of requisition is in fact treated as one of several possible methods of crippling the enemy. The former writes:

Invasion is the occupation of the enemy's territory, not with a view to keeping it, but in order to levy contributions upon it or to devastate it. The immediate object here is neither the conquest of the enemy's territory nor the defeat of his armed force, but merely to do him damage in a general way.

The right of requisition, Clausewitz asserts, "has no limits except those of the exhaustion, impoverishment and devastation of the country." And in the light of experience he suggests to his successors:

Whatever method of providing subsistence may be chosen, it is but natural that it would be more easily carried out in rich and well-peopled countries, than in the midst of a poor and scanty population. . . . There is infinitely less difficulty in supporting an army in Flanders than in Poland.

The system of requisitions [Hartmann explains] goes far beyond the taking of means of subsistence from the country in which war is being conducted; it includes the entire exploitation of that country. . . . This implies that military necessity can make no distinction between public and private property, that it is entitled to take what it needs wherever and however it can. . . . The fundamental principle of all warfare must not be ignored; the hostile State is not to be spared the suffering and privations of warfare; these are particularly adapted to break its energy and to coerce its will. . . . The State at war must spare its own means for conducting war and must injure and destroy those of the enemy.

The foregoing utterances are corollaries of a broader general theory. In German military philosophy, war is normally and properly a struggle, not solely between the armed forces of the contending States, nor solely between their Governments, but between their populations. The contrary theory, that war is a contest between the armed forces of the belligerent States, is a temporary aberration. It is comparatively modern, and it is already antiquated. It took form, according to Clausewitz, in the time of Louis XIV, when the universal military service of primitive peoples and

of early States had been replaced by the hired services of professional soldiers. With the reappearance of universal military duty, with the substitution of great popular armies for small mercenary armies, war reverted to what Clausewitz terms "its true nature" and "its absolute perfection." The sustenance of these popular armies, as he already perceived, had made victory more largely than before a question of economic resources, and war more largely a struggle between the belligerent nations as economic organizations. Since his time, with the rapid development of the natural sciences and the mechanical arts, new and enormously costly instruments and munitions of war have been devised, and, in order to secure an adequate provision of the means of war, all the material resources, all the brains and all the labor power available in the warring nations is drawn into some sort of war work. It seems a logical inference that distinctions between combatants and non-combatants and between public and private property have lost their justification. In modern war every member of a nation, without regard to age and sex, is at least a potential combatant, and all property is potentially State property.

With war thus widened—or thus restored to "its absolute perfection"—the interests at stake, ideal and material alike, are vastly greater and more general. Defeat in the dynastic wars of the 17th and 18th centuries meant chiefly loss of princely power and prestige. Defeat in a modern national war means not only national humiliation but possible national ruin. Besides defraying the enormous cost of the war, the defeated nation may be compelled to pay a crushing indemnity. If it cannot pay at once, it may be forced to pay gradually. In the present war, as soon as the German hope of a speedy triumph was dissipated, German writers pointed out that the districts occupied by their armies, if not annexed, could be held until they were ransomed. A distinguished economist, Professor Schumacher, indicated that Germany's defeated enemies might be forced to accept commercial treaties and to submit to tariff discriminations that would enrich Germany at their expense. Here again we have a reversion to primitive warfare. Defeat of a tribe meant the destruction or enslavement of all its members. Defeat of a nation today may mean indefinite economic servitude.

It may be added that, in a war for naval supremacy, it is widely believed that victory may give control of the

markets of the world and that defeat may mean practical exclusion from oversea trade.

With such ideal and material issues at stake, a modern nation at war will inevitably develop a "will to victory" as intense as that of a savage tribe, and will care little more than a savage tribe how victory is won. What degree of regard can be expected for sentiments of humanity, or for a formal law that is substantially antiquated? The nation must win—honorably, if it can, but by all means it must win.

War [Clausewitz writes] is an act of violence intended to compel our enemy to fulfil our will. . . . In such dangerous things as war, the errors which proceed from a spirit of benevolence are the worst. . . . He who uses force unsparingly . . . must obtain a superiority if his adversary uses less vigor in its application. . . . To introduce into the philosophy of war itself a principle of moderation would be an absurdity.

Military action [Hartmann writes] must be determined solely in accordance with those conditions which usually prevail in war; in this sense its procedure is completely ruthless. . . .

It would be yielding to voluntary self-deception not to recognize that at the present time war must be conducted much more ruthlessly and much more violently, and that it must come much nearer to affecting the entire population than has previously been the case. . . .

. . . Since the tendency of thought of the last century [the War Book teaches] was dominated essentially by humanitarian considerations which not infrequently degenerated into sentimentality and flabby emotionalism, there have not been wanting attempts to influence the development of the usages of war in a way which was in fundamental contradiction with the nature of war and its object. By steeping himself in military history an officer will be able to guard himself against excessive humanitarian notions. It will teach him that certain severities are indispensable.

Of the traditional and conventional rules of war German military writers speak with unveiled contempt. Clausewitz writes:

Violence arms itself with the inventions of art and science in order to contend against violence. Self-imposed restrictions, almost imperceptible and hardly worth mentioning, termed usages of international law, accompany it without essentially impairing its power. . . .

Rights which the War Power has to respect [Hartmann reasons] can exist only in so far as they are expressly conceded, recognized or maintained by that power. . . . In this matter . . . States cannot permit themselves to be guided by general principles of law. They must necessarily omit from any rules that they adopt everything that may possibly check or impair the freedom and effectiveness of military action. . . .

> Utterances of approved legal authorities and precedents found in international settlements can hardly claim full authority in the law of war. . . . because military situations necessarily vary and military problems are therefore subjected to personal judgment, which can recognize no other law than that of military necessity.

Whether any military action is commendable or reprehensible depends, not upon custom or convention, but upon its probable efficacy.

> Suffering and injury inflicted upon the enemy [Hartmann writes] are the indispensable methods of bending and breaking his will. . . . Military action can be regarded as barbarous and worthy of condemnation only when it is taken without any such purpose or when it is out of all proportion to the purpose to be achieved.

> What is permissible [the German War Book explains] includes every means of war without which the object of the war cannot be obtained; what is reprehensible on the other hand includes every act of violence and destruction which is not demanded by the object of the war.

The ultimate test of right and wrong conduct, therefore, is to be found in its military outcome. Is this pragmatic test to be applied to the commanding officer who violates a law or custom of civilized warfare? Is he to be disavowed and cashiered if his action does not prove successful? Certainly not, for this would lame initiative. "It is quite immaterial," says Hartmann, "whether the anticipated effect can actually be attained; the question is only whether the person responsible for the action was entitled to expect a successful result." This dictum enables us to grasp the full meaning of a pregnant sentence in the War Book—the very next sentence after that last cited:

> It follows from these universally valid principles that wide limits are given to the subjective freedom and arbitrary judgment of the commanding officer.

This German theory of warfare is undeniably logical and consistent. The only question is whether all the factors that enter into the problem have received adequate consideration.

We note, first, that natural human feelings, the instinctive reactions of sentiment and of conscience, are considered only to be set aside. They are to be suppressed because they tend to impair the efficient conduct of a war. We note

next that these reactions appear to be deemed important only in the case of officers. It is conceivable, however, that the reactions of conscience may have some effect upon the morale of privates, and that a nation in arms may fight better with a good conscience than with a bad one. In the diaries and letters of German soldiers we see that some at least have felt qualms. In one case where, because of alleged sniping, "eight houses were destroyed with their inmates," and "out of one house alone two men with their wives and an eighteen-year-old girl were bayoneted," the diarist writes: "The girl made me feel bad, she gave such an innocent look." After describing the looting and destruction of workingmen's houses, another diarist writes: "Atrocious! After all there is something in what is said about German barbarians." And in a letter describing the devastation of a district abandoned by the German troops, the writer says: "We can scarcely be looked upon as soldiers—when we are at the front it is as if we were the greatest criminals."

This point, of course, is not to be overstressed. Most of the German soldier diarists seem to have become quickly hardened to every form of brutality. Few show enjoyment of atrocities, but nearly all accept ruthlessness as necessary. "The women were a sight," one of them writes, and adds: "but there is no other way." At the same time, the spiritual revolt of the finer natures cannot be regarded as a wholly negligible factor, even as regards the successful prosecution of a war.

Of the effect of ruthless warfare upon the minds of their adversaries German military writers have much to say. They recognize, however, but one possible effect. Merciless conduct of war will break the energy and coerce the will of the enemy nation. It will shake the morale of the combatants and will make the oppressed civil population clamorous for peace. That breaches of the laws and customs of war and acts of unusual inhumanity may have the opposite result; that these may steel the will and increase the energy of the hostile nation; that soldiers may meet "dirty fighting" with double fury, and that oppressed civilians may protest against any peace that does not bring redress for wrongs endured and afford some security against like injuries in the future—all this is left out of the German calculations. Even military writers must know what everyone knows, that in time of peace nothing so spurs men to resistance as a sense

of wrong; but they seem to assume that this reaction will not take place in war.

Of neutral reactions to lawlessness and inhumanity German military writers say nothing. What is on the whole most significant is that they speak of all restrictions upon the "War Power" as "self-imposed." They refuse to recognize the laws and customs of war as imposed by "any external authority." In this they follow the theory accepted by the majority of German writers on politics and on jurisprudence. These hold that international law binds a State only in so far as a State consents to be bound by it.

The reason why the Germans, and those who accept the German theory, can not see that the rules of international law are imposed upon the single State by the society of States, is because this society is not politically organized and has no machinery for the enforcement of its rules. A powerful State may therefore, with apparent impunity, set these rules aside and take such action as its peculiar immediate interests seem to require. A weak State, indeed, can not do this; but the Germans courageously extricate themselves from this logical difficulty by denying that weak States are really States. They call such States "tolerated communities."

The fallacy of the German reasoning lies in the assumption that a society can not act upon its members otherwise than through political organization. They forget that even in politically organized societies men are coerced through other than political agencies and by other than political methods—for example, by ostracism. They ignore the fact that societies wholly destitute of political organization may extemporize economic and even physical coercion, by boycotting or "running out" or lynching those who disregard the interests and the sentiments of the group. To say that the restrictions which the society of civilized nations has developed by custom or by convention are "self-imposed" upon each State, is as if one should say that in a frontier mining camp, into which no sheriff has yet made his way, the custom that prohibits "claim-jumping" is imposed upon each prospector by himself, not by the group in which he is living.

In treating international law as negligible; in ignoring the opinions, the sentiments and the conscience of neutral nations, which express material and spiritual interests that are superior to the selfish interests of any single State and

are the reservoir from which new international law is steadily drawn—the German theory of warfare leaves out of its calculations no less a factor than the World. The nation at war is to proceed as if it and its antagonist were fighting on Mars. What is more, it is to proceed as if, after the war, it were not obliged to come back into the World.

From one point of view, of course, neutral nations must be included in military calculations. They also may migrate to Mars. To avert their hostility, to secure, if possible, their support, is of no slight importance; but this is the business, not of the General Staff, but of the Foreign Office. It seems, however, to be the general belief of military men that the action or inaction of neutrals will be determined chiefly, if not wholly, by the progress of the war. A neutral nation will presumably wish to be on the winning side. It will certainly avoid entanglement with belligerents who seem to be losing. These considerations enhance the importance of rapid victory and reinforce the demand for ruthless warfare.

The political authorities of a State, unless their minds are hopelessly militarized, see the other side. They know that sentiment counts, and they hesitate to antagonize neutral sentiment. They realize that a great modern war disturbs the economy of the world, and they are loth to increase the disturbance by extending the scope and the destructiveness of warfare.

At the outbreak of the World War, the Teutonic diplomatists made some effort to avoid the appearance of aggression. They were overriden by the military authorities, to whom the first blow seemed all important, and Germany declared war on Russia and France. The German Foreign Office appreciated the political risks involved in the invasion of Belgium. Here again the diplomatists were overridden by the military chiefs. The immediate result was a British declaration of war. The entry of Great Britain into the war made it possible for Japan and Italy to join the coalition against the Central Empires.

So far as we can judge from the news that has been permitted to emerge from Germany or has leaked out, in spite of the censorship, during the past three years, the difference between the military and the political point of view has continued to manifest itself in conflicts between the military and political authorities. There seem to have been differences of opinion regarding air raids upon French and

British cities. There seem to have been conflicts in the matter of civilian deportations. In the matter of submarine warfare against merchant vessels it is notorious that there was not only conflict but a series of political crises. After the "war zone" proclamation issued by the German Admiralty in February, 1915, Germany backed and filled on this issue for nearly two years, until in January, 1917, the navalists won a complete triumph.

This issue outranked all others, because in unrestricted and indiscriminate submarine warfare on commerce the German military authorities saw the best chance of crippling Great Britain, if not the only chance of winning the war; while the German political authorities rightly feared energetic and widespread neutral reactions.

Warfare upon enemy commerce, as previously conducted, rarely involved the destruction of captured vessels. In the great majority of cases this was unnecessary, and it was contrary to the interest of the captor State. Normally, therefore, captured vessels continued to minister to the needs of the world. In submarine warfare, on the other hand, even in so called "cruiser warfare," the destruction of the captured vessel is almost always necessary. Destruction ceases to be the exception and becomes the rule. The resulting diminution of sea tonnage is a serious injury to the whole world. Unrestricted submarine warfare against enemy vessels increases the injury; indiscriminate submarine warfare against all merchant vessels, enemy and neutral, makes the injury intolerable. If Germany had deliberately sought an issue that would array the world against her, she could hardly have found one more certain to accomplish this result. Unrestricted and indiscriminate warfare against sea trade is not only illegal and barbarous, it not only shocks the sense of right and the conscience of humanity, but it also menaces the welfare of the world because of the extent to which civilization rests upon ocean carriage.

In the conduct as in the inception of this war the German military authorities have had their way. Never in the history of the world has the militarist theory had a fairer or more crucial test. What has been the result of the experiment? The Central Empires expected to fight two Powers and two or three small States. They were victorious at the outset; they say that they are still victorious—what allies has victory brought them? Turkey and Bulgaria. What of the rest of

the world? In coalition against them are six Powers—without including Brazil, which is virtually at war with Germany—and ten small states. They have enemies today in every continent and in the islands of all the seas. Germany has learned that the world, although politically unorganized, is capable in an emergency of collective action against an offending State, just as the mining camp, although destitute of constituted authority, is capable of collective action against a claim-jumper. The World is organizing itself into something that looks very like a Vigilance Committee.

In the conduct as in the inception of this war, not only has Germany disregarded Bismarck's " imponderables "; she has also left out of account world factors of seemingly obvious weight. Her military authorities have manifested in a most striking way the defects of the single-track mind, and they have drawn Germany into dire peril. In overriding the political authorities of their own Empire they have ignored the teachings of the greatest and most philosophical of the German military writers—teachings which furnish a partial antidote for his own poisonous doctrines of ruthlessness. In his great book *On War* Clausewitz says:

> The art of war, in its highest point of view, is policy . . . a policy which fights battles instead of writing notes. According to this view . . . *it is an irrational proceeding to consult professional soldiers on the plan of a war. . . . None of the principal plans which are required for a war can be made without an insight into the political relations.* . . .

MUNROE SMITH.

FIRST DEAD[1]

(Pages from a War Journal)

BY LIEUTENANT JEAN GIRAUDOUX

CAREFUL not to stumble over the rows of sleeping bodies, seeking a foot-hold between them like some too timorous conqueror of old, the night watch of the brigade advances to the billiard-table where I lie. I read the order:

"For the Colonel. Immediate departure direction Dammartin. Warn the ambulance."

We get even by waking all the orderlies and doctors first, and I go up to knock at the door of the Colonel, who has lain down all dressed.

"What time?"

"Two minutes of twelve."

I hear him hurriedly getting up so as to be ready at exactly midnight. I make the tour of the floor, knocking at all the doors. Captain Lambert intends to ask me the time and asks the day.

"Sunday."

The waking words of all the captains, doctors, and commissaries of the brigade, the first words that they murmured on the day of the battle I pick up one by one. Dr. Mallet calls: "Good: very good." Lieutenant Bertet, who had gone to bed naked, despairs of ever being ready, and as soon as he gets his shirt on goes back again. An unknown officer replies with his own name. Pattin, in his drowse, answers as foolishly as one does in some parlor-game when one is unexpectedly hit on the nose with a handkerchief or a pair of gloves:

"Get up, rascal!"

With these forfeits I go down again. But I take the

[1]Translated by Elizabeth Shepley Sergeant.

wrong stair-case and the door I open lets me into the park. It is empty, luminous; guarded by poor yellowing sentinels, blue-shadowed coppices, the reserve of autumn and of the night; great cedars crouched level with the sleeping lawns; midnight brightness and silence heaped up against this barrage, whose wall separates them from the forces of war.

Now and then an armed soldier strays in, as I did, and is startled into silence; says a word to me of the solitude and goes up again. For we have to go up again and pass out into the noisy courtyard from this subterranean domain.

The Colonel is on the steps, hesitating as he does every morning between his two fine horses; he decides by the aid of a lantern, on the first one, on whose head its light falls. At the cross-roads the regiment is already defiling. The corporals call the roll as they march, and redistribute the names that, like the rest of our equipment, had been removed for the night. There are some that come to our ears which one would like to keep for oneself: for the rest of the campaign, war-names,—Bellenave, Trinquelard; for later on, peace-names,—Jean Fraxène, Saint-Prix.

It is dark. The will of the generals is not yet as powerful as the laws of gravitation and it is in the low places that we find the artillery, on the heights the hussars. We go fast, because they give way before us without a word, and get their horses into line. In the rear, too, we feel for the first time a spirit of kindness and good will. When we pass the convoys the drivers of the supply wagons give us their bread. The despatch riders, whose game yesterday was to jostle and dismay us, go by without a word, rubbing an affectionate hand over each of us in turn, as a child caresses the bars of a gate; the farther back they come from, the more devoted we divine them to be—Paris, far behind us, must just now be the very centre of military good-will. Motorcyclists bring the mail, for the postmen of our army have willed not to sleep and to distribute before the morning. Lorand actually gets a letter posted the evening before, which, with the connivance of some postmaster, has covered the road from Neuilly-sur-Seine to Dammartin at top speed. He reads it to us, for it is the only war letter that on its arrival has brought news instead of stale reminiscences: yesterday the cannon were heard at Neuilly; yesterday at five in the afternoon, Lorand's girl cousins came

to spend the night, for they are taking the train at four in the morning. Now at last we feel our souls keeping time with the souls of civilians; we love them a little better for it and we adore, especially, the poor cousins who at this very moment are dressing in haste, brushing their beautiful teeth by candle-light, and pressing down their valises with their two petticoated knees.

Dammartin is packed with troops. From all the doors, feet first, overflow sleeping soldiers. Not a light, not a dispute; to the animals only do the men talk—to the horses they saddle, the dogs they frighten; among themselves they are without speech. A little house is burning without the Zouaves apparently noticing the flames, and our reservists themselves, who are all firemen or fire sergeants in their towns, look on and feel the instinct of rescue dead within them. Sad fire, which yet ends by lighting the dawn.

The dark edges of the road choose for the day, according to their humor, one of the two uniforms which the highway commission permits, and become young elms or acacias. Here is the sunrise. We suddenly shiver, come naked out of the night. After five hours of marching, morning finds us as strong and hearty as one is at noon, but dawn with its faint, thin air gives us no sustenance. Our brigade is again isolated; the Moroccans on our left and the English on our right have vanished, and their two encircling groups are as remote and abstract an assistance to us as England and Morocco themselves. I am beside Dollero, who is dreaming of peace, who declares it is stupid to complicate one's life and is going to marry his *petite amie* as soon as he gets back. How many *petites amies* we in France promised ourselves to marry towards the sixth of September! If he dies, he says, I must have something to remember him by and it shall not be his Louis XVI. sconce, which has no mate, but his Boilly drawing, the inquisitive young girl of whom the critics say that Boilly was never more studied by a model. Lucky sergeant, whose friends, on the morning of a battle, feel that they owe him the portrait of a little girl!

After Dollero, come my two other neighbors, Drigeard and Dremois—it is a comfort to have three comrades, whose initial is the same, as if it were an entire page torn out of the soldier's dictionary. Drigeard hands me the report, which the Colonel sends the sergeant-majors. When we halt, it is I

who dictate it, with an order of the day which must be summarized—for there are two minutes left—in telegraphic style: "At hour when begins battle on which depends fate France, fitting remember ages past, look back. Unities will let selves be killed, rather than yield ground." We are not especially moved, being accustomed to pick up, as by wireless, the most diverse orders. All the same, there was fighting here yesterday. Behind the bushes, forgotten knapsacks; on a battle-meadow, green as can be, some dead horses around the carcass of a bull—a Spanish army would shudder. We also see all the ranks of the regiment in front of us, turning towards a lonely elm that stands beside the road, and the news travels down the line that the Prussians came as far as that. Why only so far? Why didn't they wish to know the southern side of the elm, with its golden bark clear of lichen, where a notch had just been cut with an axe above the highest flood mark? We look back to see the tree again, and learn what the uhlan viewed of France before he turned his rein: a château hidden by ash-trees, a town set in poplars—nothing fortunately, thanks to the trees, that has taken his stare unveiled. Here is a second elm, a larger one, which those who did not understand the first are studying curiously. All the torn papers that are blowing about, all the letters we pick up after this, are covered with German script, for the Germans have gathered in all the French papers. Here is the last house where they halted. The peasant is at the door, and explains to us that he had them just a quarter of an hour. The invasion lasted long enough for him to light the fire and go down to the cellar; when he came up again they were running away. The two great emotions in the lives of the inhabitants of the captured towns of Lille, Laon and Vouziers come to him almost simultaneously. He is the lucky man who married in the evening the woman he met in the morning; the man whose money brings in the interest of a lifetime on the day of investment. An egoist for whom the war has ended; having no more need of the army he refuses us his potatoes and his eggs.

* * *

Now the sky is blue and we are hot. The sun has made a point of drying the dew that has fallen on the soldiers first of all. Friendly groups begin to form again, and the battalion thins out in the spots where tenderness and good-will do not flourish. A water service has been established and

with our hands full of a golden powder—for cocoa has been distributed—we wait, helpless, for the men to come back. For forty-five years the Germans have only waited for this unguarded minute.

Three shells, so unexpected that nobody dreams of being afraid of them. The first falls thunderously in the very middle of the road and rips the regiment into double columns of two, each one of which buries itself in its own ditch; the second, less noisy, breaks into fiery balls; the last diffuses an intolerable smell of powder. All three different and pretentious in their effect, as if we were going to devote a special remark in our journals to each German shell. Here are three more; it's the sort of fear you have when you go shooting, and the partridges flutter into your face instead of flying away. As I turn, I see the clear-cut outlines of two thousand heads beaten down—all but one which looks at me from afar, so that I may never forget, even for a second, what a man's face is: it is a mask with two eyes and their human look, two lips, one ear. Three more shells: the face has come closer; it has a beard, the forehead is low and mean. With each volley it changes thus, and wanders, fine or base, over these thousands of decapitated bodies.

All the officers have dismounted, since they have at last got to the long-expected war; and Michal, radiant, for it is he who has led us there, rejoins his telegraph operators once for all. We laugh and tell stories. Those who only asked not to be killed by the first shell pretend to be entirely at ease. The most timid find their heads in their hands, stick them on again with the cap on top, and give a kick at our dogs, which are running bewildered in the middle of the empty road, wondering, as each shock comes, what monstrous tin can they are chasing. In our ditches we sit down and make ourselves comfortable; those who were eating a hard-boiled egg finish it up, and we can lick the palms of our hands all the morning too, because of the cocoa. It is for one moment trench warfare—two verdant trenches perpendicular to the enemy; a naïve war, where one doesn't yet find any of those people who are annoyed by shells that don't explode; or any of the fussers who prefer percussion shells; or any of the people whose neighbors are always killed; an endurable war, for suddenly it is all over. The most valiant, or the most rheumatic of us, get up first, shake themselves, and we are soon all standing about talking—encumbered, for the

moment, by our arms, as if we no longer needed them; or as we shall be, dear comrade, the day of our return.

* * *

We do not agree with those who declare they see nothing at the war. We see everything. From the hill-top where we await orders we see a large oval country, and the battle for Paris takes place in an empty field, which has this form and shape. As far as the eye can reach, the rolling surface of a land already despoiled of its wheat, strewn with sheaves, each one of which seems even now to be marking the place of a wounded man; we are as glad to see them as cautious sailors would be to see spars and buoys distributed before a sea-battle. On our left a platoon of dragoons on patrol, filling completely the space that separates the army from the Channel, a platoon which we alternately take—we confess to an equal concern in either case—for uhlans and for our general staff. On the right some regiments still badly deployed, stiff and formal as if they had on Sunday uniforms; their principal anxiety seems to be to prevent a loose horse from going over to the enemy. The roads, suddenly too echoing and too fragile, are deserted. We cross them at a run, on the tips of our toes. Great white clouds hang low on the horizon, and the battlefield seems wadded.

Seven o'clock. From each company men are now beginning to scatter, lavishing cheering words and good-byes as they go. We had not yet been obliged, in our regiment, to distinguish between those who do, and those who do not go into battle. The postal sergeant goes off. Bardan goes off. The little wood at our backs, a fantastic sort of sieve, allows the thin secretaries and their fat sergeant to slip through. We are a little annoyed with them for concealing from us for five weeks that they would desert us at the first shell. For each man who goes off the chances of death, by the mere law of averages, close in nearer about the rest of us, and our mission as fighters reveals itself for the same reason. Here we are, alone. At the entrance to the arena, warriors that we are, we are for one moment as sharply conscious of our profession as the gladiators used to be; we are conscious of being clumsy or supple, courageous or full of fear. Lazy, all of us already, like boxers or runners, or any sort of professional athletes, for that matter; used up as soon as our energy is not needed, drawing no force from the earth save

when we lie down on it. It is a surprise, too, to find here those whom we were of course taking to Germany, but not to fight: little Dollero, pale, absent, carrying his gun clumsily and suddenly losing his form—there are three or four who seem, as he does, to be dressed in old clothes and armed with guns that are too long, and bayonets that are too short; whereas the comrades that surround them suddenly appear dressed and armed to their own measure. We are all serious, for what had no reason or consequence yesterday is to-day a question of death; the foremost of the squad think they will be the first to get the bullets, while the soldiers in the middle feel constrained to make war between barriers of living soldiers—an inconvenient war. Each man manoeuvres his poor separate unity with the ready-made formulas of great generals in his head—by protecting his left, by taking his range in advance; one's body is as unmanageable as an army. The most friendly sections keep their distances rigorously. Only Jeudit, the liaison soldier, continues to rattle on, delighted with three letters that he received this morning, and repeating that there is no invention like the post. Nobody has the heart to take up the defence of the printing press, or steam, against him. Several adjutants shout to him to fall into line.

"I follow the Colonel," he replies.

He is the most modest attachment of the Colonel, the part that copies orders on two white pages joined with a pin. If he is caught, swallowing them will have its dangers. He is the part that tells the Colonel the time—not always without making him lose patience, for Jeudit's watch is in his cartridge belt, and it costs him a cartridge at the least to hunt up the exact minute. His is the best place; instinctively we get near the man of the company who is supposed to be lucky, who looks it, who is not near-sighted, or too fat, and has—as much as any man one knows only by sight can have it—an air of immortality. Unaware that the immortal member of the regiment is Verdier—the only one, after three years of war who has not been either wounded or evacuated—we for one more day confuse the regiment's fate with the Colonel's fate. Everybody gets near him as soon as he can, as if he were a shelter, and often during the day an unknown soldier joins our group, silent, ready to oblige; it is a soldier who, for a moment only, does not care to die.

But here comes a cyclist from the brigade, bringing

some thin sheets of paper that blow away; we run after them; the general staff of the regiment follows its orders for a minute as the great poets do their thoughts—by climbing over hedges, shaking branches, and running into captains. We are to leave Major Gérard's three companies with the artillery, and advance with the five others through Saint-Pathus to a height. Further orders will meet us up there; all day Sunday, indeed, they will come to us at each culminating point, the more to resemble inspiration. Dry orders that now refuse all play or relation with the names on the map, and no longer recommend us, as they did during the marches or exercises, to pass by the Y of Vincy, or find quarters between the two halves of a hyphenated name—Croix-Blanche, Grand-Puis; and besides we have reached a rectangle on the map where the names have been borne to the right by the same blast of wind, and leave a great empty space. We see it, after climbing the hill. It is the same yellow rolling field, crossed in the opposite direction by roads which have preserved the plan of some battle of the Empire; we avoid them with care, so as to stay in our own war.

In Saint-Pathus is one solitary inhabitant, the Mayor, who shows us the way to la Thérouanne, explaining how illogical the limits of his town are: there, twenty yards from the church it is Oissery, and the shadow of the church tower dwells in the rival town—it is less serious than if it were the shadow of the town-hall. At Oissery an old man wants us to tell him the weight of a German bullet, and the way the German cannons work; if he is a spy, he is a French spy. We go slowly; shells explode at long intervals. The battle, as sometimes happens in the movies, stays a full hour at slow speed. Sometimes it takes on its true speed again, sometimes it exceeds it, at Bregi, for instance, where we strike a camp of enemy hussars, whom we vainly try to pursue. They were engaged in distributing their mail, and our Colonel is brought the letters of the German Colonel. We pick up a hundred saddles; the thought that a whole Prussian squadron is this moment getting black and blue is not disagreeable to us.

The shells are now bursting just over us, every ten seconds, very high up, scarcely dangerous at all, and a burning soot falls on our shoulders as soon as we get up to advance; we are chimney-sweeps cleaning a sparkling heaven. The different sections make their rushes, as usual; sometimes

they pass us, sometimes we pass them. As the whistle blows we see all their bodies rise almost horizontal, pulled up by their pale faces, and fall, twenty yards further on, when their heads become too heavy again. They pass with a martial sound, but once they lie flat before us we can see nothing of them, on top of their haversacks, but a coffee mill, or a lantern, or a saucepan—whatever they carry in the way of peaceful and domestic objects. From time to time a smell of peppermint; one recognizes in the same way those who have broken their alcohol bottles during a charge. From time to time we see friends: here is Sartaut, here is Jalicot; and here—as if they were advancing in rhymes—are Lorand and Parent. Sometimes a straggler who has lost his bayonet, his wallet too, whom the Colonel encourages:

"What's your name?"

"Malassis."

"Come now, advance. Who is your sergeant?"

"My sergeant is Goupil, my lieutenant, Bertet."

When their names are asked, they all give extraordinary names that they have dug out of the Middle Ages. Only above the rank of lieutenant is one sure of getting a somewhat modern name. Here come the bullets—we heard one of them in Alsace, so they surprise us less. We deploy, and the men tumble after each other toward the scattered sheaves —they almost always run towards the same one, as if from far away it alone looked safe; then disperse regretfully towards the neighboring ones. No wounded as yet. Sometimes it seems to us as if a certain man had fallen down very hard, or as if another groaned; we await with anguish the signal for departure, but, as the whistle blows, the suspicious bodies rise up like the rest. Nothing is more encouraging than a resurrection. The Colonel laughs. The men laugh. Sometimes when a shell fails to explode, it seems possible that nobody at all will be killed. Sometimes, by force of hope, we feel that the hour of the first man killed is deferred by this energy of ours. Then suddenly we notice a little crowd collecting somewhere, and hope drops.

I am the one whom the Colonel sends towards this eddy every time; he pins his faith to my lucky ability to dissolve these enormous violet patches without losing him his first man, and till noon I succeed. It's only an enormous ant-hill. It's a dying horse. It is a corpse, the first the regiment sees, but it is one of the Gneisenau hussars. It is another corpse

but—last and most selfish of my efforts—it is a dead man of the brigade, lying on top of a wounded one, on whom the shell has thrown him. Nobody dares separate them, as if a crime were in question. One or two soldiers bare their heads. Others, after pitying the dead, comfort the wounded man—who acts as a transition to bring them back to life—and ask him what the dead man's name is; he can't see it, he thinks it is poor old Blanchard. Has he got a beard?

It is now the turn of this regiment, and chance has only to choose between our two battalions.

One last refuge. At the bottom of the valley, separating the field from the road there is a ravine, flanked with trees whose tops scarcely show above the edge. The whole regiment plunges into this trench of young elm-trees. Order to halt. Comrades meet again laughing and breathless, and chatter so loud that the officers threaten, as they do at the manoeuvres, to start again immediately. Long rest. Some wipe off their bayonets, and the liaison officers even sharpen their pencils. Cans of Spanish mackerel are doled out, and they pass around the sick list on which the soldiers who have sore feet or tooth-ache inscribe their names—jokingly for this is only a claim-book against illnesses, and they are not to see the doctor. Little civilian maladies reappear for a moment, and take on important airs in this dead angle safe from bullets. A corporal shows everybody a gash he has got in the wrist, and the Colonel congratulates him; if the regiment were fighting a duel, this first blood drawn would leave nothing to do but go home again. Eyes are clearer, lips more finely moulded, words less coarse, for we all feel that we gain by presenting our souls and bodies to the shells with as little weight upon them as may be. Between eyebrows lines are etched and mingled like initials. Faces whose whole force one covets, if one looks straight at them; but they turn away from one. Men with round chins, with very level eyes —the badly wounded of to-night, who so far can only be comforted for the most trifling ills; a cold in the eye, a blistered foot. On the most absent lips, as we shall see it on the lips of so many of the dead, a cigarette burns down till it scorches.

Two o'clock: order to start forward. We leave the ravine with sorrow. We realize obscurely what going out of one's trench will mean. All that the assaulting troops are to feel later we feel: even a little more grievously, for in this

first trench we had trees and shade, and on the edge of the ravine, instead of grass and soft earth, a stony road greets us so hardly! Above our mass, all our proper names, which have been suddenly roused, fly from one to the other. Then each name settles down, and we climb the slope. The white clouds have lifted; the horizon is clear for a battle without boundaries; and in the fields behind us nobody but the Colonel's mares, which escape from their tether, but gallop off together so that the Colonel may have but one anxiety for the two of them.

We wait on the hill-top, for our artillery is not lengthening its aim. Just one last time I see my regiment, with all its peculiar characteristics: its Lieutenant Bertet, standing—his soldiers try in vain to make him lie down near them, but his thought is vertical to-day; its Captain Perret, always arguing, obliging his men, under shell fire, to learn the names of the villages in sight, and to repeat, before the command to fire: "the village to the right is Puisieux, the village opposite is Vincy, the village in the distance is Douy-la-Ramée; leave out the Ramée, that's too complicated;" with its Lieutenant Viard, who, being unable to keep quiet, pretends not to recognize the trees, and questions his irritable second lieutenant from the colonies:

"Those are elms over there, or oaks?"

"Palms, sir."

"I mean those big trees behind those queer trees, poplars, I think?"

"Machineel trees."

He is on the point of losing his temper, but suddenly here are the 79's and the 131's—so declares Artaud who has never been able to keep the true figures of the calibres in his head; and here—emotion makes him find the right number this time—are the 305's.

It is Dollero who receives me in the ravine; a poor little poet in pain, quite empty of images and metaphors: it emaciates him. A horse is nibbling the acacias. Officers are reading their last letters, and hold them in their hands like parts in a play—sad stage-wings of war. Soldiers are looking at themselves in little mirrors—this time it is to find blood-spots on their faces; sometimes a man leaps in from outside, and sits down, his employment on the stage over. All this in the midst of a sweet sickish perfume, for some fool is burning joss-sticks.

It has happened. Here is the first one. Two soldiers prop him up against the bank, and next him the second one, quite tiny. They change him about, shake him, collect in him for the last time whatever is human. They search his face for a resemblance that is already beginning to escape them, and at the moment when they most catch it, bare their heads. For the smaller one, leaning over a little further, and growing a little more moved, they repeat all that they do for the bigger; little by little they abbreviate their gestures as if their final aim were to bury still a third dead, a child. The whistle shrills, and when they break up the stack of arms they find themselves with two extra weapons, for they had made it with the two guns of the dead. Stealthily they put them down on a neighboring stack. Then they go off and nobody is left with Dollero but the stray horse, which comes near, sniffs, goes off again, hopeless of understanding the death of an infantry-man. . . .

A man killed. . . . My war is over.

JEAN GIRAUDOUX.

PATRIOTISM AND ITS PRAISE

BY FLORENCE MARY BENNETT

THERE is a delightful little volume in green leather and gilt tooling, to be encountered now and then unexpectedly in homes to which one would scarcely have guessed that such literary gleanings travel: *Select Epigrams from the Greek Anthology,* it is called, and the translator is that master of exquisite English prose cadence, Mr. Mackail, known no less for his classical learning than for his critical writings on modern poets, his name being associated in many minds particularly with thought of William Morris and Walt Whitman. Life and death and love, fate, literature, beauty, aspiration and worship—with such things the ancient *Anthology* has to do, in its meditations, its gleams of intuition, its poignant divinations concerning *homo* and the *humanum.* As one turns the pages, one chances on bits oddly familiar and on others curiously alien from the ideas of our time and place. To those that savor of the familiar one is prone to revert, and then, suddenly it may be, he understands that these ideas were somehow long ago wrought into the fabric of his own mind. These are the grand eulogies on patriots that have come ringing down through the ages, out of the Greek store-house. Here in various beautiful phrases, incomparably melodious in the fair Greek tongue, is to be found adequate praise of valor and the valorous. "Dying, they are not dead"—what a paean!—"since Valor from the Heavens, adorning them, leads them up out of the House of Hades." We are told that "they have fashioned for their fatherland quenchless glory, in having wrapped about themselves the blue-black cloud of death." Estimate of the cost is not avoided, but no less resonant is the affirmation that the thing purchased is a priceless good. "We lost lovely youth, in that we welcomed to ourselves the shaggy cloud of war."

Those who lie low in death are men who "wished to leave for their children a city flowering with freedom, and willed themselves to die in the front ranks." There is this cry from the tomb: "If to die bravely is the best part of Valor, then did Fortune allot this boon to us. For hastening to set the crown of freedom on Hellas, we lie adorned with ageless praise." "'Tis excellent for a good man to die, falling amid the front fighters, spending himself for his country." Horace and Cicero and Vergil moulded the Latin tongue to these utterances, and it is through their voicings probably, rather than from the more beautiful Greek, that most men have caught the ancient encomia on courage. Often, whether in Latin or in English, their phrases have been appropriated to the honoring of our nation's dead. *Dulce et decorum est!*—the words fairly say themselves, however unpopular be the study of Latin! "These be those few whom shining Valor carried to the sky!" "Oh, happy death, a debt owed to nature, best paid for country's sake!" The Roman word for manly courage has become ours for broader definition, *virtue*.

In the perplexities that beset our generation and our nation, men might well cry aloud a desire to return to the pagan days when there were no debates about the right or wrong of war. Arguments, of course, there were about the righteousness or unrighteousness of a specific war, contemplated or undertaken, but the modern mind can hardly fancy a Greek philosopher—Socrates, Plato, Epictetus, or any other—asserting uncompromisingly that all war is wrong and counselling non-resistance. Socrates actually performed arduous military service for Athens, showing himself a practical, courageous, and uncommonly cool soldier; the laws of Plato's Utopia require the philosopher-kings to serve the State in peace and in war and approve the idea of arming for the nation the women as well as the men; and, indeed, the history of the ancient Greek states makes it apparent that as a controlling principle of government there was always the assumption that the citizen's duty to the polity transcended all his obligations and pleasures as an individual. As to Rome, the name is to most men the synonym of war. It would seem that, by taking war for granted, by inculcating in boys a thirst for martial fame and a firm idea of obedience to country, these pagans saved themselves a multitude of unhappy heart-searchings, whereas for us, the teachings of Christianity,—regardless of the

greater or less attention that we give individually to the precepts of this or that organized Church of Christendom, —have propounded, to our distress, scrupulous questionings of mind and heart. The Gospel records that the Jews, debating what should be the fate of Jesus of Nazareth, were swayed by this reasoning: "If we let Him alone, all men will believe on Him, and the Romans shall come and take away our place and nation." Their feeling was that this Christ, Who had called the dead to life, the spiritually torpid to spiritual achievement, Who preached a coming era of righteousness, love, and peace, Who directed men to become citizens of a Heavenly Kingdom, that rested on sanctions more august than those of human fatherland, challenged themselves as lovers of their nation, challenged the very thought of national solidarity and patriotism, and they shouted, "Crucify Him!"—lest He gain the belief of the people, and win them away from lifting the sword against the Romans, and there be no Jerusalem.

It may lead the mind on to understand in some measure the hatred manifested by the Roman state toward the humble sect of early Christians. To a proconsul of the Empire, jealous for the prerogatives of himself and his City, it was obnoxious to hear that a small religious band within his jurisdiction was acknowledging a King other than Caesar; and as the new belief spread even in Rome itself, there grew up among magistrates a dread of it, as of a philosophy admittedly subversive of government. The test described by Pliny in the famous letter to Trajan as that by which he detected the "miscreants" who adhered to the "superstition," consisted in the requirement that the suspected persons pay ritual homage to certain images of the gods, and also to a likeness of the Emperor, with offerings of incense and wine. And yet, as a rule, to a Roman governor it was a matter of indifference to examine into men's tenets of faith, Rome being proverbially hospitable in welcoming alien cults. In the cult of Christ, however, there was recognized an enemy to Roman power, an anti-national, a radically anarchical tendency. Thus against the Christians even the exemplary Marcus Aurelius was moved to issue a bloody edict. One discerns the other side of the situation in the epistolary writings of the New Testament. Might a Christian eat flesh that had been offered to idols? Might a Christian marry an unbeliever? Must a Christian obey the

civil magistrates of his district? The pity of it, that their opponents could not have read the clear apostolic rulings, enjoining conformity to the customs of the land, provided that conscience suffered no whit, and, above all, complete submission to temporal authority, as to a visible instrument of God's power! The Gospel too has its narrative of the penny and its superscription, as well as of the tribute-money paid by the Master and Peter.

Not only the memories of early persecution, but also the cruel experiences brought to civilization by the barbarian incursions, led Christian people to stress the thought that they were separate from the "world," that their hopes should centre on the City in the Heavens, "not made with hands," where their names might perchance be written. But the complex process which evolved the Middle Ages developed a new Christian. That this great "Middle" period in European history was characteristically blithe is an opinion that scholars have seriously impugned, but, however gloomy the theology and psychology of the time, there is undeniably something debonair in its romantic disposition to mingle in an incredible *satura* all that had ever been heard of on this earth. The soldier of Christian chivalry might well be chosen as symbol of the re-fashioning of life and thought. Fancy the echoing shouts of crusaders struggling in bloody battle to win back the sepulchre of the Man Who, in the shadows of Gethsemane, bade His followers make no resistance to those who had come out with swords and staves to take Him!

It is a noteworthy fact that the Old Testament is not very fertile in thrilling memorable lines to the honor of valorous patriotism. Luridly vindictive the language of the older Scriptures often is. One might question whether there are more terrible words in literature than those which terminate that exquisite lyric of the exiles' longing for their native land, *By the Waters of Babylon.* The grand story of the Chosen People has frequently its shouts of triumph, the gloating over the slain and spoiled Egyptians,—a recurrent strain in chronicle, psalm, and prophecy,—the hymn of Deborah, or of Jael, the army's praise of Saul, or David, for the thousands, or the tens of thousands dead on the field. Puritanism, searching for mottoes of denunciatory hatred of its Zion's foes, or the Inquisition, probing for sanction to its black deeds, revelled in the Stygian passages of Holy Writ. The issues between the Jews and their enemies had

always a religious coloring. Their very state rested on the idea of the complete exclusion of foreigners,—even more than that in the older days, on the thought that no pact was to be made with Canaan, that rather, root and branch, the peoples encircling Israel were to be hacked down in war by God's people. Out of this passionate religion came the Book that speaks in poetic utterances, as no other book, the language of every man's aspiration and worship; but the patriotism of the Bible is too crude, narrow, and bloody to lift the reader to the ideal realms.

The patriotic expressions of Hellenism, on the contrary, serve America no less aptly than the small city-states for whom they were originally composed. They abstract, after the clear Greek manner, the principle; and the epitaph on a band of warriors who perished, it may be, in an obscure ancient struggle, appropriately marks the grave of a soldier of the Northern or the Southern ranks in our Civil War, or one last week interred in France.

There is in our country no sight more impressive than that vaulted passage-way of Memorial Hall at Harvard,—the very chamber of commemoration,—where, above the plain tablets inscribed with the names of the University's children who fell in the Civil War, are written the sonorous praises of patriotic valor in general. To the appeal contribute various elements of poetic suggestion, chief among them, doubtless, the simplest—the pathos revealed to the first glance wherein the observer recognizes how young were most of those recorded here, how again and again the year of death antedates that of the college Commencement destined never to come. The contrast is at once patent between the feast of life, hardly yet spread on the board, and the darkness into which they early entered, as their portion appointed in place of joy. As gallantly as a man's spirit allows, he may hold himself prepared, like the "chief poet on the Tiber-side," when his time shall come, to rise from the feast with a smile, and unregretful; but none can, while himself in full possession of the enjoyment of living, read stolidly a tale of brave young Barmecides at life's feast. Even the cynic, with words ready-winged to show that this banquet were after all sweeter untasted, has no heart to speak hereanent, unless it be a "Ducdame" which points the finger to the generous fool in his own breast. A battle-field cemetery, stiffly horrid with its rows of little stones,

ten thousand, fifteen thousand, twenty thousand—our land holds these dreadful planted grounds!—tells mainly of the waste of life, against which the heart protests in wrathful sorrow; but those soberly set tablets in Memorial Hall, austerely instructive, each giving only name and year and fatal battle, convey somehow, with their message, a reason for the outpouring of life, a hint of compensating values. One has the Latin poet's glimpse of "Valor opening for those who deserved not death the forbidden way through the Heavens." It is discernible that a fiery choice was made. To have chosen the hard lot and resolutely to have abided by the decision, even to death—such is the glory revealed in these monuments, and such consecration later years give to both sides of these bloody crises. The poet Aeschylus, sailor-soldier of Salamis, hinted in one of his tragedies Persia's side of the story; the Greek Euripides, no less than the Italian Vergil, gave the anti-Greek view of Troy's fall; and the grandson of the hottest abolitionist of Boston town thrills to the window in a church in Richmond in honor of the man "who counted it nothing to be reckoned the son of Pharaoh's daughter, but chose rather to be numbered with his own people." Harvard wrote her epitaphs in simple English, but, for the adorning scrolls on the walls above the tablets, she selected the majestic language of academic learning, as if to say that when she gave her praise, she must speak in Latin. She commends in Cicero's and Horace's echoes of the Greek Anthology.

To assert the popular antithesis between Christian and pagan philosophy regarding war in such a way as to suggest that pagan folk thought with no compunction of the havoc of armed conflict, would display ignorance of some of the noblest passages in the older literature of Europe. The Christian, on the one hand, devised a way of accommodating his theories of non-resistance to his spirit of patriotism, and the Greek, on the other, despite his readiness to maintain that martial discipline was a suitable training for manhood, was not without eloquent words in scathing arraignment of war.

One might read certain memorable lines from Euripides, which the English poet, Gilbert Murray, thus translates:

> Oh, it were well
> The death men shout for could stand visible
> Above the urns! And never Greece had reeled

Blood-red to ruin o'er many a stricken field.
Great Heaven, set both out plain and all can tell
The False word from the True, and Ill from Well,
And how much Peace is better! Dear is Peace
To every Muse; she walks her ways and sees
No haunting spirit of Judgment. Glad is she
With noise of happy children, running free
With corn and oil. And we, so vile we are,
Forget, and cast her off, and call for War,
City on city, man on man, to break
Weak things to obey us for our greatness' sake!

The Greek felt keenly, as his expression of self in the arts testifies, the sadness of the world, the bite of life's irony. Whither the paths of glory lead, he knew as well as the English elegist, and he declared his thought. But it was always his counsel to be gallant, self-poised, controlled by reason.

We are heirs of it all, as much as the wreck of the past has left,—Hellenism, the Old Testament and the New, the Roman pride, feudalism, chivalry, dim barbaric memories of Britain, or Norway, or Italy, or wild Teutonic forests,—and how shall we in our generation walk with clear-seeing eyes, assured that we choose wisely in all things? We glow to the quietest heroism of Socrates, Christ, and all the martyrs, but also to the courage of the Lion-Hearted, of Nelson, Washington, Stonewall Jackson, and the rest. We shrink from the word-picture of a modern battle, with its unsparing insistence on the manifold horror of efficiently wrought carnage; we are likewise revolted by the grim vignette of the peaceful room of telephone and telegraph, some fifteen miles or more from the front, where the general and his staff eagerly direct the distant, bloody chess-game; and yet we are atune to the old romances of knighthood and to modern calls of the wild. What man shall analyze his own heart? There are voices within pleading at the same time for war and for peace. The advocacy of the latter is not based solely on Christian brotherly kindness, but with it are tones also of ignoble self-interest and cowardice, while, in behalf of the former, much that is finest in a man may cry, as well as all that is brutal. Christ Himself, in words of brooding sadness, divining the strivings that must later be even as to what men were to believe of Him, announced that He was come, not to send peace, but a sword. And the "working Christian" in this civilization, when Christians

do not as a rule walk the two weary miles along the post-road instead of the one harshly required, or abstain from all legal action, yielding more even than the oppressor asked, or sell all that they have and give to the poor, must not of necessity accuse himself of having denied all Christianity, or having played a hypocrite's part, because, among the wrongs that one nation may do another, he sees some most blackly wrong which call for vengeance, and because he has set amid things admirable and holy the citizen's valiant deed in defense of the national honor.

For our own United States in this grave time, here are quickening words, from Greek poetry again. They come from that comparatively little-known drama of Euripides quoted above, *The Suppliants,* and they are translated by Gilbert Murray. They are spoken to Theseus, the legendary hero of Athens, by his mother:

> Thou shalt not suffer it, thou being my child!
> Thou hast heard men scorn thy city, call her wild
> Of counsel, mad; thou hast seen the fire of morn
> Flash from her eyes in answer to their scorn!
> Come toil on toil, 'tis this that makes her grand,
> Peril on peril! And common states that stand
> In caution, twilight cities, dimly wise—
> Ye know them; for no light is in their eyes!
> Go forth, my son, and help.—My fear is fled
> Now. Women in sorrow call thee and men dead.

FLORENCE MARY BENNETT.

BOHEMIA—THE SUBMERGED FRONT

BY STEPHEN BONSAL

When in 1908 Austria-Hungary made a scrap of paper out of the Treaty of Berlin and annexed Bosnia-Herzegovina against the protest of its inhabitants the great initial wrong was perpetrated. It is by studying the brutal situation thus created that we uncover the immediate sources of the great conflict and, what is more helpful, we acquire light as to possible settlements and certainly some guidance as to those which are clearly impossible. No settlement is to be thought of unless it removes all the causes and even the possible pretexts of a renewal of the struggle, at least all which are now visible. We must not only build up and energize the solemn agreements which covered the neutrality of Belgium, we must not only right the wrongs of the Poles and of the Irish, and the never-to-be-minimized wrongs of the Alsatians, but we must do justice to the Bohemians, who have fought and died for their rights without ceasing and without unseemly parley or compromise ever since the day now nearly three hundred years ago, when they were cheated out of them.

How serious is the danger and how near to the main question comes this lightly regarded side issue involving the future of Bohemia, is clearly demonstrated today by the fact that the only settlement of the Great War which now suggests itself as at all possible in Berlin and Vienna (and here at least not very enthusiastically) is the contriving of a Middle European Confederation with hegemony in Berlin, and founded upon the continued political and economic subjection of twelve million men who have fought as valiantly and whose rights and charters, long trodden underfoot, are as beyond question as are those of any of the other oppressed nationalities, with the details of whose fate, however, we of the western world are more familiar.

The lands of the ancient Bohemian crown occupy the northwest corner of Austria. Bohemia proper is over twenty thousand square miles in extent, with 7,000,000 inhabitants. To the east lies the Margravate of Moravia, with 8,500 square miles, and with about two and a half million inhabitants. Adjoining lies the duchy of Silesia, 2,000 square miles in extent, and a million inhabitants, overwhelmingly Bohemian in blood, tradition, language and aspirations. It is not a new thing that this harassed people should stand in the way of German expansion to the east, as they are doing today. For more than a thousand years their lands have been a bone of contention between Slav and Teuton. Since early in the fifth century, when the Bohemian kingdom was most probably established, hardly a generation has passed but that their national existence has been endangered and their homes given over to fire and sword at the hands of the German invaders. At the end of the Thirty Years' War, Bohemia was spoken of as a well-nigh uninhabited wilderness, and its revival from this low ebb to their present position of power is an indication of the vitality of a noble race.

It was in 1526 that the Czechs made their never-sufficiently-to-be-deplored blunder of electing the reigning Hapsburg of the day to be king of Bohemia. In 1618 the people revolted, but two years later, meeting with a decisive defeat at the battle on the White Mountain, they lost their independence. Since then, Bohemia has been governed as a conquered province and the authorities in Vienna have made but little concealment of their purpose to root out the Bohemian language and to settle the country with German colonies wherever possible.

In the very early days of the reign of Francis Joseph the Czechs of the crownlands formulated their demands, of which they had not abated one jot through nearly three hundred years of persecution; they insisted not only upon their rights to live as free individuals, but as a free people. Unfortunately, the young emperor decided that they must become Germans. This unsolved question, and one that is insoluble except in the right way, has been a thorn in the side of the Austrian Emperor ever since. The Bohemians have always been opposed to the Triple Alliance and to those close, almost vassal-like relations with Germany, which the Austrian-Germans and the Magyars for obviously selfish reasons favored. Nowhere was the full significance of the

great war more promptly appreciated than it was in Prague. Here the people knew it meant an attempt to enforce German supremacy in Europe if not in the whole world, and they also appreciated the full danger even of German failure if it brought about the compromise, which is now being subtly advanced, of a Middle European Empire, which meant for the Bohemians the loss of the little freedom they then enjoyed.

The destruction of Bohemian independence after the battle of the White Mountain was an illegal act never acquiesced in and simply carried out by the overwhelming weight of numbers. And so naturally enough today, the Bohemians are basing their demands for self-government and independence not merely upon the abstract right of all men to these precious things, but upon laws and covenants which have never been repealed or abrogated with their consent. Under the Austrian constitution of later years all nationalities were declared equal before the law and the throne. But this provision meant little, and by the *Ausgleich* of 1867, by which the Germans and the Magyars secured absolute dual control, it came to mean nothing at all.

A very few days before the outbreak of the Great War the last measure of Bohemian autonomy was destroyed. By one sweep of the pen the Emperor dissolved the so-called Council of the Kingdom, and subsequently an imperial commission was created to govern Bohemia. The members of this body, called upon to exercise autocratic powers, were aliens and outlanders in spirit or by heredity and generally in both.

One feels drawn towards the Bohemians for their idealistic point of view. They are perfectly familiar with the economic wrongs and the exactions which their country has suffered at the hands of the Austrians, but always subordinate these injuries to the threatened loss of the language and the nationality which they hold so dear. Again, one is struck by the enthusiastic loyalty of all Bohemians in this country to America and to American ideals. There are more than sixty Bohemian newspapers published among us, and for years past each one of them has carried in every issue a call upon all their readers to secure American citizenship as quickly as possible, and this they have done almost without exception.

It is, of course, the question of language and of nation-

ality upon which the Bohemians and the Slovaks, be it said to their credit, will admit of no compromise. How often I have heard them say in their meetings, both here and in their native land: "Yes, we have put up for centuries with unfair taxation which has taken away our lands and robbed us of our goods. We have given up our sons to fill their armies because we had no arms with which to resist and because we were always promised that they would not be used in a war or in a cause in which we did not believe. But our language, the words that we learned in childhood, which we drank in with our mothers' milk, which binds us for time and eternity to all we cherish and prize; no, you shall not take our language away; you shall not choke the expression of our souls."

At the outbreak of the war Bohemians were paying more than four hundred million crowns annually in taxes to Austria. The imposition of the war taxes has, of course, increased this tribute very largely. All, or very nearly all, this money is staying in Vienna and is used, in so far as it is used at all for purposes that can be named and recorded, to develop the Austrian Alpine lands which are largely unproductive. And in the meantime the clearest and most elementary needs of Bohemia are ignored or neglected. If they wish to have anything done, the unfortunate Bohemians needs must go down into their pockets and pay for the desired improvement with personal contributions. And still, in spite of all this unfair treatment, the Bohemians stand at the head of all the Austrian nationalities in the matter of education. Less than four per cent of their people are illiterate, while among the Magyars, who dominate the situation, and help to misrule them, the ratio of illiteracy reaches nearly forty per cent.

It is impossible to estimate even roughly the millions of crowns that this unfortunate people have been compelled to spend every year in private schools, by means of which they have sought and have succeeded in preserving their Bohemian children from Germanization.

I spent a week in Bohemia in 1915, and I think I came away from there with my saddest memories of the great catastrophe. Here indeed lies prostrate in stark misery a mourning nation. Her sons are scattered or dead, their leaders are in prison or in exile; her daughters mourn by the side of the freshly-turned graves. In Prague still stands

the Hradcany, the great castle of storied memories, but here today it houses the Magyar soldiers, and the great battlements which more than once proved the bulwark of Bohemian liberties, listen to the strange, unintelligible words that fall from the lips of the foreign soldiery. It seemed to me that the Hapsburgs do not trust even the Magyar overmuch. At guard-mount on this historic site every day at noon a thousand men would turn out, but not one in ten carried a rifle. Are they short of rifles or is it found that here, too, the Slovak spirit has crept in? To this and many other inquiries are found any but satisfying replies. Prague is a mourning city and a whispering gallery of most uncertain and intangible rumor.

The draft goes on automatically as ever in Bohemia, resulting here and there in blood-curdling massacres of unarmed men, women and children. It requires the presence here on the submerged front of such a large body of alien troops who, now that the pinch of the wasting war is being felt, could be utilized to such advantage in other quarters, that the *Statthalter* is reported to have expressed the opinion to Vienna that the draft gain was not worth the cost, especially in view of the fact that every recruit deserts to the enemy and joins his true colors on the Russian front whenever the bare possibility of doing so is presented. The whole land is garrisoned by Magyar and German soldiers and, latterly, detachments of the *Landwehr* from Prussia have been brought in to garrison practically all the Bohemian cities and towns. These men, together with the Magyars, as much by petty persecutions as by their cold-blooded murders have made themselves particularly obnoxious to the unarmed population; but as all men capable of bearing arms between the ages of eighteen and fifty-five are drafted to the front, there would seem at the present moment little chance of, and no utility at all in, an uprising.

Dr. Kramarzh, of the Austrian Parliament, the well-known historian and publicist, is still in jail at hard labor, his death sentence—on charges which were never made known to himself or to the world—having been commuted to fifteen years' imprisonment. Because news of the illegality of his trial excited deep and widespread indignation, the Austrian authorities have latterly favored drumhead court-martials, which leave no substantial record upon which an appeal to civilization and humanity can be based. Indeed,

since the Kramarzh case there has been only one large trial for treason. In this, six Bohemian bank managers are in jail undergoing preliminary investigation. They are charged with treason on the ground that they discouraged subscriptions to the war loans. Dr. Soukup, the most prominent Socialist deputy from Bohemia, has also been arrested, charged with treason. But as there was not a tittle of evidence against him, he was drafted into the army and sent to the front. This, it may be said without exaggeration, has been the fate, regardless of their age, or of their physical infirmities, of all the leading men in what the Austrians regard as the disaffected districts. In this way thousands have been killed at the front who never would have been sent there had it not been planned to put them out of the way in this expeditious and economical manner. But their spirit goes marching on. The severest penalties are being exacted of men who are charged with having surrendered to the Russians, whatever the circumstances attending the surrender may have been. Decrees of confiscation against the property of these men have been entered and their families, deprived of all means of livelihood, are turned out in the streets to beg. A great number of the minor political prisoners are reported from time to time in the German papers as having ended their own lives in prison. There is only too much reason to believe, from information that leaks through the news barriers, that these men died of hunger and of other forms of ill-treatment.

It is difficult to keep track of the scattered Bohemian military units, as the Austrian authorities throw into prison and confiscate all the property and the lands of the families involved, to the most remote degree of kinship. These men are fighting and dying anonymously in so far as this is possible. With the Russian army the Bohemian contingent is represented by at least two full divisions amounting to something over forty thousand men. These figures are at least four months old and there are undoubtedly now many more Bohemians in the army of the Russian Republic, as, whether from mere stupidity or with design, the old autocratic régime placed many obstacles in the way of the Bohemian recruit.

In the reconstituted Serbian army there are a very large number of Bohemians, many of them reserve officers who have been placed in command of the decimated Serbian

detachments. In the Serbian division that fought with the Russian army in Bessarabia it is of record that there were nearly two hundred Bohemian officers and about three thousand privates. In France the Bohemians form several battalions of the French Foreign Legion, and with these daredevils they have carried the Bohemian lion-flag well to the front. There are many Bohemian volunteers with the Allies in Macedonia and several of the Canadian battalions, notably the 223rd and the 225th, are filled with them. These volunteers came largely from the United States, as there are few Bohemians in Canada, and the fact that they are permitted to carry along with the British colors the white and red flag of Bohemia has exerted a tremendous influence upon enlistments. As they sailed for their unknown destination, but surely "somewhere in France," large committees of their fellow citiens from Illinois and Iowa saw them off and received their solemn promise to carry the Bohemian flag in all honor until they planted it upon the topmost peak of the Hradcany Castle in Prague.

Since our entrance into the war the Bohemians and the Slovaks have gone very intelligently and industriously to work to furnish the United States military forces with as large a quota of men as possible, without awaiting the operation of the selective draft.

Even a civilian can understand the inconveniences and the paper-work difficulties which would result from a compliance with the very natural requests of the Bohemians to serve and fight shoulder to shoulder as a distinctive unit. Perhaps a way will yet be found to gratify them and to give a still greater impetus to their recruiting, as the capacity to fashion special weapons to secure special ends is always the forerunner of success in peace or in war. Even under the present system enthusiastic recruits are coming in. From Chicago quite recently four hundred and fifty Americans of Bohemian antecedents were transferred to Jefferson Barracks in a body. In these circumstances Captain Kenney, U. S. A., to whose intelligent efforts is due in no small measure the high recruiting record of Illinois, has been able to write as follows to Dr. Smetanka, Secretary of the Joint Recruiting Committee of the Bohemian National Alliance and of the Athletic Sokols: "The response your people have made to my appeal for fighting men has been extremely gratifying. I gladly bear witness to the fact that no class of

Americans has come forward to defend their country in time of war with better spirit than Americans of Bohemian birth and descent."

This is not saying that with a different policy better results could not be obtained. Men who have been fighting for more than three centuries for the ideals which, at least in a world sense, we have only so recently espoused are entitled to fight under the colors their fathers have placed so high. If such a generous and elastic policy could be adopted, a great many men would be reached who are not being reached now. Among the many fractions of the six hundred thousand Bohemians in this country, who will not be affected by the selective draft, there are thousands of trained soldiers who have served three years in the Bohemian infantry, which are the smartest regiments of this arm in the Austrian army. Many of them came out of the service as " non coms " and not a few as reserve officers. With a little limbering and brushing up this class of men could furnish several thousand excellent drill sergeants, and this, I take it, is the greatest need of our army at this moment.

I have the utmost confidence that this question of the Bohemian volunteers will be solved in the way that will prove the best for all concerned. If I should make a plea for exceptional treatment and special units for the Bohemians, it would be on the ground that among large classes of our people there is greatly lacking an appreciation of the spiritual kinship that has existed between our races since the days of Wycliffe and Huss. To men of their past and of their aspirations, it is very annoying to be regarded by some as non-conforming Germans and by others as a race of sedentary Gypsies.

The formal demands of the Czechs and the Slovaks are contained in the authoritative statement which was issued in Paris in September, 1915, by their joint national council. They demanded an independent Czecho-Slovak state, and an explicit approval and sanction of this demand was incorporated in the reply of the Entente Allies to the German request for possible peace terms which were secured through President Wilson's greatly misunderstood good offices. In a word, then, every member of the Entente Alliance at that time joined in a formal demand for the liberation of Czecho-Slovaks from foreign domination. Since our entrance into the war there has been no public expression of opinion, much

less any formal statement from official quarters on this phase of the situation, which is not only of great concern to our fellow citizens of Slavic tradition but which has such a vital bearing on the question of whether the next peace congress is to build on the fundaments of justice and honor, or whether, again, the ideals of an awakened humanity are to be submerged in the archeology of the hazy diplomatic past. Should this happen, and only if this should happen, will the Middle-European empire be constituted.

The Slavs in America believe that their cause has the overwhelming support of their fellow-citizens, they have no fear of what the outcome will be, nor yet that their interests, so bound up with and inseparable from the peace of the world, shall be neglected.

There exists such complete confidence and trust between the Czechs and the Slovaks, brothers in blood and holders of the same high ideals, that the task of working out the details of their future common state, for the present left undiscussed, would seem to present no insuperable difficulties. A general understanding between them undoubtedly exists, to the effect that when the opportune moment comes the Slovaks will state what guarantees of self-government they may deem adequate, and that the Bohemians will agree to them in an unquestioning spirit.

While Russia remained an autocracy it was naturally thought inadvisable by the leaders of the Czecho-Slovak movement to demand that the future state, towards which Russia was contributing so generously and so powerfully, should be a republic. Since the revolution in Russia, however, through their newspapers I notice that the future form of government for which they are working in such a self-sacrificing spirit, is invariably spoken of by the Czechs and the Slovaks as having the republican form. It must not be overlooked, however, that there is nothing authoritative on this question as yet. And it is certain that the joint war council of the two submerged nationalities, which sits permanently in Paris, has not made an official pronouncement on the subject.

As far as my personal intercourse with these leaders extends and permits me to judge of their attitude, I should say that they have at heart, and are seeking, the substance and not the mere shallow forms of free institutions. The great majority of the Czechs and Slovaks undoubtedly dream

of a republic with access to the sea either through the South-Slavic state yet to be erected on the Adriatic, or through the instrumentality of President Wilson's plan whereby under "A right comity of arrangement no nation need be shut away from free access to the open paths of the world's commerce." But if, for international reasons, the Allies should decide in favor of a constitutional monarchy for the reconstituted kingdom of Bohemia, both the Bohemians and the Slovaks will readily acquiesce and give the expedient more than a fair trial. In this connection, it should be noted that Austrian diplomacy has recently revived very ancient subterfuges, and offers of autonomy, after the war, are being dangled in the face of the Bohemians as a bait or a bribe to secure a discontinuance of the present policy by which the Austrian military plans are so frequently obstructed.

It may be said here, and with all emphasis, that these tactics have no chance of success and that the Bohemians are resolved at this late day not to accept autonomy under the Hapsburgs. It may be, of course, that the terrific blows of the last twelve months and the powerless present condition of the Austro-Hungarian empire have not escaped the intelligence of its statesmen. It may be that the handwriting on the Hof-Burg wall is even legible to them. But, generally, it is considered that these proposals are made with the Machiavellian purpose of bringing discord into the councils of the two Slavic nations who are at present working with a common purpose towards a common end. The offer of autonomy, it will be noticed, does not include the Slovaks in northern Hungary. And while autonomy, if real and not merely paper, would mean a great improvement of conditions in Bohemia, to the Slovaks this adjustment, if accepted, would sound the death-knell of even their most moderate hopes.

Stephen Bonsal.

PROBLEMS OF NEGRO EDUCATION

BY J. C. HEMPHILL

THERE are 10,000,000 negroes in the United States, and of these, 8,906,879 live in the sixteen Southern States, the District of Columbia, and Missouri. Of the negroes living in the South, 2,225,000, according to the Census of 1910, can neither read nor write. Thirty-three per cent of the negro population ten years of age and over in the South is illiterate. In South Carolina and Louisiana fifty-five out of every 100 persons are negroes, and in what are known as the " black belt counties " the percentage ranges from fifty to ninety per cent. Three million of the negroes in the South are engaged in agricultural pursuits and form 40.4 per cent of all persons so employed in these States. As farmers, renting and owning land, they cultivate 41,000,000 acres, an area twice the size of the farms of all New England. In fifty years of freedom the percentage of illiteracy among them has decreased from over ninety per cent to about thirty per cent. A quarter of a million of their number own their own farms, the total acreage owned by them aggregating about 20,000,000 acres of fertile soil.

Dr. Thomas Jesse Jones, of the Bureau of Education, has recently completed an exhaustive study of the subject of negro education in the United States. The results of his inquiries, extending over a period of four years, have been assembled in two large volumes so comprehensive in scope and so searching in character that there can be no further cause for misunderstanding the nature of the problem and its vital importance to the State. In this work many of the ablest educators of the North and South assisted so that the conclusions reached may be commended to the acceptance of thoughtful folk whatever their preconceived theory or natural prejudice. The distinctive merit of the study is to be found in its wholly unpartisan character. It

was undertaken not to establish the racial inferiority of the negro but rather to impress the white people with the weight of the burden resting upon them and to suggest that by means of well-ordered educational effort the load may be made easier to bear.

A very large sum of money has been contributed for the establishment and support of colored schools in the South by denominational and private educational boards and by individuals who know little about the conditions that are to be met and the worthiness of the objects for which their gifts have been made. It is estimated that fully $3,000,000 is given annually for this purpose, and the accumulation of these gifts is valued in the aggregate, in plant and endowment, at $28,496,946. The founders or presidents of some of the institutions for which the contributions have been made, and which examination has proved to be unworthy of support, have played upon philanthropic generosity without aiding in any substantial way the true end of education. The promoters of fake schools have found the grazing very good in Northern pastures.

There is a disposition on the part of colored exploiters to run to institutions of high-sounding names and large prospectuses. " Colleges " and " Universities " are a common embarrassment, and contribute greatly to neglect of the rudiments and practical training for real men. This was the danger that Booker Washington—the wisest and best man of his race this country has ever known—feared and opposed throughout his useful life—this and the equally disturbing factor of liberal-minded theorists trying to " run all people through a certain educational mould, regardless of the condition of the subject or the end to be accomplished "; trying " to use, with these simple people just freed from slavery and with no past, no inherited traditions of learning, the same methods of education which they have used in New England, with all its inherited traditions and desires."

The education of the negro involves a great deal more than training him to read and write—" it involves," in fact, as this study clearly proves, " the adjustment of that group to the economical, civic and spiritual possibilities of a democracy." Such adjustment cannot be made without the active and sympathetic co-operation of the white people—not the white people situated a thousand miles from the field to be

cultivated and in a wholly unnatural environment, but the white people of the South among whom four-fifths of the total negro population of the country live, move, and have their being. One of the conclusions of the present study, that "increasing responsibility of the negroes for their own education is one of the hopeful signs in the progress of the race," is modified by the statement subsequently made that the general substitution of colored teachers for white in the colored schools would "complete the segregation of the negro from the aid, influence and standards of white people," standards which the negroes must approach unto if they are to be made more desirable neighbors and effective workers for themselves. This conclusion, indeed, is further modified by the "emphatic conclusion of this study of the actual condition of schools for colored people that sound policy requires white management and white teachers to have some part in the education of the race."

It is said that "the greatest contribution of the North to the education of negroes has been the teachers, wives and daughters of the best families, who have been willing to work in colored schools and to show their colored pupils by precept and example that education is not only head knowledge, but the formation of habits that guarantee such fundamental virtues as cleanliness, thoroughness, perseverance, honesty, and the essential elements of family life." In a broad sense this is true; but it is not true in fact for the reason that the devoted wives and daughters of the best families in the North who have engaged in teaching negroes in the South have, unconsciously perhaps, too frequently taught them out of their environment and without due regard to the interests, sentiments, prejudices, call it what you please, of the white people among whom they live. Conditions, fortunately, have changed for the better in recent years so that there is now sincere co-operation among the teachers of both sections in this great work. The Northern teachers, notwithstanding they have taken up their task in true missionary spirit, at times have ill concealed their superiority to the pupils under their tuition, and the true Southern negro, strange as it may seem to the uninitiated, is unwilling to admit the superiority of any white people except those among whom he has lived and whose provinciality, let it be styled, he has absorbed.

General Armstrong, founder of Hampton Institute and

pioneer in the work of negro education, discovered fifty years ago that the education needed by these people should aim at the formation of good habits and sound principles, industry and thrift, and, above all things, " intelligent practice and self-restraint "; because upon the development of these attributes depends the moral character of the people.

After making a close study of the condition of the negro in every part of this country, Booker Washington said " without hesitation ", that, " with some exceptional cases, the negro is at his best in the Southern States "; that " while he enjoys certain privileges in the North that he does not have in the South, when it comes to the matter of securing property, enjoying business opportunities and employment, the South presents a far better opportunity than the North." Washington sought to " impress upon the negro the importance of identifying himself more closely with the interests of the South," and of making himself through proper training a steadily expanding economic force in the community. In his opinion, it was necessary " to demonstrate to the white man in the South that education does not ' spoil ' the negro," and to the negro that " education, far from being a means of escaping labor, is a means of dignifying labor and thus indirectly the means of dignifying the common and ordinary man."

During the days of slavery the most valuable negro on the plantation was the educated negro, the trained man who was carpenter, brickmason, blacksmith or farmer, and his efficiency was in no sense impaired if he happened to know how to read and write. For example, George Grier, of Due West, was all the more valuable as a carpenter to his master and to the community in which he lived because he could " read, write and cipher," could draw the plans for a house, calculate its cost and superintend its construction, and on the Sabbath Day could discuss intelligently with one of the theological professors various expositions of doubtful passages in the Holy Scriptures. The Adgers of Charleston helped immensely in making the negroes of that town the best of their race by establishing and supporting in the most liberal way the Mount Zion Presbyterian Church for their instruction in righteousness while yet they were slaves. The better white people of the South know and appreciate the importance of making their colored neighbors more efficient for the service which they perform.

If the educated, or trained, negro was the most valuable for service and property during slavery, would not the negro as a freeman be the more valuable citizen were he educated? Under the old dispensation a sort of indefinable free masonry obtained between the races in the South, that "better understanding" of which unbaked theorists have written so ignorantly, and the full restoration of which would inure to the advantage of both races. The Southern white man and the Southern negro understood each other in the old days, and despite the severe mutations of time and the radical change in relation they still know and respect each other.

It is becoming more and more obvious to thoughtful men of both races that the vital problem of the South is almost wholly economic; that the negro in the South is in no large sense a political factor but an economic unit whose full efficiency can be secured only by education. In the development of the present study the Bureau of Education received much encouragement and assistance from a number of earnest workers in Southern white colleges. As indicative of the new attitude towards negro education it is worth noting that the Southern University Race Commission, composed wholly of Southern white men, has urged the better education of the Southern negro on the ground that "inadequate provision for the education of the negro is more than an injustice to him—it is an injury to the white man"; that "the South cannot realize its destiny if one-third of its population is undeveloped and inefficient"; that "initial steps for increasing the efficiency and usefulness of the negro must necessarily be taken in the school room," and that "more and better schools with better trained and better paid teachers, more adequate supervision, and longer terms are needed for the blacks as well as the whites."

In a special sense the problem of negro education is a Southern problem, but in the larger sense it is a National problem in the settlement of which the North must feel its responsibility, a responsibility that can be fairly met only after a thorough understanding of actual conditions. Northern philanthropists have been liberal in their contributions of money, and almost lavish in counsel; but in the beginning there appeared to be so much of partisan enthusiasm in their efforts and such determination on the part of some of the leaders to disregard racial prejudices of a social sort

that their efforts excited antagonism among the native white people instead of stirring the spirit of co-operation among them so essential to the largest success of their friendly disposition. As the work has developed, however, a better understanding has been reached, so that the Northern giver of gifts no longer misinterprets the true spirit of the South and the Southern white man is disinclined to doubt the good intentions of the outsiders who, in the main, have only the substantial welfare of the negro at heart. "All the available facts indicate that the financial aid of the North will be needed for some decades to come," in the opinion of Dr. Jones and his collaborators in the preparation of this monumental work.

The facts show that "negro schools in the aggregate undoubtedly form the most impoverished group of educational institutions in the United States." The per capita public school expenditures for white children in the Southern States is four and five times that for the negroes, but it is not more than half the per capita for white children in the Northern States. This is due largely, of course, to the relative wealth of the two parts of the country. Dividing the amount of the total salaries paid the teachers in the South by the number of children from six to fourteen years of age, the per capita expenditure for school purposes in the South is $10.32 for each white child and $2.89 for each colored child, an amount altogether inadequate in both cases. The per capita expenditures vary in different States. "In the border States where the proportion of negroes is relatively small, the per capita for negroes is higher than in the other States." In counties seventy-five per cent negro, the per capita was found to be $22.22 for each white child and $1.78 for each colored child. "The per capita sums for white children decrease as those for colored children increase, with considerable regularity, as the proportion of negroes becomes smaller." In other words, where the need is greatest, the means is smallest. This is a condition that might well excite the attention of those who would increase the efficiency of the negro as an economical factor by enlarging his intelligence.

"Inadequacy and poverty are the outstanding characteristics of every type and grade of education for negroes in the United States." In general, the types and grades are not adapted to the industrial spirit of the age or the

necessities of the negroes, who are inclined to run to literary rather than practical courses. They need educated men of their own race in the so-called learned professions—physicians, teachers, preachers; but they need most of all men trained in the industrial arts—farmers, mechanics, business men. They need elementary schools, on which the Southern States are now spending "the substantial sum" of about $6,000,000 annually; secondary schools largely for the training of teachers in the elementary grades, "a few well selected institutions" of college grade for the training of doctors and ministers; but above all, they need agricultural schools for their education in the industries, and particularly in agriculture, in which pursuit the majority of their number is engaged. The value of the farms operated by negroes in the Southern States is set down as $1,104,496,687, of which they own an interest of $346,829,358. In recent years the number of negroes employed in agriculture has greatly increased. The increase in the State of Florida in the last census decade was 63.5 per cent and in the State of Georgia 47.9 per cent.

Some impressive figures are given of the number of negroes employed in agricultural work in the States covered by this study, which show their relation to this special industry in respect of numbers and the miserable pittance expended upon their education. For example, the record reads in the States named as follows:

	Number Negroes in agriculture	Number Negro children to 14 years of age	Am't paid for salaries of Negro teachers	Annual per capita
Alabama	353,906	208,548	$372,177	$1.78
Georgia	411,086	274,741	483,622	1.76
Louisiana	211,873	161,969	211,376	1.31
Mississippi	472,594	[1]150,758	[1]340,459	[1]2.26
North Carolina	226,525	169,034	340,856	2.02
South Carolina	351,927	212,125	305,084	1.44

[1]51 counties.

The figures carry their own lesson. The greatest efficiency in service could hardly be expected from children for whose education such inadequate provision is made. There are many private schools, a large number of secondary schools, which are supposed to supplement the primary public schools, and academies, colleges and universi-

ties, religious, charitable and experimental, that claim to supply the opportunity for so-called higher education, but of the scores of institutions of the latter class only three or four are performing anything like the service their high claims should warrant. Without sufficient endowment, student body, or really serious purpose, they only serve to confuse the situation, excite contempt, and embarrass serious effort in behalf of the people who need all the help they can get to make them self-respecting and self-supporting members of society. Of the 5,192,535 negro breadwinners in the United States, 2,893,380, or fifty-five per cent, are either farm laborers or farmers, and to make them efficient they must be educated for their vocation. This does not mean, of course, that the negroes should be deprived of the means of higher education, but that the first consideration should be given to their primary schools, the practical rather than the theoretical development of a people who are yet in the infancy of their progress. This is the view of thoughtful men who have studied the problem from all its angles, and the view that will impress favorably even the decreasing number of those who would keep the negroes in ignorance, on the false theory that intelligence is a bar to effective service.

It is recommended that the aid of philanthropy be continued until the South has reached a better economic condition, and that such aid be increased, *pari passu,* as the public school authorities co-operate; that there be increased supervision of the schools so that all educational efforts both public and private be so correlated as to promote efficiency; and that special stress be placed upon the development of character and the fundamental virtues, and the adaptation of education to the needs of the pupils and of their communities.

Much has been done by many organizations, religious, social, and practical, to advance the educational welfare of the negro. The churches and religious societies have been especially active in this work. " Certainly no philanthropic organization has ever surpassed the altruism of the churches in this endeavor." Churches of all names and denominations, black and white, have gone about it in the true missionary spirit. Baptists, North and South, Free Will, Seventh-Day and Christian; Methodists, North and South; Presbyterians, North and South, hymn-singers and psalm-

singers; Episcopalians, Roman Catholics, Unitarians, Congregationalists, Lutherans and Friends have all participated, not always wisely and with due regard to spiritual and sectional prejudices, but always with the very definite purpose in view of extending the benefits of education to the negroes. There are, besides, many Funds and Associations, differing widely in purpose and resources, that are contributing to the work, and among those whose names will be held in lasting remembrance because of what they have done for this cause are Daniel Hand, John F. Slater, Anna T. Jeanes, Caroline Phelps Stokes, Julius Rosenwald. The General Education Board has co-operated in the enterprise, and the Carnegie Foundation has expended more than a quarter of a million dollars in building libraries for the use of colored schools and colleges. In addition, a considerable sum has been spent for the establishment of hospitals and training schools for colored nurses, and a most encouraging impetus has been given to the work for improving the sanitary conditions among the colored people living in the rural districts. This is educational work of the highest and most beneficent sort.

One of the problems which the teachers of the negroes must face is how not to educate them out of their station. "One of the saddest sights I ever saw," says Booker Washington in his book, *The Future of the American Negro,* "was the placing of a $300 rosewood piano in a country school in the South that was located in the midst of the 'Black Belt.' * * * There are numbers of such pianos in thousands of New England homes. But behind the piano in the New England home there are one hundred years of toil, sacrifice, and economy; there is the small manufacturing industry, started several years ago by hand power, now grown into a great business; there is ownership in land, a comfortable home, free from debt, and a bank account. In this 'Black Belt' community where this piano went, four-fifths of the people owned no land, many lived in rented one-room cabins, many were in debt for food supplies, many mortgaged their crops for the food on which to live, and not one had a bank account." The bearings of these observations, of course, are in their application.

The negro problem is one with which the whole country must concern itself, the North not less than the South, because of its enormous wealth and the fact that it had as

much to do (a good deal more, it has been thought by students of the subject) with the establishment of African slavery in America, than the unfortunate holders of these human chattels when the Institution broke down. But the main burden of the negro must rest upon the South. Just in proportion as he is educated for the place he must fill in the economic life of the South will that burden be lightened, and this is the view the most thoughtful and forward-looking men of the South have adopted.

J. C. Hemphill.

THE OPEN VS. THE CLOSED DOOR

BY ERVING WINSLOW

THE hope of mankind will be fulfilled when the Open Door of Free Exchange causes to be forever closed the gaping doors of the Temple of Janus. The policy of Free Trade was originally advocated in France. Early in the seventeenth century "Free Trade" was urged in England by the interests opposed to the legally privileged "trading companies." It became the millennial dream of the English school, led by Cobden and Bright in the Anti-Corn-law agitation, that the destruction of all the tariff barriers to free exchanges between the nations might come to pass and be the means of preserving peace by creating a unity which should go far to perfect human brotherhood. Although the Anti-Corn-Law League of 1838 gave to Europe, and perhaps had at first itself, a narrow and inadequate conception of its natural development, "the abolition of protective duties on food and its shattering of the protective system was, on one side, the beginning of our great modern struggle against class preponderance at home, and on another side, the dawn of higher ideals of civilization all over the world." [1]

As put in practice upon a limited scale, the theory has demonstrated a great local value. The conspicuous instance of course is found in the United States, where the interests of production, manufacturing, and consumption are linked together, without artificial assistance, to the common advantage. "The United States presents the largest example that the world has ever known of the advantages resulting from the freedom of trade among forty-eight communities varying very greatly in conditions of race, religion and education, in the nature of their productions, in the methods of

[1] *The Life of Richard Cobden,* John Morley.

their trade, and in local interests and local prejudices." [1] Who could pretend that any such severally fortunate results could have been attained if tariff lines were established between the States or between a Northern Union and a Southern Confederacy, had the secession thereof been accomplished? Colonial possessions are bound most firmly to the mother country when she keeps open freely the channels of exchange, and the *Zollvereins* of Central Europe have done much to unite otherwise discordant and jealous elements and to strengthen between them a strong political unity. But as between the great nations,—even including France, where Bastiat, trying to reanimate the free trade principles there of early days, had been such an inspiration to the Manchester men,—the propaganda had little success. After 1870, the pressure of France's war debt and the peasant agricultural interests drove her indeed to high protection.

The Free Traders in the United States, the founders of the Reform Club, who inaugurated and carried on to such success the campaign in the United States, did not pre-eminently urge free trade as an international benefit, but pressed the arguments for its importance to the welfare of the rank and file of our own people,—in the vein of the earlier Anti-Corn-law agitators of England. The seed which they planted came to goodly fruition, and though made sterile by the effects of the Civil War, was too deeply planted to perish entirely. Having once tested its promise to themselves, no specious effort can lead astray permanently the masses of our people. They will be found ready to respond to the call to make the fruit perennial for the " healing of the nations." In the present upset of theories, precedents and predictions, effect may well change places with cause—it may come to pass that free trade, whose apostolate failed to prevent war, and thus denied the hopes and predictions of its pious advocates, may find that the conditions ensuing from the greatest of wars will demand the general acceptance of the doctrine which most recent writers assume to be hopelessly left in limbo. There are, of course, many who believe with Professor Jacks that the national spirit, in its selfish intensity,—to which he attributes the inspiration of war,—will be greatly strengthened by the bitterness created in the present struggle. Undoubtedly, such a tendency is almost

[1] *Freedom of Trade:* An address delivered June 29, 1916, at a meeting of the American Free Trade League. George Haven Putnam. *The Forum,* Oct., 1916.

inevitable and it will be perhaps the most obstinate drawback to harmonious adjustments after the war. But it will show itself so plainly as an obstacle to righteous effort that it must attract all men of light and leading for the amelioration of this survival of national antagonism in its baleful expression. When we recall the inversions of national alignments within a life-time: nations allied who were at war, and at war with recent allies, there is good hope, in the patient waiting upon a little time, for the outcome.

Every plan for the organic means of preserving the peace of the world, Leagues and Parliaments, Conferences and Commissions, lies in the creation of an international spirit. They are but the moulds into which it is to be poured, the clay which awaits the hand of the potter. Well indeed it is that serious thought should be given to them, though of secondary importance, by all the nations which will share in the settlements of the peace. Some former reproach for presumption in planning by United States citizens for such settlements, in which "neutrality" could take no part, has now become impertinent. Of course there may be safety as there may be danger in the multitude of counselors. But so long as the propounders of plans do not become obsessed with the details thereof, and "bow down to the work of their own hands," and especially if they do not forget that they are but formulating channels for the flow of the needful tide of internationalism, they are to be welcomed, for digestion and assimilation.

Many extremists will be found at the end of the war to urge tariffs punitive to the conquered peoples and involving special benefits to the victors. Every participating nation will be impelled to seek the most obvious means, rough and ready as it is, for recouping its war expenditures, should ordinary diplomatic methods be employed. In this respect as heretofore principle and ultimate results would affect little the compromises probably resulting from the struggles of selfish interests. The recommendations of the Paris Conference of the "Allied Governments" last summer have aroused us to the possible danger of an adoption of a policy implying and involving a lasting severance between the nations. Its preamble accuses their enemy of an "obvious object of establishing its domination over the markets of the whole world and of imposing on other countries an intolerable yoke," and its challenge is "to secure for themselves and

for the whole of the markets of neutral countries full economic independence." The assumptions and inferences of the Conference have been discussed with ability by a distinguished economic authority, who concludes that for England at least its result would be to enable " Protectionists to reverse the permanent fiscal policy under cover of a war emergency and by the aid of the hot passions and confused judgment which such a situation engenders." [1] A second critic writes:

> Looking at the matter exclusively from the point of view of the victors, whoever they may be, the only wise and far-sighted policy will be that which has ever been the best: to live and let live. Apart from the imposition of just war indemnities nothing durable and advantageous and compatible with subsequent peace could be done beyond imposing upon the vanquished the obligation to abolish or reduce considerably their customs duties, whilst granting them fair reciprocal treatment.[2]

And still another:

> The policy proposed today, grounded as it is on an ideal of perpetual enmity, is theoretically a retroversion beyond the standpoint of the seventeenth century. It has certainly the excuse of an immense iniquity on the part of the enemy State, beside which the atrocities of the seventeenth century bulk small. But it is nevertheless an acceptance of a prospect of eternal and active hatred between two (or more) States, to be established by systematic trade policy. It thus fails to meet any rational conception of wise statesmanship.[3]

In the welter of conflicting interests there is a possibility of such a dilemma as may make it needful to disregard them all and to open a new page for a new world. A conflagration is perhaps less to be deplored when it burns itself out. From the ashes of such a tremendous cataclysm where hardly more than ashes remain, it is no mere rhetorical expression to say that the Phœnix may be hoped to arise. A great adventure may await great men by which national selfishness will be ignored and what is really the largest good to each be attained by securing the largest good to all. The proponents of all the new plans, such as the League to Enforce Peace, the arbitrations of the Hague, and the most promising one of all, and entirely practical,—" International Commissions to regulate economic conditions with the weaker peoples " [4],—all sheer away from Free Trade as a glittering conception of Utopian

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[1] *The New Protectionism*, J. A. Hobson.
[2] Henri Lambert: *Papers for War Time.*
[3] J. M. Robertson: *The Cobden Club*, 1916.
[4] *The Stakes of Diplomacy*, Walter Lippmann.

fancy; yet it would be the backbone of them all. Especially would it give support to work of the selected groups of administrators of those relations between the advanced nations and backward peoples, rich in natural resources, which have been the most fruitful and dangerous causes of dispute between modern nations.

It is unfortunate that the current had set back from many causes, besides the constant influence of groups of capitalists everywhere, and had no longer been steadily flowing towards the open sea, according to the expectations of the Cobden Club in England and our own Reform Club. David A. Wells, Everett P. Wheeler, George Haven Putnam and their associates led a host so successfully in the United States that the victory which perched on their banners seemed likely to extend by example and influence beyond the country's limits, and a great President was their not-to-be-forgotten leader. Yet though McKinley and Dingley in the United States and Joseph Chamberlain in England betrayed the principles of the earlier men of light and leading, and the sow that had been washed was again wallowing in the mire, there remained that comfortable thought which prevents despair: "the dark hour precedes the dawn." Altogether, apart from the present crisis, its warnings and its probable consequences, the lesson (emphasized in the Morocco affair) was impressing itself. This seems to be unquestionably the surrender to temptation by capital in its essential selfishness, a kind of economic pressure to exploit without regard to the interests and welfare of their inhabitants, those feeble countries, rich in natural productions or containing numbers of customers for the manufactures of the great and powerful nations. If these weak countries are tropical ones and unsuited for residence of the alien, there is the likelihood of the absentee owner's conduct of his affairs, through representatives, making helots of the original possessors whose labor is required for their development. Always it has been found that the establishment of trading and producing foreign agencies, not willing to accept the great incidental risks with the large probable gain, demand home protection which results in political intrusions and conflicts. It must be granted that premature and hot-headed missionary enterprises have also created and promoted similarly serious embarrassments *per se,* or as complicated with property questions.

There does exist this real opposition between trading and financial groups and syndicates within the several nations, which by impudent misuse of language and of politics usurp the title of their respective states. So France, Great Britain, Germany, America, and Japan may easily be represented as opposed to one another, in their national capacity, in a contest for trade and concessions in China, when the truth is that some tiny little knot of pushful merchants or bankers in each country, with or without the assistance of their Foreign Offices, are the actual contestants.[1]

The incentive which moves these little knots is, of course, inspired by "protected" interests, which, being "open," would no longer create a similar cause of national jealousy nor furnish such a motive for conflict.

Tariffs at any time are the enemies of peace and good will among the nations, but this is more especially true of those aimed at securing a preference for the Mother Country in the less developed portions of the earth. They are rightly felt to be particularly unjust. From the days when Spain and Portugal endeavored to make for themselves a monopoly of the New World and of the East Indian trade, they have been one of the most fruitful means of international jealousy and war.[2]

Far from being a remote and impossible remedy, it may well be that the doctrine of free trade may force itself upon the great after-the-war council as the one solvent for the situation—to change the metaphor, as the one possible release by a bold severance of the Gordian knot which will present itself when it will be necessary to secure the feebler races from capture, either openly or as acknowledged "spheres of influence."

It is to be noted that since the Paris Conference, the warning sounded thereby has had its effect, not only among the allied nations, but within Germany itself, the former citadel of prohibitory tariff. It has become clear that the wisdom of her distinguished "Dutch neighbor" has penetrated Germany when he says, "Common sense and knowledge of history teach us that without this 'open door' there is not the slightest chance of a world-peace. The outlook for trade after the war is such that it will offer strong inducements for free trade to each nation that wants to compete in the world's market."[3]

Appreciating that the Opulence of England has been her Defense, despite the attribution of Adam Smith, acquired by her long accumulations through the Free Trade period, the German economists are looking forward to the permanent

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[1] *The New Protectionism*, J. A. Hobson.
[2] *The Imperial Preference Report*, The Cobden Club, 1917.
[3] L. Simons: *The Atlantic Monthly*, August, 1917.

advantage which she may derive from throwing down her own protective walls, should the new allied nations, in a short-sighted spirit, build them up against her, and perhaps the present neutrals. In France there are signs that the pendulum is swinging back again, and that a return to the ancient faith may find powerful advocates to persuade her to leave the idol worship of recent years. "*La Ligue du Libre Échange,*" M. Ives Guyot, President, was founded in 1911, with the following programme:

To prevent any increase in established duties and any unjust interpretation of existing statutes which would render their burden heavier; to obtain the negotiation of treaties for long periods so as to prevent tariff war among the nations, and to insure stability of industry and commerce, and to make sure that these treaties should forbid any increase, while permitting decrease in tariff rates.

A Manifesto of the league, which has recently been received, thus propounds and answers the question: "Has the war invalidated the position taken by the league at its foundation?:"

The Entente Allies have threatened to defend themselves against "dumping" by establishing regulations for a long period, prohibitory to the commerce of the enemy nations. Observe that the catastrophe of 1914 was the condemnation of the aggressive protection of the German empire. Nevertheless, those groups among the Entente Allies, who are embittered against the Germans, their ideals and their acts, propose to copy them and by singular logic would establish as an infallible panacea the system from which they have claimed to free the world. The true lesson is entirely different. If the war has created new national sentiments among the people who have been attacked, it should lead to a fusion of these sentiments and interests—in an unforeseen international solidarity.

Our conclusions are: Free trade is a necessity as much for the enemy as for our allies; to impose free trade on the enemy is the most effectual means to prevent "dumping." We shall demand a war indemnity from Germany and Austria-Hungary. The payment will be so much less difficult as the increase of their exportations becomes greater. The only way for the Entente Allies to suppress those antagonisms and economic rivalries among themselves, which the Germans and Austria-Hungarians are sure to endeavor to stir up in order to weaken their power, is to repudiate their protection theories in favor of absolute, established free trade.

In the United States we shall have a strong support for the opening door in spite of the short-sighted efforts of those who look for relief from the burden of national debt to indirect taxation, and run to the tariff as the easy and natural remedy. All peace organizations will surely revert to the

principles of the great English exponents of reform. What Cobden wrote in 1822 is just as true today: "Peace Societies, however laudable, can never be successful so long as the nations maintain their present policy of isolation. Free trade, by perfecting the intercourse and securing the dependence of countries one upon another, must inevitably snatch the power from Governments to plunge their people into war.[1]

There is much hope from the counsels of our Tariff Commission since its chairman, Prof. Taussig, reiterated these sentiments (written a few years ago), just before his acceptance of that appointment:

> The fundamental principle of free trade has been little shaken by all the discussion and all the untoward events of the past half-century. . . . The essence of the doctrine of free trade is that prima facie international trade brings a gain, and that restrictions on it presumably bring a loss. Departures from this principle, though by no means impossible of justification, need to prove their case; and if made in view of the pressure of opposing principles, they are matter for regret. In this sense, the doctrine of free trade, however widely rejected in the world of politics, holds its own in the sphere of intellect.
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> Beside the expression of a really progressive spirit by the Tariff Commission in general, may it not be hoped that a return will be counselled to the principles declared in the preliminaries of the Treaty of Peace with Spain wherein it was asserted that "we retained the Philippines as a guarantee for the maintenance of the Open Door to international commerce in the Far East, while we afterwards proceeded to close the door to the trade of other nations with the Philippines"?

The great historical lesson of the war if righteously ended may be this: The full time had come when, the world being partitioned off, it was necessary for a co-ordination of power, a law and principle of control. Germany, recognizing the ideal but possessed with conceit and ambition, attempted to seize this control, believing itself the divinely appointed world administrator of *Kultur*. In her failure, sooner or later, she must be brought to recognize that the end to be attained was to be reached through no such seizure but by the international agreement of all countries, democratically representing their people. No pseudo Phœbus can drive the mighty chariot.

Not only can we look to the appeasement of the troubles among what we call the civilized races,—the white men,—by free exchanges, but the dark-skinned, the yellow, and the

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[1] *The Life of Richard Cobden*, John Morley.

black, now under " tutelage ", will be knit to us in a manner to minimize the difficulties which are predicted by pessimists to be the gravest yet experienced by humanity. Confinement to the " over-lord " by tariff conditions creates relations which are an ever active irritant. Colonies are either dissatisfied with restrictive discriminations or are led to claim concessions which involve apparent losses to the mother country. Within the year, England has faced the protest of Lancashire by favoring the cotton manufacturers of India, supposed to be making large profits already under an excise duty, through the imposition of additional duties without the countervailing excise.

With all due respect and sympathy for the motives of many of their authors, there is some world weariness of the manifold schemes propounded by the professional and amateur publicists with which the press and the platform are flooded. Very interesting in practical suggestion and mechanical detail are some of these. But as they are of the nature of patchwork, with limitations of expediency and of shortness of view, is there not an opportunity for a larger idealism? The American, idealist of idealists, the entrance of whose country into the war will give him a weighty share in the counsels for the " healing of the nations ", may go deeper and higher than any of these, and present a fuller remedy for the evil conditions which have deluged the earth with blood. As the worst of these was caused by national greed and ambition, so our attitude,—unique among all the Powers, of absolute sacrifice and unselfishness, will give us indeed the potent voice. Rough-hewn as the path may have been by wicked hands, can we not humbly hope to be made instrumental by the Divinity that shapes our ends, to help the brotherhood of man attain, by regulated progress, the great ends of exchange of thought, discovery, persons, and goods—to perfect freedom?

ERVING WINSLOW.

FLAUBERT: A REVALUATION

BY WILLARD HUNTINGTON WRIGHT

THE superstition that Flaubert is a transcendent genius has taken so powerful a hold upon the modern critical mind that for one to question his supremacy is to meet with a kind of contemptuous intellectual ostracism. Nevertheless, I intend to dissent from this current valuation: not only shall I question Flaubert's right to the exalted place accorded him; but I shall carry my heterodoxy so far as to deny him the right to hold a position even in the front rank of the great modern literary artists. My singularity of opinion is due to the fact that the æsthetic standard I adhere to is at variance with the conventional one; for, while I am able to agree with those who acclaim Flaubert a master of rhythmic and tonal expression, I still hold that style, no matter how perfect, is not of chief artistic significance—that, in fact, it is only of secondary importance when compared with the internal architecture of art. This poised inner structure is a quality I fail to find in any of Flaubert's work; and, without it, I do not believe there can be the highest creation, however blinding the beauty of investiture.

Let us first set down a few known facts concerning Flaubert's manner of writing, and then consider them in relation to that unique vision of form and method and medium which every truly great artist possessed. We know that he wrote very little. Four novels (one unfinished), a play and three short stories represent practically his entire production. He was, then, a notoriously unprolific writer, although it is well known that his labors were prodigious. He worked constantly and with intense concentration throughout his whole life: his exertions were of longer duration even than Balzac's. During these years of assiduous toil he concerned himself mainly with the perfection of details. He accumulated innumerable notes. We are told that he would read a hundred volumes for one page of facts.

It would take him many weeks to prepare himself for the description of one scene. He would write ten times the actual material needed, and then spend months on a scrupulous process of elimination. He made trips to the Orient in order to acquaint himself with an environment he wished to reproduce. His stupendous researches into historical and ethnological data required years of application; and his *La Tentation de Saint-Antoine* was a slow growth through two decades. Moreover, these preparatory labors supplied him only with the framework of his story. He was equally meticulous in his fabrication of the book's verbal garb. Each sentence was constructed with the precision and care of a lapidary cutting a precious stone. He changed words, remoulded phrases, added and subtracted syllables, rearranged punctuation, balanced paragraphs: every section of his writings passed through numberless redactions. He worked for days on a single cadence; and every part was then related to the rhythm of the whole. No detail of style was so minute as to escape his consideration.

In view of these facts it is not difficult to determine the character of Flaubert's æsthetic. It was the clothes, rather than the body, of art which attracted him. The conception of his books—namely, the thematic structure which reveals the profundity of an artist's vision—was founded on a rigid externalism. Not only was it inspired by purely material observation, but its form was in large measure predetermined. It did not evolve naturally after certain forces had been set in motion. In brief, the content was not self-generating. Such organization as his books possessed was the result, first, of a single viewpoint toward which all the lines and volumes of the story were made to converge, and, secondly, of the verbal mould in which the document was cast. There was an order in his best works, but it was not organic. It was the order which follows a co-ordinating of data—that is, it was analytic, not synthetic.

That there was a preconception of documentary development is proved by the manner in which his themes took birth. We have recently learned that *Madame Bovary* was not an original story, but that both characters and incidents, with few variations, were adopted from life. Flaubert merely played the historian to actuality. Necessarily, therefore, he worked from the result back to the cause. It was the fact, and not the principle, with which he dealt.

Also, in *Salammbô* and *La Tentation de Saint-Antoine* he attacked his problem by way of document. He built both stories on data he had unearthed in historical records. And, in *L'Éducation Sentimentale,* he sought only to reconstruct a certain political period.

It is broadly true, in reference to literary form, that the longer the period of incubation the less likelihood there is that the issue will be internally organized. The expansion of an idea from an abstract nucleus to a final concrete flowering is always a single and sustained process. The artist is merely the matrix in which the evolution takes place; and his style is the medium through which the new life is expressed. Form then becomes an inevitable result of the story's substance, and is dependent on the vigor and the quality of the conception. As the story grows, so must the form grow: the two are inseparable, the one being merely the symbol of the other. When the idea is more powerful than the writer's ability to project it into words, the result is uneven and labored. And when craftsmanship is the artist's preoccupation, taking precedence over the idea, the inner form loses its cohesive vitality and individual character, and becomes merely the means to outward beauty. This explains why the pre-eminent composers in all the arts —Beethoven, Brahms, Michelangelo, Rubens, Shakespeare, Balzac—are never the subtlest technical stylists; and it also explains why, without exception, they are prolific. Long and painful parturition is always vitiating; and the masterpieces of complete and satisfying form are brought forth during the sustained intensity of an idea's germination. Only at the expense of breaking or retarding the undermovement of an æsthetic conception may a creator halt the evolution of internal form for the purpose of elaborate and meticulous external embellishment. Indeed, such a method is possible only when the form has been statically predetermined; for an artist's creative impetuosity is inhibitory to long and protracted articulation.

In Flaubert's literary methods, as well as in the scarcity of his finished works, he exhibited a marked dissimilarity to all the supreme creators of the world. And when we analyze his methods we find that his æsthetic ideal also differed from that of other great artists. His primary concern was with external harmony; he strove almost exclusively for perfection in *matière.* Surface rhythm, and not profound

rhythmic movement, was the goal toward which he struggled for thirty years. Whereas the incontestably commanding figures in art made their style a means of expressing an inner form of document, Flaubert used the aspects of document as a means for creating style. In this he was eminently successful, for not only was he willing to sacrifice everything to this end, but he possessed a faultless auricular sensitivity and an unerring instinct for pleasing color and tone. Furthermore, he was able to remove all trace of effort from his work and to give it an air of spontaneous serenity.

The same criterion which has condemned Balzac for writing inartistically has exalted Flaubert for his dictional polish. This criterion is essentially feminine and fails to take into consideration the organizational, or masculine, element of art. But if we are to arrive at a comprehensive understanding of æsthetic creation we must base our judgments on both the feminine and the masculine constituents. We must seek for those abstract formal factors which are expressed in physical phenomena, for the two constitute a perfect unity of purpose. In music their relationship is more easily perceived, because the medium of sound is unable to convey a purely ethical or narrative idea. In literature, however, the document is so obtrusive that the abstract principles of composition are obscured.

As a result of this fact we have come to judge books by their transcriptive content and by their technical mannerisms. We cannot, for instance, regard document in literature as we regard sound in music—namely, as the volumnear medium through which abstract form is set forth. If the narrative substance of Flaubert were looked upon in the same light as are the notes in a Beethoven symphony, it would be seen that *Madame Bovary* falls far short of the highest æsthetic standard. But the book is approached literally and from without, and its beauty of integument catches and holds us on the hither side of its interior imperfections.

Style should be merely the glass through which we can see the glories which reside underneath; but with Flaubert the style is like a beautiful stained window which shuts out our view of what is beyond. The stylistic standard by which he is commonly judged is, in the very nature of three-dimensional art, superficial. It is founded on idealistic and, to a great extent, theoretical considerations. There is an

undeniable pleasure to be obtained from the precision of visual proportions, from the interplay of various and varied colors, from the flowing harmony and sequence of lines, from delicately balanced chiaroscura, and from the subtleties of tonal gradations. But all these sources of delight are possible in two dimensions, as is exemplified in Japanese paintings and in the melodies of Schumann. Poise and movement in the deeper sense—that is to say, the qualities which imply living realities—are possible only in objects which orientate in depth at the same time that they are moving on a given surface. And it is in proportion to an artist's ability to state life in all its dimensions, to reveal the undercurrents as well as the ripples, and to reproduce the subterranean order of forces as well as the external proportions, that he is great in the permanent æsthetic sense.

In order to test the internal vitality of an artist and to gauge his power as a creator of universal scope, we must break through his surface and sound the depths. There, and there only, can we find the accurate measure of his genius. Flaubert especially should be put to this test, for, while with men like Beethoven and Rubens the style and form are perfectly welded and insusceptible of dissociation, Flaubert conceived his form first and then expressed it through a carefully constructed style.

It is not always easy to penetrate a writer's textural surface; but in the English translation of *Madame Bovary* we are able to determine Flaubert's form apart from the verbal music of his diction. There has been a very general condemnation of translations on the ground that they are detrimental to a just appreciation of an author's work. But in this contention there is not a little pedantry. The power of a truly significant writer is capable of making itself felt even if the verbal medium is not his own. Only in cases where appreciation depends on surface niceties, as in poetry or subtly melodious and representative prose, is adequate translation rendered impossible. When the merit of a literary work of art exists in its organic symmetry, little or nothing is lost by restatement in a foreign language; for the poise is preserved, and the structural proportions remain intact. Balzac, even in a poor translation, possesses tremendous force; and the same is true, to a large extent, of Goethe. Shakespeare in French and German retains his place in the forefront of literary creators; and the greatness

of Cervantes has for generations lived in the French and English versions. The integument, and not the inward substance, suffers by translation. Therefore when we examine *Madame Bovary* in English we are merely putting Flaubert's art to the same test that the art of practically every great writer has withstood.

The admitted fact that Flaubert loses more in translation than does almost any other prose writer, at once reveals the superficiality of his talents. *Madame Bovary,* stripped of its exquisite garb, is no more than a keenly analytic and wholly external account of a woman's disintegration under the corrosion of mediocrity. Flaubert places his characters under the microscope, observes every movement and change in their natures, and sets down each detail of their transmutation. We see them gradually taking shape as touch after touch is added; and in the end, when the picture is complete, we have a series of comprehensive and convincing portraits. But what we do not have is a complete vision of life brought to a small focus. We are not given a glimpse of the creative laws of nature. The mechanism of the human drama has not been revealed to us. We are affected because we have seen and felt a segment of life. We are not exalted because of having recognized and experienced the universal significance of life.

Herein Flaubert falls short of greatness. His creative method was not such as permitted the characters themselves to develop from within, as do the characters in Balzac. He did not set in action certain forces whose currents and cross-currents moulded and threw into relief the figures of his narrative. He traced back, from the person himself, the history of those currents, and showed the consecutive steps by which each character evolved. Flaubert revealed character: he did not create it. Emma Bovary, Homais, Salammbô, Frédéric, Antony—each one is particularized, consistent, and, in the personal sense, living. But none of them is universalized—that is, made genetically representative of all humanity. The difference, for instance, between Balzac's method of characterization and that of Flaubert is the difference between philosophy and reportorialism. In Balzac the whole is embodied in every part: in Flaubert the whole is visible only when every part has been laid in. In brief, Balzac was a subjective creator; Flaubert, an objective builder.

Flaubert, because he ushered in a new literary cycle—namely, that of naturalism,—has received the overvaluation which attaches to all pioneers; but we must not let his importance as an innovator blind us to his shortcomings as an artist. The very epoch he set in motion was trivially experimental. From Flaubert to Zola, only the obvious facts of nature were put to fictional use. Actions were substituted for ideas. Imagination in the constructive sense was without influence. The creative architect became the carpenter. This method of recording nature—as opposed to that of Shakespeare, Goethe and Balzac—is at once limited and self-limiting. It gives us a keen sense of actuality, provided it conforms to its own narrow logic, but it does not cause us to experience an *emotion* of the actual. Furthermore, it holds the artist to a restricted formula, the slightest digression from which results in a collapse of the entire structure. Its logic, being founded on the usual and habitual, must adhere to what is characteristic in life; for only the profound logic of causative forces makes the conventionally unexpected acceptable. That is why coincidence and melodrama in Balzac, for instance, are regarded as natural, whereas the same unanticipated happenings would seem false in an objective work of art. In the suicide of Emma Bovary we have an example of an episode which, though highly possible in a course of events similar to those of the story, is not rendered convincing. The logic of the book's development is too rigid and superficial to admit of such an exceptional act.

It is not to be implied that Flaubert was obviously false to reality. On the contrary he displays no inconsiderable amount of inventive perspicacity in his disposition of Emma. He makes her death eminently plausible. But if a book is to meet the highest standard of art, every episode must be not only plausible but convincing to the point of seeming inevitable; and, judged by this standard, the suicide is false. Flaubert himself evidently realized the fact, for in *L'Éducation Sentimentale* he eliminated all sudden catastrophes and adhered to the slow process of disintegration—a procedure which was echoed in Lilly Czepanak's fate in Sudermann's *Das Hohe Lied.* Because of this external logic *L'Éducation Sentimentale* must be given higher æsthetic rank than *Madame Bovary.* But with all its consistent accuracy, the book is episodic; and though many of

the pictures, regarded separately, are powerful and brilliant, taken collectively they are without that homogeneity which distinguishes an interdependent presentation of life from a mere record of reality.

Salammbô, Flaubert's second novel, exposes, perhaps better than any other book we possess, the limited possibilities of the naturalistic inspiration. The poverty of impersonal and dispassionate objectivity, as applied to æsthetic means, is here revealed in striking fashion. Not that *Salammbô* is an inferior work of its kind. On the contrary, it has many fine qualities—color, warmth, fascination, vividness, and a dazzling surface beauty. But the one quality upon which the dominant theory of naturalism is built—namely, convincingness—is conspicuously absent. The methods employed in this work are identical with those used in *Madame Bovary;* but the latter novel deals with modern and more or less familiar material, whereas in *Salammbô* the material is historical and unfamiliar. We have here an atmosphere of barbaric and mystic romanticism wherein life and thought are viewed from an angle quite different from ours of to-day. A great artist can resuscitate the past for us and make it living because he is primarily concerned with causes. But the art of Flaubert, and of all the members of his school, being analytic and dealing wholly with effects, was capable of reproducing only the externals of antiquity. We can admire Flaubert's ingenuity in thus restoring the past, and we can accept his characters as being faithfully representative of their time and place; but we cannot re-live that past, nor can we re-experience the struggles and emotions through which the characters are supposed to pass. In *Madame Bovary* we are temperamentally in touch with the conditions, and consequently can react to them. We are interested in Emma, but not in Salammbô. The one is relative to us, the other foreign. Æsthetically *Salammbô* was a failure; and so was *Madame Bovary.* But it was the failure of an entire creative system. In *Salammbô* the failure was more conspicuous merely because of the unfamiliar substance.

La Tentation de Saint-Antoine is even a less colorful reconstruction of history than *Salammbô.* It is deficient in Flaubert's usual lyricism, and its record of material is not seldom tiring. It is so highly intellectualized that its very naturalism is made difficult of access. The shortcomings

of the book will at once become evident when we compare it with *Faust*. The one is a specific account of a theme; in the other, the theme is the symbol of eternal values. Flaubert's superficiality is again revealed if we place *L'Éducation Sentimentale* beside *Wilhelm Meister*. Nor did his superficiality ever desert him. Georg Brandes has characterized *Bouvard et Pécuchet* — unfinished at Flaubert's death—as "little less than a wearisome series of abstracts from a couple of dozen different scientific discoveries and technical methods." This criticism, however, should startle no one, for it describes the logical end of Flaubert's procedure; and it could be applied with more or less justice to all the naturalistic novels which followed in his train.

Flaubert once wrote: "Should you progress so far . . . that nothing, not even your own existence, seems to you to have any other purpose than to serve as an object for description . . . then come boldly forth and give books to the world." In these words we have an acute criticism of Flaubert's own writings. For him the world existed as a model to be faithfully copied, and the reason that his books do not strike us immediately as purely stenographic is that he threw over them a golden and scintillant web of style. His art was therefore to a large extent spurious. In his implacable and unceasing pursuit of the simulacra, he ignored the meaning of life, which is its plastic content. And because no number of accurate trivialities can create an æsthetic unity unless they are related to the causes which produced them, he failed in the highest requirements of his art.

Willard Huntington Wright.

BEFORE THE STORM

The Legend of Peter Rugg

(Polyphonic Prose)

BY AMY LOWELL

I.

Over the hill snakes the dusty road, creeping up, and up, in a smother of sandy gravel, heaving the load of itself up against the horizon; a couple of yards of level, then a leap down between powdered barberry bushes; a narrow white line shot like a bolt between bushes and stone walls. It is appallingly still. Not a rustle of the white barberry leaves, not a single moving stalk of Queen Anne's lace in the field over the wall. The sunshine lies like a flat, hot weight on the hill, a moment ago there were locusts grating in the branches, but not now. The ground is still, and hot to touch; the trees are still, with a hushing of innumerable leaves; the sky is still; but in the South-west great thunder-heads push up behind the mountain. A hushing of leaves, and a pushing of big, white clouds, up—up—puffing into wide silver balloons, gathering back into pigeon-grey pleats, up—up—into the hot, yellow sky.

There is a shade over the sun, it is fading from yellow to white, from white to grey. Away down the hill is a tight, narrow wedge of wind, it cuts sharply over a field of barley; it is edged, and hard, and single. Another wind-wedge, with looser, vaguer edges. A mist swirls over the shoulder of Black Top, thickens, clouds the mountain.

A barberry leaf jerks, and settles; two barberry leaves quirk themselves upright, and fall back; from over the hill there is a quick skirling of crisp leaves—nearer. The trees begin to whisper, and the snaky road hurls its dust into the air, and plunges down hill into the blue-black wind. All the

leaves are blowing now, shivering, pulling, throwing themselves frantically hither and thither; they are not green any more, but blue and purple, and they play over the rolling thunder like flutes and mandolins over double basses.

Something races along the road. Sharp whip-cracks staccato upon the double basses and flutes. Who lashes a poor brute up a hill like that? On the two-yard level, something passes in a smear of yellow wheels and bright steel shoes. Who goes there? "Boston! Boston! . . ." But the stones of the down grade are already clattering and rolling as the horse goes over them. A spatter of rain slaps the barberry leaves; patter—patter—rain, and a grieving, tearing wind. A flare of lightning! There is no one on the road. A long peal of thunder, and then beating rain.

II

"Lucindy-Ann, you run upstairs this minit, and shut them guest-room winders, ther's a awful storm a-comin'."

Lucindy-Ann tears up the narrow stair, but pauses at the guest-room window to see the black water of the bay wrinkle and flow, and all the fishing-boats scud to their moorings. A flicker of lightning quicksilvers the window-panes. A crash of thunder sets them clapping in their frames.

"Somebody's caught," giggles Lucindy-Ann. "Well, ef that ain't a queer team!"

Along the shore road comes a high carriage with yellow wheels. It comes so fast it reels from side to side, swaying in a dreadful way. Standing up in it, lashing the white horse, is a man in a long laced coat and cocked hat. "Did you ever see a figure of fun to beat that?" Lucindy-Ann leans from the window, and the lightning spots her out against the black room behind, like a painted saint on a dark altar. Lucindy-Ann does not falter. There is a child beside the man, clinging and shaking. The horse is making for the house.

"You come right in," shouts Lucindy-Ann. "Drive around to the kitchen-door," but before she can say more, the man has pulled his sweating horse up under the window.

"Which is the way to Boston?" he calls. And his voice quavers, and quivers, and falls. A clap of thunder, the child shrieks, the old apple-tree by the window creaks. The man

looks up, and his clothes are torn—worn, draggled, caked with mud. His face is white, and his eyes a-stare, the lightning strikes him out to a glare; he, and the child, and the yellow-wheeled chaise, against a background of blue-black haze. The waves slap on the sandy shore, the apple-tree taps on the entry door. "Which way to Boston?" the cracked voice wails. "Boston—Boston . . ." the echo trails away through tossing trees. In the bay, the fishing-boats heel to the breeze.

A roll of thunder jags and cracks over the house-roof. Raindrops—clashing on a row of milk-pans set out to air.

"Boston, Sir, why you must be mad, you're twelve miles from Providence, and headed fair that way." A sharp whip-cut, a snorting horse, a scrape and whir of the yellow wheels, round spins the chaise, and dashes for the gate.

"An' ef he ain't took the wrong turn agin!" gasps Lucindy-Ann, as she draws her head in. The milk-cans rattle, as the thunder bursts and tears out of the sky. Away down the road comes the clicking clatter of fast wheels, lessening the distance to Providence.

"I don't s'pose it matters," says Lucindy-Ann, but she scuttles down the stairway as fast as she can.

III

The sky is lowering and black, a strange blue-blackness which makes red houses pink and green leaves purple. Over the blowing purple trees, the sky is an iron-blue, split with forks of straw-yellow. The thunder breaks out of the sky with a crash, and rumbles away in a long, hoarse drag of sound. The river is the blue of Concord grapes, with steel points and oblongs, down the bridge; up stream, it is pale and even, a solid line of unpolished zinc.

Tlop—Tlop—Tlop—Tlop! Beyond the willows, the road bends; someone is coming down it at a tremendous speed. Indeed he is in a hurry, this someone. You can hear him lashing his horse. A flashing up of willows and road on a lightning jab. A high yellow-wheeled gig or chair, fashion of a century ago. A man in a cocked hat, a child in a snood! What the devil gets into the blood when

thunder is rumbling? Have a care, man, that horse is stumbling. Down on his knees, by Gravy! No, up again. Bear him on the rein. Hi! Do you hear? A queer swirling and sighing in the air. The crying of a desolate child. A quivering flare of lightning sparkling in the whirling spokes of turning wheels. Tlop! Tlop! on the wooden planks of the bridge. No thanks to you you're not over the edge. Lord, what a curve! He went round on one wheel. Do you hear anything? No, feel rather. Drifting over the grape-blue river, seeping through the willow-trees' quiver, is a faint, hoarse calling of "Boston—Boston—Will no one show me the way to Boston?" "Poor devil, he can't have left it above an hour." Listen to the bridge drumming to the shower. And the water all peppered with little white rounds, it's funny how a storm plays the mischief with sounds. Sights, too, sometimes. Cocked hat, indeed! I must have been dreaming.

IV

Guinea-gold the State House dome, standing out against a wall of indigo cloud. Boldly thrust out in high relief, with its white façade and its wide, terraced esplanade. It spurns the Common at its feet, treading on it as on a mat, cooling itself with the air from its fanning trees. Guinea-gold lightning glitters through the indigo-blue cloud, a loud muffled booming of thunder, then the rain, pin-pointing down on the stretched silk of umbrellas, clipping like hard white beans on glass awnings, double-streaming over the two edges of sidewalk clocks. Electric car gongs knock sharp warnings into the slipping crowd. A policeman humps himself into his rubber coat and springs to catch the head of a careering horse.

"Stop beatin' him, ye Fool. Didn't ye see me raised hand? Whoa! Stand still, ye beast. You advertisin' fellers think the least ye do is to own the city. I've a mind to run ye in. Fool-bumpin' along like that. What you pushin' anyway, breakfast food or automobiles? He was a clever guy rigged ye out, but I guess ye're about due for a new set of glad rags, judgin' by them ye got on. Here, Kiddie, don't cry, ye'll soon be home now, snug and dry. Listen to that thunder. Some storm! No wonder ye're scared; it's fierce. What's that? Mrs. Peter Rugg? Middle

Street? See here, I ain't a direct'ry, ye'd better inquire at the post-office. Tell your breakfast food to put its name on ye next time."

There is a hissing of sparks as the steel shoes strike the wet asphalt. A clattering of iron tires on the metal roadway, drowned by a thunder peal. Wires and wires of linked rain, hatching over the disappearing yellow wheels.

The policeman rubs a wet, red ear. "That's a queer thing," he mutters, "very queer. I thought he asked me the way to Boston, just as he was drivin' off."

V

The yellow-wheeled chaise with the cocked-hatted man takes all of New England into its span. Logging-men drifting down the Kennebec on floating rafts see a moving speck of sulphur dust along the bank, an old-fashioned gig, drawn by a lank white horse, driving furiously before the storm. A moment later a thunder bolt gashes across the sky, they can feel the raft jolt. Then the river swirls into lumpy waves and the logging men jump to their poles and staves.

A motor car, struggling up Jacob's Ladder on the way to Lenox in the teeth of a thunder-shower, sees glowering ahead on the downstretch a wretched one-horse rig, which, in the uncertain light, seems as big as a locomotive. The driver switches on his klaxon and takes the downslope. But he might be a loping broncho, for all the gain he makes on the one-horse team. His klaxon screeches and echoes among the hills. Is it a dream that over its din, a thin voice reaches his ear? "Boston—Boston . . ." he seems to hear. "I left Menotomy a long time ago. Oh, when shall I get to Boston!"

Gloucester fishermen, moored to a wharf, hear a wheezy, coughing voice calling, pleading, in the middle of the night. It is a crazy wight in a two-wheeled buggy of a pattern long gone by, driving a great white horse with a savage eye. The horse stamps on the thin boards of the wharf and champs his bit. There's a slip of a girl too, who does nothing but cry. Rigging slaps and spars creak, for a gale is rising and the stars are hidden. The fishermen hear again

the wail, " Tell me how to get to Boston." " Well, not that way, idiot, you're going straight into the Atlantic Ocean." There is a terrible commotion on the wharf, the horse almost beats it through with his hoofs. Then, in the white gleam of a lightning spear, the chaise is seen rocking, shaking, making for the road above and turning toward Ipswich.

Through narrow wood-tracks where hermit-thrushes pair, staggers the yellow one-horse chair, just ahead of a lightning flare. Along elm-shaded streets of little towns, the high wheels roll, and leaves blow down on the man's cocked hat and the little girl's snood, and a moment later comes a flood of bright, white rain, and thunder so loud it stops the blood.

From Kittery Point down to Cape Cod, trundle the high turning wheels; they rattle at the Canadian line; they shine in the last saffron glitter of an extinguishing sun by the ferry over Lake Champlain; they are seen again as the moon dips into an inky cloud passing the Stadium in East Cambridge, the driver bowed over the dasher and plying his whip; they flash beside graveyards, and thunder lashes the graveyard trees. Always the chaise flees before the approaching storm. And always, down the breeze, blowing backwards through the bending trees, comes the despairing wail—" Boston!—For the love of God, put me on the road to Boston!" Then the gale grows louder, lightning spurts and dazzles, and steel-white rain falls heavily out of the sky. A great clap of thunder, and purple-black darkness blinding the earth.

AMY LOWELL.

THREE POEMS

BY WINIFRED WELLES

HAIL AND FAREWELL

With tears and a faithful heart and brave mirth
Once on a time you watched to welcome me.
Waiting and weariness and agony
Until the last were what you thought me worth.
Oh wearier than the months that wait for birth
Are those that wait for death—How shall I be
Still while you are so still? How shall I see
Unbrokenhearted your slow steps from earth?

And so the white watchers gather and hark
For the soul's approach, the heralding horn,
And so they strain and listen for the tread
Of the free soul retreating down the dark—
Mothers, who wait for children to be born,
Children, who wait for mothers to be dead.

MOONFLOWER

I can not be a banner gold and gay,
A windy glory or a gleaming flight.
I can not lift my face into sunlight,
While some are triumphing I only pray.
I am the one who hides her heart by day,
Who does not dare to rise and blossom white
Until the lovely moments before night,
The interval of lavender and grey.
Then love me delicately as the rain
Fingers the leaves—hold me as if asleep—
Remember that I am perishable,
Lest in the marvel and the swift, sweet pain
Of your hands and your mouth my heart should leap
And break, finding the world too beautiful.

THRENODY

I never have known anyone so proud,
So fierce for faith, so strong for nobleness.
I never heard you whine nor cry distress,
Nor saw you kneel nor knew your bright head bowed.
Dreams, Love and Laughter were a swift, white crowd
Of wings flashed upward from your loveliness—
You carried Truth, wore Honor as a dress,
And wound yourself in Beauty like a cloud.

Surely this is not you who lies so low,
Smitten as others, yielding as they must
With abject hands and smooth, submissive head—
All fire and glory crumpled by one blow,
Bewildered and beaten and brought to dust,
This is not you, oh pitiful and dead!

WINIFRED WELLES.

THE BOOK OF THE MONTH

AN IRISHMAN'S LETTERS[1]

BY LAWRENCE GILMAN

THE mortality of great talk is sufficiently tragical, no doubt; but it is less tragical than the mortality of great acting, that most shamelessly wasteful endeavor of the Muses, because— the talker sometimes writes letters. That does not, to be sure, produce a full equivalent: the shining legend of Meredith's talk is not banished or eclipsed by the two copious volumes of his correspondence—any more than the 'cello-playing of Pablo Casals or the celestial sentimentalities of Mr. Paderewski are compensatingly rendered by certain excellent mechanical preservatives. It is but a drab satisfaction that we get from Meredith's *Letters* after we have heard the reports of those who once were listeners in that unique court of the spirit at Box Hill. Nor is it easy to be wholly content with the full and often astonishingly persuasive records of Oscar Wilde's talk that Mr. Frank Harris so devotedly and skilfully gives us in his engrossing Life of that bright, bedraggled figure. A master of talk needs an audience—even if it be a cowed and stupidly dazzled audience—as necessitously as a pianist or a singer. The person to whom a great talker writes a letter provides no equivalent stimulus—it is the difference between making love in the presence of the beloved and making love over a telephone: it can be done, but the effect is imperfectly rewarding. And so we would gladly never have read the wonderful things that are set down in the Meredith *Letters* about the exigencies of the heart and the mind, if, in exchange, we might have been, for an hour, one of those enchanted listeners at Box Hill.

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[1] *Passages from the Letters of John Butler Yeats,* Selected by Ezra Pound. Churchtown, Dundrum, Ireland: The Cuala Press, 1917.

So, too, the fortunate contemporaries of another poet and philosopher and wit who is among the remarkable talkers of our own time—Mr. John Butler Yeats—will not be wholly content with the passages from his letters to his son (a poet of another sort) which have recently been put into a volume of singular beauty issued by Elizabeth Corbet Yeats from the Cuala Press at Churchtown, Dundrum, Ireland. These letters were written to W. B. Yeats in the course of the last six years, during the residence of the elder Yeats in America; and Mr. Ezra Pound has made the selection of excerpts, fearing the while, as he says in an *Editor's Note,* that in making a choice he would "lose the personality of the author"—that "by snatching at salient thoughts" he would seem to show Mr. Yeats as "hurried, or even sententious." He seems to have been perturbed by a fantastic dread of exhibiting the writer of the letters as a dealer in platitudes. If the author of them is shown in these pages as a preacher, says Mr. Pound—"and the vigor of his thought might at times warrant this loathsome suspicion"—the fault is in reality the fault of Mr. Pound, he confesses: "for in the letters themselves there is only the air of leisure. The thought drifts up as easily as a cloud in the heavens, and as clear-cut as clouds on bright days."

Perhaps, in combating the loathsome suspicion that the elder Yeats—portrait-painter, critic, humanist—is a "preacher," Mr. Pound remembered the saying of Meredith, that the born preacher we feel instinctively to be our foe. But that is true only of the preacher who is nothing else. Great talkers have been preachers plus, either Socratically inverted or Shavianly dogmatic. To talk greatly is to occupy a pulpit. It is the didactic element in the recorded talk of Meredith and Oscar Wilde (spiritually incandescent in the one, inexhaustibly amusing in the other) that entangles one in its processes. Great talk without a didacticism that compels or agreeably infuriates would be a saltless thing—an invertebrate thing. In the presence of great talk, the measure of agreement is far from being the measure of delight. Of course, the great talker is preacher plus poet, plus sage, plus wit, plus humanist. We permit him to think that he is teaching us, even though in reality he is merely disengaging some loveliness or some truth that we already know as well as he—but disengaging it with such a conjurer's gesture that it drifts in magical beauty or with a new radiance before

our eyes. Try to imagine Meredith's talk—as we are able quite clearly to reconstruct it—without its eloquent dogmatism: without its note of assured æsthetic or spiritual rectitude. Try to imagine a delicately dubious Oscar Wilde, a Shaw persuaded of personal fallibility: the task is insurmountable.

And so the youthfully venerable Mr. Yeats walks in the full light of tradition when—even in this comparatively pallid record of his vivid and mesmeric talk—he bends a kindly but rebuking gaze upon what seems to him the emptiness of our American civilization or the deficiencies of those who are neither Irish nor French; when his admonishing finger points straight at the delirious vacuity of our national life.

It is said of a character in Mr. St. John Irvine's *Changing Winds* that "he was an Irish gentleman, and he had sometimes been heard to speak affectionately of some person of English birth . . . 'Ah well,' he would say, 'we all know what the English are like, God help them!'" Mr. Yeats has an equally genial regard for the English—a regard from which Americans are not so sharply excluded that we have need to lament. If it is made known to us that the Englishman inherits the results of "the horrid Puritan conspiracy which poisoned life at its sources, making young men and young women remember that the love which caused them to see each other as angelic beings came from the devil," and so producing the England that we know, "where everyone hates and distrusts his neighbor, and where civilization is organized selfishness"—if this is revealed to us, so is it made plain that America is poetically barren: "No American of those I have heard has ever felt the inward and innermost essence of poetry, because it is not among the American opportunities to live the solitary life." Yet Mr. Yeats appears to have heard of Thoreau—perhaps even to have read him, and he seems at least to have heard of Whitman. What would he say, one wonders, if his conceptions of American character and capacity were made to expand sufficiently to entertain the conviction that a poetic dreamer as withdrawn and solitary as William Butler Yeats, as supreme an artist in his own field of spiritual air—MacDowell, the poet in tones—was born in this America of an Irishman's vision, where everyone "frequents the highways and highroads": where "it is implicitly and explicitly an offense to steal away into by-ways and thickets."? Once upon a time Mr. Yeats met "a young American poet, handsome, elated

by winning some prize or other for a poem" (Mr. Bliss Carman? Mr. Oliver Herford? surely not Mr. Percy Mackaye!). "He said to me, in his arrogant way, that *poetry is a by-product of life.* 'Why,' I said, 'it is life itself.' 'I don't agree with you,' was all he condescended to reply. This young man expressed the American idea." Evidently he was a typical product of that America seen by Mr. Yeats, "where there is no intellectual life in anything," where "everything is movement and a mode of motion".

Can it be possible that Mr. Yeats is happy living in such a land, among such a people? Occasionally, he says, he meets Englishmen here, and finds them "very peppery and explosive or else mild and broken-hearted." "*They always take me to be English,*" observes Mr. Yeats, in complete unconsciousness of the ineffable humor of the remark, "and they get very cross when they find out the truth." Apparently, neither our poets nor our women have yielded him delight. "In true poetry we look for the word, the line, the concrete illusion. In spurious poetry, as it is in America, we look for the idea and having found it then rest." As for the American Woman—"I used to compare her to a temple; perhaps, however, it is a temple carved out of blanc-mange." No, Mr. Yeats cannot have been happy during his years among us.

Yet how shrewd, how charming, how eloquent, how wise in the intuition of a subtle poet and dreamer is the talk of this Irish patriarch at its best—a gifted writer himself and the father and teacher of a great master of English speech. Hear him on the poets: "If he [Shakespeare] had a doctrine, it is that the joyous should be more joyous and the sorrowful more sorrowful. He so loved human nature that nowhere would he curb it; he does not love his mortal servitude, and has no part or parcel with these tame poets who go about with bowed heads celebrating their submission. Have you noticed that Lamb caught something of this fearlessness from his Elizabethan studies? In his note is a certain capricious wildness. . . . In Belgium they improve the singing of caged birds by putting out their eyes. Coleridge and Wordsworth are like those birds; hence their singing has a certain pathos, the pathos of the situation. To think of Lamb is to see his bright eyes humorous and changeable, and a little defiantly vigilant. I see Wordsworth with heavy downcast eyelids, and Coleridge with eyes that yearn up-

wards, as it were, from some abyss of the lost. Wordsworth is a contented slave; Coleridge *might* have thought with Blake and sung the songs of liberty, but his dreadful schoolmaster had done his work too efficiently to fail. I would make a new classification for poets, separating the wild from the tame. . . . To every man is given a soul, in each and all of us is a deep well of tenderness, sometimes called love, and it is the function of poetry and art to fill that well till it is overflowing, tapping all the sources of memory and hope and fear and all knowledge and all intellect and all pleasure and pain; especially must pain yield its bitter savour. . . ."

This is remarkable talk: this is the speech that is native only to those who are " devout worshippers among the haunts of their divinities."

LAWRENCE GILMAN.

NEW BOOKS REVIEWED

THE PAN-GERMAN PLOT UNMASKED. By André Chéradame. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1917.

M. Chéradame's book commands the attention which is due to the work of a faithful and independent investigator, many of whose conclusions have been proved true by the progress of events. The author assiduously studied what he calls the Pan-German plot for twenty-one years, and he studied it not in books or official documents, but through personal observations made in all the countries concerned. So important is it to know the credentials of an author whose book wears in any degree a sensational guise, that it may not be amiss to record the number of towns visited by M. Chéradame in each important country during the course of his researches. These were: in the United States, 14; in Canada, 11; in Japan, 11; in Corea, 4; in Indo China, 19; in British India, 24; in Spain, 1; in Italy, 4; in Belgium, 6; in Luxembourg, 1; in Holland, 5; in Switzerland, 4; in England, 8; in Greece, 2; in Bulgaria, 4; in Roumania, 3; in Serbia, 8; in Turkey, 3; in Germany, 16; in Austro-Hungary, 18. "In these towns," writes the author, "I passed days, weeks, or months, often on repeated occasions. I endeavored, so far as the opportunities admitted of it, to enter into direct relations with the acting ministers, the leaders of the various political parties, the diplomatists and the consuls, both French and foreign, some heads of states, influential journalists, officers of repute, military and naval attachés, well-informed merchants and manufacturers."

It is not surprising that M. Chéradame, an eager student of international politics from his youth up, and a pupil of Albert Sorel, should have derived from these sources a point of view quite different from that of the ordinary French or English official diplomatist. Nor, for various reasons, is it to be wondered at that when, in 1908 or earlier, he began to preach the perils of Pan-Germanism, he was not altogether believed. For years before the outbreak of the war it was generally supposed in England and America that the Pan-Germans were a party of jingoes, generally held in check by the Imperial Government, but allowed to have full swing whenever that Government wished to make a bluff. This view conveniently explained everything. Thus M. Chéradame had difficulty in persuading his hearers that the "Pan-German plot" was anything more than somewhat irresponsible Pan-German propaganda. It seems clear, today, that Japan and Brazil, to say nothing of the United States, are not wrong in supposing that their interests would be seriously endangered by Teutonic success. But entirely apart from any conclusions that may be thought speculative, there are in this book of M. Chéradame's cer-

tain truths of fundamental importance which ought to be widely appreciated, especially in the United States.

In the first place, if you will compare the territorial acquisitions of the Germans in 1916, with the Pan-German "plan of 1911," as outlined in the Pan-German literature of that date, you will find that approximately nine-tenths of the plan had then been carried out. Even if Germany were to resign those limited conquests in the east and west which formed part of the original plan, she would, if she were allowed to retain possession of Austria-Hungary, the conquered Balkan territory, and Turkey, have achieved the whole of that scheme of aggrandizement expressed in the words "Hamburg to the Persian Gulf," *which is the very heart of German policy*. She could then well afford to postpone further aggressions to a later time. With rich resources to draw upon, with an army indefinitely increased, and with only impoverished enemies to confront, she could safely count upon a successful renewal of the effort for world conquest within no long period. It follows that when the leaders of Germany have assured the German people that victory is in sight, they have not been talking wholly for political effect. They have believed what they said; and so long as there is any prospect of a peace based upon the fallacious theory of a "drawn game," they are right in believing it.

In the second place, Austria-Hungary is the crux of the whole problem, and in this connection it is of the highest importance to know that the percentage of real Germans in this composite nation is, even according to German statistics, relatively very small, and that in the interests of German policy this percentage has been enormously exaggerated. The preponderance of Slavs and Czechs within the dual empire is very great. Bohemia is as much oppressed and as desirous of autonomy as Poland has ever been. Even in Hungary it is the Magyar landlords and not the Magyar people who support the Germanized government. Thus, as M. Chéradame forcibly argues, the only just solution of the Austro-Hungarian problem and the only effectual means of curbing Germany would be the creation after the war of "a United States" in what is now Austria-Hungary. Furthermore, to speak of taking measures to counteract the close commercial union of Austria-Hungary with Germany after the conclusion of peace, is to concede by implication fully one-half of the unjust German scheme of domination over non-German peoples, and this is a concession well adapted to drive the non-German races of this exploited nation to despair.

What seems clearest is that the United States, in fighting against Teuton militarism and Teuton barbarity, must realize that she is also fighting against Pan-Germanism. The *Mittel-Europa* scheme was not the dream of visionaries; it was from the German point of view a sound and consistent policy; and it very nearly succeeded. Since German nationalism means Pan-Germanism, and since the races of middle Europe are as distinct and as much entitled to government based upon the consent of the governed as any peoples in the world, this scheme must be smashed, and the bait of "peace without annexations" should be spurned.

THE ENGLISH-SPEAKING PEOPLES. By George Louis Beer. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1917.

It is comparatively easy to think about extremes, difficult to analyze intermediate stages; easy to see that a world-state is a highly desirable and logical outcome of social evolution, hard to foresee by what means or in what time such a consummation may be brought about. And yet if there is such a thing as progress, and if evolution is really its method, true wisdom must consist not so much in the power of conceiving ideals as in the ability to discern what the next stage of evolution in human affairs is likely to be. A persistent failure to perceive that men have tended, on the whole, to gather into political and social units of increasing size, and that the present organization of the world into somewhat arbitrary national groups is therefore neither wholly logical nor absolutely final, might justify the charge of narrow provincialism in thought. But to presage the means and the moment of the first stage in the transformation from nationalism to internationalism requires not only intellectual emancipation but statesmanship. Without necessarily giving full credence to ideas that are indeed but tentatively advanced, one may affirm that *The English-Speaking Peoples* by George Louis Beer is a statesmanlike book. In its grasp of the ends to be wished for, in its perception of present realities, and in the caution of its conclusions, Mr. Beer's book differs essentially and completely both from those forecasts of the future which are more or less frankly uptopian and from the desperately opportunistic proposals which the present world-crisis has called forth from certain would-be practical idealists. Although his style is of the plainest (in both senses of the word), the author possesses an unusual power of extracting fundamental truths from a great mass of conflicting facts.

"When one surveys the entire course of historical evolution, it becomes clear that the only way in which law and justice have been established in the relations of man to man and of group to group has been by the integration of ever larger and larger political aggregates. When this process is voluntary it distinctly spells success." The real question then, as Mr. Beer sees it, is whether the time is growing ripe for a *voluntary* association of unprecedented size.

Economic causes will, of course, affect the result, and these are fully and acutely discussed in the chapter upon "Economic Interdependence." In this chapter is fairly estimated both the integrating effect of economic interrelations and their opposite tendency when war, or the threat of it, compels recognition of the fact that a nation which is in theory purely self-regarding should also be economically self-sufficing. On this whole much-confused question of "neo-mercantilism" in international affairs the author is peculiarly clear. He reaches the conclusion that so far as economic conditions are concerned there will exist no formidable obstacles to a closer union of the English-speaking races after the war.

Quite different in tone is Mr. Beer's plea for a closer union among the English-speaking peoples of the world from the once popular cry of Anglo-Saxon dominance. There is here no implication of racial superiority or of imperialism in the discredited sense of the word. But, when all due allowances have been made for differences of sentiment and situation, it remains a demonstrable fact that physically, economically, and spiritually, the United States is in the closest contact with the countries composing the so-called British Empire. On the one hand, it is clear that no nation today can safely stand absolutely alone: that America has successfully maintained comparative isolation for so long is due in no small degree

to British policy and to the British navy. On the other hand, "a general alliance with the whole [Entente] would apparently be inadvisable, as the United States wisely does not want to be drawn deeply into the welter of European politics. Nor would such an arrangement effectively safeguard the two chief American policies, the Monroe Doctrine and Chinese integrity. For essentially the same reasons an alliance with France is out of the question. . . . The future security of France and also that of Italy and Belgium could be served as well by an alliance of the United States with the British Commonwealth."

In so far as essential interests and ideals are concerned, the United States and Great Britain are at one. Both needs control of the sea; both desire the peace of the world; both desire to escape the burdens of militarism. Both are essentially democratic. In fact, the spirit and purpose of British "imperialism," as defined by Lord Milner in an address delivered to a Canadian audience in 1908, is strikingly akin to that of Abraham Lincoln. On the whole the plain facts of the case when fully set forth are such as to arouse enthusiasm; but it should not be forgotten that a limited alliance of America with the British Empire is advocated by Mr. Beer no more upon sentimental grounds than upon grounds of selfish interest. The chief object of such an alliance would be "to make the world safe for democracy."

Apart from its particular thesis, the book will prove valuable for its broad and illuminating criticisms of such general ideas as that of nationality, and of such programmes or proposals as pan-Americanism and the League to Enforce Peace.

THE ART OF MUSIC. New York: The National Society of Music, 1917.

It is not extravagant to apply the sadly abused term "monumental" to this imposing series of fourteen volumes dealing historically, critically, and analytically with the art of music. It is the most ambitious, comprehensive, and elaborate production of its kind that has ever been brought to fulfilment. The purpose of the work, as stated by the publishers, is, first, to provide a standard American reference-work on music, corresponding to the standard works of England, France and Germany, but international both in scope and in point of view, and therefore free from national bias; second, to supply the student of music with a convenient library of supplementary reading, dealing with the various branches of musical study from the standpoint of modern scientific criticism; third, to give the music lover or amateur a course in musical appreciation, in clear and simple language—to provide the historical background which he requires for intelligent judgment, and the analysis and examples which will teach him to listen and advise him what to listen for.

While encyclopedic in scope, only two of the volumes are alphabetically arranged; the ten other text volumes constitute a continuous narrative, or at least a series of narratives, calculated to interest the average reader intent upon pleasure or diversion. So far as modernity of reference is concerned, the two alphabetical volumes constitute, at any rate for the present, the most satisfactory musical dictionary available (superseding even the eighth edition of Riemann's *Musiklexikon*, of which only a few copies have safely reached this country). At the same time,

they serve as an index to the entire series, and so focus all the information in the work on a given subject in one place.

This rather ingenious system, as the editors justly point out, enables the reader to learn, concerning any one subject, as much or as little as he may want to know. For instance, under the heading "Beethoven" we find a concise sketch of Beethoven's life—two and one-half columns long—with a classified list of his works at the end. This is calculated to suffice for the purpose of quick reference, or to serve the casual reader in search of cursory information. But for those desiring to investigate the subject further we find references pointing to a chapter in Volume II of the "Narrative History" on Beethoven, his life in detail, his character, his works, his place in history (forty-eight pages); to an article in Volume V, treating Beethoven specifically as a song writer; to certain pages in Volume VI, discussing his oratorios and other choral works, etc.

In addition to the twelve volumes of text (excellently illustrated, by the way), there are two volumes devoted entirely to musical examples.

The work is issued under the general supervision of Prof. Daniel Gregory Mason, of Columbia University, as editor-in-chief, assisted by Professors Edward Burlingame Hill (Harvard) and Leland Hall (late of Wisconsin). The work was planned by and executed under the direction of Mr. César Saerchinger as managing editor, and among the contributors of important chapters or larger sections are Ernest Newman, Cecil Forsyth, Sir C. Hubert H. Parry, David Bispham, Frank Damrosch, Harold Bauer, Rosseter G. Cole, Arthur Farwell, Richard Strauss (translated by H. K. Moderwell), Alfred Hertz (translated by C. Saerchinger) and Anna Pavlowa (translated by Ivan Narodny).

On the whole, the formidable task of the editors, contributors, and compilers has been competently performed. The quality of the discourse is occasionally admirable, as in the contributions of Mr. H. K. Moderwell and Mr. Edward Burlingame Hill; some of it is brilliant and memorable, as certain pages written by Mr. Ernest Newman—for example, the uncommonly just and sensitive estimate of Anton Bruckner. It is a pity that a sense of proportion is not consistently in evidence—it suffers, indeed, some odd perversions. What would be thought of a serious and ambitious work on The Art of Literature in which the space devoted to Mr. Robert W. Chambers exceeded the space devoted to Henry James? Yet in the section of *The Art of Music* devoted to American composers we have the strange and disconcerting spectacle of a *three*-page discussion of the late Ethelbert Nevin and a *two*-page discussion of Charles Martin Loeffler; and why was the contributor permitted to utter without editorial censoring the surprisingly fatuous pronouncement that "the wide appeal which it [Nevin's music] has made *must be sufficient proof of the real vitality*" that underlies it? Is the "wide appeal" of Mr. Chambers and Elinor Glyn and Harold Bell Wright, one wonders, "sufficient proof" of their "real vitality? Complacent idiocies of this sort are glaringly out of place in a work of serious critical pretensions.

There is some inadequate handling of important matters. It was inexcusable to entrust the discussion of Debussy's orchestral works to a writer who regards *L'Après-midi d'un faune as* "the work of an accomplished minor poet", and who makes the unfortunate "break" of discovering "an extensive use of the whole-tone scale" in a score which depends in a comparatively slight degree upon the employment of the

scale in question. That amazing work, *Ibéria,* is characterized by the perfunctory remark that it is "a brilliantly scored piece of impressionistic tone-painting." To have yielded the most subtle and original musical temperament of the twentieth century, in some of his chief manifestations, into the hands of this kind of critical incompetence is an offense not easy to forgive. Certain other chapters dealing with outstanding developments of musical art are conventional and amateurish—the sort of thing that might serve as a series of club papers for a Middle Western reading circle.

There are far too many errors of fact in the volumes—errors which any conservatory student or musical journalist could easily have corrected. The first requisite of such a history is that it should be accurate —especially in regard to facts easily verifiable. There has been slipshod editing in *The Art of Music.*

Present Day Europe. By T. Lothrop Stoddard, A. M., Ph. D. New York: The Century Company, 1917.

Although it professes to deal with the states of mind of the warring European nations, Dr. Stoddard's book, *Present Day Europe,* is most interesting not in those passages wherein the author attempts by means of numerous citations of conflicting views to body forth contemporary public opinion, but rather in the purely historical parts.

The chapter upon England and that upon France are decidedly unsatisfactory in that no sufficient attempt is made to evaluate the different views—some of them quite individual—which are there presented, or to construct an intelligible picture of the public mind. Proportion—not omniscience, of course—is what is lacking. The author seems unable to do what a writer in close spiritual contact with the nations concerned could certainly do—that is, to give his readers some sure clue to the nature and motives of the prevailing national feeling. The result is a confusing medley of views—some of practically no present importance, others confined to a few, and nearly all not merely in contrast, but in hopeless conflict with one another. The chapter upon Germany, too, though it possesses, in the nature of the case, a greater degree of unity, answers few real questions, being made up for the most part of those bellicose and egoistic German utterances with which we are already too familiar.

Fundamentally, the shortcoming of the book would seem to be that whereas the author has no difficulty in discovering and expressing the views of governments and of individual thinkers, he is, in some cases at least, insufficiently informed about the character and temper of the peoples of whom he treats. Thus in the chapter upon Russia, not to speak of the fact that the recent revolution is not discussed at all, there is little if any recognition either of those conditions which would have made the further perpetuation of the Czardom an anomaly or of those elements in the national life which brought to pass the greatest political event of modern times.

Throughout the book the author shows a certain aloofness from the moral and ideal issues involved in his theme—such an aloofness as seems scarcely ever justifiable except upon the plea that one's viewpoint is strictly scientific.

The author's final remarks are to the effect that the whole Euro-

pean problem is extremely complex, and that "simplicist solutions" cannot be relied upon. It is better to wait and see, Dr. Stoddard appears to think, than to try to forecast in any degree the course of evolution. As a corrective to naïve ways of thinking, this is doubtless very well; but to-day, when issues seem to be constantly growing clearer and hopes higher, this sort of philosophy strikes one as unsatisfactorily platitudinous if not unduly pessimistic.

War Papers. New York: War Committee, the Chapel of the Comforter, 1917.

These Papers will form the nucleus of a valuable book on the war. To begin with, they show what the Churches may do to make clear the moral issues of the war, a great work which is, or ought to be, peculiarly theirs. Not only the immoral motives and purposes with which Germany began the war, but the profoundly immoral methods by which Germany is carrying on the war, are set forth with admirable lucidity; for each step, German authorities are quoted, and accurately quoted, with precise reference to chapter and verse.

We may illustrate both substance and method by quoting a few lines of Admiral von Goetzen's conversation with Admiral Dewey, at Manila in 1898:

> About fifteen years from now, my country will start her great war. She will be in Paris about two months after the commencement of hostilities. Her move on Paris will be but a step to her real object—the crushing of England. . . . Some months after we finish our work in Europe, we will take New York, and probably Washington, and hold them for some time. We will put your country in its place, with reference to Germany. We do not propose to take any of your territory (?), but we do intend to take a billion or so of your dollars from New York and other places. The Monroe Doctrine will be taken charge of by us, as we will then have to put you in your place, and we will take charge of South America, as far as we wish to. . . . Don't forget this, and about fifteen years from now remember it, and it will interest you. (*Naval and Military Record*, No. 33, vol. LII, p. 578).

The war actually began sixteen years after this conversation, the exact date being determined, as shown in War Paper No. III, by the completion of the Kiel Canal, on June 24, 1914; four days later, war against Serbia was declared.

Many Americans, perhaps even many Senators and Congressmen, lack accurate and complete knowledge of the facts leading up to the war, which are summarized in these papers. Churches and Churchmen could do no more valuable work than to aid in circulating the War Papers of the Chapel of the Comforter; they can be had in numbers, at cost, for this purpose.

OUR WAR WITH GERMANY

V

(*July* 18—*August* 18.)

Active preparation for war, and active talk of peace—chiefly instigated by Germany or German sympathizers—were the dominant features of the fifth month of American participation in the "War of 1917." The preparatory feature included the formal drawing of the numbers of the nine million and more young men throughout the country registered under the selective draft law. This drawing officially determined the order in which those registered would be called for service. In accordance with the lists resulting from this drawing, the exemption boards in the various districts all over the country have been calling men for examination and for presentation of their claims for exemption from service. The work has progressed steadily and without very much friction or opposition—not more than might have been expected from American lack of national discipline and from the American habit of loose-mouthed disregard for law. In a few places, notably in the West and South, opposition to the draft took the form of violence and rioting, resulting in shooting and murder in Oklahoma—a fact most sharply impressed upon Senator Gore, of that State, in the Senate, where he has set an unpleasant mark upon himself by opposition to Administration war measures. But on the whole the selection of the new National Army under the draft procedure has progressed very well, and the closing of the fifth month finds something more than one-third of the men for the first 500,000 contingent selected, and regulations issued under Presidential authority for their concentration in training camps beginning early in September.

The formal drawing took place in a committee room in the Senate Office Building at Washington on July 20. Mr. Baker, Secretary of War, drew the first number, 258, and thereafter the drawing proceeded rapidly until at 2:18 the next morning the last number—3217—was drawn, and the order of calling the registered men in each of the 4557 districts of the country was fixed.

By the end of July the examination boards were ready for their work, the preliminaries had been completed, and the formal selection of men for service commenced. In different districts there were many claims for exemption, the ground most frequently urged being that the man was married and that his labor was needed to support his wife. That was the basis of the claim for exemption of Kingdon Gould, grandson of Jay Gould, who had been married but a short time when he was drafted. Mr. Gould, however, permitted his claim to lapse by not filing supporting affidavits within the required period. Charges of fraud in granting exemption were made in some cases, and one New York City exemption board was dismissed. Two of the members of this board pleaded guilty

and were sentenced to prison. In general, exemptions were cut down. The New York City board of appeals, headed by former Justice Charles E. Hughes, granted only one appeal out of the first twenty-three heard. It was announced from Washington that the rush of men of serviceable age to be married as a possible means of obtaining exemption would not serve the purpose, for such marriages would not be recognized as sufficient ground for exemption.

While the selection of the first contingent of the new National Army was thus proceeding, the formal calling of the National Guard kept pace with it. Under the President's orders the first part of the Guard was called into the Federal service on July 15, and the remainder on July 25. This step was followed on August 5 by the formal drafting of the Guard into the national service, a procedure made necessary by the constitutional limitations on the employment of the "Militia" outside the national boundaries.

Despite the singular infelicity of governmental treatment of the National Guard during the last year, many of the regiments had been recruited up to the full war strength on the basis of the new organization when they were called up. It was the announced intention of the Government to send the Guard to training camps in the South, and the men had been led to expect that they would be in their camps soon after being drafted into the Federal service. But various obstacles interposed. Camps were not ready, and equipment was not available in sufficient quantities. Several of the States had prepared camps which would serve for their men, but the Government has chosen not to make use of them. The result is that at this writing most of the Guard is waiting in its home States for orders to move to training camps. One division has been selected for early service abroad, composed of units from different States.

Contrary to the expectation of the Guard, and to assurance from Washington, the official designation of State units has been changed and they will serve in the National Army under national designation. The promise that the Guardsmen should serve in their own organizations has not been regarded, and men have been transferred arbitrarily from one regiment to another, although a strong recruiting argument has been that by enlisting in the Guard, men could choose their units of service and be assured of serving with relatives or friends. It was inevitable, however, that in the organization of a new American army of the proportions intended by the Washington Government, there should be room for some complaint. The calling of the Guard into service has brought the American forces under arms up to more than 800,000, with the first contingent of 500,000 for the new National Army yet to come, and a second contingent of the same size authorized.

With the bringing of so many men into service, the army organization which had been followed in this country since the Civil War has been changed to correspond to the modern organization employed in the armies of our European allies. It is urged that the new system affords opportunity for more effective use of the men with a smaller number of field officers.

Marching almost side by side with all these efforts to organize a great force of American soldiers for active participation in the fighting in France, has stalked the steady effort of Germany and German sympathizers to induce consideration by the Allies of German peace terms. The

new German Chancellor put out his feelers only to meet prompt rebuff. At once, with merely a shift of location and personnel, the effort was repeated from Austria, with Germany immediately announcing her glad willingness to join.

But none of these peace kites of the Teutons, however ingenious or spectacular they might be, served to distract the American Government from the steady purpose with which it entered the war to make the world safe for democracy. For all these German inspired peace feelers but faintly concealed the German purpose to make a peace on the basis of German victory.

These various efforts did lead, however, to one striking utterance which has helped mightily to crystallize and make visibly clear to Americans and all the world the fundamental purpose of American participation in the war. This utterance came from an Englishman, Mr. Balfour, who as head of the British mission to the United States conversed at length with President Wilson and was familiar with the motives and purposes of the American Government. In a speech in the House of Commons, discussing one of these Teutonic peace feelers, Mr. Balfour stated the American and the Allied attitude in one unforgettable epigram. Germany, he said, must be made "powerless or free" before the world could make with her a certain and secure peace,—powerless for wrong, if still under the iniquitous Hohenzollern domination, or free from Hohenzollernism and so safe for association with the rest of the world.

As on previous occasions, Germany seized upon the incident of a military success to put out her peace feelers. The Russian offensive in Galicia, which started so well and gave such hopeful promise, and which was the cause of so much rejoicing in this country a month ago, was turned suddenly into disruption and disaster through the defection and disorganization of the Russian army. Russian troops fled shamefully before the German advance, and all that had been gained was lost again, with more added. This treachery in the Russian army was fostered, if not induced, by German machination, and was the direct precursor of new German peace suggestions.

The American Government, however, was not deceived or induced to waver for an instant. In a speech to the men of the Officers' Reserve Corps training camp at Madison Barracks on July 29, Mr. Lansing, the Secretary of State, declared that we "must overcome the physical might of German Imperialism by force of arms." He assailed Berlin's perfidy and asserted that Germany covets the United States as a prize. The world's liberty is at stake, he said, and added that "appeals to justice, to moral obligation, to honor, no longer avail with such a Power."

In striking confirmation of this appraisal of German official faith there appeared, on August 5, in the first published instalment of a book by James W. Gerard, formerly American Ambassador at Berlin, descriptive of his four years at the German capital, a copy of a telegram prepared by Emperor William himself on August 10, 1914, when the war was but a few days old, for transmission to President Wilson. In this telegram the Kaiser said to the President that Belgian neutrality "had to be violated by Germany on strategical grounds." Since that publication Berlin has made some attempt to deny or disclaim the telegram, but the original, in the Kaiser's handwriting, is in American possession.

Preparation for military participation in the war was by no means

confined to the drafting of men for the new army and the calling of the National Guard. Additional men and supplies were sent to France and England; work on cantonments and training-camps was pushed with vigor, as was that of procuring huge supplies of the various kinds of equipment needed—of ordnance, and of food and clothing for the forces soon to be in the field.

The great aviation bill which had passed the House but was held up in the Senate by the captious opposition of one or two men, was passed by that body on July 21, in the form in which it came from the House, so that no conference was necessary. It authorizes the President to make an unlimited addition to the signal corps of the army for aviation service, and carries an appropriation of $640,000,000 for the procurement and maintenance of air machines and for the organization and maintenance of the men. President Wilson signed the bill on July 24, and active work under its provisions has been going forward since. In a public statement about the bill, however, Mr. Coffin, chairman of the Aircraft Production Board of the Council of National Defense, warned the people of the country against expecting the immediate creation of the immense fleet of aeroplanes of which there had been no little newspaper discussion. He pointed out that such an organization as proposed was not completed over night, nor could any such supply of machines as is desired be manufactured in a week or a month. But he did give assurance that by the opening of the spring campaign of next year the effects of this appropriation bill will be amply manifest upon the fighting fronts in Europe, and that Germany will know that the United States is in the war.

While this military preparation was thus going forward with regular strides, economic preparation was also making some headway. The food control bill, creating a food administration to which the President had announced his intention to appoint Herbert Hoover, reached, at length, the end of its weary and wordy course through the Senate on July 21, and was passed by a vote of 81 to 6. For more than a month the opposition of six men, some of them Democrats and some Republicans, had sufficed to prevent action on this measure of vital importance to the nation and to the war plans of the Administration. As passed by the Senate, the bill carried a number of provisions utterly repugnant to the Government. It created a food control board of three, to be named by the President and confirmed by the Senate. Also it created a joint war board composed of Senators and Representatives ostensibly to supervise the war expenditures of the Government, but denounced by President Wilson as an evidence of lack of confidence in himself. The opponents of the bill were able to prevent its being sent to conference until July 25, and in conference the fight over some of the Senate amendments was continued for several days. Senator Gore, of Oklahoma, one of the chief opponents of the bill, was chairman of the Senate conferees, by virtue of his position as chairman of the Senate Committee on Agriculture. Conference agreement was reached at length, however, with elimination of the Senate amendments so objectionable to the President, and this report was agreed to by both houses, the House acting on August 3 and the Senate on August 8, the senatorial opponents of the bill contributing an additional five days of delay. The measure became law by the President's signature on August 10, and immediately Mr. Wilson announced the formal appointment of Mr. Hoover to be Food Administrator.

The law prohibits profiteering; makes wastefulness of food a public offense; authorizes the President to license the importation, manufacture, storage, mining or distribution of necessaries; prohibits hoarding; authorizes Government requisition of packing and other plants for the production of necessaries; fixes a minimum price of $2 per bushel for the wheat crop of 1918; prohibits the use of foods, feeds or fruits for the production of intoxicating liquors for beverage purposes and authorizes the President to comandeer liquors in bond or stock for redistillation for Government use if needed for munitions or other purposes. This prohibition of the use of foods, fruits, or feeds for manufacture of beverages has usually been described as a "prohibition" measure. But it will not operate to prevent the manufacture of alcoholic beverages from other materials, and in the opinion of the Bureau of Chemistry of the Department of Agriculture, large supplies of potable alcohol can be produced from materials which cannot be classed as foods, fruits or feeds.

Along with the food control bill, the prior bill known as the "Food Survey" was agreed upon by the conferees and signed by the President. So that the Administration food control legislation has at length been secured. Mr. Hoover has already displayed much activity as Food Administrator. He has announced the organization of a committee headed by President Garfield of Williams College, and including a number of representative farmers and commercial experts, to fix prices for wheat for the 1917 crop, with the intent of Government purchase of the entire crop if necessary or advisable. He has also organized a Government wheat corporation to handle the wheat business of the Food Administration.

With the Government Food Administration under full headway on an announced policy of reducing the cost of food to the people of the United States, while at the same time conserving the supply and insuring a surplus for shipment to our Allies in Europe, there has been a reorganization and consolidation of some of the purchasing agencies in a new War Industries Board, auxiliary to the Council of National Defense. This board is headed by Frank A. Scott, of Cleveland, who was chairman of the General Munitions Board, which is absorbed in the new organization. A Central Purchasing Commission has been formed, composed of three members of the War Industries Board and Mr. Hoover. This Commission has announced its intention to protect the general public from extortionate prices, and to work with the Federal Trade Commission and the White House to that end.

Inspired, perhaps, by the fight over the so-called prohibition provision in the Food Control Bill, the Senate on August 1, adopted a resolution proposing an amendment to the Federal Constitution carrying a genuine prohibition of the manufacture, sale, importation or exportation of intoxicating liquors. This amendment must be ratified by the States within six years in order to become effective. House leaders announced that the resolution would not be acted upon in that body until the regular session next winter.

A number of minor measures of war preparation and of economic importance in domestic affairs passed through the final legislative stages within the month, including the measures increasing the Interstate Commerce Commission and providing for priority in transportation for certain classes of commodities essential to national defense. Other measures advanced toward final enactment, and new projects of legislation include

bills providing compensation, insurance, and indemnity for officers and enlisted men of the army and navy for injuries received in line of duty during the war.

The pending measure of chief importance is the so-called "War Revenue" bill, intended to raise about two billion dollars a year toward war expenses by taxation. This bill was passed by the House weeks ago and has been pending in the Senate Committee on Finance, undergoing a very thorough revision while the Food Control Bill occupied the floor. The Senate Committee was ready to report the bill in the latter part of July when Secretary McAdoo, of the Treasury, startled the Senators by announcing that the Government would need five billions more money than had been authorized. Thereupon the committee withheld the report and prepared to alter the bill so as to raise some hundreds of millions more than had been estimated. On July 27 Senator Smoot made a speech in the Senate in which he estimated the Government war expenditures for the first year, including loans to the Allies, at seventeen billions.

That same day Mr. McAdoo estimated that the Government requirements for the first year would be $10,735,807,000, which included $2,500,000,000 for fortifications and artillery for the army in France. Loans to the Allies would require several billions in addition to the three billions now authorized, most of which has been furnished them.

On August 10 Mr. McAdoo raised his estimate of additional funds needed to six billions instead of the five he had asked for a few days before. He intimated that the Government contemplated raising 500,000 more men than had been planned at first.

Four days later, on August 14, Mr. McAdoo submitted a still further estimate in which he again raised the amount needed—this time making it nine billions, which he said should be authorized at the current session and during the regular session next winter. This is to cover the expenditures and loans to the Allies for the first fiscal year of the war.

The War Revenue Bill was reported to the Senate from the Committee on August 6, and was estimated to provide $2,006,970,000 a year. The committee estimates were that $777,000,000 would come from the income tax; $562,000,000 from the tax on excess profits; and $207,000,000 from taxes on liquors. Senator Simmons, chairman of the Finance Committee, described the bill as a "flexible scientific war tax." Chairman Kitchin, of the House Committee on Ways and Means, who hails from the same State as Senator Simmons, denounced the Senate revision of his bill as drawn in the interest of corporations and inimical to small dealers and business men. The bill was made the unfinished business in the Senate on August 8, and the hope of its managers is that it will be passed early in September.

Administrative preparation for the month included a settlement of the quarrel between Chairman Denman of the Shipping Board and General Goethals, which had delayed action on ship construction and disgusted the nation. General Goethals, after consultation with the President, wrote Mr. Wilson on July 21, offering to resign. On July 24 the President accepted the resignation, and wrote Mr. Denman, calling for his resignation also. Simultaneously he appointed Edward N. Hurley, a Chicago business man and manufacturer, who had been chairman of the Federal Trade Commission, to succeed Denman, and named Admiral W. L. Capps,

of the Navy, to succeed Gen. Goethals. Also he accepted the resignation of J. B. White as member of the Shipping Board and named Bainbridge Colby, a New York lawyer, in his place. Since then the Shipping Board has been a marvel of harmony and activity, and there is every prospect that ship construction will be pushed most energetically. When Mr. Hurley, the new chairman, was asked for an interview, he replied that his business was to build ships, not to talk about them.

Another measure of Administrative preparation, or rather of active economic warfare, has been the work of the Exports Control, provided by a part of the Espionage bill. The Administration has favored a rigid policy toward neutral countries from which supplies of food or war materials had been going to Germany. This policy has occasioned distress and evoked protest and appeal, without effect. Commissions from different countries, from practically all, in fact, of those affected, have come to Washington and are urging relaxation in their relief. Meantime some seventy Dutch ships, loaded with grain, are held up in American waters for lack of licenses permitting the shipment of their cargoes. The longer this policy continues the more evidences of internal distress come from Germany, and the more frequent become the German feelers about peace.

The close of the month was marked by the return of the Root commission from Russia, with a message of cheer and confidence in the renewal of national vigor and fighting will in that country. At the same time Mr. Root and his colleagues issued a serious warning against the sedition and even treason that stalks but half concealed about American streets and cities.

Simultaneously with the return of the Root commission, there arrived the Japanese commission headed by Viscount Ishii, which comes, according to his announcement, to discuss war measures in the fullest harmony with us and from the point of view of Allied advantage.

As this review month closes, comes the announcement of the formal appeal of Pope Benedict to the world for peace, an appeal accompanied by a statement of the terms upon which His Holiness conceives peace negotiations to be possible. But his terms had hardly been made public when they were denounced in the Entente countries and in the United States as but very thinly disguised from those previously put out by approved German sources. At this writing, no official response has been made to the advances of His Holiness either by our Government or the Allies.

(*This record is as of August* 18 *and is to be continued.*)

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

THE CHALLENGE TO THE CHURCHES

SIR,—Many people are much interested in and view with satisfaction the frank and open discussion in some of our periodicals of the question of the status of the Christian Church, so-called, and its creeds.

There is great confusion in the popular mind, and even in the minds of thinking people, of the terms *Church, Christianity,* and *Religion;* and, if we wish to go deeper into the matter, which we must of necessity do—for any discussion of creeds leads us inevitably to it—we must consider the *philosophic basis of Theism.*

We have recently been honored by the visit of that distinguished English gentleman, Mr. Arthur Balfour, philosopher and statesman, who through theism, finds support for his belief in Christianity, as do most of the great minds of the thinking world who continue in the Church to-day. They are content to allow the ignorant and unthinking to be controlled and live by the symbolisms, superstitions, and fears by means of which priest and Bible hold the great masses to the Church; aids to government and a help in ordering society. For themselves they justify the Church by finding a philosophic basis for their belief in Theism. But in spite of the dominant theistic philosophy which justifies the Church to-day, if not its creeds, like a thin pure thread of gold through English thought has run the religion of its clearest minds; and they have lived or died by their reasonableness and clarity of intellect quite apart from the Church; quite apart from Christianity except as it held some kernel of universal truth within the scope of the human mind.

It seemed to me, in reading Dr. McConnell's article in THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW and later the discussion of it, that he was conscious of the two elements in the Church and was seeking to justify both: to find an honest place for both in its fold. But, to the man who sees most clearly, to Truth in its highest form the word compromise is unknown; and so to many of us the thinking man who compromises with the church through Theism lacks courage and falls just short of Heaven. He is unwilling to recognize his human limitations.

To be very concrete, I recall a pleading, ignorant priest of the Protestant Episcopal Faith using his very last argument to keep in the church one who was breaking away, and the reply of a fearless, clear-sighted woman. "Do you not believe that God is love?" said he in his irritation. "I am prepared," said she, "to assign *no* attributes to Deity: to that something of energy which we perceive working in the universe."

There was nothing more to be said. She had touched bottom. Can philosophy to-day justify the assumption of attributes to Deity? Upon this rests the whole structure of Christianity, creeds and all. In the pure atmosphere of higher thought for fifty years a titanic battle has been waging. Some of the best of our periodicals have admitted more or less of the controversy which in various ways is filtering down through to the masses.

There is a vast field for popular education and clarification of thought in this great period of expansion along these lines. The popular mind is grasping slowly the teaching of the last fifty years: of science; of the higher criticism; of archaeology; of psychology—and it is stooping to weather the gale of that temporary phase of the world's history, industrialism. But above and outside industrialism as much as above feudalism or any other phase of civil history hangs that transcendent truth: from simple to complex and from complex back to simple—as true of the rhythms of human society as it is of world building and disintegration under the great rhythms of the universe. Christianity, so-called, as expressed in various organized Christian churches with their creeds is a phase of civil and social history.

You may be interested in a little experiment in popular education which came to a head in a small way in this remote section of the country some three years ago. It is in part an effort to combat the insidious and insistent proselytism of Christian sects in the public schools and the County Agricultural Associations. It is the evangelical churches in particular that have attempted to attach themselves as a rider to agricultural rehabilitation in our country districts. The Young Men's Christian Association, backed by what funds is not always certain, is one of the most potent forces of intemperate and insidious proselytism to the evangelical forms.

Hector Macpherson is an author almost unknown in this country, a personal friend and biographer of Herbert Spencer, and yet he finds in philosophy, through Theism, bases for the belief in the Calvinistic idea of God. He plays easily over the whole field of philosophy and frankly admits that the whole evangelical world is without a creed to-day; but he naively adds in substance: nothing but a creed as stiff as the creed of Calvin ever could have driven the Jesuit out of Scotland. If we are to-day, as we must admit we are, without a creed, let us set about making a creed that will arm us effectively against our religious enemies.

And so the merry war, the strife and bloodshed, goes on in the little triangle of Anglican, Evangelical and Roman Catholic, and we must include Greek Catholic too, all termed Christian, with the armed Mohammedan on their frontier. To it is largely due the Irish question, the Mexican difficulties, if not the great war abroad.

The destruction of Rheims was prophetic. In the high lights it would seem as though creeds and our churches, examined as social and economic institutions, were an anomaly, and that religion so soon as it is organized by human hands, ceases to be religion. It fails to rise above the tide of our social and economic life.

But with all due deference to Dr. McConnell, whatever may be true of sects and creeds, there is no such thing as compromise in religion. Either a man is or he isn't.

CLAREMONT, N. H. ELLEN P. SANDERS.

DO WE NEED A NEW LUTHER?

SIR,—The article contributed to a recent REVIEW by S. D. McConnell, D.D., entitled, "What Are the Churches to Do?" and subsequent comments thereon in following numbers, suggest the pressing need of reform in the twentieth century Church. It is also devoutly to be wished that the churches would give careful attention to what is being said along this line by men of keen perception and independent thought.

It is, however, too often the case that he who points out the means of avoiding in the future the costly mistakes of the past is denounced as an iconoclast—an enemy of the Church.

The Pagan, the Mohammedan, the Christian and the Jew represent the grand divisions of the modern religious world. These are each and all rent, sundered

and fractured into numerous cults, creeds and classes, differing in variant degrees, but all unanimous in the opinion that their division is based on Truth, while all the others are fundamentally erroneous, and hence false and spurious as systems of religion.

Assuming that the Christian system is the one existing with divine approval, we find it likewise divided, sub-divided and re-divided into numerous sects, schisms and fragments, some differing merely in superficial detail, and others along lines as antithetic as they are fundamental.

If any one of these is identical with the primitive Church, established in conformity to divinely revealed Truth, it follows that all the others which are inconsistent therewith, or divergent therefrom, are inconsistent with or divergent from divinely revealed Truth.

We do not say that no modern Church conforms to the primitive pattern; for this would imply a knowledge of church conditions which we do not profess. Nor do we say that the range of our observation includes none such; for even this would imply an acquaintance with revelation and a wisdom of interpretation which modesty forbids we should assume. But we do say that if any Church within convenient reach claims such distinction, it would please us to be an occasional attendant on its ministrations.

And why not such a Church? It would evince, on the part of its adherents, a disposition to exalt private character and public worship to a conformity with divine standards; while opposition thereto would betray a desire to degrade divine standards to the level of a perverted human taste.

Justification for perpetuating the present schismatic condition of the modern Church is founded on two assumptions, viz:

1. It adapts the Christian System to the variant human conditions.

2. As there is a germ of good in each of them, they should all be fostered and encouraged for its preservation.

The first of these has been refuted times without number; but it is sufficient to say that it is unsparingly condemned by the Scriptures.

The second needs no refutation; its fallacy becomes obvious on being reduced to the form of a syllogism.

L. J. Coppage.

Crawfordsville, Ind.

GERMAN MORALS

Sir,—The theory proposed by Mr. Ayer in your July number, that the indifference of the German people to justice, mercy and the rights of others is due to the doctrines of early Christianity, will not hold water, because all the peoples of Europe were subject to the same influences and have not developed the same characteristics. We cannot conceive of Holland, Norway, Denmark, or England rejoicing undisguisedly over the drowning of innocent neutrals, or justifying the barbarous treatment of non-combatants in Belgium. Why is it that Teutons outside of Germany recognize a code of ethics repudiated by those living in the old home? While the following reasons do not entirely account for this remarkable phenomenon, they may do so in part.

Just before the Christian era we find Teutonic tribes occupying nearly all the territory between the Danube, the Rhine, the Baltic and the Vistula. These tribes were continually fighting among themselves. Partly nomadic and partly agricultural, they were continually moving west and south. The Goths passed through France and conquered Rome, the Vandals subdued a large part of Spain and Northern Africa, the Franks conquered France, the Angles, Jutes and Saxons conquered Britain. In some cases they were amalgamated with the conquered people, as in the case of the Lombards and the Franks; in others they

established themselves and became a nation. Sometimes, as in case of the Danes in England, they reconquered lands conquered earlier by other tribes. In all cases they brought with them the seminal idea of the equality of the freemen, the election of the chief, and serfdom, the latter abandoned by degrees, the former the germ of democracy. In all cases the expeditions were organized by energetic chiefs who took with them a certain number of capable volunteers. Consequently there was a constant drain of the most independent characters westward. Those who remained were the conservative, the docile, the unenterprising. Thus we find in England a nation of "kickers," jealous of their rights, ready to fight their chiefs, and, in modern days, to "write to the *Times*." They went so far as to execute one of their kings because he did not respect the ancient rights of the freemen. Those who remained behind in Germany have never executed a tyrant though they suffered under his exactions. Except in Switzerland they submitted to exactions and oppressions.

In Berlin ten years ago, the people did not resent, energetically, insults by their army officers which in England or this country, where many enterprising Englishmen fled in the seventeenth century, would have provoked instant retaliation regardless of personal danger. How can we account for this except by supposing that for two thousand years the bold, energetic, irascible, individualistic men had been drained off to the west, taking their women with them or intermarrying with Gauls and British Celts, raising children who should carry out the English and French and American Revolutions, and leaving behind in the old home the conservative, the docile, the laborious, who have not spirit enough to resent insults and impositions as long as submission will insure beer and sausages, who have never beheaded an emperor or a king in two thousand years. In no other part of the world has this social selection been carried out on so large a scale. It is true that there are some servile Englishmen and Frenchmen principally in domestic service, but many of these would fiercely resent a personal indignity beyond what they considered their rights. Furthermore, for several centuries bold and enterprising Englishmen have migrated to Canada, to New Zealand, to Australia. But they return whenever they can, they make every effort to have their children educated in England. They are not permanently detached. Consequently England has not become, like Germany, a horde of men lacking spirit to achieve freedom.

Men who lack courage for adventure are usually servile to superiors in social station and tyrannical to those below them. There is no other such brutal tyrant as the German non-commissioned officer. If you do not insist on your own rights as an individual, you are not apt to pay much attention to the rights of others. The chivalrous qualities have been drained out of Germany, for they go with the energetic and enterprising qualities. There has been in Germany a survival of those most fit to be the tools of tyranny. In modern warfare obedience is the prime requisite. Acting in large masses, individual courage and initiative are not needed except in aviation. So a million Germans make as good a modern army as a million Frenchmen, though individually inferior in dash and reckless courage, and fighting for a less inspiring ideal—unwarranted conquest instead of defense of home and children. Which will prove the most lasting remains to be seen, though there can be little question which is the higher. But to a machine gun the cause is of little importance, and the German army has the morals of a machine gun.

C. F. JOHNSON.

HARTFORD, CONN.

GERMANY IN CHINA

SIR,—In the April number of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW there appears a letter from the pen of Mr. Ernest P. Horrwitz on the subject of the former

German settlement at Kiaochiao in Northern China, of which Tsingtau is the chief port and residential city.

The author of the letter does not state whether he has ever visited Tsingtau, and in view of the exaggeration of his description of that "matchless 'pearl of the Orient'" the present writer can only conclude that the information contributed by Mr. Horrwitz is not first-hand.

As a resident of over twelve years' standing in Shanghai, and a visitor to Tsingtau at varying intervals from 1908 to the present year, I may, perhaps, lay claim to some knowledge of the facts.

It is indeed true that the German Government spent very large sums upon the development of Tsingtau, but Mr. Horrwitz refrains from stating that the greater portion of this expenditure was devoted to the work of constructing the fortifications and the naval harbor, and to the upkeep of the military and naval establishments in the city and territory, in defiance of the fact that Kiaochiao was *not* a German *Colony* but territory leased from China for a definite period of years.

The chief aim of the Germans appeared, in fact, to be to render Tsingtau a formidable military outpost, and a desirable place of residence for the official and commercial Teutonic community; and the success of their efforts in this direction must be admitted.

Of the "exquisite picture galleries" (remark the plural) I have never heard. The hotels worthy of the name are three in number—the largest, the Strand Hotel, being a seaside resort for the residents on the China Coast during the summer months. The shops do not bear comparison with those in the International Settlement of Shanghai, nor, for that matter, with Hongkong.

It appears to be a fundamental principle of American and British Colonial policy to encourage friendly intercourse, as far as differences of customs and mode of life permit, with the people of the governed territory. As an example of the "heart of hearts" democracy of German colonial policy I need state no more than the fact that the Chinese were debarred from residence in the foreign (European) city of Tsingtau, proper,—native servants and a few necessary Chinese tradesmen alone being allowed in this quarter. No such restriction prevails in Hongkong, Singapore or Shanghai, where the Chinese may own or lease land and build and reside where they please.

The story of German Colonial administration in Africa is, I venture to think, sufficient to raise doubts as to the "beneficial" effect of Teutonic methods to the people under their control.

Distance from New York is responsible for this communication being rather belated, but even at this late date I feel that such an exaggerated view of the "model" settlement of Tsingtau as that presented to your readers by Mr. Horrwitz should not be allowed to remain unchallenged.

GEO. H. CHARLTON.

SHANGHAI, CHINA.

TEUTONIC INSANITY

SIR,—Your splendid editorial in the July REVIEW on Lord Northcliffe, "the man of the war", is both truthful and inspiring. It voices a well-earned appreciation of the far-sighted vision of the constructive journalist. It clinches that appreciation with numerous published statements of "the man of the war" which have appeared in the London *Times* and elsewhere. It gives the Allies strong hope that the outcome of the World War is not uncertain nor doubtful, and may not be even long delayed.

All this is worthy and well enough. But one quotation from Lord Northcliffe himself, which appears in the editorial in question, utters a truth which

cannot be repeated too often nor burned too deeply into the public conscience of the civilized world. Let every nation give heed to the unanswerable pronunciamento:

> If the German multitude will throw off that insanity of theirs which makes them believe that Germany is another name for God, we will see them as men, and treat them as men; we will forgive the wrongs which they did when they thought themselves God; we will not exult insolently over that country of theirs which has exulted over all the world.

Surely, that is a magnanimity which is altogether too rare, a magnanimity, nevertheless, which does unspeakable credit to him who uttered it.

DUANE MOWRY.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

LET THEM FIGHT THE COMMON ENEMY

SIR,—In the July Number of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, under the caption "Information Wanted," you reproduce an editorial from the *Jacksonville Times-Union,* which can not see why "the former protests of President Wilson" against British interference with our neutral trade should now be succeeded by "a plan which puts neutrals on rations fixed by belligerents."

If, Mr. Editor, you do indeed possess the "singular lucidity of statement" which Colonel Watterson says characterizes you, can you not make clear to this bewildered Floridian that we were a neutral when protesting, but a belligerent—an enemy of Germany—now? They are pretty dense down in the Everglade State, but you might try!

The truth is, the war would be over to-day but for the surplus importations from the United States resold to Germany by Sweden, Norway, Denmark, Holland and Switzerland. For the sake of the American lads we are sending to the trenches in France, not another ounce of food or supplies should be sent to these nations. They have an aggregate of two million men under arms. Let them fight the common enemy or starve!

WASHINGTON, D. C. H. R. L.

A PATRIOTIC SERVICE

SIR,—All your life you have been performing patriotic services for your country and the cause of freedom and democracy. In my opinion, you never did your country a better turn than you did in publishing "The Japanese Point of View" from the pen of Judge Henshaw in your July issue.

As an humble American citizen who loves his country, I deplore the attitude of the California people generally on this subject, because I believe the senseless agitation against the Japanese is fraught with grave consequences for the United States.

ERNEST A. STOWE.

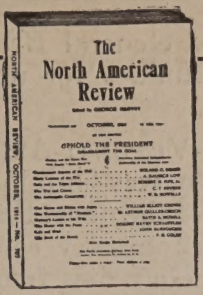
GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

OLD FRIENDS

SIR,—I have had the REVIEW in my home for the past thirty-one years and would sooner do without the clock on the mantel than without the REVIEW on the table. Here is to your good health, and long may you live to edit the REVIEW!

H. F. MERRICK.

KENSINGTON, OHIO.



CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS NUMBER

ARTHUR POLLEN,
who is at present in this country, is an Oxford graduate and noted writer on naval subjects. Any utterances he makes on such matters are eagerly listened to in England, and he has rendered notable service to the English navy. He writes regularly for the English publication *Land and Water.*

PRINCESS CATHERINE RADZIWILL,
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BENJAMIN STRONG,
is Governor of the Federal Reserve Bank of New York. He is a trained banker and a deep student of economic and financial subjects. He brought to the great task of organizing the Federal Reserve Bank of New York, the skill and experience gained through years of active work in the commercial banking world. Prior to his connection with the Federal Reserve Bank he was President of the Bankers Trust Company.

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though now a citizen of the United States, has traveled extensively in Russia. His Russian connections (he is

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THE DUKE OF LITTA-VISCONTI-ARESE,
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SIDNEY WEBB,
one of England's foremost sociologists, is probably the highest authority on British labor conditions. His *History of Trade Unionism* as well as his *English Poor Law Policy* and *The State and the Doctor* and numerous other similar publications, which include *The New Statesman,* a paper conducted by his distinguished wife and himself, are important contributions to the social and economic matters of the time.

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L. D. H. WELD
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HAMILTON JAMES ECKENRODE
is a graduate of the University of Virginia and Johns Hopkins University. At one time he acted as archivist in charge of the Virginia archives, in addition to his professorial duties in a Virginia college. His monographs on historical subjects include *The Political History of Virginia during Reconstruction* and *Separation of Church and State in Virginia.*

BABETTE DEUTSCH,
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VERNON LEE
is the pen-name of Miss Violet Paget, an English writer and critic, who has lived for a number of years in Italy. She has written much on the history of the arts, literature, and drama of that country. Among her published works are *Renaissance Fancies and Studies, Hortus Vitae, Sister Benvenuta, The Sentimental Traveler,* and *Genius Loci.* This first essay is one of a series the REVIEW will publish on the *Genius of Places.*

WINIFRED KIRKLAND
is known as one of the more thoughtful among contemporary contributors to American magazines of the higher grade. She was born at Columbia, Penn. The present essay is one of a number shortly to be published in book form.

WILLIAM LYON PHELPS,
Professor of English Literature at Yale University, was graduated from Yale in 1887. He has edited many English classics, and has published *The Permanent Contribution of the Nineteenth Century to English Literature, Essays on Modern Novelists, Essays on Russian Novelists,* and many others.

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NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW
OCTOBER, 1917

"E-Y-E-S—*FRONT*"

BY THE EDITOR

E-Y-E-S—*front!* Looking straight ahead for a moment through our hurries and our worries, with the clear vision of serenity and faith, what do we behold? Abroad, the death of military autocracy; at home, new and better life for a people unified and uplifted by peril and affliction; and, last but far from least as an encouraging thought, both great purposes achieved through vastly smaller human sacrifice than is commonly apprehended. Unless all records are wrong and all history as a teacher is at fault, these are certainties which should be kept constantly in mind as bearing reassurance to millions of troubled hearts.

Germany cannot win. Though false as hell at the beginning, her declaration that now she fights defensively is true and will so continue to the end. As at Verdun, so along the whole Western line she cannot pass; and she has reached her limit in men, machines and money. On *der tag,* in August, 1914, practically one-sixth of her population, 11,500,000 males of all ages, were available for military service in a war lasting four years. At the end of three years all had been called to the colors in this order:

Original mobilization, 4,500,000; untrained reservists called to February, 1915, 800,000; recruits to January, 1915, 450,000; untrained landsturm in 1915, 1,250,000; previously exempted men in 1915, 300,000; class of 1916 called in 1915, 450,000; previously exempted men in 1916, 200,000; landsturm in 1916, 450,000; class of 1917 called in 1916, 450,000; third contingent of previously exempted men late in 1916, 300,000; class of 1918 called in 1917, 450,000; class of 1919 called in part in 1917, 300,000; additional previously exempted men in 1917, 150,000; class of 1920, still uncalled, 450,000.

Grand total, 11,500,000.

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Killed, disabled and captured, 4,000,000.
Wounded under treatment, 500,000.
Permanently exempt, industrially employed, abroad, etc., 1,500,000.
In actual service at all fronts, on lines of communication and at interior stations, 5,500,000.

These figures were compiled by the Associated Press and are accepted as substantially correct by all recognized authorities. The losses for 1918, based upon the record for the past three years, will exceed 1,300,000. To take the places of these killed and disabled, the maximum possible reserve is 800,000, of whom more than 600,000 are boys under nineteen. Clearly, Germany is "all in."

France, on the other hand, has not yet called her two classes of 1919 and 1920 and will have 500,000 to add in 1918, Britain easily as many more and the United States probably about an equal number, netting an increase of fully 1,500,000 for the Allies to none for the enemy. In 1919, America can and will, if necessary, put three or even five millions of trained soldiers into the field,—more than can possibly comprise the entire German army on the Western front.

We have them by the throat on land; time alone is needed, with or without the aid of embargoes and starvation. Can we hold them at sea? Or, rather, can England safeguard her food supplies till we can render effective assistance? That is the sole question. Lloyd George says yes, and so should we unhesitatingly if we could be assured that all is being and will be done that can be done in the shortest possible time.

But,—oh well, *is it?*

Since we directed attention to the surprising and disheartening delay in providing for enlargement of our fleet of destroyers the Navy Department has awakened to the need and has asked from Congress an additional appropriation of $350,000,000 which, however, for some unaccountable reason, is reduced to $125,000,000 in Chairman Fitzgerald's estimate. Admitting the justice of Mr. Gilbert's criticism that "the fault to be found with the Department's programme is not with its extent and thoroughness, but with the lateness of its adoption," chiefly no doubt because of the Secretary's preoccupation in general counsel and Navy League quarrels, the tardy announcement is welcome, though uncomfortably vague. "It is not permissible," we are informed in characteristic official phrase, "to make known the exact number

built, building and *in contemplation,* but it may be said that the total comprises more than we have now afloat."

So much we can understand and believe, but when asked further, through unofficial declarations obviously designed to screen past delinquencies, to bask in contemplation of "the greatest fleet of destroyers in the world," we frankly throw up our hands. When the war began the United States was credited with possession of 74 destroyers, good, bad and indifferent, while Great Britain had 223 in actual commission and 15 building, and Germany boasted 154. How many England has since added to her fleet nobody knows, but undoubtedly the number is large, while up to the present year and, so far as we are informed, up to the present time, not one has been added to the American total. The further inspired statement, moreover, that "a *large number* of destroyers are now on the ways" is absurd upon its face, although it is happily within bounds to expect that "several of them," meaning eight at the outside, "will be completed within the next few months." Meanwhile, no actual construction is in progress for the reason that, unlike the War Department, the Navy Department is too squeamish to move till Congress definitely votes the assured appropriation; but then, thank God, unless the *Evening Post* is misinformed, it will be "ready to go ahead."

It is comforting in the circumstances to hear that our British allies are driving construction at an unprecedented gait. "The rivers Tees, Tyne, Wear and Clyde," writes an Associated Press correspondent, "are overhung with smoke; blast furnaces are glowing everywhere; streaks of red go back and forward in the rolling mills and through it all on these busy rivers there is a roar of automatic riveters, the clash of sledges on steel plates, and the throbbing of ponderous machines that punch holes in plates an inch thick. So great is this noise at many places on the banks of the Clyde that to talk it is necessary to place mouth to ear. Just now the builders of ships are rushing through work on countless destroyers, cruisers, and other naval ships that must remain for the present as 'mysteries.' They are working at a tremendous rate." All of which, taken in conjunction with the development of a standardized motor for air machines, with the seeming decrease in losses from submarine attacks and with the sending of Admiral Mayo to England to accelerate aggressive naval action, encourages the hope that during the

coming year Germany's potency will diminish at sea proportionately as, during the past year, it has lessened on land. In any case, the Huns cannot win.

We advert now to a matter of the utmost importance to American families, respecting which wholly unwarranted and most unfortunate misapprehension has arisen, namely, that of casualties in the war as now waged. As a consequence of ignorance of the facts and unceasing mouthings of traitors and pacifists, "trench fighting" has come to be regarded as virtually synonymous with "slaughter" and the impression has been strengthened materially by personal tales of minor engagements made vivid by ghastly pictures. The truth is that the death toll exacted by modern warfare is immeasurably smaller than ever before in history and has decreased steadily since the fighting began.

Innumerable comparisons might be cited from the days of Alexander in substantiation of this assertion, but a few will suffice. In the Charge of the Light Brigade 113 were killed and 134 wounded out of 673, or 36.7 per cent. In our Civil War, the Ninth Illinois lost at Shiloh 63.3 per cent, the First Minnesota at Gettysburg 82 per cent, and the Sixty-ninth, New York, 1,000 out of 1,200 in twenty minutes. Even the Prussians sacrificed of the Third Westphalian regiment at Mars la Tour, in 1871, 1,484 men out of 3,000, or 49.4 per cent.

Similar losses were experienced, especially by the inefficiently officered British, in the early engagements of the present war, but in open fighting, not in trenches. Later, too, as we noted last month, the splendid Canadians left 600 out of 800 on the field, in consequence of an unrescinded order. By way of contrast we are indebted to Sir Charles Ross for a statement of the casualties at the recent battle of Messines as follows:

Total number of men engaged, 280,000.
Total casualties less than 9 per cent.
Total fatalities less than 1 in 7 of total casualties.

Reported from the same authoritative source of another recent battle:

Engaged: First line, 250,000; second line, 250,000. Casualties: Walking, 6,000; stretcher, 2,600; killed and wholly disabled, 1,400.

These, of course, were single engagements and can be regarded only as illustrative. But take the percentage of

casualties in the entire French army in proportion to mobilized strength, with this result:

Battles of Charleroi and of the Marne	5.41
First 6 months of 1915	2.39
Second 6 months of 1915	1.68
First 6 months of 1916	1.47
Second 6 months of 1916	1.28

These figures, taken when the casualties were greatest in proportion to mobilized strength and combined with the highest proportion of deaths, show losses due to deaths from wounds and killed in action to be approximately eleven in every 1,000 of mobilized strength. According to the figures presented by the French High Commissioner in his letter to the Secretary of War, the high-water mark of casualties in the French Army was reached early in the war—at the battles of Charleroi and the Marne. The casualties in that period were 5.41 per cent of the mobilized strength, or 541 men in every 10,000 with the colors. Military experts in this country agree that the killed in action and died of wounds have never at any time in this war exceeded twenty per cent of the total casualties. This gives a figure of 108.2 fatalities from these causes in every 10,000 mobilized strength; or practically eleven men killed in action or died of wounds for every 1,000 with the colors, a ratio of 1.1 per cent.

To say, as we used to say of crossing the Atlantic, that fighting in France as now conducted is safer than crossing Broadway, would seem absurd; and yet the concrete fact is that if the percentage of American fatalities, in an army of 500,000, in 1918, should not exceed that of the French last year, more Americans will perish from intentional and accidental use of firearms in the United States than in Europe. Nor is there apparent reason to doubt that this will be the case. The heavy sacrifices of the bewildered French and the untrained British in the first year of the war and of the German boys cynically used for "cannon fodder" throughout, conformably to system, signify nothing. American fighting is to be done on the "precise and scientific" lines wisely decreed by the President in preference to the happy-go-lucky methods of Rough Riders; our men have no superiors in intelligence or in initiative and will be trained to a nicety before being sent into action; and if there live more capable officers than the professional soldiers graduated from West Point, the fact is yet to be demonstrated.

We would not think of minimizing the dangers which confront the young Americans who go to fight their country's battles; war is war and the Huns are Huns; but we do insist, upon the records, that the too-common assumption that they are going to " certain death " or to certain anything except honor for themselves and glory for their country is as unwarranted in fact as it surely is harmful in promulgation and altogether foolish.

THE STRAIGHT AND NARROW PATH

Do the members of Congress who have been striving openly or furtively to clog the machinery of successful warfare truly represent the sentiment and spirit of their communities? We wonder. They are astute politicians accustomed to gauge public opinion and dependent, in the realization of their ambitions, upon the favor of their constituents. We need not name them. Indeed, we could not do so without hazarding analyses of motives which might bear unjustly upon individuals who approach a common goal by varying routes. That some have been impelled by sincere conviction we must assume. That others have merely trod the well-worn paths of demagogy seems apparent from their past performances. That their leader is possessed by an ugly spirit engendered by bitter disappointment few of his associates could be found to deny. The time may—indeed, almost surely will—come when rational but unsparing judgment must be rendered, after careful scrutiny of their respective records. But the present purpose of testing the sense of the partially segregated communities which constitute the nation can best be served through comparative generalization.

The fact that only four Senators finally voted against the great Revenue Bill, whose passage was essential to the prosecution of the war, has been accepted by many as evidence of substantial unanimity, but to minds familiar with the actual situation the deduction is far from conclusive. It was the traditional case of fish or cut bait. Some voted in the affirmative to square accounts at home, others to maintain "party regularity" and others still, reluctantly and apologetically, bowing to the inevitable, to "stand by the country right or wrong," after the fashion of Mr. Hearst and Mr. Ridder and the whole brood of insidious peace-finders. Of the many

preliminary tests of real intent that afforded by the vote upon Senator La Follette's full substitute is probably the truest. The sections here represented in full or in part as opposed to the bill proposed by the Finance Committee were:

New England—New Hampshire.
South and Southwest—Georgia, Mississippi, Missouri, Oklahoma.
Middle West—Wisconsin, North Dakota, Iowa, Nebraska.
Far West—Idaho, California, Oregon, Washington.

Eight of these thirteen States—Wisconsin, Iowa, Nebraska, North Dakota, Mississippi, Missouri, Oregon and California—were represented by the "little group of wilful men" denounced by the President on March 4 for "rendering the great Government of the United States helpless and contemptible,"—from which it would appear that they have not only withstood the appeal of patriotism in actual warfare with a foreign Power but have drawn to their aid, in part at least, Georgia, Oklahoma, Idaho, Washington and New Hampshire.

What, then, are we to conclude? That, beyond question, we should say, with the exception of New England whose one discordant note is solitary and freakish, the far Middle West, the Northwest, the Southwest, the radical element of the South and the Pacific coast are represented accurately by Senators La Follette and Husting, Kenyon, Norris, Reed, Gore, Borah and Brady, Gronna, Hardwick, Vardaman, Johnson, Jones and McNary. And yet nobody would maintain for a moment that either these vigorously American commonwealths themselves or, with two possible exceptions, their authorized spokesmen are unpatriotic or even pro-German except in so far as they are anti-British. Despite the fact that the people of the prairies voted in the latest National election to "keep out of war," they were the quickest to respond through enlistment when war came, and are today the slowest to be beguiled by the sinister peace propaganda.

Obviously the root of this seemingly paradoxical disaffection, voiced with acute comprehension in Congress, lies not in disloyalty to America or to democracy. Where, then, is it to be found? In dissatisfaction? In envy? In greed? Who can say? Every speech, without exception, made in the Senate against the bill of the Finance Committee was a drive at wealth. There were disputes over methods of taxation, over ways and means of collection and the like, but invariably

the argument, however shrewdly camouflaged by some while bluntly avowed by others, led straightway to the conclusion: The rich (meaning the East) brought on this war; now let the rich (still meaning the East) pay for it! And the more they have to pay, the better. Hence the ease, inexplicable to many, with which colossal appropriations have been obtained by the Administration from representatives who hitherto have paraded their devotion to economy.

Of the Bill itself as finally enacted little need be said. It is fair enough. Practically the entire financial burden is put upon the rich and well-to-do, but that was to be expected and, so far as we have heard, the imposition has evoked no complaint from those most directly concerned. The potential future value of the great personal fortunes has already been reduced at least fifty per cent, but what of it? The cause is just, the fight is necessary, the sacrifice is right; those who have only sons must give sons, those who have only money must give money and those who have both must give both. And that is what is being done, we assert positively and could easily prove, with no thought of making invidious comparisons, at least as freely, as generously and as nobly east of the Alleghenies as anywhere else in our common country.

It is not the winning of the war—transcendental in consideration though we hold that to be—nor the cost of winning it that now troubles our mind. It is the making of the war a pretext for doing other things. And if it be the purpose of our legislators, representing great communities, as we seem to perceive, to utilize the peril of the Nation as a cloak for "equalizing wealth," for depleting "swollen fortunes," for imposing sumptuary laws upon resistant but helpless communities, for jamming through woman suffrage at a time when we are confronted by a man's job, then we cannot blind our eyes to a danger greater than ever confronted the Republic before, greater than the war itself.

Cannot patriots like Senator Borah and Speaker Clark, who dread the concentration of vast accumulations, realize this? Cannot citizens like Mr. Vanderlip and Mr. Rockefeller, who advocate prohibition, perceive it? Cannot political philosophers like Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Bryan, who demand equal suffrage for all, behold it—as the truth?

These are not childish things to be put aside permanently; they are vital problems which must be solved when they

can be solved aright; but that time is not now when concentration of the whole heart and brain and bone and sinew of the Nation is essential to the living of America and the saving of civilization.

HOPE vs. EXPERIENCE

It is our own fault. When we demanded the "whole truth for the people" in return for "fair play for the Government" we should have added "and nothing but the truth." Thus we might have been spared the present painful necessity of directing attention to an unhappy episode, in the hope that its possible future like may not require the term occurrence. The recital shall be brief.

At 10.30 a. m., on Tuesday, September 11, the Secretary of the Navy summoned the war correspondents of Washington to his presence and handed to them copies of the following somewhat oddly constructed and no less peculiarly punctuated announcement:

> The Navy Department received a report from Paris which states that the steamer *Westwego* reported on the 8th of September while cruising with several other ships, was attacked by a massed force of six submarines off the coast of France on the 5th of September. The result of this attack being that two of the steamers attacked were sunk and probably all of the submarines were lost.

The war correspondents were stunned by this account of the most remarkable achievement at sea since the war began, but they could not escape the conviction borne in upon their consciousness by what the *Tribune* representative depicted as "the unctuous voice which the Secretary employs to tell of major victories,"—such, we assume, as the famous triumph of Independence Day. Forthwith the glad tidings was spread broadcast by newspapers in extra-editions throughout the land, beginning with a telephonic message to the Capitol and continuing with an exultant telegram to Magnolia, Mass., where the Mountain was whistling for Mahomet and bringing forth a Mouse.

"The Secretary's naval advisers," the *Evening Sun* records, "strongly counselled against making the report public pending the receipt of further details," but were overruled. And yet their reasons for caution, we may not truthfully deny, seem to have been worthy of consideration. This was September 11. The battle with "the massed force

of six submarines" was reported to have taken place on September 5, not in mid-ocean, but "off the coast of France." If destroyers were engaged, why had they not reported their signal victory by wireless days before? If the *Westwego* alone was involved, why had her captain waited three days to herald his amazing exploit? And if, as declared, the embassy in Paris had received the information on September 8, why was the thrilling news withheld from America until September 11? These surely were natural queries calling for prudent, if any, statement to the public. However,—

At 2.30 p. m., the Secretary put forth a supplementary announcement, to wit:

> My attention has just been called to a serious error made in transcribing report of the attack made on the *Westwego* and other vessels. I gave the report to the press this morning exactly as it was given to me, saying that "two of the steamers attacked were sunk and probably all of the submarines were lost." The cablegram, I now find, stated that "one" of the submarines was probably lost.

The error, according to the *Times,* was that of "a girl stenographer," who rectified it "immediately," and within a few minutes one corrected copy was placed upon the Secretary's desk and another was handed to "a Creel man" while he was "rushing into the mimeograph room." Meanwhile, the Secretary himself, proud and happy, had left his office to attend "a conference"—presumably with the Superior Council of National Defense, since the Supreme Council was away beating Mr. Hugh Wallace at golf—and, as he did not return till 2.30 p. m., four hours elapsed before the correction was made public. What really happened on September 5, "off the coast of France," nobody here at this writing knows. Nor for the present purpose does it matter. The confessed fact that what was advertised was not realized is the sole requisite.

Least and last of all would we impugn the motives or condemn the acts of the Secretary of the Navy unless driven to the unwelcome task by a sense of duty. More specifically than anybody else, when they re-elected the President, the people endorsed Mr. Daniels, and we accepted the verdict, if not with unalloyed cheer, at least with sufficient equanimity to accord him a clean slate. Whether he is or can ever become temperamentally passably fitted for his great position and whether he would be now or ever would have been the

President's choice, if the existing condition of war could have been foreseen, are questions whose discussion would be idle. He is not only there but is apparently glued there, and the only practicable thing to do is to refrain from hurling bricks, as we have been enjoined with respect to the gentleman at the piano, at one who is doing the best he can. That is one reason why, so far, without committing ourselves to the practice as eternal, we have abstained from even the gentlest chiding of an official whose commendable indefatigability, we recall having once remarked, seemed not unlikely to carry him to the head of the busybody class depicted by Macaulay.

But the fact remains and cannot be ignored that this latest exhibition of slipshod methods, following so quickly upon the ridiculous "elaboration" of the July incident, is more than disquieting; it is disheartening, for two particular reasons: first, that it indicates utter inability to profit from a bitter lesson and, secondly, that as a repetition of a grave offense it has already impaired public faith in any announcement that may hereafter emanate from the same source. That, we declare, is a very serious matter, and one which the President, himself the holder of ultimate and complete responsibility, cannot wisely disregard.

There is another phase. At the very beginning of the war, as our readers will recall, we emphasized the necessity of establishing sympathetic relationship between President and people through a Department of Public Information of Cabinet rank, so constituted as to possess the confidence of the Executive, the Congress and the country. Instead, after a drastic censorship had been attempted in vain, the present makeshift, headed by the zestful and imaginative Mr. Creel and controlled by the Cabinet officers whose activities are most properly subject to public review, was duly installed, only to be shattered by the Secretaries themselves, as in this very instance, when Mr. Daniels took the matter into his own hands and disposed of it with a heedless alacrity which might have been exhibited to far greater advantage in other directions, and in consonance with, rather than contrary to, the judgment of his official advisers. Can anybody imagine a Chester S. Lord, let us say, as the head of such a Department or even as managing editor of a responsible newspaper, publishing so irrational a tale without verification? To argue that Mr. Daniels is himself an editor is to—but hold, enough!

We have this only to add: When, five months ago, we

beseeched the President to designate a War Council of five or seven of the best minds of the Nation which should be occupied constantly and exclusively as "a sieve and buffer" for himself, we urged as one of many reasons the necessity of leaving every Cabinet officer free to perform the enormously increased tasks of his Department. Needless to remark, if the Secretary of the Navy had remained at his desk on September 11, attending to his own business instead of engaging elsewhere in what was probably futile discussion of general problems, the country would not have been borne to the heights of glorious anticipation in the morning, only to be dropped into the cavern of "a girl stenographer's" typewritten correction late in the afternoon. But all this is by the way. We are not really complaining. We are hoping.

NO MORE OF "DIVINE RIGHT."

THE "Divine Right of Kings" is played out. That, in racy vernacular of Yankeedom, is the meaning—or one of the chief meanings—of the President's reply to the Pope; and of the Allied Powers' approval of the President's reply. There are other things in that memorable document, of vast importance. This one underlies them and towers above them and pervades them and dominates them all. The United States of America serves notice upon the world that it will have no more dealings with the Divine Right of Kings, or with a government based upon that blasphemous and inhuman principle; and all the Allied Powers, Republic, Kingdom and Empire alike, respond "We, too!"

It is a lie for the German "reptile press"—the phrase and its application are Bismarck's—to pretend as it has been doing that the President is seeking to meddle in the domestic affairs of Germany and to dictate its form of government. Nothing was further from his mind. Nothing could be further from the plain purport of his words. It is—save in an academically humanitarian sense—nothing to the President, and nothing to America, whether Germany has an Emperor or a President, an Akhoond or a Great Panjandrum. Every nation to its own taste; and if the German nation likes the sort of thing that it now has over it, why—we have never quarreled with the Old Woman of the proverb, who kissed the cow.

But even the devotees of Kultur must concede that a rule

must work both ways. If Germany has a clear and indefeasible right to say who shall rule over her, America has an equally clear and indefeasible right to say with whom she will do diplomatic business. It is one of the elementary principles of international law that each nation has a right, which nobody may question, to determine for itself what governments it will or will not recognize, and what ambassadors it will or will not receive. That is not merely an ancient American principle, enunciated by Washington, but it is one which Germany herself has maintained and practised with conspicuous zeal. If therefore the United States declines further to recognize the government of the Hohenzollern Huns, or to receive and treat with ambassadors appointed by it, there can be no question of its acting in accordance with the best-established and most punctilious principles of international intercourse.

What the President demands is that Germany, if she wishes recognition and negotiations, shall seek them through a government with which a self-respecting power can deal, as one that can be believed, be trusted, and be held responsible. The present German Government does not answer these requirements. It cannot be believed, cannot be trusted, cannot be regarded as responsible. It confesses that it began this war on the pretext of a lie which itself had invented, presumably for the purpose. It confesses and even boasts that it has regarded and treated the most sacred and solemn international conventions as "scraps of paper." Its course for three years has been a compound of mendacity and treachery. There is no truth in it. It would be impertinent and insulting to ask a self-respecting Power to enter into relations with it; as it would be to ask a respectable business man to have friendly dealings with a convicted bunco-steerer. Therefore the President demands, and logically and righteously demands, as a necessary preliminary to negotiations with Germany, the provision of a German Government that is not a stench in the moral nostrils of the world.

It rests, of course, with the German people to do as they please about it; as we have already said. That is their right. But right inevitably implies commensurate responsibility. They have as good a right to stand by their government as we have to stand by ours. They may, if they please, identify themselves with it, declare that it is the kind of government that they like and want, and approve all its falsehoods and

rapes and thefts and murders. The reptilian—Bismarck's word—*Cologne Gazette* insists that they will do so; and perhaps it knows. "Has not," it demands, "the entire German people, rich and poor, Socialist and Conservative, continually repeated that it stands firm for the Emperor and the Empire? . . . The German people may be relied upon to range themselves more firmly around the Emperor against this hypocrite." Very well. That, we repeat, is their right. Only, they must recognize and accept the consequences, and those consequences must inevitably be that we shall have to treat them as we are now treating their government. We have hitherto made it plain, from the beginning, that our quarrel is not with them but with their government. Our declaration or recognition of war was not of a war with Germany but with "the Imperial German Government." But if now the German people identify themselves with that government and make themselves a party to its crimes and to its war, they will make themselves also a party to our hostility.

We have said that our Government refuses longer to deal with Divine Right. That is because all these unspeakable infamies of the Huns, against which we are warring, are the direct manifestations of the exercise of that assumed prerogative. It is because of this megalomaniac obsession of a special commission and charter from the Almighty that William of Hohenzollern considers himself authorized to repudiate treaties, to utter falsehoods, and to order his subordinates to burn and steal and rape and murder and to break every law of God and man. A principle of government which induces such practices is impossible of further recognition at the hands of civilization.

It must be remembered that William of Hohenzollern is not only the foremost living exponent of that principle but also one of the most extreme exponents of it that ever lived. We can recall no mediaeval despot who ever more baldly enunciated or more boldly practised it. "I take my authority," he has repeatedly said, "from God and from nobody else. I am responsible to Him and to Him alone." Not the German people; he takes no authority from them and owes no responsibility to them. Not the Constitution. Not the Parliament. Not the Federated Princes of the empire. No; none of these has anything to say about it. It is a personal, private matter between the Hohenzollern and the Almighty.

Having received this mandate from God, he proclaims it in no uncertain terms. One of his "reptile press"—Bismarckian euphemy—the *Lokal Anzeiger* of Berlin, a specially "inspired" organ of the Government, waxes furious over the President's "absolute mendacity" in speaking of the Emperor and his associates as the "masters" of the German people. But the word is not the President's. It is the Emperor's. "There is only one master here," he has said, "and it is I. There is but one will in Germany, and it is mine. Him who opposes it I will dash to pieces." In the face of such declarations, made repeatedly, vociferously, ostentatiously, and not only unchallenged but acquiesced in and even applauded, it is as silly as it is insincere for the German press now to affect indignation at the President's apt employment of the Emperor's own word.

It must, it is true, be confessed that Divine Right has been a weary while a-dying. Cromwell probably thought that he had destroyed it when he sent Charles Stuart to the scaffold; but in fact he had merely rendered it slowly moribund, and in that one kingdom alone. The French Revolutionists thought that they had ended it for all the world when they sent the descendant of St. Louis to the embrace of the guillotine; but they, too, had merely given it, for that one realm, a blow which was destined to prove mortal but not for three-quarters of a century. The present case differs, however, from these and all others in a radical and definitive respect. When those former exponents of Divine Right were righteously stricken down, they commanded the sympathy, more or less active, of the rest of the world, which arrayed itself against their destroyers. But in the present instance practically all the rest of the world is aligned with the foes of Divine Right. France and Spain and the Empire and practically all Europe condemned Cromwell and strove to rehabilitate in England the doctrine and system which he had struck down; and indeed temporarily succeeded in so doing. Prussia and Austria and Russia and others flew to arms in support of the Divine Right of the Bourbons against the people of France; and so far succeeded in their design as to compel France to take another monarch in place of the one she had deposed. But now that the United States of America has pronounced international outlawry against the accursed thing, not only the Republic of France and the Democracy of Russia, but also the Kingdom of Great Britain

and Ireland, and the Kingdom of Italy, and the Empire of Japan, and the other powers of whatever name or nature, save only the Quadruplicate Cabal of Kultur, all respond, "So be it!"

The President has voiced the judgment of God's world upon the would-be usurper of God's power. He has made it clear that Divine Right, always an abortion and an abomination, is now an anachronism. It can no longer command recognition or respect. Despots who "affect the god" have had their day, and that day is now closing in a night that will have for them no succeeding dawn. To obtain recognition in the Court of the Nations a government will hereafter have to present better credentials than any self-arrogated "Divine Right." And we must esteem it a most appropriate and most felicitous thing, to be regarded with grateful exultation, that the United States of America has had the high and holy privilege of taking the initiative in this superb achievement. One hundred and forty-one years ago this nation came into being above the death and burial of the Royal Prerogative—dead and buried not alone in these revolutionized Colonies but also in the kingdom-empire of the Mother Country as well. That, America did, when first it called itself a nation. Now, when after these many years it at last takes its due place as a nation among nations in the universal commonwealth of mankind, it fittingly achieves this sequel and crowning work of striking down Divine Right and enthroning Democracy in its stead.

It was eighty-seven years ago last January when Webster described the Government of the United States as "The people's government, made for the people, made by the people, and answerable to the people." It will be fifty-four years, come next month, since Lincoln gave that same epigram immortal form and dedicated America to the task of seeing to it "that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth." It is the dawning glory of our own time that America henceforth refuses to recognize any other government as valid, and takes the lead of the loyally responding nations in decreeing that in the place of what was so impiously called "Divine Right," now dead and damned, government of the people, by the people, for the people, not merely shall not perish from the earth, but shall be safe upon the earth, and shall prevail throughout the earth!

"TREASON MUST BE MADE ODIOUS"

THE phrase is Andrew Johnson's; one of the best-remembered sayings of one of the least-remembered of our Presidents. "Treason must be made odious." It is a saying which it is peculiarly pertinent to recall at the present time; and which it will be—thank Heaven! we may also say it has already been and now is—particularly profitable for the President and his associates to adopt as an aggressive rule of action.

"Treason must be made odious." What, then, is the thing against which this righteous anathema is directed? Says the Constitution of the United States, Article Three, Section Three, Clause One: "Treason against the United States shall consist only in levying war against them or in adhering to their enemies, giving them aid and comfort." That is all; but it is enough. The clause was purposely drafted to permit the largest possible measure of political freedom, and to avoid the gross abuses under which, in some countries, men were convicted of treason on the flimsiest of pretexts and doomed to the severest of punishments. But the fact that it was intended to confine convictions of treason to certain specified offences does not in the slightest degree suggest that we are to be lenient with those offences. On the contrary, the more restricted the grounds are on which a man may be convicted of treason, the more rigorous and inexorable, logically, must be the enforcement of the law and the exaction of its penalties upon all within those bounds.

"Treason must be made odious." Note, then, that treason constitutionally does not consist alone in waging war against the United States. The offense is equally great if one simply adheres to the enemies of this country. Moreover, that adherence need not mean joining their army or their navy. It is made perfectly clear what "adhering" to the enemies of the United States means, or may mean. It means "giving them aid and comfort." A man who does that is a traitor, by constitutional prescription, and he is just as much a traitor as though he waged open war against this country.

"Treason must be made odious." Let us see to what extent the "I Won't Work" organization, or whatever "I. W. W." may be interpreted to mean, measures up to

the constitutional standard of treason. We need not concern ourselves at present with the conspiracies with German agents of which some of its members are plausibly suspected. Those things are being investigated, and before these lines are printed we shall not be surprised to see the suspicions verified with "confirmation strong as proofs of Holy Writ." It is sufficient for the present purpose to consider the acts and purposes of the I. W. W. which are known, which are not concealed or denied, which are not only confessed but even boasted. Those acts—"overt acts," in constitutional phrase—comprise the destruction of material necessary to the Government in the waging of the war, the forcible interference with and hindering of works and processes similarly necessary to the Government for the conduct of the war; and the more or less forcible obstruction of the enlistment or conscription of the soldiers necessary to the Government for the waging of the war. If such performances do not give aid and comfort to the enemies of the United States, then words have lost their meaning. And to give such aid and comfort is treason.

"Treason must be made odious." Let us consider the case of those several times multiplied Tailors of Tooley Street who impudently call themselves the "People's Council of America" and affect to represent the American nation. Some of their proposals are sufficiently platitudinous—and hebetudinous—to convey antidote with their bane. Others, however, cannot thus be dismissed. They provide for public agitation against the military system which the Government has adopted and which is absolutely necessary for its successful conduct of the war; and for the general dissemination throughout this country of the proposals of a foreign cabal of a character so pernicious and inimical that our Government very properly refused to give passports to Americans who wished to participate in its German-directed transactions. If public agitation against the development of an adequate military force to prosecute the war, and in favor of yielding to the German proposals of peace, is not calculated to give aid and comfort to our enemies, then again words have lost their meaning. And again, thus to give aid and comfort is treason.

"Treason must be made odious." But then, some will ask, either superficially or disingenuously, is every man who goes on strike against Government works, or who seeks to

obstruct the execution of a national law or the carrying out of a national policy, guilty of treason? Or is every man who agitates for the repeal of a law which he considers unjust, or who seeks to disseminate information of any matter that is of interest to him, though the Government does not approve it—is every such man to be hanged as a traitor? For the sake of those who ask this superficially but honestly we must give the answer which is already perfectly well known to those who ask intelligently but disingenuously. The answer is, No; and yet again, No. The striker may be entirely honest and law abiding, or he may be a brawler, an incendiary, a murderer; but in either case he may be entirely innocent of treason. The agitator may be a prophet of wisdom and righteousness or he may be a jackass and a public nuisance; but in either case he may be quite free from the taint of treason. It all depends upon the purposes and circumstances of the act; and perhaps more upon the circumstances than the purposes.

"Treason must be made odious." And treason is chiefly practised in connection with war. Indeed, in this country it cannot be practised otherwise than in connection with either actual or potential war. "Enemies of the United States" are an essential factor. Five years ago men might have gone on strike to paralyze all the functions of government; they might have blown up arsenals and sunk the navy; they might have dissuaded men from entering the military service, and have persuaded those in it to desert it; they might have conducted widespread agitation against any military system whatever; they might have flooded the country with pernicious literature, forbidden by the law. In doing these things they might have been guilty of various serious crimes, but the crime of treason would not have been among them, for the simple reason that none of these acts, however atrocious and detestable, would have given aid and comfort to enemies of the United States. But precisely the same acts committed now might properly be adjudged to be treason of the rankest kind, because they would give such aid and comfort.

"Treason must be made odious." We must discriminate between acts done in time of peace and in time of war. We may not fully concede that *inter arma silent leges,* rightly holding that in this country, save in the army itself and in special circumstances of the proclamation of

martial law, the civil law must always be superior to the military establishment; and that even in time of war the civil rights of citizens are to be scrupulously safeguarded and respected. True. But it is a truism that civil rights differ in peace and war. If an American citizen today should sell plans of our harbors and data concerning our army and navy to the German Government, we suppose that even the pundits of the "People's Council" would admit that he would be a traitor according to the prescription of the Constitution. If he had done so five years ago he would have incurred and would have deserved severe punishment, but it would not have been the punishment of a traitor, because we were then friendly with Germany and there would have been no "enemies of the United States" in the case.

"Treason must be made odious." That is why there are and must be special laws and regulations for time of war, applying to our own citizens, just as there are neutrality proclamations and what not defining the altered status which war makes in our relations with foreign nations. That is why it is expedient for all men to remember that "it's war we're in, not politics." That was the excuse if not altogether the justification of the "alien and sedition" acts of more than a century ago; as it was also their partial condemnation. No rational man can now deny that there was much provocation for those acts, or that there was much good in them, which we are today practising with general approval. Their condemnation was threefold; in that some of their provisions were far too extreme, that they gave too much autocratic power to the President, and that they were too easily liable to gross abuse. To these three causes for the reaction against them we may add two more, now seen through the perspective of history as they were not at the time. One is, that they imposed conditions in time of peace which were suitable only for time of war; and the other, that those were the days of the most extreme and pernicious factionalism ever known in American politics, when eminent statesmen were ready to rail against the best of acts for no other reason than that they were the acts of the other party.

"Treason must be made odious." Therefore we regard with profound satisfaction and a most buoyant heartening the President's vigorous action against the I. W. W. and other disloyal troublers of the land. We have no fear of

abolition of free speech, in the suppression of soap-box spouters of sedition. The freedom of the press is as dear to us as it is to the once Honorable Tom Watson, but we cannot discern its death nor a menace of its death in the exclusion of the *Jeffersonian* and the *Masses* and other such prints from the mails. But we are quite sure that free speech and free press would quickly go a-glimmering into everlasting limbo if those curb-stone orators and gutter editors had their way and the Hohenzollern Hun were permitted to triumph and to extend his doctrine of lese majesty to the United States as in Prussia.

"Treason must be made odious." Therefore thank God for what has already been done, though late, and let us pray that the good work will go unsparingly on. Remember the definition of treason as given in our Constitution. It is anything which gives aid and comfort to our enemies. It is anything which hampers our Government in its prosecution of the war. It is anything which impairs the efficiency of our military establishment or deprives it of necessary supplies. It is also anything which is designed to embarrass our relations with our allies, or to injure them. All these are acts of treason, and upon the doers of them we invoke, swift and remorseless, the penalty of traitors. In peace, our liberal laws permit the utmost latitude of speech and action, and the man who is "agin' the government" may be as true a patriot as the head of the government himself. But when the nation, back to the wall, is fighting for life and for the life of democracy throughout the world, "he who is not with us is against us;" and he who is against us is our enemy, whether he be a Uhlan or an I. W. W., a member of the Reichstag or of the "People's Council." The only difference between them is that the former is an alien foe while the latter is a domestic traitor.

"Treason must be made odious!"

AMERICANIZING AMERICA

"THE name of American, which belongs to you in your national capacity," said Washington, addressing his fellow countrymen, "must always exalt the just pride of patriotism more than any appellation derived from local discriminations."

We should hesitate to imagine what would be the sur-

prise, the displeasure and the righteous patriotic indignation of the Father of His Country if he were now to revisit the United States and discover a state of affairs in which it was deemed necessary, with high official authority and at great labor and expense, to undertake an elaborate and prolonged campaign for the Americanization of the American metropolis. Yet that is precisely what would confront him in the great city in which he was installed as the first President of the United States; and he would quickly see that there was need of it there, and scarcely less need of it in many other parts of the Union, if not indeed throughout the entire Union.

The committee appointed by the Mayor of New York, which is now entering upon the work in question, reports that eighty per cent of the population of that city is foreign in birth or parentage and in speech. That fact is an indictment of our immigration laws, or of the administration of them; for it is manifestly not for the public good to permit so large a massing of aliens in a single community. How large an influx might be received into the country as a whole, under a proper system of distribution, may be uncertain. It is quite certain that it is not right to permit incoming aliens thus to settle down in a single city until they form a large majority of its population and reproduce within its boundaries the very same social and moral or immoral and unsanitary conditions which are the reproach of their former homes. Of what avail is it to flee from a ghetto in Europe and to create a new ghetto in America?

But that is not the only nor the worst reproach that falls upon us. It was bad to let so many aliens settle in that one city. It was worse to let them remain—we might almost say, encourage and all but compel them to remain—aliens. For that is what has been done not only in New York but also in many other places and largely throughout the country. There has been no organized attempt to Americanize them. They have been left to herd by themselves and to maintain here not only the language but also the manners and customs and whole social economy of the old country.

We have—Americans have—insisted that this should be done. In the Legislature, in the press, even in some of the pulpits, it has been insisted over and over again that alien immigrants should not be required to conform themselves with any American standard, but should be free to retain

their own. The number of aliens in the metropolis, their solidarity in certain sections of the city, the extent to which they retain their old customs, the number and circulation of periodicals in foreign tongues—all these have been treated not as conditions which are to be abated as quickly and as completely as possible, but rather as things of pride and boasting. They have been used as political stock in trade, to be cherished and preserved. Because we are a composite nation, we have seemed to think that we should preserve our composite character as an asset.

So we have failed not only to assimilate but even to digest the great mass of aliens that has been received; with the result that today it lies a foreign body within the state. It should be obvious to all that such a condition is undesirable and potentially pernicious. We must regret, though perhaps it is quite characteristic of us, that it has required the prodigious and tragic cataclysm of the world war to arouse us to a recognition of the evil and to a realization of the necessity of abating it. But at least we should not now let the awakening, which has come to us at so great cost, be neglected or in vain. If we do nothing else for our domestic life in all this war, we should at least make sure that every American citizen is indeed an American.

There are some things to be done officially. One is, to abolish utterly and forever the system of dual allegiance which Germany for years had the effrontery to foist upon us. It would not be inappropriate to refuse naturalization of aliens from any country which undertook to maintain such a system. Another thing is, to require of immigrants prompt and unequivocal entry into American citizenship, through admission of aliens into this country in numbers determined by the proportion of them who became naturalized. If immigrants from a certain country become naturalized, let them come in; if they refuse to become naturalized, shut them out. We might, for example, decree that there should be received from any country in one year only as many immigrants as had been naturalized from that country in the preceding year, plus a certain percentage to permit of an increase in immigration.

It is probable, too, that there has been too much teaching of foreign languages in our public schools and too little teaching of the English language to foreigners. It is notorious, for example, that German has been taught in

many schools not because it was useful for American children to learn that foreign tongue, but because the large German element in the community demanded such propagation of their mother tongue among their children, as a matter of pride. They wanted their children, American born, to be able to speak German at home, and thus to retain that tongue in the family circle, just as in the old country. Nor would it be improper to impose some handicap, in postage rates or otherwise, upon the circulation of papers and periodicals printed in alien tongues. We would not suppress such prints, unless for cause, but we certainly would discourage rather than encourage them. Aliens coming hither should learn the English language and read English papers, and not seek to perpetuate the use of an alien tongue.

As for the unofficial, social and other methods of Americanizing aliens, they are many and effective if properly employed. We imagine that the use of the hyphen has now been made almost sufficiently odious, in political and other public relations. But even the implication of it in social and private life should be discouraged. Instead of Americans taking pleasure in seeing alien manners and customs and sympathies preserved and cherished among them, they should convert their immigrant neighbors to taking pleasure in adopting American manners and customs and in cultivating American sympathies. America is no longer an experiment. It is an achievement. The laws of compensation and conformity should prevail. When the alien comes hither to gain the great advantages which America offers to him over the old country, he should give something in return for them; namely, he should abandon and renounce the systems and customs and sympathies of the old country. He should conform himself with American manners and customs and principles, and become in heart and soul American. To adapt the words of Washington:

"The name of American, which belongs to them in their naturalized capacity, should always exalt the just pride of patriotism more than any appellation derived from former habitation or allegiance."

THE TWO VIEWS

BY ARTHUR POLLEN

THAT the main object in war is to bring about the utter breakdown of the enemy, so that his armed forces, the people and the government seem to disintegrate in a common impulse to surrender, has long passed into a commonplace. If the enemy's armed forces on land are beaten, and his fleets scattered and sunk, then it is generally not long before the civil organization, being helpless, yields. But, even without an utter *debâcle* in the field, there may yet be a kind of spontaneous breakdown of the State. Armies may entrench to avoid defeat; fleets can lie protected in harbor. The State that avoids decisive battle invites siege. Siege and the hardship that it brings, financial stringency, the pressure of economic ruin, the threat that such ruin must grow more intense if the now hopeless struggle is prolonged, will make a civil population despair of victory, distrust its leaders, and surrender before perhaps all is lost. Either of the two main operations of war then, battle or siege, may have the desired effect. But more commonly it is victorious battle followed by stringent siege that brings about surrender. Surrender does not come until the nation as a whole is conscious that it can do no more. That State can endure the greatest stringency whose confidence in its government remains unshaken.

All this, as I have said, is a commonplace. But, a corollary follows whose truth is not so generally apprehended. If defeat is the cessation of a whole nation's effort, victory can only follow a whole nation's effort. It takes a nation, that is to say, to beat a nation. And in the struggle it is not legend strength, not statistics, not book entries that count,—but blows given in the field, and siege rigorously enforced. War is fighting and fighting is killing. It is not the nation with the most men, with the greatest riches, with the best organized industries or the largest tonnage

of trade and shipping that necessarily wins. It is the nation that puts into the fighting line the greatest number of the best fighting men, the best armed, equipped and munitioned, and best led: the nation that can cut its enemy's supply lines. Should not this be a commonplace too?

One ventures on the statement that it is not, because the common talk of the last few months shows that the generality of men ignore it. This talk has been singularly reminiscent of what we in Europe heard in the early days of the war. When in August, 1914, the long threatened, but wholly unexpected, blow at last fell, and Great Britain, as pacific a country as was to be seen in all Christendom, found itself really at war, the leaders of public opinion essayed to reassure those who were alarmed by this staggering event by totalling our assets and comparing them with those of Germany, and finding in the contrast the assurance not only of final, but of speedy victory. The words of a most brilliant Frenchman were recalled. Germany in challenging the two great "intangibles" together, was surely rushing to her doom. History, it is true, held out no great promise of the Russian armies being led to great victory in the field. But equally history had taught us that Russia could never be defeated. As for Great Britain, impregnable in her island home, with her factories and workshops safe from an invasion, and all the resources of four-fifths of the industrial world free to her through her invincible sea power, Great Britain, with her vast accumulated wealth, her great resources in men, and in men of the highest military value,—why, it seemed inevitable that the island empire could raise, equip and arm so vast an army that it could not be long before she could deal a deadly and decisive blow to Germany, fatigued as Germany must be by her struggle with France and Russia. The trick of tabulating statistics we had learned perhaps from Bernhardi. The totals were comforting. The preponderance in men, material, wealth, the capacity to produce munitions, the certainty that sea trade would continue—all these things made it seem absurd to hint that German preparedness and the advantage of interior lines and homogeneous forces under a single command, could turn the scale against us. For, against German preparedness must be set the fact that sea power enabled us to turn every neutral factory into an arsenal, and against the stronger strategic position must be set the deadly stran-

gle-hold by which this same sea power must sap the enemy's interior strength.

Looking back now it is easy enough to see that we ignored the master task of war. We took it for granted that if the men were there they could be trained into soldiers, regiments, brigades, divisions, corps, and armies, as a matter of course; and if the wealth and material were there, equipment, rifles, guns, and ammunition would naturally follow. We placidly assumed that a supreme navy and a ruthless blockade were synonymous. The conversion of things in their raw state, useless for war, into the perfected instruments for war, must, we seemed to think, happen as by the stroke of a magician's wand. It was under the same hypnosis that we took a larger and stronger and, therefore, an invincible fleet to be the same thing as a victorious fleet. And it made us quite impatient when Lord Kitchener said that the struggle would last three years! We had no wish to face the unpleasant truth that there was a thing to be done of which we had no experience at all, and that that thing could only be done by an agonizing effort and after many failures. We saw the material elements, imagination supplied what they would mean in fighting force, and when we pictured to ourselves the accomplished fact, we either saw Germany beaten and defeated, or so certainly threatened with defeat, that surrender would be sure and immediate. For, just as it was obvious that once organized for war the Allies must be vastly more powerful than Germany, so did it seem obvious that the German people must realize this truth and refuse to continue in dull subservience to their tyrannical chiefs. We over-rated our efficiency; we under-rated the enemy's endurance.

No need to remind the reader that the conversion of peace-trained Britain and her world empire from what they were three years ago into the fighting power they are today, has not been the simple, easy, inevitable affair that it seemed in 1914. The transition from "ought to be" and "must be" into actual "being," has neither been automatic nor pleasant. It has, in fact, been painfully vicissitudinous. Three times have we changed our government, four times our Secretary of State for War. We have had four First Lords of the Admiralty, an equal number of First Sea Lords. Not till we were nearing the end of the third year of war, did we learn the need of separating strategy and command,

in naval administration, from purchase and supply. We made this belated revolution but a few months ago. We have had to create new departments of government, vaster in their scope and more multitudinous in their activities than were any departments in time of peace. And these in turn —for munitions, for shipping, for the control of the food supply, etc., have changed their leadership again and again. If, at last, we have come somewhere near doing what, in 1914, we took it for granted we should do, it has only been after failures of men and methods, of which the tale is long.

We misunderstood and underrated altogether what we had to do. That was our popular error. Our enemy fell into a worse. He was convinced that we could never get so far as even to do the thing wrong. There has recently been reprinted in the *New York Tribune,* an article by the egregious Ertzberger published in *Germania* in the last week of the first August of the war. Lord Kitchener had just called for an army of five hundred thousand men. Ertzberger, with every circumstance of ponderous Teutonic humor, assured his confiding countrymen that we could never raise or train a force of even half this strength. Now that we have raised in the British Islands alone, a force of more than ten times this strength, Ertzberger should know better.

And yet, as I said before, the events of the last few months seem to show that the American intervention in the war has occasioned the expression of views curiously like those that I have just recalled. Once more the leaders of public opinion on the Allied side have been swung off their feet by the statistical argument. Once more the enemy has tried to discount the ultimate threat by noisy scepticism. It may serve a useful purpose to summarize these very opposite views. What is the public attitude in this matter in Great Britain, France, and particularly, perhaps, in the United States? It is an attitude that grows naturally out of a series of very impressive facts. First, the financial, industrial and agricultural resources of the United States have been organized so as to be wholly disposable for the great common purpose, to achieve which we are all allied. It is a stupendous combination of government action in fixing prices, in imposing a common policy on great independent concerns, of a staggering voluntary effort by the farmers and gardeners of the country to add to the pro-

ductiveness of the widest prairie acres and of the smallest suburban plots. The call for this effort was only made in the Spring, and, before the Summer was far advanced, the greatness of the response was already manifest. Not less outstanding, is the Government's effort to turn raw material into the instruments of war. Over six hundred million dollars have been voted for an air fleet alone. Two thousand five hundred million dollars are being asked for artillery in the field. A shipbuilding program that will tax the nation's resources to the uttermost, is assured. Already the first loan has been issued, and this, though but a third of the last British loan in amount, met with a success that was unprecedented, in that it secured subscribers not only by the hundreds of thousands, but by the million. An unprecedented revenue bill has been passed. A new and vaster loan issue is in preparation. No further proof was needed that America's capacity to raise the money for war at least equals the generosity of her intended use of it. Finally, a nation, even more wedded to peace than were we of the old country three years ago, has without a murmur accepted the principle of compulsory military service, and though the age of liability has been fixed over a far narrower span than is the case with us, one and one-half million men were forthwith registered to fight when called upon. This, by itself alone, is a prodigious demonstration of potential strength. Let the worst come to the worst, so that boys down to the age of eighteen must be taken, and middle-aged men up to forty-two, and the United States seemingly could put an army of thirteen million into the field with no greater effort than it has cost us to raise an army of five.

Tabulate these facts in the mind's eye: The unparalleled resources and activities all consecrated now to the common cause; the overwhelming power to manufacture devoted from now on to producing a vast armament; the incredible air fleet; the huge equipment; the tonnage that war calls for; the moneyed strength of the richest community in the world steadily organizing for war finance on a scale unthought of elsewhere; finally, the inexhaustible millions of the finest fighting material that the world can produce. Can any facts be more impressive? Is it strange that the imagination loves to dwell upon them? Is it unnatural that we should all fall into the old error and think that what ought to be, must be, and will be? Is it sheer foolishness when we

attribute some of our own imagination to the enemy and picture him to ourselves frightened into paralysis by so overwhelming a menace, and betraying his fear of the inevitable end in the recent ministerial episode in Berlin?

Such is the popular view, but, though based on undeniable facts, it is vitiated by the same fallacy that led us in Great Britain into a fool's paradise in the opening months of the war. The enemy puts forward a very different view. Is he as far wrong now about America as he was three years ago about Great Britain? Those who are familiar with such fragmentary reports of the Reichstag speeches as are published, and with the leading articles of the principal German papers during the last six months, hardly need to be reminded of the German attitude toward America's intervention. In everything the German writes he illustrates the fable of the fox that lost its tail. He has to submit to autocracy, and this leaves him no alternative but to deride the governments of free people. This contempt inspires all his criticism and is the basis of all his hopes. In a country under the control of an elective assembly, whether Parliament or Congress, the German sees nothing but an engine of state incapable of action, because every working part of the machine is either clogged with talk or distempered by the cross purposes of party politics. While then he admits, as of course he must, the vast resources of America, he is blissfully confident that the processes by which they can be forged, annealed and ground to a striking spear-head, are things utterly unattainable. And he gives three reasons for this belief. He starts with a premise that victory is the reward of the national will to fight and conquer. His second premise is that such a national will can only operate through a government impregnated with doctrines of military and naval strategy, and untrammeled in its power to subject everything in the nation to the laws of military necessity. Only so, he asserts, can the plough-share turn into a sword in time to be of use. His third premise is that time is on the side of the Central Powers.

This is how he applies his premises to the situation: The Americans are a community by nature as pacific as were the British in 1914. Two and one-half years of neutrality, during the greatest war the world has ever seen, have given to this congenital pacifism not only a fresh bias against all war, but a specific bias against this war. It follows, therefore,

that the community can have no common will to conquer, and the first factor essential to victory is, therefore, lacking. He then goes on to say, that the very exaggerated form of the American democratic constitution must be fatal to war efficiency, even if the war spirit existed. How can a President and Cabinet, he asks, elected or appointed almost for their anti-warlike qualities, change themselves into the opposite of their former selves? Try as they will, it must take an intolerably long time before any kind of American fighting force by land or sea can figure at the front. And unless it is at the front, it has no war value at all. Westminster, for all the absurdities of its Parliamentary government, was in better shape for making war than Washington, and it was not until the battle of the Somme began that Great Britain had in the field a striking force that mattered. And the Somme was twenty-three months after the making of the British Army began! He argues, then, that America will take at least three years where Great Britain took two, and that the German armies are safe from American attack until the Spring of 1920.

And this, he goes on to show, is but another way of stating that America can never come into the war at all. The reason is simple. Long before 1920 the submarine will have made the continuance of the war impossible, for the Alliance is based upon the sea, and the Allied control of the sea is subject to so steady an attrition, that its vanishing point must come long before America's three years' preparation can run out. It is not within British or American power to replace this shipping as fast as it goes. And it has not, and presumably cannot be defended. And with the use of the sea gone, a compromise peace follows inevitably. Thus America cannot strike effectively because it cannot bring a strength proportioned to her national resources to bear upon the point where strength is wanted. Such, in brief, is the German view.

It is out of the question that we should admit its truth even upon a single point. Like all German views, it is based upon a misunderstanding of foreign institutions and peoples. It omits from its calculations that the experience of Europe is open to America. It fails to see that Great Britain took twenty-three months to organize a great striking army precisely because it was a task never attempted by a non-military government before. It fails to recognize that

a task done once can not only be done again, but can be done far more effectively and swiftly by avoiding the errors Great Britain has made. And, these calculations take no account of something else. The American Government may have had no departmental experience parallel with the vast activities that war demands, but in no country in the world is there so long experience of vast activities, not yet of activities so efficiently put through. The German view is wildly wrong again in supposing the American people to be unwarlike by nature or biased against this war.

Yet, with all its fantastic errors, there are, it seems to me, certain disillusioning correctives we can learn from the enemy's attitude in this matter. It is obviously a plain necessity of the case that the people and the Government must work as one. But, it is no less a necessity that the common plan on which all unite must be in accord with, because dictated by, sound strategy. There must be military and naval guidance, that is to say, for every point of policy. And particularly useful is the enemy's reiterated warnings that he does not fear America because the submarine can keep America off the field.

It is indeed by so much the supreme question of the day as to be almost the only one. It is the sole cloud upon the horizon. If it can be eliminated—the rest is easy and the result certain. We must neutralize this threat—or stop fighting: for we can not continue fighting without that the ships bring us. The effort of the nations in Europe has exhausted all the fighting nations' resources. We are fighting an enemy who has fortified himself to avoid annihilation in the field, and his fortifications can be beaten down only by the employment of guns in fabulous quantities, and by an expenditure of munitions that baffles belief. The strain of maintaining the vast armies and their vast armaments has made England, France and Italy so dependent on overseas supplies that should this supply be cut off, our fighting strength would be crippled. The loss of the food and raw material that still reaches us from North and South America, Australia and India, might not spell defeat, but it would certainly spell stalemate and a compromise. And, it is not only to the continuation of our sea supplies that we are looking. Our hopes are centered on seeing, on the Western Front, an army of Americans who will give the *coup de grace.*

The net damage that the submarine has done since February has not yet been authoritatively stated. But, it would seem likely that the first eight months will see five million tons sunk, and another million or two crippled and for many months out of action. It is a rate of loss that has only to continue for one more year to paralyze the Alliance. For, in the eight months that have past, we have not been able to replace one-fifth of our losses, and in the year to come, we shall not be able to replace as much as a half, if our future losses equal those we have suffered so far.

What then are we to make of the situation? Remember there are two things that shipping has to do. It has to keep Europe fed and munitioned. It has to transport, supply and maintain an American army in the field. In Great Britain the food question is largely solving itself. Incredible as it may appear, even with our depleted labor ranks, we have reduced our dependence on imported food by more than one-half. There is no fear that England, or Italy, or France, will starve. But, the character of war being what it is, will the Armies be able to fight actively when the world's shipping is cut down by nine million tons? Can an American army, of decisive strength, with serviceable munitions and equipment, be, by any possibility, maintained in France? If it takes four tons to land and maintain each soldier at the Front, then the destruction of five million tons of shipping has reduced the possible American Army in France, by one and one-quarter million men already, and each month will cut the numbers by above one hundred thousand more.

If we are to prove the German view to be false, if it is the military intervention of the United States that alone can be decisive, then obviously there remains something to be done that has not yet been done. Unless the submarine is stopped altogether, or at least very seriously checked, it is doubtful if America can deliver any direct effective military help at all.

Now what kind of contribution can be made by America toward the solution of this vital problem? Much she has done already. She has sent over every destroyer, every patrol vessel, that can possibly be spared. They constitute a much more numerous force than the public knows, and a force which is brilliantly efficient, splendidly equipped, still more splendidly manned and commanded. We have in the

last few weeks heard that this destroyer force is to be augmented as greatly and as rapidly as the shipyards of this country, backed by unlimited money, can construct and build. The large program entered on before the war is to be accelerated. Mr. Hurley and Admiral Capps are stretching the building of tonnage to replace losses, to the utmost. And other measures have been taken, more effective still, the nature of which cannot yet be publicly discussed, which may have very far reaching results indeed. All these things are enormously to the good, though I cannot doubt myself that it would be wise to build more patrol vessels and fewer merchant ships. For, the production of twenty-eight knot destroyers cannot be rapid, while sixteen or twenty knot patrol boats might be built in great quantities and in a short period, and, failing destroyers, such patrols would give admirable defense to convoys. There is more to be got by defending the old ships than by building new ones.

But, when all these protective measures have been taken, it still remains that the root of the matter will be untouched. The root questions are these: Is the naval strategy of the Alliance unquestionably the best that is possible? Have we exhausted anti-submarine tactics? Is it utterly impossible to destroy the submarine by destroying its bases? Is there no new and untried policy that can be tested? Until quite recently we have not thought so in England. Indeed, those who had studied the thing most profoundly were the most active in denouncing the Admiralty and its inability to inaugurate new methods. The agitation that ran through April and May and brought about the transformation at Whitehall, to which reference has already been made, was based largely on the need of a new strategy and a demand to be rid of those responsible for the failure of the old. For the first time the conduct of the war is now in the hands of a War Staff, and it looks as if that Staff were no longer dominated by the reactionary group which crippled our sea power all through the first years of the war. Now, is not this a moment when America could contribute something more than ships, and mines, and sea contrivances and munitions of all kinds, splendid and generous as these offers have been, incomparable and skillful as are the vessels and crews already sent or promised? If the naval strategy of the war is rightly being revised, should not the American Navy have a hand in its revision? If England has at last produced a War Staff,

cannot America do the same, so that the two Staffs should work as one?

In a paper contributed to this magazine more than eighteen months ago, when Mr. Daniels' great naval program for 1916 was first under discussion, I ventured to suggest to my American readers, that the organization of naval brains for war would add far more to the strength of the American Fleet than the construction of any amount of naval material. The officers of the American Navy include in all ranks men not only of very exceptional mental gifts, but of gifts trained by a singularly thorough and exacting professional training. These men have been spectators of the war in Europe for more than three years. They have studied its every phase, and studied each impartially. They have formed views and conclusions of their own. They have formulated ideas and plans which their analysis of events and knowledge of modern weapons and their inventiveness, all contribute to make of value. It seems to me irrational to suppose that a fully equipped naval War Staff, chosen from amongst those who are notoriously the ablest, could not, after a thorough and impartial personal investigation into all the facts of the case, contribute something towards the naval policy of the war, original—and decisive. America has already produced novel weapons and appliances which, as I have said, must be kept secret, but should be of very great importance. Another, Admiral Fiske's, invention of the torpedo-carrying plane, has been tried and been proved successful, but has never been tried on the scale and with the boldness that the modern advance in aeronautics would justify.

But, war is not waged nor fought by mere mechanical ingenuity. If it takes a whole nation to beat a whole nation, it takes a whole navy to beat a navy. The skillful use of weapons is of incalculably greater importance than the intrinsic excellence of the weapons themselves. And no sea weapons can be used except through the medium of naval operations, and this, in turn, means that all the naval arts have to be combined to make any one naval weapon effective. Thus, whatever the equipment that exists, the effect of any single invention is dependent solely upon its right combination with all the other parts of the naval machine. A torpedo attack from the air should be part of a gun attack from the sea. Success, in short, lies in combination and co-opera-

tion. It is precisely because of the extreme complexity of the engines of naval war that their right use cannot be discovered, nor once discovered ensured, except under the multiple direction of a Staff working together with a single view to united action.

I cannot but think that the British Navy would extend a warm welcome to any proposal for an American co-operation of this kind and on the right scale. It will be no small thing—if we admit that everything now turns on right naval strategy—that the American Navy should be jointly responsible with ours in so critical a matter. But, apart from this relief, there is a real ground for hope that fresh minds will contribute new and fruitful ideas, and there can be no question that it is new ideas that are wanted.

ARTHUR POLLEN.

SWEDEN FROM THE INSIDE

BY PRINCESS CATHERINE RADZIWILL

THE question of the neutrality of the Scandinavian countries, in general, and of Sweden in particular has once more come to the front, and this in rather an appalling manner thanks to the recent discoveries by the United States State Department of the use which the German Government has made of the Swedish Legation in Argentina and in Mexico for forwarding its messages, unknown to the Allies. For those who had watched with care all that went on in Sweden since the beginning of the war, these discoveries did not come with so much of a shock, for these people were very well aware of the strong pro-German proclivities of the Swedish Ministry, especially since the departure of the only reasonable element in the former Cabinet, Mr. Wallenberg, had left the field free for German sympathies to assert themselves. Though the Socialist and Liberal party headed by Mr. Branting were decidedly in favor of the Allies, yet the Government did not feel itself strong enough to renounce the traditional policy which had for its first principle the necessity to keep upon good terms with the Kaiser, his subjects and his ministers, whilst German agents and German money were more active in Scandinavia, and notably so in Sweden, than anywhere else in the world.

Germany understood but too well the immense advantages she possessed by keeping an open door to the Baltic and North Seas, which Sweden and Denmark could shut so easily, were they to join the ranks of her enemies, and consequently she spared no effort to cultivate good relations with these two countries as well as with Norway.

From the very beginning of the war she inundated Scandinavia with a whole army of spies and secret emissaries, who

possessed the art of appealing to the innate selfishness of all Scandinavians, as well as to their greed, mingled with an exaggerated fear of Russia. In Sweden especially, the latter feeling was not only encouraged, but artificially provoked. There does not exist in the whole world an individual more penetrated with the feeling of his own importance than the Swede, who believes quite sincerely that the eyes of the whole European Continent are turned upon him, and that his fatherland is one of the most important factors in the general political situation, as it has developed itself in consequence of the war. His vanity has made him believe quite sincerely that the one desire and aim of Russia is the conquest of Sweden, and when the present struggle began, one could meet at every street corner in Stockholm, men and women who related to you quite gravely, that an immense Russian army was already massed on the frontier of Finland, ready to invade the realm of the Bernadottes. It was useless to try and argue that point. The Swedes clung to it with a pertinacity worthy of a better cause, and one found plenty of people who seriously told you that one of the reasons why Germany had gone to war, had been the desire to prevent the premeditated aggression of Russia against its Swedish neighbor. Of course Teutonic agents and spies did their best to encourage these extravagant notions, and it is an undoubted fact, that ever since the outbreak of hostilities, Stockholm has been one of the most active centers of German intrigue against the Allies in Europe. They could give themselves free scope there, and flourish with an impunity which sometimes struck the onlooker as being one of the very remarkable symptoms of a situation, which was anything but neutral, in the literal sense of that word.

In fact Sweden has never been neutral, though its Government has tried to follow a policy of neutrality. But the army, the officers without exception, most of the aristocracy and Court officials, and members of the Royal Family headed by no less a person than the Queen of Sweden herself, were all distinctly and avowedly pro-German, and this to the extent of rendering the position of the Crown Princess, an Englishwoman by birth, cousin to King George, most difficult and complicated, notwithstanding the fact that she was perhaps the only person in the whole of Sweden who had remained really neutral, and who had had sufficient tact to refrain from expressing her private opinions in public. This

was more than could be said for the Queen, who brought to bear a certain affectation in her frankly pronounced affection for that beloved Germany from whence she hailed. The Queen's party, as it was called, was a strong one, and exercised a considerable influence in certain circles of society, where it was sought to discredit everything connected with the Allies, and with their policy. England in particular was represented as being the special enemy of Sweden, owing to the fact that she had stopped supplies, and put an embargo on the considerable contraband which was being carried on through the Scandinavian countries to Germany.

In regard to the latter fact, there is one consideration which must never be lost sight of, when attempting to come to a sound conclusion in regard to the conduct of the Scandinavian countries during the war, and this is the following one. When hostilities began, the first thought which entered the Swedish mind, was that of the possibility of making the situation turn to the advantage of Sweden from the commercial point of view. Stockholm became a vast stock exchange where everything under the sun was bought and sold pertaining to army needs and provisions. Regiments of shady speculators, who one and all called themselves commissionaires of governments that would never have dreamed of having anything to do with their more or less disreputable personalities, invaded the Swedish capital, where they proceeded to organize shareholders' societies and companies, under the pretext of trading honestly, and really occupied themselves with spying for the advantage of Germany, or with securing contraband for her benefit. They all of them had Swedish employees, and brought money into Sweden. This was more than sufficient to make Germany popular in the latter country, even if she had not been so for other reasons.

This golden age lasted for nearly two years, and then the evils engendered by the leniency of the Swedish Government in regard to these Teuton malefactors became apparent, and Sweden, through no fault of her own, found herself one day in the throes of a crisis such as she had never known before, in the whole course of her national history.

One does not export for months and months all one's food abroad, without coming to rue it in time, and Sweden was to discover to her detriment that her German sympathies had brought her very close to starvation, a starvation out of which, let us hope, she will emerge a reasonable being,

and understand at last that her real interest lies with the Allies, and not with the Kaiser, or his satellites and followers.

Here I must touch upon a point which I believe has never yet been sufficiently appreciated, or noticed, and that is the mistake committed by the Allies in thinking that Sweden was such a small and unimportant country, that it was not worth while spending money, or making efforts to win it over to their cause. A few millions, judiciously distributed, might at the outset have done more than anything else to convert the Swedes to common sense, if I may use this expression. By this I do not mean that anyone ought to have been bought over or corrupted, but merely that if the Scandinavian countries had been given more opportunities to trade exclusively with the Allied Powers, and had been granted more facilities for doing so, they would not have shown themselves so eager and ready to propitiate Germany, as has been the case. But the latter put so many opportunities in their way for enriching themselves, that it was but natural they should feel in sympathy with a nation which never hesitated in showing itself gracious towards them. This explains better than anything else why Germany became so popular in Sweden in particular, added to the fact that the latter came at last to believe quite seriously in the dark designs nursed by Russia in regard to her, a belief encouraged by the various political intrigues which Mr. Bethmann-Hollweg, through the intermediary of his numerous agents, perpetually entertained on Swedish soil.

Among them there is one which I cannot resist the temptation to relate here. When Russia proceeded to fortify the islands of Aland, a whole campaign was started in the Swedish press, to oblige, so to say, the Government to go to war on the subject. An interpellation was even made in the Swedish Riksdag by a certain General Rapp, an old man already in his dotage, but in possession of a good military reputation in the past, and popular among the army. When he gave way to a violent vituperation against Russia, people wondered what could have suddenly transformed the benevolent old man into such a fighting turkey cock, until at last it was discovered that the very text of his speech, as well as that of a pamphlet which he published about the same time, had been brought to him direct from Berlin, by a lady called Madame Moll, a Hungarian, who had been previously married to a Count Hoyos, and who had become

one of the most trusted political secret agents of the German Government. This lady had arrived in Stockholm with the precious documents hidden about her person, and of course with a diplomatic passport issued by the Wilhelmstrasse. She had made no secret of the reasons for her journey, and whilst its purport was well known, yet the Swedish Government seemed to ignore it, though this open attempt at corruption of a Swedish subject in his native land ought to have been instantly repressed if that Government had wished to remain neutral.

After Madame Moll, a certain Baron Oppeln, who, for the matter of that, may be still flourishing in Stockholm, went about quite freely, though it was well known that he was the head of the secret intelligence department which Berlin had organized in the Swedish capital, a department which exercised its functions without the least regard to the opinions of the public, and who affected a supreme contempt for Mrs. Grundy, represented by the Allied legations, and by their sympathizers. In fact Stockholm had become a dependency of Berlin in many ways, and the position of those who were not pro-German was anything but enviable there. They were looked upon as intriguers, and considered as spies, of course English spies, since England was really the only nation which was disliked, and to which were attributed the economical difficulties that were becoming more intense every day. Nearly the whole of the press was pro-German, and certain of the daily papers, such as the *Allhanda* and *Afton Blad* in the evening, and the *Stockholm Dagblad* and *Svenska Dagblad* in the morning, were openly subsidized by Germany, and made no secret of the fact. How all these things could be reconciled with the doctrine of neutrality remains a problem!

In regard to commercial matters, things were not much better. Sweden would not find herself at the present day in the presence of the many economical difficulties which confront her, had she remained neutral, as she pretended she was. But in the early days of the war, nearly every article imported into Sweden went over to Germany, and the meanest and most shameful tricks were resorted to in order to elude the conditions imposed by the Allies for the importation of raw products into all the Scandinavian countries. Firms of high repute gave every assurance required from them that the metals, cocoa or coffee sold to them would

either remain in Sweden, or else go to Russia, but they hastened to forget their promises as soon as they were put in possession of their goods, and forwarded them to Stettin or Lubeck with alacrity. Most amusing stories were related as to the manner in which this was done, and the tricks to which these unscrupulous people resorted to in order to give to the Kaiser the benefit of their acquisitions.

For instance, in more than one case, whole railway trucks on their way to Finland were suddenly shifted during the night, and found themselves at Trelleborg, or some other Swedish port on the Baltic, from whence they were dispatched to Germany. More than that, these people had confederates in Finland, who, in accord with the conditions imposed by the Allies, gave acknowledgments that the goods which had gone to Prussia or to Austria had been received by them, and consequently had reached Russia safely. Everybody knew that this was not true, but nothing could be done, and the only remedy left to the Allies was to put the firms that had been guilty of this breach of trust on the blacklist, which they hastened to do, but which after all was but a poor and platonic kind of satisfaction.

Then again, whole shipments destined bona fide for Scandinavia were sold to Germany secretly by quite another person than the one who had bought them, and the German Government advised of the day these ships would sail from an English port, together with the route which they were to follow. Of course the vessels were captured by a U-boat, and the man who had given the information cleared a round sum, which enabled him to begin again, on a larger scale, the speculation which had succeeded so well for him.

This kind of thing went on for something like two years, when at last Sweden, and together with her the rest of Scandinavia, found themselves faced by a most serious problem, that of finding sufficient food for their inhabitants. The scarcity of the most indispensable articles in the way of provisions became quite alarming, and by the end of the winter of 1916-17 one could find in Sweden neither butter, nor bread, nor sugar, nor coffee, and the price of everything else had risen to something like one hundred to one hundred and fifty per cent, in comparison with the preceding years. Coal was so scarce that it became a question how to furnish the electrical energy indispensable for the needs of the large towns and cities. Taxicabs came to an end, and gas was

transformed into a luxury. The poor population of Stockholm, Copenhagen and Christiania endured privations which were appalling in their intensity, and the Government was at last obliged to interfere, and to try to organize a system of providing for the needs of the country. The model selected was the one prevailing in Germany, but which was not accepted by any means with that resignation which is one of the distinctive features of the latter country.

It was then that a new anti-English and anti-Allies campaign was started, a campaign designed to make the latter responsible for all the disasters which were assailing Scandinavia. The Swedish Government was moved at last out of its usual apathy, but it was too late, and the ministry presided over by Mr. Hammerstein had to resign its functions under the shouts of execration of the whole population of Sweden, with the exception of those German fanatics who saw no salvation for them, or for the country, outside of Berlin. The new Administration was also pro-German, but it was compelled by public clamor to try and come to some kind of agreement with the people, whom it would have liked to betray in the secret of its soul, and it might have been brought to inaugurate an honest policy of neutrality if only the Allies had remained firm, and had insisted upon their conditions being accepted and fulfilled. The moment to do so would have been at the beginning of the German U-boat campaign, which at its debut aroused violent indignation in Sweden, and especially in Norway, whose shipping suffered the most, and whose sympathies have been more English than those of the two other Scandinavian countries. Unfortunately this moment was allowed to pass, and thanks to the perpetual German intrigues which flourished in Christiania, Copenhagen and Stockholm, public opinion is no longer so excited as was the case six months ago. The Swedish Government published long notes tending to prove that if Swedish imports had increased to an almost unheard of extent since the beginning of the war, this was simply owing to the fact that Sweden did not receive any longer the raw materials which Russia and Germany had given to her before the war, and that consequently she had to fall back for her personal consumption on what France, England and the United States could furnish her with; that consequently it was not to be wondered at if her importations from these countries reached abnormal proportions.

With regard to Russia, the assertion might have been true, but in regard to Germany, it was certainly not the case, because it is a fact well known to all those who have lived in Sweden during the war, that Germany has never refused to furnish her with any kind of raw materials she needed, and these were skilfully handed over to her, under the pretext of compensation for what she was giving in exchange. In view of this latter fact, it would be advisable if the Allies did not attach any importance, or at least not too much importance, to the official Swedish assertion that all the goods which Sweden is receiving now remain in the country, and are not re-exported to Germany.

It is here that the influence of America can come to play a prominent part in the situation, and to become its most powerful and strongest factor. Its refusal to continue playing the part of a dupe will do more to deprive the Kaiser of Scandinavian support than anything else in the world, and this policy of firmness will find many supporters in the Scandinavian countries themselves, because there, as well as everywhere else, a vast democratic movement is beginning to make itself felt, that might easily lead to the establishment of a Scandinavian confederation after the model of the United States.

It must not be forgotten that the strongest and the ablest men in Sweden, not to mention other countries, belong to the ranks of the democrats, who favor a republic. The only real statesman she can boast of is Mr. Branting, who is entirely won over to the cause of the Allies, and is the special object of the abomination of Germany, and it is he who is followed by the whole mass of the Swedish socialists. Were he ever to come to power, which is not an impossibility, in view of the fact that the next elections to the Swedish Riksdag will have been fought by the time this article is published, and will hang on the all important question of shortage of food, it is certain that Sweden would at last observe this neutrality which up to now she has constantly violated, in spite of the firm intention of its Sovereign to remain faithful to it, because King Gustav V is certainly sincere in his desire to keep outside the conflict. Unfortunately the Monarch is often debarred from doing what he would like, in that respect as well as in others. He has against him his wife, his surroundings, and in a certain sense his Government, because so far no Swedish ministry has really shown itself

neutral in the sense of not trying to make itself amiable in regard to Germans, who lord it in Stockholm just as much as they do in Berlin. The only thing which these Germans dread is the possibility of Mr. Branting becoming Prime Minister, because they are convinced that were this to happen, Sweden would immediately enter the ranks of their enemies. This last fear, however, is not justified, and I believe is only expressed in order to try to sap the popularity of the Socialist leader. Mr. Branting is far too shrewd a politician not to know that were the Scandinavian countries to join the conflict, no matter at whose side, this would mean for them the fate of Roumania in an aggravated form, whereas their "friendly neutrality," to use the expression dear to German hearts, might be of infinite advantage to the Allies, as well as to Scandinavia itself, because it would in the long run oblige it to follow the ways of democracy, and to work together with the rest of the world towards the establishment of a rational form of government.

We must never forget that in this war we are fighting for liberty and for justice against German oppression, and that none among the Allies pursues a selfish aim of conquest. This is the great and solemn truth, which we ought to make clear to Scandinavia as well as all the neutral countries, and we ought also to apply all our efforts to persuade them, that the only way in which they can hope to derive some benefit from the difficulties of the present situation, is in working together with us towards the establishment of a permanent peace in the world. This they can only do by showing themselves really neutral, not by continuing to supply our enemies with the means to go on with the struggle, as they have been doing up to the present day.

CATHERINE RADZIWILL.

FINANCING GOVERNMENT LOANS

BY BENJAMIN STRONG

Governor, Federal Reserve Bank of New York

THE first offering of our Government's bonds to provide it with funds for the prosecution of the war produced $3,035,000,000 of subscriptions from over 4,000,000 subscribers, and the loan was a success beyond parallel in the history of government finance. The apparent ease with which the loan was taken and paid for must not, however, delude us into the belief that succeeding loans can be subscribed without equal or greater effort, and certainly not without more thorough and extensive preparation than was possible last time.

It must be made clear to our people that loans of the magnitude now required by our Government cannot be paid for in cash, or, as we commonly express it, in "money," but that payment must be made by transfers of bank credit to the Government in exchange for its bonds, which credit the Government must at once disburse, in order to avoid disordered money markets. Cash, which we frequently call "money," must not be confused with credit, which is also too often confused in casual conversation with "money." Cash is what we carry in our pockets in order to make hand to hand payments, and is what banks carry in their vaults as reserve in order that their depositors who require funds for making pay roll and other cash payments may be able to get it when needed. Bank credit, on the other hand, is what is owing by banks of deposit to their depositors, and is not necessarily created by depositing cash in banks, but is, in fact, principally created by loans which banks make to their customers, and which are entered on the books of the bank as deposit credits, payable on demand, to the borrowers, or to those to whom the borrowers have transferred the credit by drawing checks in their favor.

If all of the subscribers for Government bonds paid for

them in "cash," all of the cash held by the banks as reserves would be transferred to the Government's vaults when payment was made, the banks would be denuded of reserves, and would be unable to meet the demands of their depositors for cash without extensive, and possibly disastrous, liquidation.

Therefore, the payment to the Government of such a vast sum as $2,000,000,000 must be made by transfers of bank balances to the Government's credit, so that the Government in turn may check on these bank balances and pay the bills which it incurs for the support of a great army and navy.

But we must not overlook the fact that bank credit consists as a rule of two kinds of credit: one is the liquid or working capital employed by business men and corporations for business purposes, which they cannot spare without impairment of the efficiency of their business; the other consists of idle capital and of the savings of people and corporations who receive salaries or earn profits, which they do not need to spend, and some part of which they can spare and turn over to the Government in exchange for the Government's bonds. This process of transfer of credit to the Government cannot very well exceed in amount the total of idle capital and savings which is not required for business purposes, unless, of course, the effective conduct of the business of the country is to become impaired by too great a reduction of the working capital now employed in business affairs.

Without enlarging upon the imperative necessity for economy and the creation of savings in the form of bank balances, which may be transferred to the Government's use, it is well to see just what changes take place in banking affairs when these loans are paid for. This may be illustrated by a brief description of the English system, which has proved such a striking success during the war.

Practically all of the banks of England "clear" their checks (that is, settle the differences between those which are presented for payment and those that they hold for collection) through the London Clearing House, which has only seventeen members, if we include the Bank of England. The membership consists of the principal great London joint-stock banks, which have many branches throughout the Kingdom. They all carry reserve accounts with the Bank of

England, and what they receive or pay as a result of each day's "clearings" is settled simply by a credit or debit in their accounts with the Bank. When a large payment is made to the British Government by subscribers to its loans, these subscribers draw checks on their banks and pay them in to the Bank of England. The payment of these checks by the sixteen clearing banks transfers to the Government an immense credit on the books of the Bank of England from the reserve balances carried with it by these sixteen banks. If one hundred million pounds sterling is paid, it simply means that one hundred million pounds sterling which had formerly stood on the books of the Bank of England to the credit of the joint-stock banks, was transferred to the credit of the British Government on the books of the Bank of England. This transfer may at times so considerably impair the reserve balances of the sixteen banks with the Bank of England, that they find it necessary to discount bills with the bank in order to restore their reserve balances. As soon as this great credit is transferred to the British Government, the Government draws checks to pay its debts, bills for supplies, maturing obligations and various items, the checks being payable to hundreds and thousands of people and institutions, who are creditors of the Government. These checks are at once deposited with their banks by those to whom they are payable, largely of course with the sixteen clearing banks, which in turn redeposit them with the Bank of England, thereby restoring their reserve balances, or giving them sufficient balances to enable them to pay off their discounts.

Thus it will be seen that the British Government has taken £100,000,000 of bank credit which was originally owned by the persons who became subscribers to its bonds. This has been used in payment of Government bills, and those to whom the bills are paid immediately deposit the checks and so return the credit to the banks from which the credit was originally drawn. The net result of the operation is to leave the cash reserves of the banks substantially unchanged, although the Government has borrowed £100,000,000 from one group of people and paid £100,000,000 to another group, *i. e.,* its creditors. One may ask why this does not create some inflation, or require some liquidation, or at any rate effect some considerable change in the banking position. Why do not deposits suddenly

shrink or suddenly expand, or why do not the banks lose cash? The answer is that those who subscribed for the bonds in the first instance had been saving "money," that is, saving bank credit out of their earnings, for the purpose of subscribing; they had not been wasting the money in extravagant living or by buying new houses or automobiles or luxuries. Had they not saved they would not have been able to pay for the bonds without borrowing from banks, which would have caused the very expansion of bank loans and deposits which saving alone will avoid.

It is on some such thoroughly scientific basis that our banking system must now be developed, and it is only when people of all classes are willing to economize, accumulate their savings in banks and then transfer them to the Government in exchange for Government bonds, that we can enable our Government to meet the huge financial obligations imposed upon it by its participation in the war.

There is a vast difference between what is possible in England and what is possible in this country in handling banking transactions of such volume as those involved in war finance. In England there are less than three hundred commercial banks; practically all of them carry accounts with the sixteen clearing banks in London, and these sixteen banks clear practically all bank checks and bills through the London Clearing House, so that the balances resulting from these clearings are largely settled at one place, namely on the books of the Bank of England. In this country we have nearly thirty thousand banks, and over two hundred and fifty Clearing Houses scattered throughout the country. The twelve Federal Reserve Banks are able at the present stage of their development to clear only a moderate proportion of the checks drawn on the banks of the United States. Our country is of such vast extent, our banks are so numerous and we have so many reserve centers, that the actual settlement—that is the bookkeeping required in connection with these credit transfers—must be planned and conducted with the greatest possible skill in order to avoid disturbance of money rates and disorganization of business in various sections of the country every time a Government loan is paid for. That it can be done was demonstrated by the success with which the transfers involved in the last loan were conducted.

To illustrate the difference between the operation of the

fairly simple English machine above described and the more complicated working of our system, an account of the transfers resulting from the loan of last June may serve. Prior to the offering, it was known that banking institutions located in every part of the country outside of New York City carried balances with New York banks amounting to about $1,000,000,000, and in addition had some hundreds of millions loaned on the New York Stock Exchange. It was fully expected that in anticipation of making payment for the Liberty Loan, these interior banks would draw a large part of their balances from New York, and transfer them to their respective Reserve Banks in their own districts, so as to have funds available at home with which to pay for the bonds subscribed by their customers. This movement of bank credit from New York to the interior had to be provided for. At the same time, inasmuch as the greater part of the payments made by our Government (and by our Allies to whom loans were being made) were to be disbursed in New York, interior sections of the country had reason to expect that large transfers of bank credit would be made from the interior to New York after the loan was paid for. In order to meet these movements of credit, various expedients were employed, and others arranged which it never became necessary to employ. The preliminary withdrawals from New York commenced about June 1st and exceeded $500,000,000. They were met principally by the Reserve Bank discounting bills and making loans freely for its members, its loan and bill accounts increasing in the first three weeks of June from $37,302,312.42 on June 1st, to $252,174,686.15 on June 19th. At the same time the British Government, which had certain payments to make in this country, shipped $120,000,000 of gold between June 15 and June 28 from Canada to New York, all of which was purchased by the Federal Reserve Bank of New York. Another $50,000,000 of gold became available for our bank reserves through international payments falling due in June. This correspondingly increased the reserve money in New York City, and made it much easier for the New York banks to meet the withdrawal of balances by their interior correspondents. It was also arranged with the Treasury Department to make certain transfers of Government deposits to New York, thereby somewhat offsetting the movement to the interior. Another expedient, and a

very effective one, it never became necessary to employ. Each of the Reserve Banks, well in advance of the commencement of this movement, completed all the details of an arrangement by which any one of them might settle debit balances owing to the others, if necessary, by transferring loans and discounted bills instead of gold (that is, its re-reserves). Under the plan adopted these bills and loans need not even be shipped to the bank which purchased them, but could be held in trust by an officer of the borrowing bank who had already been appointed agent of the lending bank for that purpose.

The transactions just described facilitated the movement of credit from New York to the interior without disturbance in the money market. A large part of the proceeds of the Liberty Loan has since been transferred to New York from the interior and disbursed there; but the return of this credit to those parts of the country from which it was transferred is a gradual process, depending upon many factors, and brought about largely by the country's commerce and trade. The funds subscribed for the purchase of Liberty bonds on the Pacific slope will ultimately, though possibly indirectly, be largely expended by the Government in the construction of ships on the Pacific, the purchase of cattle, grain and food stuff, canned produce and the other products of that section. On the Eastern slope of the Rockies the oil, sugar, grains, cattle and mineral products will likewise find their way into the hands of our Government, or of our Allies, and the proceeds of subscriptions to the Loan in that region will gradually return to it. In the same way, the products of the cotton and woolen mills, shoe factories, munition plants, etc., of New England, which are largely purchased by the Government, will inevitably draw back to that section the funds that have been temporarily transferred to the Government and disbursed principally in New York.

The twelve Reserve Banks settle balances owing between themselves once every week, and for that purpose they carry in the neighborhood of $500,000,000 of gold in Washington, the ownership of which changes from week to week, according to the amount owing by or to the respective banks. Through that fund most of the transfers of Government deposits are now made, and most of the balances of domestic exchanges are settled. These great tides of credit move-

ment flow into and out of that reservoir. It will be seen that the machinery above described—which operates by telegraph—is simply a means of overcoming the disadvantages of distances and mail time and avoiding too heavy interior shipments of cash or reserve money. In view of the unprecedented amounts of the transfers of credit involved in these Government transactions, it may be considered a fairly effective machine, and one which can be relied upon to accomplish the objects for which it was created.

But, after all, those who buy the bonds of our Government are not so much interested in the details of this complicated accounting—which becomes necessary every time the Government places a large loan—as they are in more specific statements of the probable amounts to be borrowed and to what extent these borrowings may prove a financial burden and involve sacrifice and hardship. It is impossible for any one to state what may be the financial requirements of our Government in connection with the war. We must expect that they will be beyond all precedent, and probably beyond those of our Allies in Europe. We must not only finance our own Armies and Navy, but, as the tremendous natural resources of this country must produce a part of the supplies required to sustain the Armies and home people of our Allies, we must prepare to make great loans to those Governments which find it necessary to buy supplies in this country. The problem is not primarily to convert the wealth of the nation in order that it may be invested in Government loans. Our wealth is largely fixed property. We must arrive at a correct understanding of what income the capital wealth of the nation produces, how much of that income is absolutely essential to the comfortable support of our people, and, lastly, how much in excess of that may be saved and turned over for use by the Government. It is undoubtedly a vast sum. The capital, wealth and income of this nation exceeds that of any other nation in the world, and probably that of any two nations in the world, but we are an extravagant and wasteful people. We have lived in a land of such abundant prosperity that we have reckoned less on the cost of things than we have on the profits resulting from the application of our energies to developing our resources. The time has now come, however, when this great capital wealth of the United States will not avail us to meet our obligations incurred in the war unless we see to it that

it produces the greatest possible income and that that income is not wasted.

Various estimates have been made as to the amount of loans which it would be possible to place in this country. It is stated that as England has a wealth of less than $100,000,000,000 and can borrow $20,000,000,000 or more, therefore this country, with a national wealth of from $175,000,000,000 to $225,000,000,000, should have no difficulty in borrowing $40,000,000,000. But such statements are rash, if they fail to take into consideration the habits and purposes of the people. The French peasants aim to save from twenty-five per cent to fifty per cent of their incomes. How many of us, rich or poor, can say that we are influenced by any such purpose? In France economy is hardly less than a national institution, the tradition of saving is so deep-rooted in the minds of the people.

The Liberty Loan just placed brought forth a commendable exhibition of patriotism and self-sacrifice by those who gave freely of their time and services without compensation, in order to ensure its success; but no effort, however energetically applied or intelligently directed, can be expected to enjoy continued success unless our people spend very much less than they earn, and devote the difference to the purchase of Government bonds. We are giving our sons to the great cause: surely it should be no sacrifice to lend our dollars.

BENJAMIN STRONG.

THE TWO MOSCOW COUNCILS

BY CHARLES JOHNSTON

If it be true, as was reported in the first week of September, that the Grand Duke Michael, brother of Nicholas II, has been arrested, this is a notification to the world that there is a strong and growing movement in Russia to model its future government on that of England; that is, a democracy whose head is outside all political parties, and who, therefore, acts at once as a balance-wheel, to steady the sway of partisan government, and as a symbol of the unity of national life; in a word, a limited monarchy, with Grand Duke Michael as its head.

This is exactly what was planned by the group of Duma leaders who brought about the abdication of Nicholas II, and who, with the act of abdication in hand, then went to Grand Duke Michael, expecting and desiring to place him on the throne as a constitutional monarch. The objection to this plan, it will be remembered, came from Grand Duke Michael himself, who declared that he was willing to accept only if this plan received the general assent of the Russian nation, expressed in a Constitutional Convention. This proposal was accepted by the Provisional Government; and its acceptance carried the necessary implication that the plan to establish a constitutional monarchy should be freely considered and discussed in the intervening period, and should be compared, on its merits, with other plans to be suggested, such as a centralized republic, like that of France, in which the President is not the leader of a political party, but is elected by a joint session of the legislature, or a federal republic, like that of the United States, in which the President is the leader of the dominant political party, and is, in fact, though not in law, elected by the votes of the whole people.

If, then, the arrest of Grand Duke Michael is correctly

reported, it means two things: first, that the movement in favor of establishing a constitutional monarchy in Russia, modeled on the English plan, has gone so far that the Socialist group who have dominated Russia since the revolution are now genuinely afraid that a strong national movement will strip them of the power which they have usurped for months, and which they have used with such conspicuous results; and, secondly, that, still dominated by this Socialist group, the Provisional Government has broken faith with Grand Duke Michael; and, instead of giving complete liberty to the movement for a constitutional monarchy, as their agreement with Grand Duke Michael morally bound them to do, are now trying to suppress that movement by force, in order to perpetuate a Socialistic régime.

Liberty, according to the view of the Petrograd Socialists, means liberty for themselves to carry on a pro-German propaganda; while what should be the equal right of other political parties, including the advocates of constitutional monarchy, to put forward their respective national solutions, is stigmatized as "plotting"; as "counter-revolutionary movements of the black forces."

The Germanic Socialists have had a free hand, to carry out their propaganda. The anarchic rising in Petrograd was one act in this propaganda; the *débâcle* of the Galician army was another; the wide-spread seizure of private property—land, houses, agricultural supplies—by the peasants, at the instigation of Socialist agitators, was another; the ignominious surrender of Riga was yet another. And now, perceiving that they have brought upon Russia disaster and disgrace, seeing that a rising tide of national indignation is threatening to sweep them away, the Germanic Socialists, taking counsel of their fears, are growing violent—and, as an inevitable result, will thereby greatly strengthen the movement they are trying to check.

The great political gathering at Moscow, in the second half of August, was evidently an attempt to array the better elements of Russia against the disintegrating force of the Petrograd Socialists, but it seems to have been only a half-hearted attempt, seeing that the Provisional Government is still in part at least strongly Socialistic. We should expect, therefore, to see further assemblies like that at Moscow, each more definitely national and anti-Socialistic than its predecessor, until the forces of conservation in Russia reach

full consciousness, homogeneity and determination. We may expect to see, on the other hand, more violent action on the side of the Socialists, as they see their usurped power more and more threatened.

Since the Provisional Government is still, unhappily, tinged with Socialism, it was to be expected that the really noteworthy utterances before the Moscow Council should come, not from members of the Provisional Government, but from men who represent the real Russia, from the soldiers who command her armies. Thus we find General Roditcheff saying, "We expect from Moscow a message to the army. That message, I hope, will not in this grave crisis be of liberty and equality, in the name of which, falsely interpreted, Russia's people have been driven off the right track, but a message of victory and order . . ." We find General Kaledin, leader of the Don Cossacks, reading a resolution, which had been adopted by the Cossacks, demanding above everything for the salvation of the country, the continuation of the war until complete victory was attained, in close union with the Allies; and further proposing the following measures: that the army should be taken out of politics; that the regimental committees and councils should be suppressed; that there should be a clear declaration of the rights of officers; that rigid discipline should be enforced, not only on the fighting line, but behind the fighting line, that is, in the munition factories; that the rights of commanders to inflict punishment should be restored.

This resolution appears to imply that the regimental committees and councils are still in full swing, and that commanders have not yet the right to inflict punishment; if this be so, then such disasters as the surrender of Riga are not only easily explicable but quite inevitable. The "committee" of one regiment votes to retreat before the Germans, thus leaving a gap in the line, and compelling the whole line to fall back. The fact that it is still necessary to plead for the ending of this condition of disastrous folly justifies us in saying that the effort of the Provisional Government in calling the Moscow Council was only half-hearted; that it is still mired in the Socialist slough.

We find exact confirmation of this in the address of General Alexeieff before the Moscow Council. General Alexeieff, we are told, drew contrasts between the army of the old régime, poorly equipped with mechanical resources

but strong in warlike spirit, and the present army of "Free Russia", well supplied with food and arms, but "completely poisoned and enfeebled" by ill interpreted and ill applied doctrines which had split the army into two opposite camps, officers and soldiers, which have become almost irreconcilable. General Alexeieff declared that after the declaration by the Provisional Government of the rights of soldiers, all respect towards leaders had disappeared, the officers becoming veritable martyrs. He cited one eloquent example: when a recent attack was being launched, the force which advanced was made up of twenty-eight officers, twenty non-commissioned officers—and two soldiers. All the others looked on coldly while these heroes perished . . .

But the highest level of significance in the Moscow Council was reached by the address of General Korniloff, the Commander in Chief, whose brilliant advance at the beginning of July was rendered nugatory by the treachery of Socialist elements in the army. General Korniloff is reported as saying that the old régime bequeathed to Russia an army which, despite all the defects of its organization, nevertheless was animated by a fighting spirit and was ready for sacrifices; that the whole series of measures taken by those who were completely foreign to the spirit and needs of the army had transformed it into a collection of individual groups which have lost all sense of discipline. . . . General Korniloff then read figures relating to the production of war materials, which, he said, had fallen, compared with the period from October 1916, to January 1917 (that is, under the old régime) by 60 per cent for guns and shells, and by 80 per cent for airplanes. . . .

In face of comparisons like these, one sees clearly why the Provisional Government, with its Socialistic affiliations, might deem it expedient to arrest Grand Duke Michael, especially after the surrender of Riga, which General Korniloff predicted.

General Alexeieff spoke of poisonous doctrines which had split the army into two almost irreconcilable camps, the soldiers on the one side, the officers on the other. He did not define or describe these doctrines; but, as it happens, we have at hand an admirable statement of them, from a pro-German Socialist in New York, a statement dating from the first week in September: "We are not against the spilling of blood," said this apostle of Socialism; "oh, dear, no! But

we are against spilling it in behalf of the master class which wants to exploit us. . . . We recognize only two classes and no authority—the master class and the working class. . . ."

General Korniloff told the Moscow Council exactly how this poisonous doctrine has worked out in practice: "In the present month, soldiers had killed four regimental commanders. . . ."

Many of us who have long admired Russia believed that the Russian peasant, the Russian soldier, had the honesty and good sense which would have saved him from this pernicious and criminal folly. Apparently, as regards a considerable percentage of the army and the peasantry, we were mistaken. It would seem to be now not a question of safeguarding, but of repentance, after bitter suffering and humiliation at the hands of the German invaders. Further, it seems to be clear that, so long as the Provisional Government fails to break off all relations with the Socialism which teaches these poisonous doctrines, Russia must continue to suffer and to suffer bitterly.

It would seem that Nietzsche and Marx, the two prophets of the Germanic spirit, are each other's complements. Both preach doctrines that are violent, rapacious, blindly egotistical. By some accident of birth or temperament, they have espoused opposite sides, Nietzsche glorifying the "master class", while Marx glorifies the "proletariat". How the Nietzschean doctrine works out in practice, the German occupation of Belgium sufficiently shows; while Russia is exhibiting the large possibilities of the Marxian revelation.

The Russian revolution was brought about in order to free Russia from the German intrigues of the Hessian court and Premier Stuermer. It has given Russia instead the Marxian despotism of the Council of Workmen's and Soldiers' Deputies. Russia is far more completely under German domination than a year ago, when Stuermer was premier. In the issue of the London *Morning Post* for June 25, the Petrograd correspondent of that trustworthy paper makes himself responsible for the statement that, of the eighteen members of the Executive Committee of the Council of Workmen's and Soldiers' Deputies, only four are using their true names, only one of the four being a Russian; while the remaining fourteen, with German names, are using Russian aliases. There is no evidence at all that this cabal of

predominantly pseudonymous Germans was ever elected by any representative body either of workmen or of soldiers, or that the soldiers who come for a day or two from various regiments are anything more than the stage setting of the German group with Russian names. Yet this cabal has almost completely dominated Russia for the last six months, and largely dominates Russia to-day, with results that we have seen. And the Provisional Government, which had the courage to demand the abdication of a dynasty with whose growth Russia had grown great through three centuries, has conspicuously lacked the courage to demand the abdication of these eighteen men, most of them Germans with Russian aliases. The sympathies of the United States have been enlisted by the declaration that "Free Russia" is a republic, a "new democracy." In reality Russia is neither a republic nor a democracy, since even the Provisional Government was never elected by the nation; nor is Russian freedom anything but a mockery, so long as the Provisional Government is dominated by the pseudonymous Marxian cabal. The great Moscow Council is of high importance, because it is the first indubitable sign that the true Russia is waking up to these realities, though still not quite united, not quite determined to take the strong measures necessary to end this intolerable despotism. We have heard much, in the cable messages, of the dangers of a "counter-revolution." But the counter-revolution took place long ago; it took place when the pseudonymous Marxian cabal vaulted into the saddle, and began to terrorize the Provisional Government and debauch the army. What is needed is a genuine revolution, that shall put the real Russia in command. Whether the real Russia shall elect to organize itself as a constitutional monarchy or as a republic, is not the vital thing. The vital thing is that Russia shall rid herself of the present Germanic despotism of Marxian Socialists.

There is a very practical side to this, which the wiser men in the Provisional Government are now coming to see with somewhat painful clearness. Through the *Bourse Gazette* of Petrograd and by other channels, these men have made eloquent appeals for large American loans, for the immediate aid of American capital. But it is as clear as daylight that American capital is hardly likely to flow in large quantities (and the demand is for billions) to a country in which the group which effectively dominates, holds and loudly

preaches the Marxian dogmas of confiscation and class war, war to the death against "the capitalistic classes." Surely the choice which Russia must make, and make swiftly, if she is to be saved from national ruin and slavery, is now abundantly clear. And it is likely to be made still clearer by further reverses, for the Marxian poison is still actively at work, both on the battle front and in the munition factories.

We should, therefore, have the most sincere, cordial and effective sympathy for the men of the real Russia who, in the Moscow Council and elsewhere, are beginning to lift their heads. We should let them see that we clearly understand their difficult position; that we clearly recognize the real character of the new German despotism which, for six months, has dominated and terrorized the genuine Russia. We should make it clear that we are eager to do anything in our power to aid them in a fight for real freedom from this new and ignoble despotism, to aid them in a genuine revolution, which shall put in power the really national forces of Russia.

The heavy snows of a far northern winter will soon begin to fall in the path of the German army now advancing beyond Riga into the swamps that lie before Petrograd. No great campaign of invasion, free from the danger of a great disaster, is possible now. So Russia has a breathing spell, a period of grace, in which she may strike a blow for genuine freedom. Further, the lengthening of the Teuton lines involved by an advance into Russia is in itself strategically favorable to the Entente cause. So there are elements of hope, if there is only wise resolution in Russia herself, and a stern determination to cut out the cancer of Germanic Socialism, before it fatally injures the life of Russia.

After the above paragraphs were written, General Korniloff began his effort to disestablish the Socialist government at Petrograd, first by persuasion, then by force. It remains to be seen since he met with no success, as this is written, what further efforts will be made in the same direction.

There is a second sense in which the great political Council at Moscow is of vital importance: it is almost the first occasion, since the revolution, on which the Russian Church has come publicly forward as a great national force, one of the elements which ought to help the real Russia in the fight to free itself from the new Germanic despotism. For the last six months, the cable despatches have almost given the

impression that Russia had lapsed from her position as a religious nation into the slough of atheism and materialism. This impression arises from the fact that, for these six months, Russia has been so largely under the heel of the Marxian cabal which is, of course, frankly atheist and materialist. But the political Council at Moscow showed that the Russian Church is still full of life; and the great Church Council, which is now assembled at Moscow, gives the Russian Church the opportunity to show that it has light and the power to lead, in this dangerous crisis of Russia's national life. And we should remember that the Russian Church represents, and truly represents, by far the largest and most homogeneous element within the eight million square miles of the Russian realm, a population of between eighty and ninety millions; equal, therefore, to the whole white population of the United States.

Apart from this vital question of national salvation and reconstruction, the Church Council of Moscow will consider three immensely important points: first, the future headship of the Russian Church; second, the relation of the Russian Church to the State; and third, the internal organization of the Russian Church, and the part which its lay members will, in the future, be called upon to take in that organization. And it is both interesting and important that two men who are likely to play an influential part in its decisions, have spent a number of years in the United States, and have not only made themselves familiar with our ideals of free and stable government, but have specially studied the way in which these ideals have been applied to the government of the one great religious body which has grown up within the United States under the influence and guidance of our ideals, namely, the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America. These two men are Archbishop Tikhon and Archbishop Platon, each of whom for seven years presided over the Archiepiscopal See of the Russian Church in North America.

The first of the three great questions which the Moscow Church Council will discuss is the future headship of the Russian Church. Until the reign of Peter the Great, the head of the Russian Church was a Patriarch, the colleague of the great historic Patriarchs, whose Sees, in the order of their foundation, were: Jerusalem, Antioch, Rome, Alexandria and Constantinople. The See of Jerusalem was

founded by James, "the Brother of the Lord," as Paul calls him; the Sees of Antioch and Rome were founded by Peter; the See of Alexandria by Mark. Rome, as the political capital of the Empire, claimed to stand first, outranking the two older Sees. Constantinople, as the new capital of the Empire, claimed to stand second. It was the claim of Rome not only to outrank, but also to dominate the Eastern Sees, including the See of Constantinople, that caused the separation between the Eastern and Western Churches about the time of the Norman Conquest of England, some nine centuries ago. The Russian Church, formed as a missionary enterprise from Constantinople shortly before that separation, grew steadily; and when, four centuries after the great separation, Constantinople was captured by the Turks, the Russian Church became the strongest of the Eastern Churches. These Eastern Churches have always been, and are to-day, one in doctrine, but each Patriarchate is independent and autonomous in its administration, as are certain smaller units in the Balkan nations, the old territory of the Eastern Empire.

Peter the Great introduced two radical changes into the Government of the Russian Church: first, he abolished the Russian Patriarchate, largely because he feared the influence of the Patriarch Stephen, substituting for the Patriarchate a Synod, or permanent Council of Bishops; second, he established the control of the State—that is, of the Emperor—over the administration of the Church, placing a Procurator in the Synod as the personal representative of the Emperor's authority. The most famous of recent procurators was Pobyedonostseff, who, on the one hand, put heavy pressure on the Russian sectaries and, on the other, translated Emerson's *Essays* into Russian.

On the abdication of Nicholas II, a dispute immediately arose between the Russian Church and the Provisional Government formed of Duma leaders. The Provisional Government, holding that all elements of the Emperor's authority had passed into its hands, maintained that this included the political control of Church administration, and therefore appointed as Procurator of the Synod Mr. Lvoff, a relative of the Premier. But the Synod on its side declared that the Provisional Government had no right to control the administration of the Church, affirming that, with the ending of the Emperor's authority, was involved the ending of State

control of the Church, which must hereafter be entirely free to manage its own affairs.

A cable dispatch from Moscow, published here on September 1, announced that projects covering the future relations between Church and State had already been worked out by the Provisional Government, for consideration by the Church Council now sitting at Moscow, and later by the Constitutional Convention. These projects provided, it was said, that the financial relation between Church and State should remain unchanged, but that hereafter the Church should be autonomous. As regards the financial relation, the Synod received from the Imperial budget in 1916 the sum of 54,000,000 rubles; it is proposed that a similar arrangement shall exist in the future.

Besides the proposed revival of the Patriarchate and the relation between the Russian Church and the State, the great Moscow Church Council is likely to discuss its future internal government and there is a probability that this future government may be influenced by American ideals. Hitherto, in the Russian Church, practically all administrative authority has been wielded by the Bishops; this includes, of course, the Archbishops, who are Bishops with wider administrative duties. The same system, the dominant authority of the Bishops, holds everywhere throughout the Roman Catholic Church, including the United States, though in practice the Episcopate of the Roman Catholic Church accepts the supreme authority of the See of Rome. There was, at one time, a strong movement among Roman Catholics in the United States to apply to themselves American ideals of self-government. But this movement, quite logically known as "Americanism", was banned by the Vatican. In marked contrast, the American Episcopal Church, influenced from its inception by American ideals, has a threefold governing body, representing, first, the Bishops, second, the clergy other than Bishops, and, third, the lay members of the Church; a broad, stable and representative government such as enjoyed by no other of the great historic Churches.

While he was in the United States, Archbishop Platon devoted years to the sympathetic study of the Episcopal Church; it is, therefore, entirely possible that, now that the representative principle has come to the front in Russia, Archbishop Platon may support a movement to introduce into the government of the Russian Church what we have

called "American ideals" of Church government, so that the clergy and laity may have a share in its government, side by side with the Bishops. The result of such a change, not only on the Church but, even more, on the Russian nation, would be very great, directly affecting the seventy to eighty million members of the Russian Church—the largest homogeneous element in Russia.

For we take it as certain that the influence of the Russian Church will not be weakened by the Russian revolution. It is true that the French Revolution, more robust in ideas than the revolution in Russia, did, for a brief period, eclipse the Church in France. But when Napoleon evolved order from the welter of revolutionary France, he restored the Church to its ancient place in the nation. The arrangement which he then made lasted for a full century, through half a dozen revolutions and counter-revolutions, wars, invasions, foreign occupations of the capital, and was, in fact, the most stable element in France throughout that whole period. More than that; even to-day, while Napoleon's arrangement has been abrogated, France is more devoted to religion than at any time during those hundred years. There is every reason to believe that the same law will hold good for Russia.

The great Church Council, therefore, like the political Council which preceded it, is of high importance, as representing another of the great national forces which should bring order out of the chaos into which Russia has been hurled by the counter-revolution of Germanic Socialism.

CHARLES JOHNSTON.

UNREDEEMED ITALY

BY THE DUKE OF LITTA-VISCONTI-ARESE

THE question of the Italian Provinces under the dominion of Austria-Hungary is exceedingly simple, but foreigners often fail to understand it, because of apparent ethnological and political discrepancies. It must be remembered that the Empire of the Hapsburgs never represented a nationality, that the words "Austrian" and "Hungarian" have a political, but not a racial significance, and that in the Dual Monarchy, eighteen distinct races coexist side by side. The secular axiom, "*Divide et impera,*" of Austrian statesmen, by which one race serves to oppress and nullify another, has been followed at all times in the Italian Provinces.

It is intended to set forth briefly the true condition of affairs in the "*Irredenta,*" as the Italians designate these provinces, and to demonstrate how unsubstantiated are the counterclaims of rival races, in almost every case, imported with the deliberate purpose of denationalizing the Italians. The Italian claims are based upon the geographical, historical and ethnographical boundaries of Italy which are at the same time its only strategical factors of national safety. Proceeding from west to east, the provinces claimed by Italy are: Trentino, Eastern Friuli, Trieste with Istria, Fiume and Dalmatia.

The Italians of the Irredenta have fought for their nationality with such invincible tenacity and unity of purpose, that they have invariably vanquished their opponents, even when they were seemingly outnumbered and defeated. The races with which they clashed are the Teutonic, the Magyar and the Jugo-Slav. The first is restricted to the "Alto Adige" (Trentino), a district consisting mainly of narrow Alpine valleys, comparatively restricted; the second to the town and territory of Fiume, still smaller. The Jugo-

Slavs are by far the most important numerically, if not intellectually the most dangerous, and deserve a closer examination. The appellation of "Jugo-Slav" has been coined in recent years and is an ethnical aspiration more than a reality. It purports to be the blending into one national body of the Slovenes, the Croats and the Serbs, assuredly belonging to the same ethnical group but, as yet, widely apart in such essentials as politics, writing and religion. When we recall that the Croats ever have been the staunchest supporters of the Hapsburgs, the brutal executors of their vengeance during 1848-1849 in Italy and Hungary, and in Serbia during the present war, that they are the most bigoted of Roman Catholics and cannot read a letter of the Cyrillian alphabet, it is easy to understand how they cannot amalgamate with the Serbs, anti-Austrian to a man, staunch followers of the Orthodox Church and opposed to the Latin transliteration of their language. For this reason the cry, recently set up, for a "Great Jugo-Slavia" is a disguised attempt to rescue the tottering fabric of the Austro-Hungarian State.

The Trentino is the province in which the rights of Italy are, for every reason, the less questionable. Of course this triangular wedge, thrust like a dagger in the heart of the Valley of the Pò, has a tremendous strategical value for the Dual Monarchy and it will make every sacrifice to retain it. The Trentino consists in the characteristically Italian Valleys of the Adige and of its affluents and is sharply defined by the Alps forming the watershed between the Mediterranean and the North and Black Seas. Hydrographically it is one, but orographically it is double, as two long chains of mountains, starting from the Cevedale group on one side and the Marmolada on the other, converge at the "Stretta" (Narrows) of Salorno, and separate the middle basin of the Adige from the higher, that is, the Trentino proper from the "Alto Adige."

The Austrian Official Census, in spite of its impudent falsifications of the truth, is compelled to state that in the Trentino proper, of the 347,929 inhabitants, 338,259 were Italians, or in other words that of 1,000 inhabitants, 972.2 spoke Italian, 24.8 spoke German, 0.5 Czech, and 2.5 Slovene, the last three numbers being due to the many troops. In the district of Primiero (no troops) the number of Ital-

ians was 999.1 per thousand. A great number have emigrated to Italy, hundreds of nameless heroes fight in the Italian army, and Battisti, the great Martyr, was hung in the Castle of Trento after he was taken prisoner in a fair fight.

In the Alto Adige lies the problem. By the side of over 40,000 Italians there are 160,000 inhabitants of Teutonic origin. This is not correct, however, as more than 20,000 Latins have been included with the Germans. At first sight the Italian claims seem unreasonable, and patriotic though timorous Italians have urged that they should be severely ignored. This, however, is not our opinion, neither in this case nor in the somewhat similar one of Dalmatia. Geographically, there is no doubt that the region inhabited by these Germans is purely Italian; historically, these foreigners are the descendants of invaders who came through the Brenner Pass (Janua Barbarorum) not earlier than the tenth and eleventh centuries; ethnologically, their secular habitat in an Italian land has radically altered their racial peculiarities; demographically, the great Adige Valley being one organic unit, its 400,000 Italian inhabitants of a total population of 560,000, make it unquestionably Italian, while politically these German-speaking citizens would be no more troublesome and oppressed than the French-speaking population of Val d'Aosta, the Germans of Alagna and the Ossola, the Slavs of the Natisone (Friuli) and the Albanians of Puglia. Italian policy has ever respected and protected these citizens of alien blood, successfully relying upon the power of absorption through Latin civilization to inspire them with the national Italian spirit.

It is upon this peculiar power of absorption, this irresistible force of attraction, that we wish to insist. It is remarkably striking in the Alto Adige, but we will find it quite as vivid in the other sections of the Irredenta. It would take a volume to describe the process of re-Italianization which is steadily going on in the Alto Adige in spite of the perfectly organized efforts of Pan-Germanic bodies. From the Narrows of Salorno to Bolzano (Botzen) the overwhelming supremacy of the Italian has asserted itself. Bolzano is rapidly becoming wholly an Italian town and there is hardly a village in the entire Alto Adige where Italian influence is not felt. This is not done by luring German children into Italian schools (as Germans and Slavs

are doing), or by fostering renegades according to Slav and German tactics, but by a slow, subtle Italianization of family by family from one village to another. If this process was backed by the spiritual and economic influence of the Italian nation, its progress would be proportionally as astounding as that achieved hitherto under the most adverse conditions.

There remains the most important claim of all. Strategically, Italy must once and for ever close the door by which immemorially all Germanic invasions have penetrated into its midst. The Germans themselves have called *Waelsche Boden* (Italian Lands) the southern slopes of the main Alpine watershed, and thus the entire semi-circle of natural frontiers on the crests of the Venustian, Passirian, Breonian and Aurinian Alps must be held for evermore by the Italian race.

Eastern Friuli, with Gorizia as its most important center, has no historical, geographical or ethnographical *raison d'être* as a separate entity. It is one with Western Friuli and Udine has ever been the metropolis of the whole country. They suffered together the same alien efforts of denationalization, only in the west these attempts ended with the Middle Ages, while in the east, first the Teutonic and later the Slovene persecution has never abated.

Neither the Tagliamento, the Judrio or the Isonzo are the geographic frontiers of Italy. These have been sharply determined by the great Alpine chain, and the Julian Alps here again separate the basin of the Mediterranean from that of the Black Sea. But Eastern Friuli, and more especially the naturally formidable bridgehead of Gorizia, has ever been one of the two doors (the Brenner being the other) by which Eastern and Northern Barbarians sought to penetrate into Italy and dominate it. History undoubtedly repeats itself, for there is a striking similarity between the reports of General Cadorna and those of Venetian generals who endeavored to deliver Italy from its invaders.

The attempt of denationalizing Eastern Friuli is very ancient. The oldest existing document of Gorizia is a parchment of the year 1001, by which the Emperor Otto III grants to the Patriarch of Aquileia one half of the village of Salcano and "*medietatem unius villae quae Slavonica lingua vocatur Goriza.*" This seems at first to uphold

the claim of the Slovenes, but it is just the opposite, as it indicates an *existing* village thus *called* by the Slavs, and furthermore the parchment emanates from the Italian section of the Imperial Chancellery, there being no doubt that the village pertained to Italy. This is confirmed by the second oldest Gorizian document, a parchment of 1070, by which one of the Lords of Val d'Adige grants to the Church of Bressanone (Trentino) "*praedia qualia in Regno Italico, Comitatu Forliunanense, loco Gorizia . . . habuit.*"

Tactically, the bridgehead of Gorizia insured the dominion of Italy to the power holding it. This has been asserted by all military authorities from the Roman Consuls down to Napoleon I. During the Middle Ages the Germanic Emperors endeavored to Germanize the whole of Friuli, as still revealed by certain names of places. Gorizia and its territory formed a county, the ruler of which, direct vassal of the Empire, had the special mission of guarding the bridgehead on the Isonzo. With its usual far-seeing policy, Venice possessed itself forcibly of Eastern Friuli, but internal weakness and European hostility rendered the conquest ever precarious. The only result Venice obtained was that the Count of Gorizia, with the consent of the German Emperor, recognized the joint overlordship of Venice, but in 1500, when the family of the Counts became extinct, Emperor Maximilian, despite the protests of Venice, hastened to take possession of the county. In 1815, when the limits of the Germanic Confederation were determined, Ferdinand of Austria proposed the purely artificial line of the Judrio (later, in 1866, shamefully imposed on Italy by Prussia's treason) because "*it kept open the country on the right bank of the Isonzo and therefore made the invasion of Italy easily accomplished by the roads in the Julian Alps.*" This has been unquestionably one of the most important causes which fettered Italy so long in the humiliating "Triplice," the only other alternative being a long meditated Austrian attack. Each Italian victory on the Isonzo inverts the respective positions of Latins and Teutons, transforms situations created by ancient usurpations and settles a secular struggle.

But the Austrian Government, in spite of all its efforts to Germanize first and later to Slovenize Gorizia, always explicitly recognized its Italian character. In 1594, when protesting against the construction by Venice of the Fort-

ress of Palmanova, Austria declared that the Republic intended "*to occupy the County of Gorizia and eject from Italy the House of Austria.*" In 1615 Archduke Ferdinand accused Venice of wishing "*to despoil the House of Austria of its Italian dominions.*" In 1803, when a separate Chancellery was founded in Vienna for Italian Affairs, all acts concerning the County of Gorizia were turned over to it, and in 1814, when the Province of Illyria, called later "of the Litoral," was formed the districts included the County of Gorizia, and were all *Italian districts.*

Nevertheless Austria persisted in its efforts. But it had not taken into account the extraordinary vitality and resiliency of the Italian race, its passionate attachment to its language and its wonderful power of absorption. Early in the sixteenth century many Teutonic and Slav soldiers settled in and around Gorizia, attracted by the climate and by the excellent vintage. To oppose Venice Austria invited to Gorizia foreign nobility from all parts; the Dornbergs, Endlings and Semblers from Bavaria and Westphalia, the Osolani from Cyprus, the Salamancas from Spain, and even Italian renegades as the Lantieris and Coroninis, who, largely rewarded, became the most active Germanizing agents. But the native Italianity of Gorizia not only persisted but invincibly asserted itself. Italians flocked back. Irresistibly the Italian language, the Italian customs and the Italian place-names regained once more their predominance. Vienna tried to stem the current. Latin acts, multiplying in the Courts, were prohibited in 1556, the only result being that Italian replaced them, for those who could write German were rapidly disappearing. Immediately Vienna banned Italian and in 1566 the Assembly of the German Nobility decided that, although the acts must be Latin, only German lawyers should be admitted in the Courts. It was of no avail; it became daily more difficult to find a German lawyer. Italian immigration steadily increasing, another law debarred these immigrants from owning land and obtaining office. Austria, however, was fighting against the inevitable; none but an Italian city could exist upon Italian soil.

At the beginning of the present epoch Gorizia was an absolutely Italian city. The four years of Napoleonic domination (1809-13) cancelled every lingering trace of Germanism and the triumph of the Latin race seemed complete.

But when Napoleon fell and Austria returned, with the help of numerous German and Slav invaders, it endeavored again to suffocate the Italian spirit. In 1848 Austria triumphed as Germans, Slavs and Italian renegades planted the Germanic colors on the "Castello," insulting the imprisoned heroes from Venice and Friuli. The spark of Italianity seemed nearly extinct, but it was kept piously alight in the heart of the people.

Slovene pretensions first asserted themselves when the Croatian National Committee designated as boundary to their claims the course of the Tagliamento, indicated by their geographer Sejan. In the mountain villages the Slovene element predominated, but was restricted to the lowest classes, incapable of a higher culture and civilization. The urban districts remained invincibly Italian. When in 1896 Austria, by the sequestration of its revenue, compelled the Municipality of Gorizia to create a Slovene school in the city, there were only *five* pupils and it had finally to be closed. The latest Austrian statistics establish that at present the County of Gorizia counts (in round numbers) 260,000 inhabitants, of whom 115,000 are Italians born in Austria, 8,000 Italians born in the Kingdom of Italy, 132,500 Slavs and 3,500 Germans. This, however, by no means represents the conditions Italy will find on its permanent occupation of the country. The greatest number of the more recently imported Slavs will follow the State which brought them into Friuli: as they came so will they depart. The Carso is deserted by the Slovenes, and how many will return after the war when it will be politically Italian? In Gorizia (township) there were some thousands of Slavs (Slovenes, Croats, Serbs, Poles, Ruthenes, Slovacks and Czechs) in the Government Offices and in the Railways; not one is left today. For the rest the perfectly Italian spirit demonstrated by the Slavs of the Natisone District in Western Friuli proves how this alien population when removed from the influence of subsidized agitators can be easily absorbed and amalgamated.

In the meanwhile the best Gorizian blood has been shed on the Italian side in this war. Many have been wounded, and fifteen heroes buried within sight of their paternal homesteads have once more proclaimed to the world the deathless Italianity of their native land.

The weakness of Slovene claims needs no stronger proof

than the peculiar case of Trieste. A stranger entering this city finds himself in a typical Italian town, as Italian as Genova or Livorno, hears only the soft Venetian dialect, and meets with the peculiarities, habits and customs proper to Italy.

Trieste, in the noblest sense of the word, is a modern city against which the mediæval policy of alien ruthlessness has never ceased to exert itself. It has been quite aptly defined as "*the last of Italian 'Comuni' still struggling in the twentieth century against the Germanic Empire and the Invasion of the Barbarians.*" The traits which historically characterize the barbaric dominion over Italy in the Middle Ages are exactly those of the Austrian rule of Trieste today. Two distinct currents of immigration have sought to appropriate this rich prey: the Germanic and the Slav. Trieste is coveted by the Pan-Germanists and promised by Austria to the Jugo-Slavs.

Trieste was Italian ever since Rome constituted Italy. Geographers and historians for over twenty-three hundred years have asserted that it formed an integral part of Italy. Even during the darkest Middle Ages, its citizens never lost their consciousness of being Italians; on the contrary, whenever the greed of foreigners was most aggressive, in the fifteenth century as well as in the last decades, the citizens of Trieste unanimously asserted that they were Italians and that Italians they would remain. In the present war thousands emigrated to Italy, hundreds fought in the Italian Army and the roll of honor of the dead reveal their heroism. When the American press commented upon the war-aims of the Allies as stated in their reply to President Wilson's Note, even some of the most anti-German papers wrote that Italy had pretensions over a city, Trieste, which had never belonged to it. This affirmation is diametrically contrary to the truth. Certainly the *new Kingdom of Italy* never possessed Trieste, just as before 1866 it had never possessed Venice, or Rome before 1870. But as it fought in 1859 for Milan, in 1866 for Venice and in 1870 for Rome, it is fighting today for Trieste, because Trieste, as Milan, Venice and Rome, has ever been geographically and ethnologically a part of Italy. The new Kingdom of Italy is reconstituting by the will of the people the Unity of Italy.

Austrian and pro-Austrian historians have always vaunted the so-called "Act of Dedition" to the Hapsburgs in

1382, and "Mitteleuropean" propagandists are at present using the same in neutral countries. Without discussing the strange conception of history and law which enables them in 1917 to draw consequences from an act of 1382, it is well to explain that this alleged "Dedition," held up as a dogma by the Austrian Chancellery, has been proven to be an usurpation pure and simple. Documents of the epoch prove it irrefutably. The small Italian "Comune" of not more than 6,000 inhabitants could offer no resistance, and Kandler himself, the Aulic historiographer, must admit that in 1383 and 1384 the most violent insurrections broke forth against the Hapsburgs and were suffocated in blood. The Austrian Hangman has ruled ever since upon the Martyr-City.

The Slovene invasion began in 1866 when Austria lost Venice. Its principal agents were the priests and the police. The priests, by order of Slav bishops of the Strossmayer brand, purposely chosen by Austria, turned the Churches into centers of pro-Slovene agitation, creating thus such deep reaction that Trieste may be considered at the most a religious city in existence. The gendarmerie, omnipotent in rural districts, drilled the gangs of ignorant Slovene peasants, who, for the first time in 1868, and so many times later, entered the city and attacked with bloody results the citizens of Trieste. Triestine democracy nevertheless received with great honors Ljubibratic, the chief of the Bosnian insurgents in 1876, while some years before it instituted Slovene, or bilingual schools (according to local conditions), in the villages of the Triestine Carso although their representatives had only asked for Italian.

Austria established German colleges in Trieste to corrupt the national consciences of Italians and Slavs alike, and these produced Austria's best Slovene agents and, curiously, some of the most ardent among Italian patriots. Austria spent lavishly to turn education into a weapon of political oppression; it subsidized Slovene schools nominally instituted by Slav Associations, but did not give a farthing to the numerous elementary and secondary schools founded by the Municipality of Trieste. In the public offices the importation of Slovenes was continuous and intensive. The lower personnel of the Law Courts, ever Italian, was deliberately superseded by Slavs. In 1908, of 417 Postal Agents, only 93 were still Italians, the rest Slovenes; of 560

Custom-House Guards, 412 were Slavs; of 1,247 Railway officials, 1,044 were Slavs, 143 Italians and 60 Germans; of 680 Railway laborers, 652 were Slavs, 20 Germans and 8 Italians, the Slavs all coming from Carniola, Carinthia and Lower Styria. When the Tauren Railway was opened 700 families of Slovene railway men with over 1,000 children were imported to Trieste in a few days. By the help of the Slav Banks (Czech, Croat, Serbian and even Russian) the docks, the shipping-yards, and numerous business enterprises were flooded with imported Slovene laborers, fresh from the Carinthian Mountains, who knew nothing of the sea. And all this in an Italian city!

The Nationalist Associations of Trieste fought heroically and with great success against denationalization. At their head was the "Lega Nazionale," which extended over all the Irredenta. From its creation in 1891 till its forcible dissolution by Austria in 1915 (after Italy's declaration of war), and under the Presidency of Riccardo Pittèri, the purest and noblest of patriots, who unfortunately died in 1916, it fostered the Italian national spirit by creating and endowing schools, public libraries and musical associations. Thus, in spite of the efforts of the Austrian Government and the continued importation of Slovenes, notwithstanding the brutal pressure exercised, the census of 1910 (Austrian official results) showed that of 229,510 inhabitants in the city of Trieste, 161,594 (or well over 70 per cent) were Italians.

Istria, though at present politically distinct from Trieste, is its natural province, from a geographical, historical and economical standpoint. Of the Slavs settled there, some came with the first Slavonic incursions, some as fugitives from the Turk, and others were imported as agricultural laborers by the Republic of Venice during the sixteenth century. Because of this they really are a sort of ethnical conglomerate, retaining the typical traits of their several origins. In numbers (again according to the Austrian Census) they are a little more numerous than the Italians (160,000 Italians against 220,000 Slavs in a population of 400,000 in round numbers), but a comparison between the two races reveals at once their respective ethnic and political values. The Italian population is organized in the three classes typical of advanced civilization: a numerous and compact lower class of agriculturists, sailors and salaried

laborers; a middle class headed by the learned professions, and an aristocracy of large land owners possessing domains even in districts prevalently inhabited by Slavs. The Slav population is a uniform mass of agricultural laborers, with a few small land owners (their lands, however, being much less productive than similar ones belonging to Italians, whose average land-tax is of 2.09 crowns per hectare against 0.90 crown paid by Slavs) and a scant middle-class of lawyers, schoolmasters and priests, recently imported from Carniola and Croatia. This explains why in Istria there is not either a Slav town, a Slav history, a Slav tradition, a Slav culture or a positive Slav economic system.

From the great naval and military center of Pola, Austria exercised throughout Istria its customary policy of denationalizing the Italian race, but more even than anywhere else its efforts have been unsuccessful. Istria remains invincibly Italian. It awaits through unspeakable anguish the coming freedom, for which its last great hero, Nazario Sauro, suffered death upon the Austrian gallows.

Fiume and its small territory, enclosed as the rest of Istria, to which it geographically pertains, by the Julian Alps, has placed Italy in direct conflict with Hungary, to which it was assigned in 1776 by Maria-Theresia as a "*separatum sacrae regni coronae adnexum corpus.*" For a long time Italians nourished the most romantic illusions about Magyar sympathies for Italy. They had been fellow-conspirators and fellow-sufferers during the Revolutions of 1848-49, and Kossuth had found in Italy his second country, where his children were educated and grew to manhood. But even before the present war the treatment inflicted by the Magyars upon Fiume ought to have opened the eyes of the Italians, as it was quite as relentless and cowardly as that used by Austria in the rest of the Irredenta.

The territory of Fiume abuts upon that part of the Illyrian coast some ninety miles long, with the natural harbor of Senj, now completely Croatized, which divides it from Dalmatia and must, in the future settlement of the Adriatic, form the Croatian seaboard. But the attempt to Magyarize Fiume, at first directly, and then through the interposition of the Croats, failed most completely. Fiume, a commercial seaport of thriving activity and great future, has now (with rural territory) 55,000 inhabitants, of whom

(round numbers) 6,000 are Hungarians, 15,000 Slavs of all kinds (Croats, Serbs, Slovenes, Slovacks and Czechs), 27,000 Italians born under Austria, 4,000 Italians born in the Kingdom of Italy, and 2,000 of "other" nationalities. The Hungarians, who in 1880 were only 379, have been brought up to the present number in thirty-five years by means of "forced immigration," in order to form a compact Magyar nucleus for a future brutal Magyarization of the city. The Slav element is divided into two classes: one autochthonous, inhabiting the rural districts round Fiume, the other imported by Croat commercial firms. The imported Magyars and Croats are of course rewarded with all administrative, political and economical positions of any worth, from which the Italians are excluded. Doubtlessly, upon the reunion of Fiume with its mother-country, the imported Hungarians and Croats will hasten to return to the land of their birth, and the rural autochthonous Slavs will only be too glad to acknowledge the "*fait accompli*" and merge very rapidly in the great Italian mass.

This solid body of 31,000 Italians (and they would have been far more numerous if the Hungarian authorities had not placed all sorts of difficulties in the way of immigrants coming from Italy) is the living, indisputable proof of the Italianhood of Fiume, while the whole aspect of the town, its air, its sky, its monuments and its very stones proclaim its nationality even more loudly than the ethnic qualifications of its inhabitants.

The difficulty of the Dalmatian question arises from the geographical situation of the country which our opponents deny to be part of Italy. We will not discuss the geological similarities between Italy and Dalmatia, nor the easy proof that the Dinaric Mountains, separating Dalmatia from the Balkan, are the uninterrupted continuation of the main range of the Alps. We will not demonstrate how under Rome Dalmatia was included in Italy, nor enlarge upon the secular dominion of Venice, nor reproduce the numberless existing documents establishing that in all times the Slavs themselves have proclaimed the Italianity of Dalmatia. These historical arguments are doubtlessly of great value, for they establish the fact that Dalmatia *was* Latin and then Italian; we base Italy's claim to Dalmatia on the fact that it *is* Italian today despite what is apparently

proved by statistical enumerations invariably faked and manipulated by the Austrian Government and the Jugo-Slavs. Tamaro, in his admirable book, *Italian and Slavs in the Adriatic,* rightly says that the solution of the Dalmatian Question "*does not consist in counting how many Italians exist in Dalmatia, but in recognizing the fact that, in spite of all, there are still Italians left in Dalmatia!*"

In the town of Arbe (one of the Dalmatian Islands), in which, according to Jugo-Slav statistics, *not one single Italian is left,* nothing but the usual Venetian dialect is spoken, and the so-called Croats of the locality either do not know Croat or have forgotten it as soon as they left school. It must be added that the language spoken in the most Croatized districts is so full of Italianisms that it is difficult to say whether it is a Croatized Italian or an Italianized Croat. And this, it must be remembered, after the abolition of all Italian schools (except in Zara, that kept its Italian Municipality), after the proscription of Italian from Courts and Government offices, in a country where bribery and corruption on an unprecedented scale have been rife in elections and in the Public Administrations!

The Austrian and Jugo-Slav statistics say that in Dalmatia (1910) there were 18,028 Italians by the side of 610,669 Slavs. Every one knows how that census was made, a wild but methodical elimination of all that was not Croat and a shameless insult to honesty and exactitude. A few examples are sufficient. Zara, the large suburb of Borgo-Erizzo is inhabited exclusively by Albanians, who speak the three languages (Italian, Croat and Albanian) but always use Albanian in their homes. The official statistics counted only *26* Albanians in Borgo-Erizzo. At Lèsina in 1880 the statistics indicated 314 Italians per thousand, in 1890, *27* per thousand. In twenty years the Italians have been artificially reduced by at least 75 per cent. The truth is that there are by the smallest count 100,000 Italians in Dalmatia, not reckoning that among the so-called Croats there are large numbers of Croatized Italians. The great mass of Croat agriculturists are as a rule devoted to their Italian neighbors of the towns, of whom they often rent the lands, and once liberated from the disturbing influence of subsidized agitators would easily become Italianized in less than a generation. Twenty-five years hence an honest census might well tell another tale. In Dalmatia the genuine Slav

is to be found in the Districts of the Bucovizza, Ragusa and Càttaro, inhabited in round numbers by 100,000 Serbs. These Serbs, because of their Orthodox faith called " Greeks " by the Croats, who hate them far more than the Italians, inhabit what in future must be the Serbian seaboard, with the harbor of Càttaro, unique in the world, and historic Ragusa, whose seven times secular Republic is a pure gem of Italian civilization. It is well to add that Italians form still 30 per cent of the population of Ragusa and 25 per cent of that of Càttaro.

In Dalmatia everything is still Italian, language, habits, arts, literature, and that homely but persuasive element, cookery, even among those families who call themselves Croat. More than a third of the landed and industrial properties and of commerce is in the hands of people perfectly conscient of their Italian nationality, and Italians pay more than a third of all taxes. The greater industries are in the hands of Italians; the commerce of wine, almonds and oil, the shipping industry, and even, in spite of the dreadful oppression, the retail trade is still Italian. Culture is in exactly the same condition. The Croat writers of the present day, as Vojnovitch, Milicich and others, have a purely Italian inspiration, radically different from the spirit of the true Slav national poetry.

Finally, the reason why Dalmatia must be Italian is the safety of the Mother-Country. From Venice to Brindisi the western coast of the Adriatic is flat and open, and whoever dominates its eastern shore, with its magnificent harbors and labyrinth of islands, dominates the entire Adriatic.

LITTA-VISCONTI-ARESE.

THE WORLD'S TRADE AFTER THE WAR

BY SIDNEY WEBB

SOONER or later the appalling calamity that is now oppressing nearly the whole civilized world will come to an end, and all the belligerent countries will have to face the very serious difficulties of peace. Large parts of Europe and Asia will be cold and hungry, and near starvation. The problem, however long it may be deferred, will come upon the statesmen with startling suddenness. Many of their fine-spun imaginations will disappear into thin air. They will, for instance, with regard to imports and exports, find it quite impracticable simply to leave trade to the unrestricted and unguided enterprises of merchants and shipowners eager only to make profit. The Central Powers will certainly not be allowed to carry out their rumored project of buying up all the available raw materials that neutral countries have to dispose of. It will, we suggest, be found equally impracticable to put in operation the policy understood to be outlined in the vague resolutions of the Paris Economic Conference of the Allied Governments, to which the limited States have never acceded, of a hostile boycott of the Central Powers.

At the close of the war what the various Governments will be faced with will not be opportunities of enriching themselves at the cost of their enemies, but the imminent danger of famine, in one country or another; with a calamitous general shortage of some of the principal foodstuffs such as cereals and meat, threatening, quite possibly, extensive local starvation; with huge deficiencies in most countries in such materials as the metallic ores, coal, timber, hides, oil, wool, rubber, potash and so forth without which civil employment of the demobilized millions cannot be resumed;

and with such a scarcity of merchant shipping and railway wagons, and such a dilapidation of all the ways of land transport as seriously to aggravate all the shortages of commodities. In some parts of Europe and Asia, it is scarcely too much to say, society may be not far from dissolution from sheer want. What the diplomatists must necessarily settle, actually as part of the very negotiations for peace, is how this quite imminent peril of widespread unemployment and starvation can be averted. In this sense the general revictualling of the whole Western world will be as urgent as was the revictualling of Paris, which had to be made part of the terms of armistice in 1871.

The entry into the war of the United States, which is the largest exporter of nearly all the commodities that the rest of the world wants, and the influence which the United States exercises on the South American Republics, which have a large part of the remainder of the exportable surpluses of foodstuffs and raw materials, impose upon the United States the obligation, in this matter, of leading the policy of the world.

We may take it for granted that, in the stress of such urgent need, the Government of every nation, whatever its political or economic theories, will be driven to maintain, at any rate for some time after peace, the controls which it has had to exercise during war; that it will refuse, whatever may be the relative price-levels, to permit the export of any of the commodities within its dominions (including its colonial possessions) of which it has not a supply sufficient for the needs of its own people; and that it will not allow its merchant shipping to go off to earn high freights in conveying goods elsewhere, without first ensuring a sufficient supply of the imports that its own citizens require. On the other hand each country will be under the most urgent need of developing as much export trade as possible, in order both to find prompt employment for its disbanded soldiers and to be able to pay for the imports it imperatively requires. It will accordingly be absolutely dependent on other countries for the raw materials that it needs for its manufactures. No country will be able to leave these operations to the law of supply and demand, or the enlightened attempts of profit-seeking merchants to move things from where they are cheapest to where they will sell at the highest prices. For the world famine will be even more of a money famine

than a food famine. Whole classes of people in every country, it may even be the whole populations of some countries, will if concerted arrangements to prevent unemployment are not made, find themselves, hungry as they are, without what the economists call an "effective demand." They will have no money to buy the food and materials that they need, or to pay the freight for bringing them; and without food and materials they will be unable to produce that which would enable them to buy. Simple reliance on the law of supply and demand, and freedom of trade, in the unparalleled world shortage into which we are steering would result (as it did in Ireland in 1847, and in many other cases) in foodstuffs being exported from lands where people are dying of starvation, because they have no means of paying the high prices that the foodstuffs are fetching elsewhere; that is to say, in the rich persons, the rich classes, the rich countries being able to satisfy all their needs, and the poor getting absolutely nothing. In the interests not of humanity, but also of the continued prosperity of the rest of the world, this crushing of the poor into starvation must not be allowed. And in the present state of Europe the poor will not allow it. They would rise in revolt and upset any government.

However reluctant the statesmen may be to grapple with this problem, they will be compelled, in the interest of the whole world, as well as of their own country, imperatively to do so; and they need to do so pretty promptly. Peace, when it comes, will come like a thief in the night; and famine will be very near at hand to some, at least, of the European populations. Let us face the situation as it is revealing itself. Apart from what we might, as cosmopolitan idealists desire, we shall be compelled to take into account the obstinate determination of peoples, like governments, to maintain what they conceive to be their national interests. No nation will forego, for the sake of the others, any part of what it is within its power to keep for the maintenance of its own people.

We shall need:—

(1) To permit each nation, including all the belligerents without exception, to assure itself that the interests of its manufacturers, traders and consumers, will be as far as possible safeguarded, alike in the supply of necessary commodities and in opportunities for the export of all they can spare;

(2) To permit the Allied Governments to assure themselves, conformably to the Paris Economic Conference, that their joint and several interests in their own raw materials and mutual trade, and the earliest possible satisfaction of their need of other commodities, shall be protected from any form of economic aggression at the hands of the Central Powers;

(3) To permit, as we must in all fairness say, the Central Powers equally to assure themselves that their joint and several interests in their own raw materials and mutual trade, and the earliest possible satisfaction of their need of other commodities, shall be protected from any form of economic aggression at the hands of the Allied Powers; and (as it is clear we must add)

(4) To permit and even to encourage each Government to adopt, within its own Empire, such measures of "preference" to its own people, and "development" of its own resources as it thinks will, whilst increasing the aggregate product that it makes for the world, without actual aggression on other countries, augment the solidarity and economic strength of its own.

One or other of these objects might, if it stood alone, conceivably be attained by separate national measures of this or that kind—by free trade or protective tariffs, by control of colonies or by government ownership of the means of production. But if we are to secure peace, and at the same time prevent starvation, all the objects have to be attained, and attained simultaneously, without delay, and with (a) the least possible interference with the initiative and freedom of enterprise of the individual producers; (b) the least possible increase of cost to the consumers, especially as regards foodstuffs, raw materials and the components of other manufactures; (c) the least possible injury to any nation; and (d) if only because it would otherwise increase the difficulties of those who will have to conduct the negotiations for peace, the least possible invidiousness against any nation.

Various policies and devices have been suggested for attaining these ends, such as a system of prohibitions of exports or imports, mitigated by licenses, designed to allow trade only in such commodities, and with such countries or persons, as each Government approved; differential import or export duties, designed to penalise or render impossible trade in certain commodities with particular countries; the establishment of great monopolies of particular trades or industries, under more or less governmental control, so as to unite all export and import trades in concentrated management. These devices have the capital drawback that they afford no guidance as to international policy, and offer no

security of attaining the above-mentioned ends. They do not ensure to each country the raw materials that are essential to it. They do not save the poorest countries from starvation. Moreover, they necessarily involve, by each country in turn, action of an extremely invidious kind, which must inevitably be resented by the countries against which it is to be practised. We shall not get peace by threatening that it is to be followed by economic war.

What the situation points to is the imperative necessity of the complete abandonment, for a time, of the principle of "laisser faire," and of the adoption of the policy of a deliberately concerted distribution of the exportable surpluses, as regards the several important commodities in which there will be a world scarcity, by some international machinery; and for the allocation according to needs, in the same way, of the available merchant shipping that will be required, and so far as necessary, of land transport. There will have to be, in fact, a continuation and an extension of *La Commission Internationale de Ravitaillement* that the Allied Governments have had to form for the allocation among themselves of the available army supplies. This will need to embrace all the belligerent countries lately at war, and also all the neutrals who will be suffering from the same world-shortage. It will be driven to adopt the principle of "priority," that is to say, of ensuring first the satisfaction of the most urgent primary needs of all the several countries, before proceeding to fulfil the less urgent and secondary demands of even the richest among them. The exportable surpluses of cereals, for instance, must be distributed so that no country needing food shall, however much it may be outbid in price, go without its appropriate share. The various raw materials available for export must not be monopolized by any one country or group of countries that might seek to steal a march on the others, whatever prices it may be prepared to offer to secure this end, but must be allotted with some regard to the urgency and the extent of the needs of all the several countries. The world will imperatively require to make its sadly shrunken merchant fleets go where they are most needed, not where they might earn most freight; or some desperately denuded lands may find themselves altogether without either supplies or the means to pay for them.

Thus, it should be an essential item in the Conditions of

Peace that, for a period of at least one year or more—perhaps for some prescribed period open to be extended according to experience—the whole export of certain specified commodities (such as cereals, meat, metallic ores, coal, hides, oils, rubber, wool, timber and so forth) from any part of any territory of the British or any other Government to any part of any territory of a foreign Government (thus exempting from interference both coast-wise and colonial trade as necessarily reserved by each Government to itself), together with all the sea-going merchant shipping, of all the belligerent countries, and that of all the neutral countries to which it may be possible to extend this provision, (or at least all in excess of the quota which each country needs to bring its own supplies), should be absolutely under the control of an International Commission in which all the countries would be represented. This International Commission would be charged to allocate all the supplies and their conveyance, not with a view to making the utmost profit, or indeed any profit, but in due regard to the relative urgency and degree of the needs of the respective peoples. It is interesting to notice that this International Commission for Revictualling Europe will become the first organ of the League of Nations—or what the Fabian Society calls the Supernational Authority—in which this war must find its end. Only in this way will the nations of Europe be saved from the very imminent peril of actual want, leading to fresh revolutionary upheavals.

Within each country a like plan will have to be adopted. None of the belligerent countries, and few even of the neutrals, have found it practicable to leave trade free; all—the United States quite rapidly coming into line with the rest—have had to control strictly both production and prices, to prohibit not only importing and exporting, but even also buying and selling in a whole range of commodities, and to intervene directly to assure that each district and each section of the community did not go short. It is already plain that these controls cannot be allowed to lapse the day after peace is declared. It would be desirable to recognize at once, and to prepare our minds for it, that the serious world-shortage in foodstuffs, raw materials and shipping will necessarily involve the continuance, for an indefinite period during peace, of some such governmental trade as we are all now experiencing during war.

It will, to begin with, necessarily be made a condition by the International Commission that will regulate foreign trade in the principal foodstuffs and raw materials, and also the merchant shipping required for their conveyance, that each Government should itself assume the responsibility for internal allocation. The International Commission will plainly not struggle to secure to any country its share of some commodity of which it is in dire need, deliberately in order that no person shall go absolutely without, unless adequate assurance can be afforded that the very precious supply thus conveyed to it shall be properly appropriated to secure that end. The world is not going to bother to send food to Armenia or Belgium, to secure timber or potash for the United Kingdom, to keep Italy or Switzerland regularly supplied with coal, to provide Poland with wool and Norway with petroleum, without, at the same time, getting an assurance that these things are not to be permitted to be bought up solely by the rich, to the exclusion of the poor and needy. The several Governments will therefore have to make themselves responsible for the importing and for the deliberately concerted allocation of the supplies thus allotted to them. They will be glad to assume this responsibility, whatever the preconceptions of their statesmen, merely in order to prevent prices from soaring sky high, with the inevitably resulting social upheavals.

As an instance, the British Government has already made itself the sole importer of cereals into the British Isles, a colossal business; already it controls every flour mill in the United Kingdom and determines exactly what kind of flour is to be made, and at what price it is to be sold; and it has definitely fixed the retail price of bread (henceforth not to be raised whatever may be the price of wheat in Chicago) at eighteen cents per loaf of four pounds. It has had to take this action, involving financial dealings to the extent, literally, of billions of dollars annually, in order to prevent a labor uprising. Similarly, the British Government doles out the wool to the manufacturer, and licenses the use of timber and steel, strictly according to what it thinks the genuine urgency of the private need, and the public interest that is served by the proposed use.

Immediately after the war, the British Government will begin—probably acting through the municipalities and other local authorities to whom it will lend the capital, and make

a considerable free subvention—the construction of anything between half a million and one million new cottages for its wage-earners in town and country, to the extent possibly of a billion dollars or more, in order to remedy, whilst the demobilisation of the five million soldiers is taking place, the present appalling shortage in working class dwellings. At the same time it will be necessary to restore the sadly dilapidated railways and roads to their former efficient state, to do a large amount of rebuilding and re-equipping factories and to make good deficiencies of schools and other public buildings. There will clearly be an extraordinary shortage of bricks and building stone, timber, cement, builder's ironwork and all housefittings of which the prices, if let alone, would go up to fabulous heights. We may accordingly expect that all these supplies will continue to be strictly allocated by the Government, together with all the building trades workmen. The only building allowed will be that in which there is a public interest, such as public institutions, the means of communication, the instruments of actual wealth production and the very urgent rehousing of the wage-earners. No "luxury buildings," such as palaces for the new millionaires, new hotels or cinema speculations, will probably be permitted, however high may be the price offered, until the more urgent public needs have been satisfied. And much the same is being done, and will continue to be done by the Governments of France and Germany, Italy and Austria, even, as regards some commodities, Holland and Switzerland. The United States Government will inevitably go the same road. The principle on which the world must act, both internationally and within each country, is "No cake for anyone until all have bread."

SIDNEY WEBB.

SERBIA AND EUROPEAN PEACE

BY MILIVOY S. STANOYEVICH

HAVING destroyed her past, the centuries of prosperity built up by honorable toil, and having made of the beautiful land of Moravia a living hell, Austria now assumes that she will dictate what the future of Serbia, Montenegro and Croatia is to be. This is the topic of the day in the Austrian and Hungarian press. The advocates of "open annexation," and "the permanent occupation of the Dalmatian coast," are seeking to instruct their countrymen as to the importance of converting Serbia into a possession, or at least into a complete dependency, of the Hapsburg Monarchy. Criticising and censuring one another as to the form, Austrian politicians all agree that in substance Serbia represents for them the one essential prize of the war. The Governments in Vienna and Buda-Pest appear to think that only the retention of this State at the conclusion of peace will convince the world that Austria with her allies has won the war. This conclusion may be commended for careful consideration among the Croatians, where the optimistic view has been held for three years that "Austria-Hungary did not intend to retain the possession of Serbia." So far as the Austrians can arrange matters, it is no longer doubtful that the contrary will be the case, and the good people of Zagreb should reflect carefully, while there is still time, on what will happen to their "autonomy" when Austrian *Statthalter* and *Oberbeamter* are installed permanently in Rieka, Ljubljana, Zadar and Sarajevo. Nor should they forget that those who look on with folded arms at the perpetration of a crime at their very doors are only less culpable in a very slight degree than the wrong-doers, and that they thus disqualify themselves beforehand from taking a seat in the tribunal that shall judge and sentence the guilty.

Despite the confident words of Austrian statesmen who are stained with the blood of so many thousand innocent victims, the future of Serbia will not lie in their hands. It will be assured by the Allies, and the first duty of the latter will be to see that this unfortunate little country shall never again be made the sport of Austrian soldiery, nor Serbia a place of Austrian "political excursion." The direct consequence of Allied decision will be that Serbia must emerge from the war a stronger State than she was when the Hun hordes violated her frontier on July 28th, 1914. She must be made *stronger at the expense of Austria,* for there would be no shifting of the balance of power to make her stronger by weakening the neighboring Balkan States. This fairly obvious conclusion ought to have prevented the utterances of the recent press campaign in Croatia from misrepresenting Serbian wishes, to the extent of serving the ends of the Austrophils by alleging that a Greater Serbia necessarily implied a weakened Croatia. Among Serbians there appears to be a sounder view as to the identity of the interests of the Serbo-Croats. Greater Serbia, if there is to be such, will be formed at the expense, not of Croatia, but of Austria-Hungary. This statement, if calmly considered in Croatia, will carry conviction with it, for it reposes on the most ordinary facts of common sense. A moment's reflection ought to have disposed of the idea that Serbia, having been the victim of grievous wrongs, would seek in her turn to inflict an injury on her neighbor Croatia, which, if it has not played a truly heroic part in this struggle of right and wrong, has at least been sympathetic and charitable to many of the sufferers.

It is a general and just opinion that it would be wise, when the discussion of terms of peace begins, to start with a preliminary declaration to be embodied in the first article annulling and abrogating all claims based on old feudal prerogatives or privileges, and declaring that all pretensions, arising from the old Empire of Austria and passed on from it to "the Dual Monarchy" and the new Austrian *Ausgleich,* are to be henceforth null and void. This first step would be not only a real blow at Austrian influence, but it would clear the way for the practical recasting of the map of Europe. The treaty of peace when it comes will have to dispose of a changed world, and the authors of that treaty must work with a clean slate before them. They will not

have to compose the pretensions of rival European dynasties and families, but to assign governing power and to trace frontiers in accordance with national requirements and international needs. The peace delegates will have gone far towards a successful issue if at the threshold of their task they rule out claims which their predecessors allowed to stand from the Treaty of Vienna (1815) to that of Berlin (1878).

One of the most important objects before the negotiators, if a lasting peace is to be their reward, must be the permanent weakening of Austria-Hungary. This can be best effected by the strengthening of her neighbors at her expense. The Allies' present attention is to be given to the strengthening of Serbia—the first and principal victim of the Great War—and it is not going too far to say that the attainment of this object is not merely due to Serbia as a measure of reparation, but that it is essential for the preservation of European peace.

What has also to be remembered at the same time is that the additions to be made for the purpose of invigorating Serbia must not be of a nature to prove a source of weakness and enfeeblement. It would be no kindness to Serbia, no solution of the European problem, to charge her with the task of ruling and coercing refractory Austrian subjects. Any additions made to Serbia must be sources of real strength, races that can be readily assimilated and speedily merged into the Jugo-Slav nation on account of their ethnic affinities or old associations. Austria has held, by theft and superior force, South Slavic territories, and all the Croats and Slovenes will be only too glad to enjoy the privileges and freedom of the Serbian Constitution when once that new day dawns.

MILIVOY S. STANOYEVICH.

HIGH FOOD PRICES, MIDDLEMEN, AND SPECULATION

BY L. D. H. WELD

Prices of foods, which have been rising since 1896, had reached such a high point even before the European War, that they were causing general anxiety and unrest. But since the war began, they have mounted upward to unprecedented heights,—not so much during 1914 and 1915,—but more especially during the latter half of 1916 and the first part of 1917. The possibility of serious food shortage, and the activities of the Government with regard to food production and distribution, have accentuated the interest in the present abnormal prices.

One point that is often lost sight of in discussing price increases is the fact that the prices of all foodstuffs have not risen uniformly; some have risen abnormally, whereas others have remained practically stationary. On February 15th, 1917, for example, the price of potatoes was 88 per cent. higher than the average monthly price of 1916; beans had risen 35 per cent.; eggs, 35 per cent.; and onions, 149 per cent. On the other hand, round steak had risen only 6 per cent.; bread, 9 per cent.; prunes, 5 per cent.; and rice, tea and coffee had not risen at all. Many other important commodities had risen but moderately. There have been many changes in prices since February, and the crops of 1917 have now become a dominant factor; but it is the price situation of the early part of 1917 with which this discussion deals.

High prices are a hardship only if they have risen faster than wages. It is well known that wages have been advancing rapidly during the past few months,—but not so rapidly as prices. That is the usual rule,—wages lag behind prices. Although wages have not gone up as rapidly as the prices of potatoes, onions, beans, and eggs, they have undoubtedly gone up faster than the prices of meats, rice, prunes, tea,

coffee, and many other commodities. Therefore, the power of substituting one commodity for another, the cheaper for the dearer, at least alleviates the situation. Add to this the fact that there has been steady employment for any man (or woman) with half a mind and half a body, and it is no wonder that investigations on the Lower East Side in New York have revealed the fact that there is no more suffering among the poor classes than usual. In other words, there was not much real economic excuse for the so-called "food riots," which were at least partly due to an inability of certain foreign elements to adapt their diets from potatoes, onions, etc., to other foods which are low in price and sufficiently nutritious.

The reasons for the recent increase in prices are not hard to locate; in fact, the principal causes are perfectly obvious to anyone who really studies conditions and statistics. They may be enumerated as follows: first, short crops; second, unusual demand; and third, a large increase in the money supply. Many people consider food speculation as one of the causes, but we shall come back to that later.

Taking these three causes up in reverse order, the money supply of the country has been augmented largely as a result of the great influx of gold which has been sent to us in payment for our exports. An increasing supply of money has the effect of lowering the purchasing power of the dollar, which in turn means that prices are higher. An increasing volume of trade, which calls for a greater amount of money in order to carry on business, may offset this tendency, and since we have been enjoying such an increase in trade activity, it is impossible to say just how much effect the increase in money supply has had on prices; but it has at least been an important factor.

The unusual demand for commodities occasioned by the European War has been in two ways: first, by causing foreign nations to enter our markets to buy foodstuffs for export; and second, by stimulating our manufacturing industries to such an extent as to create an unprecedented period of prosperity. Foreign buying of foodstuffs has not been as important a factor as most people think, except in the case of grains and meats. The exports of potatoes and many other high-priced products have been infinitesimal, although even small exports have their effect on prices. But the unprecedented prosperity has resulted in a huge domes-

tic demand, because of steady employment and high wages. In other words, people in general are demanding and buying more commodities than ever before. This is a conspicuous reason for high prices today.

But the most important and obvious reason is short crops. This would furnish a sufficient explanation, if there were no other factors making for high prices; fortunately this factor is easily measurable by means of Government statistics. The year 1915 was our banner year in crop production, and therefore prices stayed down through the winter and spring of 1915-16. Nineteen-sixteen was the poorest crop year we had had for several years. The acreage planted in 1916 did not differ materially from that of 1915, but because of unusually adverse climatic conditions, there was a reduced output per acre. In fact, during the last sixteen years, there has been only one year when average production per acre for the leading crops was lower than in 1916. The production per acre of ten leading crops averaged about fifteen per cent. smaller in 1916 than in 1915.

The potato crop of 1916 was only 285,000,000 bushels, as compared with an average of 361,000,000 bushels for the previous six years; notable shortages also occurred in the wheat, corn, beans, and onion crops; the cabbage crop was nearly a complete failure. Fortunately, the rice crop was enormous, which accounts for the low price of that commodity, and its resulting popularity. Sweet potatoes were also produced in greater abundance. The amount of live stock marketed in 1916 was greater than usual, which explains why meat prices have not advanced abnormally. Unfortunately, adverse weather conditions in the South during the early part of 1917 blasted the hopes that truck crops from that region might alleviate the situation.

Since potatoes have jumped in price so phenomenally, and since they have become, next to the war, the commonest subject of conversation, they deserve a further word. The acreage was five per cent. less in 1916 than in 1915, but the production per acre was only 80.4 bushels as compared with 96.3 the previous year, a decline of over 15 per cent. The principal potato States are along the northern border of the country; Maine's crop was about the same as in 1915, but Michigan's fell from 21,000,000 bushels to 15,000,000; Wisconsin's from 26,000,000 to 13,000,000; and Minnesota's from 30,000,000 to 16,000,000. The total production of po-

tatoes in 1916 was the smallest it had been since 1908. The banner year was 1912, when this country produced 420,000,000 bushels, as compared with only 285,000,000 in 1916.

Furthermore, the quantity of potatoes left in growers' and dealers' hands in nineteen Northern States on January 1, 1917, as estimated by the United States Department of Agriculture, was only 60,000,000 bushels, or 35 per cent. of the crop, as compared with 106,000,000 bushels on January 1, 1916, or 45 per cent. of that year's crop. In fact the holdings on January 1, 1916, were less than half of the average January holdings for the previous five years. It is interesting to note that 75 per cent. of the holdings were in the hands of the growers themselves, and only 25 per cent. in the hands of dealers. How long do you suppose those 60,000,000 bushels of January first would have lasted if they had been sold to consumers at say a dollar a bushel,—or even two dollars a bushel? But this brings us to the question of food speculation.

Speculation, which is generally misunderstood, is commonly assigned as one of the principal reasons for the high price of foodstuffs. It seems to be a popular belief that it is a crime for dealers to hold back goods for higher prices. Unfortunately our crops are produced during a relatively short season of the year. It will probably be granted by all that it is desirable to distribute one season's crops as evenly as possible over the succeeding months until the next crops mature. It therefore devolves upon someone to assume the risk, responsibility, and capital outlay, of holding commodities in order to perform this important function. The people who do so naturally hope that prices will go up, rather than down, and they must have fairly strong reasons for believing this will be the case, or else they would not take the trouble and suffer the mental anguish involved.

Whoever holds goods in this way, be he farmer or middleman or consumer, is a speculator. He is running the risk of loss or gain from subsequent price fluctuations. Sometimes he makes a profit, and sometimes he suffers a loss. He suffers a loss more commonly than is generally thought. Year in and year out, it is doubtful if the profits are more than enough to pay for the functions performed.

The distribution of a crop throughout the year is determined by the price level, which in turn is brought about through competition of buyers and sellers who are con-

stantly studying market conditions. If the price is held too high during the fall, the crop is not used up fast enough, and the "market breaks" during the following winter or spring. This often happens. If the price is put too low in the Fall, too much of the year's supply is exhausted, and the price soars during the next Spring. This is what happened to potatoes this past year. Although prices were high during the Fall of 1916, they were not high enough to prevent a too rapid using up of the supply, and consequently, when the supply was nearly exhausted by February, the price jumped. If the price had been arbitrarily lowered by some outside authority, such as the Government, the small remaining stock would have been used up at once.

From what has been said, it must be clear that speculation, looked at in its true light, is not only an economic necessity, but an economic benefit as well. We should encourage speculation, rather than despise it. It is ludicrous to read in the daily papers that certain dealers are holding back so many million pounds of this or that commodity, as though it were a crime for them to do so. They are really performing an important economic service by so doing.

Speculation takes different forms in different trades. In the case of grains and cotton, it takes the form of buying and selling for future delivery. This not only brings about the most perfect distribution of a commodity throughout the year, but furnishes a means whereby the actual merchandisers or holders of these commodities can largely avoid the risk of price fluctuations. For example, a terminal elevator company buys wheat in the fall, and immediately sells it to a flour miller for delivery the following May at an advance of six cents a bushel over the price paid. Since the elevator company knows that it will cost only four cents to "carry" the grain until May, it is sure of a profit of two cents a bushel, and need not worry. The flour mill, having bought the wheat at a price for May delivery, knows what price to charge for flour which it contracts to deliver in June. Although dealing in futures is attended by certain evils, this form of speculation has economic advantages which far outweigh the evils, and results in a lower marketing cost, and lower price to the consumer.

Speculation in eggs takes the form of buying them up and putting them in cold storage, trusting that the price will go up, rather than down. The cold-storage companies

do not buy eggs; they merely furnish warehouses, and rent space to the hundreds of dealers, who are the "speculators." The cold-storage company has no control over either the price or the length of time the goods are held in storage. The egg speculators perform an exceedingly important service; reliable statistics show that they lose money during many seasons, and that in the long run they make no more than they are entitled to. As a result of their operations, perfectly wholesome eggs are available at reasonable prices throughout the winter when the hens refuse to lay.

The only danger in connection with speculation is the possibility that some individual may "corner" the market, or that a small number of dealers may get control of the supply, and conspire to lift prices above the level necessary to make the commodities last out until the next crop year. This has been known to happen to a certain extent in the wheat and cotton markets, but really successful corners have been very rare, and have had more or less temporary effects. For most farm products, cornering the market is extremely difficult. Potatoes, for example, are raised over such a wide territory, and by so many individual farmers (many of whom do their own "speculating"), that it is practically impossible for any small group of dealers to get control of a sufficient quantity to artificially affect the price. The mere fact of high prices is no proof of monopoly. Although the Government should keep a constant lookout for manipulation, and for other evils of speculation, it is a significant fact that investigations made during the early part of 1917 have been unable to unearth any conspiracies to artificially raise the prices of foodstuffs, except possibly in the case of onions, though it remains to be seen whether the Government really has a case against the onion dealers who were indicted.

Another popular fallacy exists with regard to our whole marketing organization, which is commonly blamed for high prices, and which is declared by many to be cumbersome and wasteful in the extreme. It is urged that farm products pass through the hands of too many middlemen, and that what is needed is a more direct route from producer to consumer. This is so commonly believed that it is accepted as axiomatic, and it is the foundation rock on which most of the schemes for market reform are built; furthermore, one who attempts to defend the present system runs the risk of being branded a hopeless reactionary and an impracticable

theorist. And yet it would seem strange if, in all our industrial and commercial development of the past half-century —which is supposed to have reached a fairly high state of efficiency—this important part of our economic machinery should have remained so disgracefully inefficient and hopelessly primitive as is commonly assumed.

In the marketing of farm products, certain necessary services have to be performed, and someone has to perform them. In the first place the small and heterogeneous contributions of individual farmers have to be collected for shipment at a country point. They have to be graded, and packed, and held for shipment in car-load lots. Then they are transported hundreds, frequently thousands, of miles,—usually in refrigerator cars. They arrive in the large cities often in train-loads, the quantity fluctuating from day to day, and each car-load often composed of a variety of qualities, sizes, and degrees of ripeness. The fact that many commodities mature first in one section of the country and then in another adds to the complications.

After arrival in the large cities, they have to be cared for in stores and warehouses, broken up into smaller and smaller lots, steered into the thousands of retail channels, and finally passed on to the hundreds of thousands of consumers in half-dozen or half-pound lots. During all this process large amounts of capital are tied up, and credit has to be given; risks of loss are incurred from deterioration of commodities; salesmen have to make business connections and find out just what quality and size of article is desired by each purchaser; delivery equipment has to be maintained for the physical transportation of the goods from jobber to retailer, and from retailer to consumer; and forces of clerks and accountants have to be maintained to keep track of myriads of transactions.

To perform these functions, middlemen have appeared. Country shippers, grain elevators, potato warehouses, collect from the individual farmers and ship in car-load lots to wholesale receivers or commission merchants; this latter class sometimes sells direct to the retail trade, but more commonly to jobbers. The wholesale receiver assembles the goods from all parts of the country, provides storage room for them, roughly sorts them out according to quality, and finances country shippers on the one hand and jobbers on the other. The jobber seeks the retailer with his salesman,

splits up the goods into small quantities, sorts them out according to quality, delivers from day to day, and even from hour to hour, and performs the unsatisfactory task of giving credit to and making collections from retailers.

The foregoing description outlines the usual channels of trade through which farm products pass on their way from producer to consumer. Sometimes an additional middleman appears in the form of a broker, who represents the distant shipper in finding a wholesaler who can handle the goods; or sometimes an auction company appears between receiver and jobber; and sometimes a cold-storage house enters as an additional middleman. But the commonest route is producer, country shipper, railroad, wholesale receiver or commission merchant, jobber, retailer, consumer,—five intermediaries between producer and consumer, counting the railroad, or four intermediaries who are regular dealers in farm produce.

Who is qualified to conclude that there are too many steps between producer and consumer? Is it not possible that there are very good reasons for the development of the present system? Dispassionate investigations of the marketing process yield conclusions which are very different from those assumed by the market "reformers" and by the public at large.

In the first place, it is found that many commodities which pass through the hands of a large number of middlemen are marketed on very small margins, or "spreads," between producer and consumer, and that an additional middleman does not appear unless he can perform certain services, by specializing on them, more cheaply and more efficiently than anyone else. The marketing system is not a hard-and-fast one; it is not made up of fixed and arbitrary divisions of functions between successive middlemen. There is constant experimentation and change going on all the time, as the result of keen competition. Sometimes a dealer assumes the performance of more services than he performed before, and thereby "eliminates" the middleman either preceding him or following him; sometimes, on the other hand, he narrows his functions, and becomes more of a specialist, often increasing the number of middlemen.

Numerous cases might be cited wherein an additional middleman appears for the simple reason that he expedites and economizes the marketing process. The auction company

in the fruit trade is a case in point; likewise the broker; even the co-operative shipping association formed by farmers is an additional middleman, when it performs for the farmers collectively what they were formerly doing individually. If the jobbers of a large city should form a co-operative delivery company, so as to do away with duplication of effort and equipment, economies might possibly result,—but this would be through the addition of another middleman!

In fact the organization of the marketing process is merely an illustration of a fundamental economic law, viz., that division of labor or specialization results in the greatest production of commodities or services for the least effort. From the standpoint of economics, marketing is a part of the productive process. Getting goods from one place to another, and into the hands of those who need them most, is just as necessary as the growing of the commodities in the first place,—and in many cases is much more difficult and costly to perform.

And so we see that by attacking this problem from two different directions—one from a study of actual marketing methods, and the other from the standpoint of recognized economic principles—we come to the same conclusion, viz., that there is ample justification for the present organization of the marketing process, and that it has developed for the simple reason that it performs the marketing service more economically than any other system that has been devised. This does not mean that the present system is perfect by any means. But it does mean that it is unsafe to conclude offhand that there are too many middlemen; in some trades perhaps there are, but in other trades it is possible that economies might be effected by adding another middleman.

If this reasoning is sound, it follows that all revolutionary proposals for the reform of the marketing system based on the assumption that producer and consumer must be brought closer together, are fanciful and uneconomic, and have very little chance of success.

L. D. H. Weld.

SIR WALTER SCOTT AND THE SOUTH

BY HAMILTON JAMES ECKENRODE

In all probability history will never become a very complete representation of life; it must always to some extent embody a special point of view and thus limit us to partial aspects of the truth. But we have made such great advances from the drum and trumpet age, when history strutted majestically, that it is possible we may go much farther if we are willing still farther to unbend our dignity.

If history is to become a real reflection of life, it must imitate science in relentlessly investigating all the phenomena of human existence without regard to their apparent importance or non-importance. At first sight, without any knowledge of nature, it would seem more reasonable to suppose that a man suffering from delirium is in the clutches of an evil spirit rather than the victim of organisms immensely small and immensely low in the scale of life. Savages who beat tom-toms around their sick in order to exorcise demons are naked rationalists. As a matter of long observation, however, we know that sickness is not caused by impressive devils but by insignificant germs.

The habit of historians is to seek adequate causes for large results. But causes in history are often like bacilli in physical life, and it may well be believed that we sometimes err in attempting to find elaborate religious, political or economic agencies to explain great crises in the story of mankind. We have oversought. In reality many of the great happenings of history have been brought about by forces which might seem trivial, if anything could seem trivial to the scientific mind. Man's spiritual conflicts, his governmental concerns, even his bread and butter struggle—all have had the changes rung on them and all of them together leave something unexplained. It is necessary to seek other and less imposing causes—causes rooted in egotism—and among these we find that neglected power, the social ideal.

The whole world is agreed that the settlement of America was an event of profound importance. It provided vast material resources; it paved the way for political and religious liberty, and—summing up everything in one—it afforded an escape from the narrow outlook of the Middle Ages. European man had been chastened into civilization by the Middle Ages, but he had been painfully scarred in the discipline. In losing savage equality and courage, he had lost almost as much as he had won in gaining order.

In America he was given the chance to recover from his wounds. No matter how governments might plan, life in the colonies steadily grew less and less mediæval, and stronger, fuller and bolder than the life of Europe. The abundance of cheap land, the great forests, the absence of hereditary lords and overwhelming social contrasts worked together to free Europeans from the spiritual burden of the feudal period. It was in the American colonies that the modern world began to exist. When the French philosophers of the eighteenth century came to do their work, they found a nation of disciples waiting for them across the water. The result of their sowing on this prepared ground was the American Revolution.

Many explanations of the Revolution have been offered by several generations of historians. The more recent they happen to be, the more unsatisfactory they are, for the present-day historian, believing that all life is measured in terms of economics, understands less of the spirit of the Revolution than Bancroft. The Revolution was indeed only to a small extent economic; it was more political; it was most of all social. It was before anything else a revolt against the system and the spirit of the Middle Ages.

The results of the Revolution plainly indicate its social bearing. Human life made a great leap forward. Liberal constitutions were written; mediæval criminal codes and mediæval institutions like entail disappeared; class distinctions were greatly modified. The Middle Ages, still powerful in Europe, passed away in America.

In this struggle for freedom from English rule and mediæval ideas, the Southern colonies played a leading part. The South entered the Revolution with a definite programme of political advancement and social improvement. The philosophers of the Revolution were nearly all Southerners—George Mason, Patrick Henry, Jefferson, Madison—and it

was in the South that the greatest social changes were made. The North was less deeply affected.

The influence of the South, great as it was in the Revolutionary period, became of even more importance when independence had been won and the American people stood at the parting of the ways. The republic had come into existence, but what shape was the republic to take? Was it to be only another United Netherlands, or something better?

In the North mediæval ideas had to some extent survived the conflict. There were few democratic leaders of note in that section and democracy itself was sadly discredited by Shay's Rebellion. New classes had arisen to replace the old; and the social ideal was not wholly unlike what it had been in the colonial age.

In the South, on the other hand, democracy triumphed under Jefferson's leadership. Democracy did more than win a victory over opponents; it converted the opponents themselves. The French Revolution was welcomed in the South, and in the decade between 1789 and 1799 the all-important planter class became radical in politics and society.

The attitude of the North towards the French Revolution was strongly hostile. Alexander Hamilton, great and modern as he was in finance, was a mediævalist socially, and the republic in his hands would have become an imitation of England before the reforms of 1832. In the South, however, democracy happened to possess some of the most notable leaders that have ever upheld its standard. The noblest of them, George Mason, the first constitution-maker, was a big-brained and big-hearted thinker, who, in the harmony of his mental and moral faculties, stands out as one of the finest figures of the century. The greatest was Jefferson, whose many failings seem small when we remember his breadth of sight and his noble trust in mankind. In an age when the mob of politicians split hairs as to the exact extent of the powers with which the people might be safely trusted, Jefferson stood boldly for popular government. His efforts, successful at last, inaugurated the modern age in politics.

Jefferson was able to gain as his followers in the South the men who form the social ideal in every community—the men of knowledge of life, wealth and influence. Since Jefferson favored letting down the bars and admitting all men to the good things of life, they, too, were for it. The planters had opposed Jefferson at first, but he had won them over;

the South became strongly democratic and remained so for nearly two decades.

It was his powerful advocacy of democratic ideas, in opposition to the mediævalism of the Northern politicians, which enabled Jefferson to gain the allegiance of the American people. The people respected Washington; they loved Jefferson. The Maine fisherman, the Connecticut farmer, the Kentucky pioneer, the Virginia planter alike looked to him for guidance. It was Jefferson and Jefferson's party that established the American idea and claimed the republic for democracy.

The world, however, no more than the Second Mrs. Tanqueray, can escape from the past. That mediæval past, with its class feeling, its lording and cringing, its short-sighted selfishness, had still to be reckoned with. It was not possible in a single generation to correct the evils of centuries. The high democrats themselves were much to blame. Office dulled Jefferson's enthusiasm and deadened the aspirations of his party; democracy was corrupted by its triumph. And there was another and more powerful influence working against democracy which was destined to be conclusive so far as the South was concerned.

This was the state of thought in Europe in the early nineteenth century. Napoleon's career had not been an inspiration to the American democrats, but his overthrow in 1815 was, nevertheless, a sad blow to the democratic cause throughout the world. The smoke had scarcely vanished from the field of Waterloo before the great anti-democratic reaction was in full swing in Europe. The horrors of the French Revolution and the evident failure of democracy to measure up to specifications were endlessly dwelt on, while the immense improvement in life wrought by the Revolution was ignored. At no time have political autocracy and social privilege seemed more completely in the ascendant than in the years immediately following the battle of Waterloo.

The counter-revolution was triumphant in Europe; it could not but influence the American republic as well. The planter class had espoused the cause of democracy with an enthusiasm unknown to the Northern financial and social leaders, who never in reality became democrats. The planters had entered the great egalitarian movement whole-heartedly and had followed Jefferson in full faith. They had believed in the rights of man and now Europe spat upon the

rights of man. The disillusion of the planters was bitter and it was complete. They lost faith in the principles of the Revolution, so far as these were social, and came to look on democracy as a failure.

So great a movement as the European reaction must have made itself felt in the South in any case, but it may be doubted that the reactionary influence would have been anything like so deep and lasting but for Sir Walter Scott. He was the anti-Rousseau, answering the *Social Contract* with *Ivanhoe*. He happened to come, too, at the psychological moment, when the South, bereft of the social ideas of the Revolution, was looking for new idols to replace the broken.

The possibilities of fiction as an agent for influencing public opinion were unknown when Scott began to write novels; they are not fully realized as yet. Scott, as the first great romancer, made an impression on social ideas that lasted for decades and decades. He wrote in ardent admiration of mediævalism and with a great store of antiquarian learning, yet it remains a fact that seldom has a period been more thoroughly misinterpreted than the Middle Ages by Sir Walter. He was minutely acquainted with the trappings of mediævalism, but knew little of its spirit and less of its evils. His antique lore and his skill as a story-writer made this misinterpretation a matter of serious import to the world.

Probably no epoch of human existence has been much drearier than the Middle Ages. Nevertheless, Scott, by his genius, made this dull chapter the most picturesque and glowing time in history. The whole European world felt the sorcery of his romantic imaginings; the naturally romantic South fell a victim to them. It found a new inspiration to take the place of democracy.

Scott was a thorough-going mediævalist socially. He had a pathetic trust in the efficacy of mere rank; if the king had touched him for the king's evil, his faith would have made him whole. He did more than love a lord; he believed in the lord. In view of this, it is easy to understand that Jefferson had no part in this mediævalist paradise he painted. The great democrat was no longer a prophet to the planters and he sank to the position of a States' rights advocate.

If Scott had written as a mere philosopher, or only as a poet, the effect of his teaching might have been limited, but, writing as the most engrossing romancer the world has known, he was able to have his view of history accepted. The Mid-

dle Ages, once so dark and dismal as men looked back to them, were suddenly discovered to have been the Golden Age.

The new romanticism produced its maximum effect on the imaginative, impressionable South. The planters, who had welcomed the doctrine of equality a couple of decades before, were now convinced aristocrats. In 1795 the social ideal had been the gentleman Jacobin; in 1825 it was Sir Walter's knight. The South, by an effort of the imagination, returned to that mediævalism which it has been the special mission of America to combat. Coats-of-arms appeared everywhere—some genuine, some spurious, of course—and the feelings which are expressed by heraldic display became uppermost. The planters turned their backs squarely on modern tendencies. Thus it happened that the Middle Ages, overthrown in the Revolution, conquered in the end.

The mediæval revival was largely confined to the South. In the rough West, there was little scope for romanticism in any form, and the West grew to be the bulwark of American democracy, which had lost so much in losing the planters. In the North mediævalism did not revive for another reason. The Northern people, seeing their opportunity, were engaged in the epic economic development which resulted in the rise of the great American industries. The hard-headed, practical, unimaginative North had decided on reality, leaving romance to the South.

So uninformed are our historians in social phenomena that they have attributed the peculiar trend of Southern life from 1815 to 1860 to the influence of slavery. Slavery is, in fact, the devil of American history; all the sins of our past may be comfortably laid at its door. But a more careful study of American life—not documents—would almost certainly show that slavery has played a far smaller part in determining the fate of the country than Northerners and Southerners alike have supposed.

Negro slavery, like most other institutions, had its vices and its virtues. The historians have fallen into the natural error of investing it with a positive quality it never possessed. Slavery indeed resembled the actuating principle in *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*: "The drug had no discriminating action; it was neither diabolical nor divine; it but shook the doors of the prison house of the disposition, and like the captives of Philippi, that which stood within ran forth."

In the eighteenth century slavery was the cradle of democracy. It gave the Revolutionary generation the leisure to read French philosophers and English political theorists, and on a slave-worked farm George Mason made the first written constitution. Slavery, too, did something more than give leisure. It fostered the generosity and desire for human improvement which distinguished the Southern revolutionists. It did this because it spared them the need of struggling for a living, a necessity which is only too apt to kill in us the noble desire to help humanity at large. Washington, Jefferson, Madison—all that broad-minded breed—grew up in a land of slavery, and from the soil of slavery sprang the fiery democrat, Patrick Henry, and many another of his kind.

It may further be believed that if the democratic movement had not been checked by disillusion and the revival of mediævalism, slavery would have continued to aid the progress of the world. If Jefferson had left any disciples other than States' rights debaters, they might have led mankind onward along the right road. In this development slavery itself must have disappeared, but it would have lasted long enough to allow priceless leisure to a race of political and economic thinkers which might have richly blessed mankind.

It was not to be. In the nineteenth century we find slavery playing a different part. Democracy had fallen in Europe and the planters had ceased to believe in it. The ideals of the slave country were no longer those of republican Rome or democratic Athens but of Richard Cœur de Lion and the Crusades. Slavery now formed the basis of a feudalistic way of living that could hardly have existed without it. The South, through slavery, was able to realize Sir Walter's mediævalism to no small extent. This romanticism, fastened on a rural, warm-climate community, produced one of the most picturesque societies in history. The South was not nineteenth century, nor was it eighteenth century; it belonged to no known century but to a kingdom of the imagination which had no time.

Beyond doubt Scott gave the South its social ideal, and the South of 1860 might be not inaptly nicknamed Sir Walter Scottland. He did not create the state of feeling which held sway in the South so long, but he gave it expression. Many things show this. The term "Southern chivalry," unknown in the colonial period, came into use through

his influence. The somewhat exaggerated respect for women which once distinguished the South is another indication of the knightly ideal. Similarly, the South largely put by its ancient and beloved amusements of horse-racing and cock-fighting in order to take up the tournament.

The modern tournament is one of the most tiresome field-sports ever invented, and yet it was popular in the South for decades. The reason for this popularity lies in the fact that the tournament, so-called, is nothing more or less than the representation of the passage of arms at Ashby-de-la-Zouche, so admirably described in *Ivanhoe*. The reward for a tiresome day of tilting at rings was the ceremony of the crowning of the queen of love and beauty by the victorious knight. The Middle Ages all over again!

Just here it should be remarked that Sir Walter Scott's romantic, dilettante theory of life produced some most meritorious results. The Southern planters were noted for their charm of manner, for a high ideal of courage and honor and for a passionate love of individual freedom. These qualities are inherent in the Southerner but Scott greatly strengthened them. Sir Walter's South produced some splendid men.

The evil of his influence lies in the fact that he did so much to put the South out of harmony with the world by which it was surrounded. The South had stood in the full stream of eighteenth century life; it stood wholly aside from the nineteenth century. The chivalric ideal served to check the South's industrial development and social progress. Romantic dilettantism in the course of two generations curbed the energies of the Southern people to a great extent, and for this a price had to be paid.

In Europe dilettantism did not check development because the leisure class was too small in comparison with the total population; only the rich could take life quietly. But in the ante-bellum South slavery made dilettantism fatally easy. A man with a good farm and a few slaves need not bestir himself; he might more or less drift along. And since men will, at almost any cost, follow the social ideal of their community, many Southerners ceased to look on the life of strong exertion as the right fashion of living. There could be only one result to such an attitude in this struggling world, and the South began to fall behind in wealth and population.

The North, money-making and modern, though far less versed in the adornment of life, outstripped the South in all those things which are the fruits of energy. In the end it gained political power. The destinies of the American people had once lain in the hands of the South; after 1825 they lay in those of the North. It became more and more evident as the years passed that the nation was to be Northern in essence and not Southern.

And since no society can long endure fundamental differences, it was inevitable that the aggressive, nineteenth century North should attack the unmodern South. The point of assault was found in slavery, that institution supporting mediævalism, that anachronism in an industrial, wage-earning age. The South was left the choice of conforming to modern life, or erecting its own government. It chose the latter and so we had the Civil War.

Romanticism withered in the fires of war. The South emerged from the great struggle a component part of the American nation, which is Northern in most essentials. The prosperous, matter-of-fact South of today has traveled a long distance since 1865.

It seems that the South made a sad mistake when its planters turned back from democracy, even though it evolved a civilization of much charm and many virtues. For the spirit of democracy, as we know, survived its sins and its mistakes, becoming the impelling force of the nineteenth century. The American people continued to be democratic, though in losing Southern political leadership it lost much. No second Jefferson has come out of the North. Indeed the North is too economical, too unpolitical; it is not prolific of great personalities. The American nation would be farther along the road to the solution of the great problems of human life, if the Southern planters had not lost faith in democracy and sought inspiration in the unsubstantial visions of Sir Walter Scott.

Hamilton James Eckenrode.

BANNERS

BY BABETTE DEUTSCH

(" The national colors, with their eagles, have given place to plain red flags, one of which floats over the famous Winter Palace, where the Duma will now meet."—Newspaper clipping.)

When on the sun-spawned earth
First the mothering light
Dawned on her dark,
What stirred in the dark?
The brute was groping there,
Lured from his rock-hewn home
By the beckoning spark.
A slow, earth-smattered thing,
With the smell of the earth on his hair,—
His, in the dawn of the world,
His, in a cave impearled,
His was the first great spring
To the red dawn, to the fire.
The caves are buried.
The mammoth-hunter
Is dust upon the dust he trod.
Yet here upon a richer sod
The serf of later ages, burnt with toil,
Stood free,
And saw the fruits of his own soil
Glowing like dawn.
And here the cities see
Among their clustering lights and smoke, new days,
New freedoms and new slavery.
But now, as from beneath the deep earth-floor
The seed of flame beats upward, raging higher,
Now breaks the noise of people roused to war,
Who take their own like fire.

Their flag is fire:
Color of the red sun
On the horizon of the cave-man; one
With the color that is spilled over the earth
In every battle, in every shuddering birth.
Blood of the beaten slave, of the faithful crucified,
Blood sapped from the worker, blood of all who died
To nourish the new soil wherefrom should spring
The unknown desired thing.
This flag a nation takes, to stud
The battle-fields with beauty.
Oh when you behold it whipping in the wind,
Color of dawn and of your own heart's blood,
Soldiers,
Will you not rise
From earth-trench and sea-hollow where you keep
Your tryst with death,
And wake out of your sleep,
And see with the cave-man's eyes
That the day is here, and this is the sunrise!
Come, as the brute from the dark, with a mighty leap
To the red dawn, to the light.

BABETTE DEUTSCH.

BEFORE THE WAR

NOTES ON THE GENIUS OF PLACES

BY VERNON LEE

INTRODUCTION

THE following notes upon places were written, all but the last, in the three months preceding the War. And are likely enough the last of their kind I shall ever be able to write. For among the many things, spiritual even more than material, which the War will have wrecked and my generation can never see re-made is the cult of the genius of places: frivolous, of course, compared with the hecatombs of life, wealth and virtue we are now offering to the Powers of Evil, but at all events decent and kindly, and needing, for its little chapels, hearts with nothing heroic about them, but swept clean of animosities and self-righteousness, let alone their being garnished with daily renewed flowers of sympathy and gratitude. Even if those hearts whereof they occupied a secret corner shall not have been ravaged like so many of the Genius Loci's tangible abodes, the modest sanctuaries in question will remain locked up, and their keys mislaid, for many a year to come.

What has brought me to this conviction is the recent accident of re-reading one of my own little volumes of previous notes about Places. Reading one's own old books is always a queer sentimental experience, so much reviving in the writer's mind which does not stand printed in those, most often forgotten pages. But on this particular occasion that has not been all. It was with an odd, new, pleasure I found myself reading what I had written in former years: the relief of passing out of this devastated present into those tiny enclosures of happiness so safe in the Past; the consolation of thinking that, after all, the world of peace is still there, and that sooner or later, this present captivity in Despair's Castle, must be over, and oneself free to see and feel it all once

more. Altogether, a sense of happiness, such as one had not had for a long while. Then, shattering it suddenly, came the shock of recognizing that this is not the case; that the Past is gone; and that when, the War being over, we shall go out expecting to find it, that Past will no longer be there.

Though it sounds absurd when one says it, those beloved things of former peace somehow seem to exist alongside and separate, not yet merged in the horrors which now bear their name. Thus I find myself staring idiotically at the photographs of devastated Rheims, much as I stared incredulously when a child, at the illustrated papers showing the Tuileries and the Hotel de Ville, which the Parisian Insurgents had just burned down. I do not really believe in that Rheims lying in ruins; the Rheims in my mind is too familiar and credible: Rheims where one halted on the southward journey to meet friends who had been away from England during one's stay there. One turned back a corner of curtain in the pleasant dining room of the Lion d'Or, to see, opposite and aloft, the tiers and tiers of rigid kings and saints etched black and white by the October moon; also the pinnacle with the centaur archer, solitary among the few pale stars in the luminous blue. Similarly, the next morning, there was the great cathedral looking in at one's awaking. Then followed the afternoon hours, before parting once more from those briefly-met friends, while the carbuncle and emerald effulgences of the cathedral windows died away into sea-cave twilight filling the vast aisles. That Rheims is still the real one. But it is there no longer. And some day I shall recognize that, and disbelieve in all except its ruins.

The same applies to Conci, at the foot of its Chateau all flowery with borage. And to so many other little white-and-slate, one-storied towns of Northeastern France, with their *pâtisseries* and their patient fisherman on his chair in midstream; uneventful homes of modest egoistic virtues abhorrent of the heroisms at present thrust upon them. And that brings me to a Northeastern French town where I once shared that self-same life but touched with old-fashioned exquisiteness: the Autumn sunshine glinted through discreet shutters making pools and flickers on the *parquet,* while giving the grapes in the stony little vineyard to the back their finishing turn of ripeness; meanwhile a cool sound of beating of wet linen rose all day from the *lavoir* moored in the brimfull river Marne. The Marne! We English people scarcely knew its name and less its precise whereabouts in those days. And now, how much mourning in how many English homes

does it not stand for! Marne, and Aisne and Somme, and their thinly-poplared tributaries, where one watched the barges, rising and sinking in the locks. A country it seemed so very uneventful, private, secluded. That country is gone; its very lie-of-the-land altered; become the abomination of desolation, new hideous hills and valleys of dead men as after an earthquake; for the rest, names on newspaper maps and bulletins.

And as to Belgium . . . the carillon I once listened to at Mechlin is silent in its lace-work belfry; or did it go on jangling its old-world ditties, good heavens, over what?

Our recognition of present realities once fully awakened, one is prepared to learn any day that Verona or Venice has been dealt with as Morosini's own Venetians dealt with the Acropolis; or if you prefer, Darius in person. Or that those very ruins of Athens have been buried past all hope of excavation by future archeologists. And beyond Venice, in the northeasternmost corner of her former dominions, I can see in my mind's eye the Land (*la Patria* they call it) of Friuli, —where we drove and drove in the August evenings, refreshed with raisin wine and rusks at feudal castle (Arcáno, Colloredo) after feudal castle; or at some eighteenth century villa, faded yet dainty like old chintz, which looked as if a perruked, powdered wizard had lifted it from off a side-canal of Venice, balustraded windows, central gable and entrance hall for storing oars and gondola-hoods, all complete, and set it down, magically stranded, in that flowery moraine of incredible emerald-green, sloping from the Adriatic to cobalt Alpine crags out of a Giorgionesque background. In those days no one seemed ever to have been there before; the Italians of other parts were not even decided on which syllable of its name to lay the stress: *Frīuli* or *Friūli*. They have learned how to pronounce it now: for every other train-full of conscripts goes there; and from its tiny cities, remote in time as in space, Cividale, Venzone or Palmanova, there trickles ceaselessly the abominable stream of wounded men and of death-tidings down to the very ends of Sicily. So far for Italy, as I know it and shall, alas, know it.

But as to them, dear clean, old-fashioned German towns, from Treves and Münster to innermost Franconia and the Harz, in which we two English friends were wont to take, year after year, our happiest holidays; *them* I shall, most likely, never again set foot in. And, meanwhile, in all the

talks of our past travel with which we try to forget these evil days, their name is never mentioned even by chance; and it is as if they had never existed at all. For though they stand intact in the material world and quite unchanged, no doubt, since we were there together, the thought of them has been sacked, burnt, defiled ten thousand times over by millions of indignant wills and by imaginations thirsty for reprisals. At the mercifullest, the plough and salt of oblivion have gone over the place where they once stood in our thoughts.

This indeed is one of the worst sides of this bad business of War: this which implies the unconscious wrecking of our own soul's treasures and decencies, spiritual vandalism on which the stay-at-homes of all the nations (and priests, poets, sages at their heads) have been incessantly engaged. Material damages can be made good, trees re-planted, houses and churches built up once more in a few years, another Rheims, for instance, replacing the old one. All visible traces may be covered up in our own life-time. Besides, such damage is confined to frontier zones; and the immense bulk of Europe left as it was, cities and villages safe under their church towers; rivers undefiled and hills delectable as ever. Not so the landscape of the human soul. *That* is devastated on all sides, scarce a stone remaining in place of whatsoever we had built for our shelter, pride and joy, edifices of common wisdom, beauty and common hopes, of all that is too rare and needful to be a single people's: all shattered, blasted, polluted, by the legion of devils, hoofed and snouted or slimily obscure, penned out of sight during the years of peace in subterranean places whose decorously-bolted door War has set ajar, or thunderously thrown open.

A better world, at all events a safer one, is bound to rise in due course from these moral ruins. Let us hope it and do our best that it should be the case. But we of the elder generations whose little hod-fulls were brought to the building or patching of what has now gone under, will never see, except with eyes of faith, that new City of God or rather of Man, that renovated moral landscape. And when once more we go forth, secretly stupidly expecting the world's familiar welcomings, we shall, instead, have to pick our way among wreckage still smoking with hate and defiled by fear and self-justification. So, like the people of Messina returning after the Earthquake, we shall discover that the City which, from the ship's bridge, looked for all the world just as we left it,

is nothing but a shell of doors and windows, screening fallen and heaped-up streets, wherein we clamber up and down, unable to guess under which mound of plaster and of rags there lies our treasure and so much of our heart.

I

THE VILLA OF TIBERIUS

One afternoon, half way through my stay at Capri, I saw an ominous sight: and one which, re-reading what I then wrote about it in this fourth year of the War, I cannot but feel as an omen of the coming destruction of all our peaceful hopes and habits.

I had climbed as usual towards sunset up that semaphore hill behind my friend's villa, brushing the scent out of the lentisk and young myrtle and very green rosemary on the rocks, and got to the sheer ledge above the Mithras-Grotto, where you look down onto the sea as down the side of a well: those depths of azure which has flame somehow mixed in it, and the violet sea-weed shallows, and the cobalt water (like the sulphate of copper they spray over vines in this country) over the pure white sand. The day had been fine. And what I saw drifting across the narrow neck of the island I took for smoke from some steamer on the northern side. But more came and more, drifting steadily southwards, sometimes veiling Solaro and sometimes separating the abrupt castle hill as if cut flat out of paper, from the mountains in whose steep mass it is usually merged. By this time mists were drifting also from the mainland, crossing the blue unruffled water and licking the jagged rocks of Tiberius's Villa.

In a minute or two not a tourist was left up there. The light faded, the air became chill above the little field of asphodels of that hill-top; and always more and more icy mists floated across that smooth water; and clung like clustered bats to the bare ragged rocks.

A sense of change and almost of fear came over me with that sudden chilliness. Could this be Capri? Or was there another Capri, an ill-omened place of Sabbath for antique witches?

With this sinister impression of that serene Odyssean island, goes that of another evening, when late and breathless, I reached at last the top of Tiberius's Villa. The way climbs through vineyards with fig-trees and roses, the classic,

or shall we say? the Northern Tourist's South. And on the white Moorish-looking farm-walls are set forth in huge German inscriptions, the attractions of a unique "Carolina" (or is it a succession of unique Carolinas?) and her genuine Tarantella. One's thoughts go to the appalling bourgeois couples of Ibsen, Nora dancing before the domestic Scandinavian stove that tarantella brought back from the Capri honeymoon. To make this Ibsen impression complete, a stout *jaeger'd* and *loden'd* Barbarian was posing (was it?) a Carolina against a trattoria wall for a tardy snap shot.

But at the top of the hill all was solitary; only in the cold wind a small green bird kept flying in and out of the reticulated antique masonry. And above me, at the summit of the rock, the gilt statue of the Madonna looked in the evening light like some looming impaled victim.

Returning down I noticed an English inscription on a wall, setting forth that it took I forget how many seconds for a stone to drop into the sea from the spot whence Tiberius was wont to cast his slaves, which (the falling stone at least) you could enjoy by ringing a bell, let alone you might partake of tea, coffee or chocolate at moderate prices. . . . What would Tiberius (garlanded Napoleonic Caesar as we see him on coins!) have thought had he asked his wise men not (as Suetonius tells us) what song the Sirens sang? but what inscriptions would one day adorn his palace walls, and this had been the answer?

Thus do the tyrant and his orgies furnish forth innocent holiday joys for virtuous modern shop-keepers. Will *our* horrors also, so immeasurably greater and more scientific than those of poor artless antiquity, amuse the leisure of peaceful future generations? Such at least seems the only durable result of wars and massacres: sale of *souvenirs* and motor trips to Marathon and Waterloo.

CAPRI, March, 1914.

VERNON LEE.

SOME DIFFICULTIES IN DOING WITHOUT ETERNITY

BY WINIFRED KIRKLAND

HAVE any of us noticed what a fairyland we lost when we stopped believing in eternity? There was a glamor and glitter about that past playground of religion which makes our present creed of science barren and chilly. If today we write the word Eternity in white chalk on a blackboard, and gazing at it try to recall what it used to signify, we shall find this exercise of the spirit most joyous. The word reminds us how we used to slip away from hurry to bathe in a sea of timelessness, refreshing to every taut nerve. How we exalted and expanded in the belief that eternity would give us all that we could not get in the present, for that was what eternity was for; we should never again be sick or sad or bad. In eternity we should be no longer the puny spawn of monkeys, but beings good and great and glorious as angels. Eternity was full of shining light and serried ranks of singing hosts. Majestic figures from the past walked its wondrous streets and we ourselves walked with them. There was the gleaming of a golden and immortal city, our home at last. There was even in our vision of eternity the presence of God.

Such was the fairyland of faith where once we walked confidently. It is banned now even from our fancy as irrevocably as the elf-kingdom of the nursery. No one now believes we live after we die; it is even deemed reprehensible to want to. Yet for those of us who formerly possessed eternity it is hard all at once to get used to doing without it. We agree with science that eternity should be abolished in the interests of an efficient spiritual life, and yet without eternity, we sometimes ache with our abrupt adjustment to being merely mortal. Creeds and other comforts have a way of slipping away from us without our seeing. Time

and again we can be found blindly struggling to adapt ourselves to some deficiency in our supply of beliefs without any clear conception of the nature of the hole or of our resources for either filling it or enduring it. The present age suffers all the awkwardness of being transitional. In a few decades babies will be born immune to any faith or fear in regard to the future, but meanwhile it is well to examine our present difficulties in passing from immortality to annihilation, and perhaps to discover a little help for hobbledehoys. A transitional period should be a little patient with itself, for it suffers both the growing pains of stretching to the demands of the future, and the rheumatic twinges of belonging to a decaying past.

The first difficulty of our adjustment has the nature of a growing pain, being due to our still imperfect response to the demands of science, which bewilder our dulness by apparent contradiction. When science is all the time bidding us to batter down doors, it is confusing to the mind to have science herself declare that death is the only door that opens nowhere. In every other department of research we are encouraged to the wildest flights of imagination and hypothesis. It is therefore increasingly difficult as we become increasingly inured to scientific adventure, to stop short before the most provocative of all phenomena, the human spirit in its eventful cycle. Eternity seems the only thoroughly scientific explanation of the soul. At a mere superficial reading each human life appears like a chapter from a serial rather than a complete volume or a fugitive page tossed on the wind. The chance-blown paragraphs reveal so much that suggests a vigorously conceived plot, powerful characterization, dramatic incident, intense emotion, rich background, that it is almost impossible not to formulate a synopsis of preceding chapters, and to conjecture the denouement following the catastrophe of death. It is even at times hard to withstand the conviction that there must have been an author. One could almost suspect him of breaking off at a crisis on purpose to make us eager for the next instalment. The figure of speech may perhaps make clear to us the primary trouble of our being transitional, namely the difficulty of being both scientific and unscientific at the same time, for our instinct to understand and explain tends to destroy our pleasure even in the torn chapter we hold in hand; it is hard to work up a proper

reading enthusiasm in the face of a positive assertion by science that there will be no "continued-in-our-next."

The most cursory study of our bygone belief reveals at once other troubles for the present generation in trying too suddenly to get along without a future. We suffer from the working within us of old instincts and superstitions not to be violently uprooted,—rheumatic heritage of souls in process of transformation. While our reason admits that there is no valid excuse for being immortal and that our perverse hankering after such a condition argues us self-centered and self-important, all the same there is peril in too abruptly removing the props to personal prestige promised by the mythical joys of our lost fairyland. Our anticipated survival gave us a sense of superiority to the insects, prevented our being sensitive to the silent scoffings of the roadside stones that so long outlast us.

Evanescence tends also to undermine our personal affections. It hardly seems worth while to be over-fond of relative or friend whom a breath of wind may snuff out like a flame. Why should beings more brittle than beetles go about loving each other as if they were gods? Morally, human frailty was often subconsciously controlled by keeping ourselves fit for the society we expected ultimately to enter, that of saints and sages and perhaps of God himself.

The first effect of destroying all these expectations is disastrous for people who were far more dependent on them than they dreamed, for to tell the truth, eternity in the old days had so little apparent relation to our daily conduct that the complete rejection of the concept is like that of some bodily organ whose functioning is deemed negligible until it ceases. In a few generations people will find as much inspiration in being finite as we used to find in being infinite. Meanwhile for us who have the luck to be transitional there is perhaps a compromise.

Apart from our personal pangs, the loss of eternity has had effects, social and political, that intensify our private discomfort. Perhaps if our difficulties are clarified we may recognize how burdened we actually are, and be willing to allow ourselves a makeshift leniency. Chief among the public phenomena directly traceable to the absence of eternity is the war. On a basis of strict mortality, war for aggrandizement becomes the only legitimate activity for person or nation. Reason shows that since death ends all, material

things are the only things worth getting, and even more clearly shows that since human beings are as finite as mosquitoes, they are no more worthy of preservation. Germany is the most laudably logical nation in the world, but her logic has been a little uncomfortable for the nations who are more sluggish in evolution, and who will still cling to their retrogressive respect for spiritual valuations and to their obsolete reverence for the human soul. Of course if Germany had not purified herself from all taint of faith in eternity, she might conceivably have waited for permeation through peace, instead of being in such a devil of a hurry to chop a way through for her culture. Doubtless in the course of time, other nations will attain Germany's serene heights of pure reason; but at present it is necessary frankly to admit that aggression, while our brains pronounce it a most rational pastime, is still for our imagination and sympathies one of the chief temporary discomforts of doing without eternity.

Next to the war in importance of effect stands the high cost of living. Of course we all know there is enough food for everybody to eat and enough money to pay for it, provided that nobody wants more food than he ought to eat, nor more money than he ought to spend. However, now that we know with absolute certainty that we die when we die, any man would be a fool if he did not try to eat as much and to spend as much as he possibly could. Food and money are the only fun the finite can have; and naturally the effort to get as much of both as possible, sends prices soaring. Without penetrating too far into economic intricacies, one can connect the decline in value of the Apocalypse with the advance in value of eggs. The high cost of living is directly due to the high cost of dying; when dying costs annihilation, people have to work pretty hard to get a life's worth out of seventy years.

Of causes of distress taken in order of popular complaint, next to the war and the high cost of living stands the new poetry. The relation between imagism and immortality is so obvious as to be invisible. Granted that the aim of literature is to mirror life, the imagist's insistence on aspect versus interpretation is inevitable, for plainly literature should not deal with meanings when life, being mortal, cannot have a meaning. Sensation alone is sufficiently ephemeral to be true to life, whereas a poem that attempts

to express some significance beneath phenomena has a tendency to outlast its generation, and runs the risk of endurance, and of becoming in some notable instances even immortal, whereas such a reversion towards stability either in a poem or in a person shows each alike false to our faith in flux.

Those of us, however, who cannot all at once throw off the thrall of the poor old poets of our infancy must be content to go a bit slowly, trusting that our descendants will attain complete responsiveness to the poetry of the evanescent. We perceive humbly enough how reactionary we are, but our obstreperous instinct for explanation corrupts even our literary tenets so that with senile obstinacy we sometimes wonder whether even from its own purely æsthetic point of view the new poetry does not miss something the older poetry possessed. Meaning, adroitly introduced into a poem, sometimes produced a pretty little art of its own, a blending of outer and inner attributes that had in itself a kind of grace. It is even more heterodox to question in looking back, whether a poet's effort to explain was not stimulating to his imagination, making him actually see things more vividly in their external aspects by his very concentration on their inner qualities. Certainly no imagist poet for all his preoccupation with picture has ever produced as vivid descriptions as did Browning, a poet above all others avid for meanings.

We of today may as well acknowledge first as last that our feet, set in infancy to the pace of eternity, will never step lively enough for the present age. While deprecating the breathlessness of keeping up with the contemporary, the most old-fashioned of us must admire its valiancy. We are not nearly so lazy as when we used to leave some of our development to be accomplished after the temporary setback of death. Our own muscles are a bit stiff, however, and as we conscientiously whip them to the requirements of high speed pressure, we must comfort ourselves with the thought that our posterity will be able to fly without experiencing any of our awkwardness.

The spiritual leisure and lethargy resulting from a reliance on eternity to finish up what we could not get done on earth, obviously clogged the wheels of progress, which now can anywhere be seen whizzing along without any brakes. We open the advertising pages of any periodical, to find

that speed is the dominant advantage offered with every commodity. Get-healthy quick, get-learned quick, get-rich quick, are the headings under which most of our advertisements might be grouped. We are all familiar with the photographed faces of the people who will show us how to reach a maximum of attainment in a minimum of time. The gentleman with the arresting index finger leaps out at our laziness to teach us how to be successful in ten lessons. Success is a word that could not even be defined before the abolishment of eternity, with the resultant denial of all criteria but the immediate.

While haste is necessarily painful for our still imperfectly adjusted mentality in every department of life, we must allow for our being peculiarly sensitive to the changes it necessitates in the training of youth. In the old days when death graduated us into eternity, we had much more time to devote to education. There was in our early years an agreeable luxury in the pursuit of learning. We did not have to practice the rigid economy of the correspondence school, or of languages by phonograph. As we look back it seems as if minds were richer when they did not have to be so niggardly in the luggage they took for their journey. This is but the sentimental vaporing of the senile, for in our sane moments we perceive as clearly as does the most modern pedagogue that Greek and Latin are impedimenta to retard the boy of today in the race set before him, and we believe with the publisher-purveyors to youth that the compendia of useful knowledge furnished by them offer the handiest possible canned nutriment for a period that has time only for acquisition, not for digestion.

As regards the study of the classics we did not at first perceive that to annul the future involved annulling the past, and yet practically giving up eternity has undermined our interest in history. Conviction of mortality enjoins the conscience to concentrate on the contemporary so intensely that past events become obscure. Unless we have eternity before us we really have no time to look behind. Yet some of us have a yearning for history that used to find satisfaction in fancying that our little age fitted into a sequence of ages. It contributed to a false but agreeable complacency to gaze back into an endless past as it did to gaze forward into an endless future. Of course abolishing eternity does not necessarily obliterate the past or explicitly forbid our

going back there to visit, it merely makes today so important that we have no time whatever for yesterday.

In this matter of educational adjustment as in others, a transitional period suffers enough to permit itself a little humoring of its prejudices; we should not attach too much guilt to a surreptitious enjoyment of the ancients so long as we do not corrupt the youth of our acquaintance by teaching them any of our respect for antique art. So long as we are doing our conscientious best to free our boys and girls from the cumbersomeness of a classic education, we may feel that we have done our duty, and may indulge a secret delight in the dusty shelves that reveal to us the grace that was Greece and the glory that was Rome. It is all right so long as we do not let the children know, for that bygone beauty is strangely seductive and glamorous, and contact with it might sap their energy in pursuing fortune and fame and food, which should be the sole preoccupation of people appointed to die.

Indisputably speed must be the desideratum of all activity, educational or other. Now the chief distress we older ones experience from speed is not that it leads to success, but that so often it leads nowhere. The old-fashioned custom of having a purpose in a pursuit makes it difficult for us to enjoy pure giddiness as heartily as do our younger contemporaries. Haste, first introduced as a method of extracting from the temporary what eternity used to supply has become an end in itself, so that a great many people ask nothing else of life but to feel themselves whizzing. Since nothing is permanent except impermanence, the one thing to do is to go spinning along, cautious only of bumping into a destination. As a consequence of trying to catch up in one lifetime with all the activity of eternity we have acquired such exhilaration, such momentum of energy, that there is nothing that we are so afraid of as the impact of arriving somewhere. The profession of flux as a creed necessitates the practice of flying as a habit. Yet with this very profession of faith I find that I have arrived at a heresy.

Now this heresy consists of the argument plainly approved by pure logic that if the purpose of speed is to get the most out of this life because there is no other, then no movement at all is just as rational as too much, and we have a perfect right to select any spot of our mental landscape that suits us and sit down on it, convinced that it is just

as sensible to get our money's worth out of life's little day by being stationary as by being giddy. On the principle that ephemeral beings have a right to any fun they can find is founded the advice to our age toward which this entire discussion has been directed. Baldly stated, the proposal is this: the best way of doing without eternity is to pretend that we do not have to! The suggestion is frankly so absurd that any reader is permitted to smile at it as freely as does the writer. We have lost eternity and we cannot bring it back by pretending that it is still there. The point is that we do not want to bring it back, but we do want to discover some way of being comfortable without it. Believing that there is no eternity, but living as if there were, is not a process possible to all people, and is therefore urged only on those capable of so separating their reason and their imagination that the two can function separately from each other. Many people are happily thus constituted, and still more can become so if they try. There is, moreover, no real sin in the course, because we are rather true to our imaginations than false to our convictions, and besides, we do no proselyting; we merely allow our own fancy the refreshment of revisiting our lost fairyland.

The chief obstacle to the compromise is that its absurdity is exactly balanced by its efficacy, in other words you can't tell how good it will feel until you try it, and if you are an over-rational and over-conscientious person you will think it beneath your dignity to try it. Yet actually there is nothing that contributes so much toward a sense of well-being as pretending, for a few minutes each day, say just before getting up in the morning and just before going to sleep at night, that you are going to live after you die.

After a few weeks of this exercise, that embarrassment we experience in the presence of nature becomes less painful, whereas when we are too acutely conscious of mortality we are shamed by an insensate oak, by a rock we could pound to powder for its silent sneer at our evanescence. If we make believe that we are as good as they are, we can hold up our heads to the sky and the stars, and even venture to penetrate the social exclusiveness of the sky and mountains. A man who pretends that he is immortal is not so deafened by the cannon of the contemporary that he cannot hear the still sweet voices of the little flowers. An association with the ancient aristocracy of sea and forest is good for

a person, but it is almost impossible to feel at ease in this society unless we temporarily assume an equality with it in permanence. This secret leniency toward our abandoned faith tends to enhance our joy in human comradeship as well as in that of nature. In actuality human affection is so menaced by fate as to resemble the surreptitious whispering in the schoolroom while the teacher's back is turned. When the loftiest spiritual converse may at any time be broken off by the malevolence of a molecule called a germ, some of us would rather never love anybody, as the only means of getting even with being ephemeral. On the other hand if we can manage to simulate a sense of survival, and can picture death as a mere voyage, we can enjoy comradeship up to the very last minute, and shout confident *au revoirs* even while the boat is pulling out to sea.

A faith in a future secretly indulged is stimulating to mentality. If we assume for a few minutes even in jest that perhaps our life's chapter has a meaning, instantly our ingenuity is off to invent other chapters past and future. Before we know it our minds are glowing as we discover some passage of grand and sustained style, or are tingling with the glorious guesswork of an entire synopsis. If we are gifted with any dramatic instinct, we are as likely as not, while we turn the pages, to find ourselves appropriating the hero's part, and bearing ourselves a bit more nobly, with a dim notion of being destined to still greater actions in the next instalment. Pretending that perhaps after all our life has a meaning makes us acquit ourselves rather better than we otherwise should in the tragic episodes, and makes us enjoy the comic scenes with a twinkle kindled at imperishable fires. Even hazarded surmises about the creatorship of our life's romance sometimes give a sense of rest and relief not as yet afforded by the prevalent doctrine of pure flux.

A little self-indulgence in eternity will not only enfranchise our conversation with our contemporaries and quicken our brains to decipher the book of humanity, but will tend to keep our minds, manners and morals in trim for association with the great and good of all ages. We used to believe that the halls of the dead were thronged with noble spirits toward whose wisdom and beauty our pilgrim feet would surely sometime find the way. This hope helped us to keep ourselves in order, much as the exiled Englishman restrains

himself from slumping by donning his dress-suit in the jungle solitude. Of course when evolution from the eternal to the ephemeral is fully accomplished, nobody will need any fillip to personal prestige, but for us poor intermediates, painfully hobbledehoy, it is a secret education in noble manners to pretend to ourselves that some day we shall be called upon to meet Socrates or Buddha or Christ.

Why not have a little patience with ourselves, we poor devils who have to bear all the brunt of the transition from eternity to evanescence? If we promise not to corrupt advancing youth, if we promise not even to corrupt our own reason by any genuine faith, can we not safely play that our life's chapter is going to be continued?

For after all, what if there should be an Author?

WINIFRED KIRKLAND.

BROWNING, SCHOPENHAUER, AND MUSIC

BY WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

No one can express either in spoken or written words the effect produced upon him by the greatest music, because pure music is a language of its own, the only approach to a universal language through sound that humanity has ever known, and quite untranslatable by pencil or by pen. It is perhaps the greatest of all the arts, because it speaks to us with a direct force and with a hint of infinite meaning entirely beyond the range of painting, poetry, sculpture, and architecture. The fact that when we try to explain even in our own thoughts how "music makes us feel" we are immediately baffled, is perhaps in itself an indication that music penetrates deeper than the foundations of speech. Many philosophers and poets have nevertheless attempted the task, but the only representative of each class that has even shadowed the truth is, among the philosophers, Schopenhauer; and among the poets, Robert Browning. Each of these twain had studied the theory of music, and each was fond of playing an instrument, Schopenhauer the flute, and Browning the piano.

In spite of the fact that the father of Browning's mother was the son of a German, and that Browning had travelled through the most picturesque parts of Germany, and that he was familiar with the best things in German literature, his poems show few traces of German influence. Next to England, Italy and France were the countries he loved, and his work abounds in French and Italian literary and topographical allusions; Germany and the Germans seem to have aroused little curiosity and to have given him little inspiration. So far as I know, his poetry makes no explicit reference to the teachings of Arthur Schopenhauer. From time to time we find a contemptuous thrust at the doctrine of

pessimism, as in the poem, *At the Mermaid,* where he ridicules *Weltschmerz;* but I can recall no passage containing anything like an acknowledgment of Schopenhauer's influence. Yet Browning's philosophy of music, as expressed particularly in *Abt Vogler* and in *Charles Avison,* is surprisingly similar to that stated definitely by Schopenhauer in his master-work, *The World as Will and Idea* (*Die Welt als Wille und Vorstellung*).

Schopenhauer's book was published in 1819, and its author believed he had written a work of original genius, destined to have a prodigious and permanent influence in all parts of the world. For twenty years it suffered as total neglect as any printed page could find; but not for one moment did its author lose faith in it or in himself. About 1840 it emerged from oblivion, and in 1844 Schopenhauer at last succeeded in persuading a publisher to issue a new and enlarged edition. From that time to his death in 1860, Schopenhauer enjoyed the sweets of fame, and today the width of his influence in thought and in literature can hardly be overestimated. We may not like him, but we shall never be rid of him. In the 'eighties, his book was admirably translated into English by R. B. (now Lord) Haldane, assisted by Mr. Kemp; and it is not at all impossible that Browning read the English version with some interest and profit, for *Charles Avison* was published in 1887. It is probable, however, that Browning had studied Schopenhauer in the original before 1855.

Schopenhauer was the greatest pessimist, and Browning the greatest optimist, of the nineteenth century; yet they both believed that behind all the phenomena of existence—originating, controlling, supporting, and driving all things that appear to the senses—was the supreme force, the ultimate reality, which both called Will. To Schopenhauer this Immanent Will (as in Thomas Hardy's *Dynasts*) was Unconscious, totally unlike anything commonly called Providence. To Robert Browning (as to Lotze) the Immanent Will was not only intelligent, but it was Conscious Love. Schopenhauer attempted to account for the superiority of music over all the other arts, and for its profounder significance to humanity, by insisting that poetry, painting, sculpture and architecture belonged to the world of "idea" (*Vorstellung*), but that music was the direct expression of the Will. Browning, so far as his dramatic poetry may be

taken as a revelation of his own meaning,—and we may without doubt be justified in taking *Abt Vogler* and *Charles Avison* in that fashion,—believed that painting, poetry, sculpture and architecture were the results of human effort; but that music came straight from the divine source. Thus when we see the Sistine Madonna, or read *Hamlet,* we admire the extraordinary power of Rafael, of Shakespeare. But when we hear the Ninth Symphony, we are truly listening to the voice of God. Beethoven was more passive than active, the channel through which flowed the Divine Will.

Schopenhauer's philosophy of music is stated toward the close of the third book of the first volume of *The World as Will and Idea,* and I make no apology for lengthy extracts, as the subject is of the deepest interest and importance to all lovers of music:

It stands alone, quite cut off from all the other arts. In it we do not recognize the copy or repetition of any Idea of existence in the world. Yet it is such a great and exceedingly noble art, its effect on the inmost nature of man is so powerful, and it is so entirely and deeply understood by him in his inmost consciousness as a perfectly universal language, the distinctness of which surpasses even that of the perceptible world itself. . . . Music is thus by no means like the other arts, the copy of the Ideas, but the *copy of the Will itself,* whose objectivity the Ideas are. This is why the effect of music is so much more powerful and penetrating than that of the other arts, for they speak only of shadows, but it speaks of the thing itself. . . . The composition of melody, the disclosure in it of all the deepest secrets of human willing and feeling, is the work of genius, whose action, which is more apparent here than anywhere else, lies far from all reflection and conscious intention, and may be called an inspiration. . . . The composer reveals the inner nature of the world, and expresses the deepest wisdom in a language which his reason does not understand; as a person under the influence of mesmerism tells things of which he has no conception when he awakes. Therefore in the composer, more than in any other artist, the man is entirely separated and distinct from the artist. . . . The *Adagio* speaks of the pain of a great and noble effort which despises all trifling happiness. But how wonderful is the effect of the *minor* and *major!* How astounding that the change of half a tone, the entrance of a minor third instead of a major [note Browning's *Toccata of Galuppi's*] at once and inevitably forces upon us an anxious and painful feeling, and from which again we are just as instantaneously delivered by the major. . . . But it must never be forgotten, in the investigation of all these analogies I have pointed out, that music has no direct, but merely an indirect relation to them, for it never expresses the phenomenon, but only the inner nature, the in-itself of all phenomena, the will itself. It does not therefore express this or that particular and definite joy, this or that sorrow, or pain, or horror, or delight, or merriment, or peace of mind; but joy, sorrow, pain, horror, delight, merri-

ment, peace of mind *themselves*, to a certain extent in the abstract, their essential nature, without accessories, and therefore without their motives. Yet we completely understand them in this extracted quintessence. Hence it arises that our imagination is so easily excited by music, and now seeks to give form to that invisible yet actively moved spirit-world which speaks to us directly, and clothe it with flesh and blood, *i. e.*, to embody it in an analogous example. This is the origin of the song with words, and finally of the opera, the text of which should therefore never forsake that subordinate position in order to make itself the chief thing and the music a mere means of expressing it, which is a great misconception and a piece of utter perversity; for music always expresses only the quintessence of life and its events, never these themselves, and therefore their differences do not always affect it . . . if music is too closely united to the words, and tries to form itself according to the events, it is striving to speak a language which is not its own. . . . The unutterable depth of all music, by virtue of which it floats through our consciousness as the vision of a paradise firmly believed in yet ever distant from us, and by which also it is so fully understood and yet so inexplicable, rests on the fact that it restores to us all the emotions of our inmost nature, but entirely without reality and far removed from their pain. So also the seriousness which is essential to it, which excludes the absurd from its direct and peculiar province, is to be explained by the fact that its object is not the idea, with reference to which alone deception and absurdity are possible; but its object is directly the will, and this is essentially the most serious of all things, for it is that on which all depends.

Observe Schopenhauer's remarks about dance-music: the digression and deviation from the key-note, "not only to the harmonious intervals of the third and dominant, but to every tone, to the dissonant sevenths and to the superfluous degrees; yet there always follows a constant return to the key-note. . . . Dance-music in the minor seems to indicate the failure of that trifling happiness which we ought rather to despise"—all this seems to be echoed by Browning in *A Toccata of Galuppi's*:

What? Those lesser thirds so plaintive, sixths diminished, sigh on sigh,
Told them something? Those suspensions, those solutions—"Must we die?"
Those commiserating sevenths—"Life might last! we can but try!"

"Were you happy?"—"Yes."—"And are you still as happy?"—"Yes. And you?"
—"Then, more kisses!"—"Did I stop them, when a million seemed too few?"
Hark, the dominant's persistence till it must be answered to!

So, an octave struck the answer.

If Browning had read Schopenhauer in the original, as

is by no means unlikely, these technical allusions in *A Toccata* seem to me a reminiscence of the German philosopher's remarks on dance-music, for this particular poem was published in 1855, when Schopenhauer's fame was spreading rapidly over Europe. But it is not with superficial references or echoes of detail that I am impressed, but by the fact that the philosophy of music set forth in *Abt Vogler* (1864) and in *Charles Avison* (1887) is identical with that of Schopenhauer—always remembering that Browning's conception of the Ultimate Will is of something conscious and intentional, rather than of something unconscious and purposeless; in other words, Christian rather than atheistic. The musician *Abt Vogler* has just been extemporising, and he knows that he has been divinely inspired:

All through my keys that gave their sounds to a wish of my soul,
All through my soul that praised as its wish flowed visibly forth,
All through music and me! For think, had I painted the whole,
Why, there it had stood, to see, nor the process so wonder-worth:
Had I written the same, made verse,—still, effect proceeds from cause,
Ye know why the forms are fair, ye hear how the tale is told;
It is all triumphant art, but art in obedience to laws,
Painter and poet are proud in the artist-list enrolled:—

But here is the finger of God, a flash of the will that can,
Existent behind all laws, that made them, and, lo, they are!
And I know not if, save in this, such gift be allowed to man,
That out of three sounds he frame, not a fourth sound, but a star. . . .

Sorrow is hard to bear, and doubt is slow to clear,
Each sufferer says his say, his scheme of the weal and woe;
But God has a few of us whom he whispers in the ear;
The rest may reason and welcome; 't is we musicians know.

In *Charles Avison,* Browning again makes a distinction between music and all the other arts, which brings to the memory the distinction made by Schopenhauer. The other arts, says Browning, express the intellectual effort of man; music expresses something deeper, something impossible to fix definitely, man's Soul, and hence, the universal Soul:

There is no truer truth obtainable
By Man than comes of music. "Soul"—(accept
A word which vaguely names what no adept
In word-use fits and fixes so that still
Thing shall not slip word's fetter and remain
Innominate as first, yet, free again,
Is no less recognized the absolute

Fact underlying that same other fact
Concerning which no cavil can dispute
Our nomenclature when we call it "Mind"—
Something not Matter)—"Soul," who seeks shall find
Distinct beneath that something. You exact
An illustrative image? This may suit.

We see a work: the worker works behind,
Invisible himself. Suppose his act
Be to o'erarch a gulf: he digs, transports,
Shapes and, through enginery—all sizes, sorts,
Lays stone by stone until a floor compact
Proves our bridged causeway. So works Mind—by stress
Of faculty, with loose facts, more or less,
Builds up our solid knowledge: all the same,
Underneath rolls what Mind may hide not tame,
An element which works beyond our guess,
Soul, the unsounded sea—whose lift of surge,
Spite of all superstructure, lets emerge,
In flower and foam, Feeling from out the deeps
Mind arrogates no mastery upon—
Distinct indisputably. . . .
To match and mate
Feeling with knowledge,—make as manifest
Soul's work as Mind's work, turbulence as rest,
Hates, loves, joys, woes, hopes, fears, that rise and sink
Ceaselessly. . . .
How we Feel, hard and fast as what we Know—
This were the prize and is the puzzle!—which
Music essays to solve. . . .
Could Music rescue thus from Soul's profound,
Give feeling immortality by sound,
Then, were she queenliest of arts!

Whether Browning deliberately took his philosophy of music from Schopenhauer, or developed it independently, I cannot say; but the resemblance is interesting. And we know that Browning loved to take pessimistic speculation and give it an optimistic interpretation.

WILLIAM LYON PHELPS.

THE BOOK OF THE MONTH

MR. GALSWORTHY'S LATEST[1]

BY LAWRENCE GILMAN

WHEN Gyp was nineteen she went to her first ball, wearing a maize-colored dress and some sprigs of yellow jasmine. Here she danced with a good-looking man twice her age, and this debased miscreant, while sitting with her behind some palms, kissed her bare arm—above the elbow, as the historian of the event records with admirable exactitude. Whereupon Gyp arose without a word, gazed at the miscreant "with eyes dark from pain, shivered, and slipped away," her face "all closed up." The incident seemed to her "a sort of revelation of sex mystery," and from it she suffered horribly—"from bewilderment, from thorns dragged over her skin." But it was only two years later that Gyp, in defiance of the wishes of her father, whom she loved devotedly, chose to marry a professional fiddler with queer-colored hair and "little goldy side-whiskers," for whom she cared nothing whatever, yet to whom she gave freely "everything except her heart. . . . She felt no repulsion—this was man's nature." "Yet [her biographer assures us] *she was not unhappy.*" Whereupon one can but repeat, in boundless wonderment, Mrs. Alice Duer Miller's famous interrogation: "Are women people?" For be it known that, from the evening when her arm (above the elbow) was feloniously kissed by the good-looking miscreant of thirty-eight at the hunt-ball, until her wedding-night two years later, Gyp had lived under the conditions of an upbringing which, as the candid historian of her adventures admits, "lacked modernity"—an existence meticulously supervised by her father, who, having begotten her out of wedlock at the cost of her mother's life, had relapsed, not—like a beloved character of Meredith's—"upon religion and little dogs," but upon hunt-

[1] *Beyond*, By John Galsworthy. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1917.

ing, racing, card-playing, and stealthy alms and services to lame ducks of his old regiment and other unfortunates: in brief, upon the intellectually and spiritually restful existence of an English gentleman of ante-bellum days. Out of that well-bred world of riding to hounds, of "dainty frocks," of dangled suitors, of music and dancing and amateur theatricals and Aunt Rosamund, who had a town house in Curzon Street and was musical and humanitarian "so far as breeding would allow"—out of such a prophylactic world, issued this sensitive British virgin who, having suffered the torture of thorns from the flirtatious kiss of a personable dancing-partner, could yield herself, unloving and unimpassioned, yet without unhappiness, without repulsion (her biographer himself has said it), to the embraces of a Swedish virtuoso whose customary aspect included a velvet hat, a brownish-gray frock-coat suit, the flowing tie of orthodox Bohemianism, and little goldy side-whiskers. "She was glad to give him pleasure," relates her soberly precise historian.

Why did Gyp take her side-whiskered Swede for bridegroom? Did she herself know? Certainly not. Does her biographer know? His irony, gentle and pervasive, is sometimes subtle. He sounds in Gyp's behalf the redemption motive beloved of Richard Wagner—that strange product of a sublimated sentimentalism that haunted the most sensuous of tonal mystics from *The Flying Dutchman* to the parable of the Pure Fool. A certain baroness, "to whom innocence was piquant," had said of Fiorsen, the Swedish amorist with side-whiskers, "*Des femmes—toujours des femmes! C'est grand dommage.* He wants saving from himself." And so, since Gyp felt for him "the interest children feel in things mysterious, out of reach, yet within reach if only they dared"; since she felt, too, the tug of those words of the baroness about salvation; since he was in his way a dandy, beautifully washed ("always an important thing"); since she was attracted by "his strangeness, wildness, the mesmeric pull of his passion for her, his music": why, what more natural (and also what more inexplicable) than that she should have yielded her body to him with as little awareness of spiritual outrage as the damned who yield themselves for the price of a night's lodging, or the respected who yield for the price of a home for life?

Having accepted his embraces for the sake of his strangeness and his art and the possible privilege of reclaiming him

from a cruder form of prostitution than her own, this charming sentimentalist who is our heroine seems never to have realized the profundity of her spiritual debasement; nor, alas, does her biographer, the excellent Mr. Galsworthy, whose shining legend of spiritual aristocracy had seemed to be created for permanent admiration and patterning. He seems to invite our abhorrence of Fiorsen, the Swedish bridegroom, who, despite his unabridged carnality, his velvet hat, his side-whiskers (which he shaved after his marriage), and his infidelities, had really been the chief sufferer, decidedly the injured party, in an unhandsome deal: for, having obeyed an honestly passionate impulse, he found himself clasping a wife who, indifferent to love, had deliberately espoused his fiddle, his romantic aura, and a potentially implicit "better self" which she hoped to educe. Of the essential indecency of Gyp's course, its human and spiritual malfeasance, its blend of sentimentality and obtuseness, Mr. Galsworthy reveals no consciousness in his pitying and protective attitude toward the presumably injured member of this union. Gyp, possessed of the wild and sinister notion that souls can be "saved" by other than themselves; assuming that, having given freely to her husband "everything except her heart," she was entitled to regard herself as an outraged spouse when he sought consolation elsewhere, is a figure who should have appeared before us on Mr. Galsworthy's usually enlightened stage in her true character of romantic egoist. Instead, she is presented by her sponsor, with his famous gesture of compassionate tenderness, as an exquisite victim of the sexual atrocity of man.

To any calm, frank, and unsuffused eye, of course, Fiorsen will seem to have been cruelly misused, cruelly betrayed. Indeed, in a distant millennium of intellectual and spiritual candor, it will be perceived that husbands are more often betrayed than wives, lovers more often than mistresses. Fiorsen's cards had been laid on the table before Gyp from the start: he had never pretended to her that he was all fire and air, a high soul consecrated to beauty. He *had* told her that he was a *mauvais sujet,* but that if she loved him he would no longer be one. And she, yielding him "everything except her heart," had no realization of the degree to which she had failed him. Nor has Mr. Galsworthy. It is even set down to her credit that she did not really "hate" him when her coldness, her mere bodily compliance, had driven

him to restless infidelity. "However difficult it may be to live with an artist, to hate him is quite as difficult. An artist is so flexible—only the rigid can be hated." That says something, undeniably; but it is one of the satin superfluities in Mr. Galsworthy's narrative. Gyp, under the circumstances, was not privileged to hate—her part was repentance and reparation, so far as repentance and reparation are effective in such circumstances—which is virtually not at all. One has small affection for Fiorsen—he was a male and a virtuoso: hence he was not always lovable. But even the unlovable may justifiably resent betrayal; and it is our main quarrel with Mr. Galsworthy that he seems to have no perception of the case that might be made out—that must be made out—for Fiorsen. It is even, amusingly enough, imputed to Fiorsen's fault when Gyp can no longer derive her former emotions from his violin playing. "She had heard him now too often, knew too exactly how he produced those sounds; knew that their fire and sweetness and nobility sprang from fingers, ear, brain—not from soul." Having denied him her love, she must now deny him also that pretty fantasy of the sentimental amateur, "inspiration" functioning alone and unaided by deliberation and toil. This is, of course, the feeblest aesthetic romanticism; and it is strange to see Mr. Galsworthy, an artist in understanding and often in craftsmanship, thus beating in the void his luminous wings in vain.

Indeed, the reflection and the feeling, the imagining and contriving, in this passional biography are often conventionalized and unveracious. Gyp, disdaining a divorce from Fiorsen, takes for her lover a young Englishman who, though he resembled the Botticelli or Masaccio "Head of a Young Man" in the National Gallery, nevertheless "looked well in evening clothes"; had dark, curly hair; was absorbed by his club, his horses and dogs, society, the law-courts, grouse-shooting; and loved *Pagliacci*. To him she yields "everything"—including her heart. He is killed while riding; and she, heart-broken, meditates half a year later: "And yet I wouldn't have been without it"; while her father reflects: "Love! Beyond measure—beyond death—it nearly kills. But one wouldn't have been without it. . . ." Platitudes under haloes, Meredith would have called them. Mr. Galsworthy cannot write for long without writing well, and so there are stretches of beauty in this novel, things that delight and fulfill. But the quality of the thinking, the quality

of the utterance, are too often—far too often—mechanical and perfunctory. With disquieting frequency we get machine-made patterns, stale formulas of delineation, instead of fresh, personal, closely studied indications of character. It is distressing to find an anxious and scrupulous craftsman like Mr. Galsworthy speaking soberly of a "white, scared face," of an expression of "cold contempt," of a "twisted smile," of one who "stood as if turned to stone," of a "sea of faces," of sensual villains who flip cigarette ashes, of furious persons who "hiss" in their rage words that by no possibility could ever be hissed—it would seem odd to find Mr. Galsworthy included in Mr. Franklin P. Adams' library of "hisstorical fiction": but clearly he belongs there when he is capable of telling us that "Fiorsen hissed out: 'Don't talk of Gyp!'"

And how is one to account for the curiously naïve intellectual tone that Mr. Galsworthy's chronicle exhibits at times? What has come over him that he should be moved to tell us solemnly that "a man passionately in love craves solitude"; that "there are women who inspire feeling so direct and simple that reason does not come into play"? Yes, yes: and it's love that makes the world go round; and there's no fool like an old fool; and men were deceivers ever.—Mr. Galsworthy used to have a shrewd and vibrant sense of humor. It would not formerly have been easy to impeach him for artless banalities, for economy of thought, for undistinguished writing.

LAWRENCE GILMAN.

NEW BOOKS REVIEWED

THE NATURE OF PEACE. By Thorstein Veblen. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1917.

That the highest wisdom is to be gained through a coldly dispassionate analysis of passionately interesting ideas is not perhaps quite self-evident. But if the truth of this proposition be taken for granted, then it follows, as the night the day, that the wisdom of Thorstein Veblen is of the highest order; for not only is Mr. Veblen's analysis acute and far-reaching, but his detachment is almost unique. Leaving entirely aside all values that are merely "decorative", or emotional, or (in the currently accepted sense) moral, the author is able to demonstrate that Patriotism is little better than a superstition, or at best an inherited habit of mind which, like an instinct, may work for good or ill. With a perfectly straight face, he can discuss the probable advantages of unconditional submission to Germany—only to reach the conclusion that this solution of our difficulties, though desirable on many grounds, is in the present state of the human mind impracticable. Finally, he is capable of remarking with perfect *sang froid* that if the rulers of the earth desire to obviate or postpone a class war it would be better for them to refrain from establishing a too perfect external peace.

Whatever prejudices may be aroused by these conclusions, there can be no doubt as to the value, up to a certain point at least, of Mr. Veblen's method. Although we may not be able continuously to live in a perfectly "dry" light—any more than we could endure a constant illumination of X-rays—it is unquestionably good for us occasionally to examine our beliefs and our conduct in such a light. Nor is it in the main possible to deny, without self-stultification, the results of Mr. Veblen's inexorable logic. That the material profits of aggressive patriotism are non-existent, or at best confined to a privileged few, has been laboriously proved by several writers, among whom the most conspicuous is Norman Angell. It is not, on the whole, much more difficult to demonstrate that the prestige-value of patriotism to the common man is equally illusory—except, of course, in so far as thinking a thing true makes it (relatively) true. Furthermore, the results of "peace without honor"—as Mr. Veblen shows in what is perhaps the most vigorously original part of his book—would be by no means so disastrous, except in the subjective sense just alluded to, as might be hastily supposed. "It is, of course, easy for an unreflecting person to jump to the conclusion that subjection to an alien power must bring grievous burdens in the way of taxes and similar impositions. But reflection will immediately show

that no appreciable increase over the economic burdens already carried by the populace under their several national establishments could come of such a move." On the contrary, we would be warranted in looking for economies. The burden of militarism would be lessened; for it would be unnecessary to draw large contingents of men from the subject peoples in order to protect the empire, since, by hypothesis, submission would be voluntary. Again, the burden of supporting the personnel of the government and its underlying hierarchy of gentlefolk would be, though considerable in the sum, relatively small. "It seems a reasonable expectation that sufficient dignity and magnificence could be put in evidence by such a large-scale establishment at a lower aggregate cost than the aggregate of expenditures previously incurred for the like ends by various nations working in severalty and at cross purposes." Add to this all the economies that might be brought about by an efficient centralized administration; and add also the fact that, under such an administration, economic conditions might well be more favorable to culture than they are under the democratic system of unrestrained competition. If this line of argument reminds one of the logic of Iago it should not on that account be less convincing.

Some of the further contentions advanced by Mr. Veblen approximate views that are coming to be accepted by the majority of persons who think. That the sole practicable alternative to "dishonorable" submission is the destruction of the German dynastic government, is the professed opinion of the leading men in the Entente nations: "The world must be made safe for democracy." Mr. Veblen develops the argument, and carries it a step further. He holds that ultimately, in order to secure the peace of the world it will be necessary to apply the same treatment to England's present ally, Japan—since all dynastic governments have for their final object the disturbance of peace. That among the democratic nations themselves, peace may be permanently secured only by a neutralizing of all differences, is beginning to be dimly recognized. Mr. Veblen would carry the process to the utmost practicable extreme; he would neutralize not only trade, but citizenship. Under his proposed system the "common man" would not be invited to plunge his country into war because his country's flag had been insulted or because a compatriot seeking wealth in foreign parts had been unjustly used by foreigners: he would, in short, shed his blood for a compatriot on no other plea than that on which he would spend his wealth for a neighbor.

It is only when one reaches the final phase of Mr. Veblen's argument that one clearly perceives that the whole work is, in effect, a bitter criticism of the existing social order. Some suggestion of the deep cynicism that marks this final phase has already been given. In brief, the unfavorable economic conditions which at present affect the culture and happiness of the common man would become, during a prolonged peace of neutralization, more and more powerful. These unfavorable influences spring from two causes: the progressive increase in technological efficiency and the historic reverence for the rights of property. Now "property", according to Mr. Veblen, is but another superstition, and faith in this superstition is already visibly dwindling. As the expenses of war mount up, men are coming to believe less in the useful function

of the capitalist who is said to perform a service by his management of the wealth which he supposedly risks in the initiation and "backing" of large enterprises. Concurrently, as leadership in the belligerent countries becomes more and more "vulgarized", there is a tendency to weakened faith in the special qualities of the leisure or governing class as other than ornamental. If this process goes far enough, the result will be revolutionary. "And it is quite within the possibilities of the case that the division of opinions on these matters might presently shift back to the old familiar ground of international hostilities; undertaken partly to put down civil disturbances in given countries, partly by the more archaic, or conservative, peoples to safeguard the institutions of the received law and order against inroads from the side of the iconoclastic ones."

Such are the results arrived at by a rigorous and realistic analysis of human desires and of the economic surroundings that condition them. The prospect is not cheering. After accepting Mr. Veblen's conclusions, the only reasonable conception one can form of the state of the world after the war is that of thoroughly disillusioned men glumly preparing to make the best of a life in which there will be, it would appear, little zest except in so far as the discredited "superstitions" pass over and in some sort survive. Is there not, one cannot help asking, an implied fallacy in all this? Is not Mr. Veblen a little like the plant-physiologist, who after exhaustive chemical analysis succeeds in explaining everything about the life of the plant, except that irrelevant and purely "decorative" result, the life itself? Is there not any discoverable leaven in human life that is capable of leavening the whole lump? Here in America we have been wont to suppose that our patriotism, however misdirected in some of its manifestations, contained germs of life that are capable of transforming the sentiment of patriotism. And are there not indications that such a transformation, through the operation of the leaven of "service", is already taking place in the desire for wealth? It seems permissible at least to hope that the human spirit may discover some better means toward well-being than a resigned pre-adaptation to the inexorable working of supposed economic and psychological "laws."

Yet, at lowest, Mr. Veblen's analysis is clarifying and his warnings are well-timed.

THE LIVING PRESENT. By Gertrude Atherton. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company, 1917.

"Without the help of the women, France could not have remained in the field six months." So Gertrude Atherton was informed by Madame Vérone, one of the leading lawyers and feminists of Paris. This statement will perhaps appear quite commonplace to the people of the year 2000 or even to those of 1950. Indeed, to Mrs. Atherton it seems scarcely remarkable even now. It is probable, she suggests, that the help of the women has been just as vital to France in every war in which that country has been engaged. But there is a difference. In this case the help has been given in quite untraditional ways—through organizations and administrative activities, through shifts of employment, through a very extraordinary individual initiative.

All this involves something that looks like a miraculous transformation of character, a complete upsetting of the time-honored system of use and wont. It is the adaptability of the women of 1917—even more than their heroism—that interests a detached observer; and Mrs. Atherton is notably detached. Her accounts of notable persons are interesting and gossipy, indeed, but just a bit perfunctory—certainly somewhat lacking in *impressement*. There is found more of a kind of feminine fervor in almost any man's account of let us say General Joffre or (until recently) the Grand Duke Nicholas, than in Mrs. Atherton's polite and matter-of-fact sketches of prominent French women workers. Is it possible that it was the women who invented journalistic fervor and the men who took it up and improved it—or spoiled it? However this may be, it is certain that Mrs. Atherton interests one most when she shows in striking fashion how the presumably spoiled favorites of French society have transformed themselves into the most efficient of war workers, and when she dwells upon "the stoicism as well as the unrivaled mental suppleness" of the women of the lower-middle and laboring classes. Quite fully, and with a power of exciting interest that arises equally from an absence of preconceptions and from an abundance of first-hand knowledge—scarcely at all, it would seem, from any propagandist mood—Mrs. Atherton tells the stories of the principal French women who are leaders in war work. There is Madame Balli, once an idle and pleasure-loving woman of the world, sometimes referred to as the most beautiful woman in France, who has taken up and developed into an *oeuvre* of the first magnitude the work of making "comfort packages" and distributing them among the soldiers. There is Mademoiselle Javal, whose work for the *éclopés*—men not injured seriously enough for a military hospital, yet not well enough to fight—has reached equal size and importance. There is Madame Pierre Goujon, who has led in the great work of helping impoverished women of all classes to self-support. There is Valentine Thompson, leading feminist, born leader, and inspirer of many noble enterprises. There is the Countess D'Haussonville, generally conceded to be the greatest lady in France and president of the first or noblesse division of the Red Cross. There is the Marquise D'Andigné, president of Le Bien-Être du Blessé, who was formerly Madeline Goddard of Providence, R. I. There are many others of great name, all doing splendid work.

What strikes one, is that all these women have "found themselves" in a way in which few men, outside of romance, ever really find themselves. Indeed, the fascination of the whole narrative or series of narratives is perhaps ultimately this: it suggests that women, by reason of their sensitiveness and their practicality, have a superior power of finding themselves—of adjusting themselves to necessity, that is, without sacrifice of conscience or individuality.

As interesting, and, in the same way, as significant, are the real-life sketches that Mrs. Atherton gives of the common women of France—the women who have stepped into their husbands' shoes, or who have discovered for themselves new occupations; the Amazons of the munitions factories, glowing with health and revelling in a new independence. Cases like these raise sociological questions, and lead the author into speculations concerning the future.

It cannot be said that Mrs. Atherton is quite successful in this latter kind of discussion. Her style, though vigorous and entertaining, as always, is extremely desultory for the purpose. Of some of the ideas she strikes out, one can say only that they show ability, not that they are inherently sound. The notion, for example, that there is among women an instinctive tendency toward a return to the primeval matriarchate, though none too seriously advanced, is yet advanced with more seriousness than it probably deserves. Inherently sound ideas are, however, not lacking Mrs. Atherton is, of course, quite right when she says that "suffrage is but a milestone in feminism, which may be described as the more or less concerted sweep of women from the backwaters into the broad central stream of life." When she tells us that the war may largely recruit the members of the "third sex" (the unmarried, self-supporting women) she doubtless makes a true prediction. But she is rightest when she affirms that "while no woman before she has reached the age of thirty-five or forty should compete with men in work . . . still every girl of every class, from the industrial straight up to the plutocratic, should be trained in some congenial vocation during her plastic years." For the woman of thirty-five or forty may have a new lease of life, and she frequently has to meet a new range of responsibilities. In this recommendation of Mrs. Atherton's, biologic fact and feminist justice seem to be fairly accorded.

ENGLAND AND THE WAR. By André Chevrillon. Garden City: Doubleday, Page & Company, 1917.

Among the great crowd of war-books that bid for our attention nowadays, this book of M. Chevrillon's is well worthy of special consideration, not, indeed, because it sheds or pretends to shed any novel light upon the part that England has played in the war, nor upon her precise motives for entering it, but because it is that instructive and delightful thing an appreciation of the English spirit by an intellectual, well-informed, and sympathetic Frenchman. The classic example—Taine's *History of English Literature*—at once comes to mind for comparison. For better or worse—chiefly for better—M. Chevrillon is, of course, no such theorist as was Taine; but he has a very similar sensitiveness to national character and a like gift of selecting and developing the essential elements. In this there is something more than simple thesis-building or than unambitious description. It is a combination, so to speak, of trenchant analysis with artistic handling, of intellectual and moral honesty with the desire to please—a combination which few Anglo-Saxon writers seem able to make in anything like the right proportion. Like Taine, too, Mr. Chevrillon is perhaps a little prone to exaggerate. But to exaggerate only in the interests of clearness! If it is true, as Rudyard Kipling remarks, by way of a counterpoise to the high praise he bestows in the preface that he has written for the volume, that M. Chevrillon has possibly laid a little too much stress upon the moral and religious traits in the English character, it must be conceded that the sharp relief which the author has given to his cameo portrait of Britannia is necessary to the full appreciation of that portrait by an Englishman—or by an American. One might venture the further criticism that the impression is sometimes a

little too strongly colored by the feelings and ideals of the English gentlefolk to be absolutely accurate for the whole nation; but this, while it also contributes to simplicity and charm, nowhere amounts to falsification, and after all the chief emphasis is placed upon attributes that belong to no particular class. The reaction of the laboring man, moreover, is specifically recognized.

To Americans and latterly to Englishmen, England's attempt to raise a sufficient army by voluntary enlistment has been represented as on the whole a rather vulgar if not discreditable business. The advertising methods employed, the public berating of slackers, the hen-pecking tactics of private suasion, have seemed to spell at once inefficiency and moral cheapness. At least, to these aspects of the matter certain English writers who are among the most patriotic have not been slow to call attention. Without reading M. Chevrillon's account of this episode, it is scarcely possible for Americans to realize fully either the moral grandeur of the effort or its unique national character, for no English writer has treated the subject with the same enthusiasm and the same detachment.

"A slow, inartistic people (they themselves say 'unimaginative'), impervious to the powers of eloquence, but to be moved profoundly by conviction and feeling—above all a people with a strong sense of duty, who have made conscience the essence of their poetry and religion, and thus although reacting chiefly to the facts of experience and reality—not forgetting that reality, the soul—are capable of a world of dreamy mysticism. By appealing to conscience, by stimulating its slow meditation on right and wrong, by means of a silent working of the mind, all English reforms have been accomplished." Does not this read exactly like Taine? Which is to say, in the present case, that it is penetrating, eloquent, and just a little precipitate. The high respect for individual conscience, the relative undervaluing of intellect (in England an intellectual man is called "clever"), the quality of English education, with its emphasis upon good character and a sound body; the asymmetrical mind which Lord Cromer has commented upon as a distinguishing feature of his compatriots; the Puritan spirit; that sheer refusal to admit defeat, in spite of many defeats, which is English courage—these are made to explain English greatness in the present crisis.

They also explain English unreadiness and English mistakes—concerning which, by the way, M. Chevrillon has no illusions. Even bulldog courage may beget overconfidence, or an undue sense of security. Willingness to "muddle through" is perhaps the complementary quality to the courage that *can* muddle through. In order to admire England as she deserves to be admired, it is necessary not only to perceive the sublimity inherent in the action of three million young men who came forward to enlist for the duration of the war in response to much the same sort of appeal as that by which they might have been brought to take the temperance pledge; it is necessary to understand and so to forgive the slowness and the muddling. This M. Chevrillon enables one to do. He makes it apparent that if English aid was tardy, almost fatally tardy, this was precisely because the conscience of England had to be aroused, as it was by the invasion of Belgium. He shows that English freedom and party government had inevitably resulted in an affection for the policy of "Wait and see." He makes it particularly plain that without

the munitions scandal there could have been no efficiency in the manufacture of munitions. In short, England's faults are the defects of her qualities; and those qualities are fundamentally sound and permanent, being not the result of system or indoctrination but of individual common sense and character.

Besides its value as an interpretation of England to Americans, this book has a further significance, which Americans, with their faith in the possibility of real international amity, will be eager to grasp. If M. Chevrillon's book really expresses in any degree the attitude of France toward England, it is reasonable to expect that there will be not merely a continued alliance between these two peoples, but a true and enduring friendship.

THE PRINCIPLE OF NATIONALITIES. By Israel Zangwill. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1917.

It may be doubted that any other writer of our time could have given us quite so clear and stimulating a brief discussion of that principle of nationality which has lately come in for an enormous amount of criticism as has Mr. Zangwill. This writer, in his best mood, is both caustic and cheerful, both sardonic and optimistic, both dryly analytic and contagiously enthusiastic. He is at all times free from pedantries and prejudices, and in discussing human affairs he never makes the mistake, to which minds gifted with intense intellectuality are sometimes prone, of carefully and elaborately leaving God out of the reckoning.

To be sure, it seems to be a part of Mr. Zangwill's temperament that he cannot well refrain from making derisory gestures in the direction of other writers who are his natural allies rather than his necessary adversaries. The margin of difference between the views of Mr. Zangwill and those of Dr. Holland Rose seem, for instance, insufficient to justify Mr. Zangwill in performing a kind of logical war dance over that part of Dr. Rose's theory with which he does not agree. This same exuberance of the critical faculty, however, gives us many entertaining epigrams, not all of them invidious, that could ill be spared. "To pretend that England has been the champion of nationality," writes the author, "would be a perversion of history that could occur only to a professor of it." The attempt to find in modern nationality a new principle on which to found a new Europe is likewise purely professorial. The supposed principle of nationality is shrouded in theoretic fog; "but then the study of man, which Pope told us was mankind's proper study, has always lagged behind the study of his parasites." The truth, however, is comparatively simple; for nationality is after all chiefly a form of camaraderie such as almost always is engendered where men associate closely. This spirit of association may be electrified by a spark of danger: "One touch of danger makes the whole world kin." It is then liable to become excessive and dangerous in its turn: "Aggression supervenes upon Nationality like a twisted mustache upon puberty." Grown tumid with self-consciousness, the nation develops a Mission: "In the yearning for Constantinople, Christianity and commerce meet."

But the effort to reproduce Mr. Zangwill's brilliancies cannot be further continued without danger of misinterpreting his thought. His phrases are edged tools not to be freely handled by one less skilful than

himself. The amount of it all is that whether you follow Mr. Zangwill's short method or Dr. Rose's long method, you will be inevitably led to the conclusion that nationality is not primarily a matter of race, or geography, or language, or religion, or tradition, or divine inspiration. If, then, you must still define it, there are at hand three alternative definitions not open to the objections which lie against those already rejected. You may say, in the first place, that nationality is primarily a kind of mystic act of will. This conception is inspiring, but its very mystic-inspirational quality makes it dangerous, and it raises unprofitable questions about the relation of the individual soul to the national soul. Or, in the second place, you may say that nationality is simply a matter of "use and wont." This concept appears simple and scientific; but it is liable to the objection that when carried out in detail it becomes much too scientific; "use and wont" appearing as unchangeable biologic laws and mankind in the mass being leveled almost to the plane of brute intelligence. As a third course, you may adopt Mr. Zangwill's principle of "contiguity and cooperation." It is perhaps not too much to say that this principle explains all the facts as well as any other; in addition, it has the advantage of being familiar in every-day life, and there is nothing whatever that is dangerous in it. One cannot imagine any nation, however strongly indoctrinated with this principle, either endeavoring to convert the world by force or passively resigning itself to "laws" and "tendencies."

From this simple and familiar principle two conclusions flow. First, the rearrangement of the European map ought to be done not in accordance with any abstract principle of nationality, but simply with as little mangling and as much healing as possible. Preferred arrangements should be continued. Even the *Mittel-Europa* scheme, if it were not for its militant menace, might be a step in the right direction. But the second consequence is by far the most important because it is of permanent value. The chief merit of Mr. Zangwill's thought is, indeed, just this: that it leaves the way open for the entrance of the idea that man may be intensely and locally patriotic and yet internationally right-minded. "Villages," remarks the author profoundly, "inspire poets more than Empires or Milky Ways. We are not at home in the infinities: it is the infinities that are at home in us." For we are not only creatures of habit and association but moral creatures as well, and in the absence of untoward conditions patriotism need not become a vice. The simple and true doctrine of human nature teaches that "the brotherhood of the peoples is not barred by the plurality of patriotisms"; and that "internationalism, so far from being the antithesis of nationalism, actually requires [that there be] nations to interrelate." Finally, what is needed is simply morality; and in this as in all questions Mr. Zangwill, like Lord Beaconsfield, is "on the side of the angels."

OUR WAR WITH GERMANY

VI

(*August* 18—*September* 18)

Because "we cannot take the word of the present rulers of Germany as a guarantee of anything that is to endure," the Government of the United States, speaking through President Wilson, signalized the sixth month of American participation in the war against Germany by refusing to accept the proposition put forth by Pope Benedict as a basis for the discussion of possible terms of peace. Mr. Wilson's reply to His Holiness was the most important, as it was the most interesting, event of the month.

Pope Benedict's proposal contained two propositions both of which President Wilson has now rejected, and in such manner as to render it practically impossible ever to revive either of them. His Holiness suggested a consideration of peace terms largely upon the basis of the status quo ante-bellum, and with the present German Government. In a prior public statement President Wilson had destroyed the possibility of peace on the status quo ante basis by pointing to the fact that "it was out of the status quo ante that the present iniquitous struggle issued forth." He refused to contemplate the possibility of renewing a situation which involved such a dreadful potentiality. In this reply to the Pope the President goes much further and refuses to enter into negotiations with the present rulers of Germany on the frankly stated ground that they are not to be trusted, not worthy of belief or confidence, not responsible or reliable.

This statement of governmental determination and purpose, with its overwhelming exposition of underlying reason, was received with instant approval by patriotic Americans, and served to render more difficult the continued opposition of the narrowing forces of disloyalty, sedition and pacifism which are operating throughout the country, from Congress down. It was hailed with satisfaction in the countries of our allies, and accepted generally and officially as their response to the Pope.

As was to be expected such a declaration of the bankruptcy of German national honor and good faith produced a furious outbreak of anger in Germany and among Germanophiles in this and other countries. Just when the chorus of vituperation and denunciation of Mr. Wilson was at its height, Secretary Lansing made public a contribution to the case against German honor which was the text of three telegrams sent by Count Luxburg, the German Minister at Buenos Aires, in code to the Berlin Government. Direct German communication being impossible owing to British control of cables, the German diplomat at the Argentine capital had recourse to the friendly assistance of the Swedish Minister,

Baron Lowen, who accepted the German cipher messages and transmitted them as his own to the Swedish Foreign Office at Stockholm, whence they were forwarded to Berlin.

It was not the mere transmission of telegrams for the German Legation that constituted an offense against neutrality. Our Government did that for Bernstorff, until it sent him home. It was the character of the messages themselves that was a crime against humanity, but the kind of crime, unfortunately, that seems only too common among Germans of the ruling class. Count Luxburg coolly informed his Government of the sailing of certain Argentine vessels for European ports, and of the time at which they were likely to be approaching the European coasts, and brutally recommended that they be sunk so as not to leave a trace of what had happened to them—*spurlos versenkt*. That is, the ships were to be destroyed and the crews and passengers murdered in cold blood.

Count Luxburg used the diplomatic courtesy and freedom of restraint which he enjoyed in Buenos Aires to carry on secret plots for the destruction of the lives and property of Argentine citizens. Incidentally he referred in one of his despatches to the Argentine Foreign Minister as a "notorious ass."

The reception of these disclosures by German officials in Berlin and elsewhere, and by Germans and Germanophiles in this and other countries, is an absolute demonstration of the unerring accuracy of President Wilson's characterization of the German rulers as bankrupt of honor and good faith. There was first denunciation of the American Government for "stealing the German despatches." Then there was furious denunciation of Count Luxburg, not for being guilty of the hideous brutality of his messages, but for being caught and exposed. Not a German voice of prominence or importance has been raised in condemnation of the savage proposals of the German diplomat. The German Government was exculpated by some of its officials on the ground that it was not responsible for the opinions of its agents, and that Luxburg's despatches were only the recommendations of one man. But the German Government is responsible for retaining him in his post after receipt of his uncivilized recommendations, and for failure instantly to disavow his barbarism and recall him from his post. However, the German Government is not repudiating barbarism.

The Argentine Government has dismissed Luxburg and is asking Berlin for explanation. There is a new crisis in relations between Argentina and Germany. Sweden is making promises of reform, and is asking Berlin for explanation and disavowal. Sweden disclaims responsibility upon the ground of ignorance of the contents of the Luxburg despatches. The United States Government permitted the sending of German despatches in code by wireless prior to the break of diplomatic relations with Berlin, but it took good care to know the contents of each despatch, and to prevent messages that would violate neutrality.

America's sixth month in the war has been like the others a month rather of preparation for participation than of actual sharing in real fighting. The daily news reports have been well sprinkled with despatches from London, Paris and Rome telling of activity on the part of Americans already abroad, and of the vigorous training of the forces with General Pershing, in France, in anticipation of the day when they shall

undergo the fierce test of meeting the German face to face in the field.

Organization of the armies destined to give the actual demonstration to Germany of American physical power has proceeded regularly and with not more delay, disappointment or failure than was to have been expected from the long refusal of the United States to take thought of her military responsibilities by making preparation or taking training in advance. National Guard regiments from all parts of the country have been assembling in divisions, and undergoing the process of radical transformation from their old organization units into units of the national fighting forces. Delay in completing construction work at different camps has held back the full employment of the Guard in this work, but the promise is that this delay shall be ended in very short order. Similar failure to complete construction work on some of the cantonments assigned to receive contingents of the "selected" men for the new National Army rendered it necessary to hold back the calling of men to the colors in some proportion. Moreover it has now been fully demonstrated to the country that adequate supplies of clothing, uniforms, weapons, munitions and other essential supplies are no more likely to be forthcoming over night than are a million men to "spring to arms" in that period.

The first contingents of the so-called "drafted men" were called to the colors on September 5. In many cities these contingents organized parades, and gave proof of their loyalty and enthusiasm for the great cause which they serve. President Wilson personally marched at the head of the Washington parade, and distinguished members of his Cabinet, and leaders of the Senate and House of Representatives, trudged down Pennsylvania Avenue from the Peace Monument to the White House with him. Veterans from both sides of the Civil War marched side by side at the head of the column of the new draft.

The graduates of the various training camps of the Officers' Reserve Corps had received their commissions just in time to get into active work at the new cantonments receiving the contingents of drafted men and beginning their organization and training. The end of the first week of September found nearly 1,100,000 men under arms in the various American forces.

Meantime procurement of further supplies of the various kinds needed for the proper equipment and maintenance of these men went forward, and was accompanied by further organization of the supply corps, and of the means for procuring supplies.

Less publicity has been given to activities of the Navy Department than to those of the War Department, but that does not prove that the Navy has been less active than the Army. The announcement is made that Admiral Mayo has been in London for some time, purpose not announced, but obviously connected with naval strategy and employment. The event is seized upon by those favoring an aggressive policy as evidence that the United States is for an attack on the Germans in their various lairs—Heligoland, the Kiel Canal and Zeebrugge.

Secretary Daniels has given more emphasis to his belief that the rapid construction of torpedo boat destroyers is the most effective method of combating the submarine, and the House is soon to take up a bill appropriating an additional quarter of a billion dollars or more for such new vessels. It is announced from the Navy Department that in order to

obtain the earliest and most rapid delivery of the new destroyers it will be necessary for the Government to finance concerns willing to enlarge their plants for this work, all the present destroyer building facilities being fully occupied.

While the Navy is thus busy the Army is working on aeroplane construction, and it is announced from Washington, with much satisfaction, that a special aeroplane motor, already designated the "Liberty Motor," has been designed for the equipment of the enormous American aircraft fleet for which Congress appropriated six hundred and forty million dollars a few months ago. But it is reported among those who have been consulted by the Aircraft Production Board about building some of the motors or other aeroplane machinery that not a single contract of any importance has been signed as yet.

Similar delay is reported in getting to work on the plan of the Shipping Board for standardized construction. Many contracts have been let for ships of one kind and another, some wood and some steel. Commitments for vast sums have been undertaken. But in all the talk of new ship construction emphasis has been laid upon the point that it was the fabrication of standardized ships that was to be the chief factor in solving the submarine problem. It was not until early in September that contracts were let for the first Government fabricating plants.

This month has been one, also, of marked recognition of the essentially economic character of the struggle in which we are engaged. Economic organization has proceeded broadly along two main lines, one for the control of our resources at home, and the insurance of proper supply at proper prices to our own people; and the other for the control of the shipment of our resources away from the country, and the insurance that nothing we raise or manufacture shall be used to furnish any aid or comfort to the enemy. The power to make the first of these purposes effective and energetic comes from the Food Control laws. That for the second comes from the export control sections of the Espionage law. The Food Administration is proceeding vigorously in the effort to make good the promise of Mr. Hoover, the Food Administrator, to bring down the price of bread. Difficulty is encountered because a price of only $2.20 per bushel was fixed for the wheat crop of this year. Farmers believe that without control the price would have been higher, and are slow in bringing their wheat to market. The immediate danger is that instead of the price of bread being lowered there will develop a scarcity of flour and consequently of bread.

On August 20 President Wilson announced the appointment of Judge R. S. Lovett, head of the Union Pacific Railway, as Federal Agent under the Priority law, which gives the Government power to determine priority of shipments over railroads. Judge Lovett signalized his appointment by directing forty-six railroads to give preference to shipments of coal to the lakes for the Northwest. The purpose was to prevent the kind of suffering for lack of coal in that territory this coming winter that was endured last winter. The railroads seem to have done their part, but there was no control of the coal after it reached the lakes, and instead of being shipped to the Northwest a good share of it was sent to Canada. Also the Middle West declared it was not getting sufficient fuel to keep its factories running. Then the Exports Administrative Board required

licenses for shipments of coal to Canada, so that that leak seems to be stopped.

On August 21 the President announced a schedule of prices which he had fixed on bituminous coal, at the mine. It averaged about a dollar a ton less than the $3 price agreed upon two months ago by Secretary Lane and the leading coal producers of the country in a conference at Washington. That price was repudiated promptly by Mr. Baker, Secretary of War. The President's prices seem more satisfactory to Mr. Baker, but not to the producers, many of whom have been protesting that they are below cost of mining, and will certainly curtail production if the Government insists on them.

Two days later, on August 23, the President announced prices on anthracite ranging from $4 to $5 a ton at the mine, and named Dr. Harry A. Garfield, president of Williams College, as Fuel Administrator, under the power granted by the Food Control law. Anthracite dealers, especially retailers, have not conformed to the President's schedule and the cry of coal shortage begins to come up from various parts of the country.

The wheat control power of the Food Administration became effective on September 10. Mr. Hoover is putting a system of licensing mills and other handlers of grain into effect, and announces that he expects a reduction of $3 a barrel on flour, which should save the people of the country thirty millions a month.

In a public statement at Washington Mr. Hoover said he saw no hope of reducing the price of meat and pointed out that the supply is too small for the normal demand. Nevertheless it is reported from Washington that he is planning to put the meat industry under license. This is under consideration as a means of eliminating speculation.

The Food Administration also expects to license the sugar industry, and has issued fervent appeals to the people to save sugar. Meantime the Department of Agriculture is conducting the national survey of food which was authorized under the first of the food control laws.

While these measures of domestic control are being taken the President has extended the power of the Exports Administrative Board, and that body has made it clear that it does not propose to permit anything to go out of an American port which might be of the least service to Germany. For instance a large number of Dutch ships, loaded with grain and fodder, have been lying in American ports for weeks seeking permission to sail. Their grain cargoes, at least, are owned by the Dutch Government. Recently agreement was reached by the Dutch negotiators with the Food Administration for the release of about thirty of these ships, on condition that two-thirds of their grain should go to the relief of Belgium. But the Exports Board held up the permits because of the fodder, and the ships are still in American waters. No adequate assurance was forthcoming from the Dutch that that fodder would not find its way to Germany, or that the produce of the Dutch cattle it might feed would not get into Germany.

It has been made clear that there shall be no American food for neutrals in Europe or elsewhere who help supply food or other needed articles to Germany. Also the President has put shipments of gold and silver under control of the Exports Board, which means that they cannot go

without license. And in most cases they will not get the license. Spain has been taking millions of gold from the United States although she has a heavy adverse trade balance with us. It costs 10 per cent to ship gold to Spain from New York now, 5 per cent for freight and as much for insurance. But Spain has taken more than fifty millions recently, and it is suspected in Washington that some submarine method has been found for getting part at least of this gold to Germany.

Secretary McAdoo has asked Congress to give the Government control also of imports, and the intimation is made that the Government is planning to prevent shipments of supplies to Germany from South America.

Price fixing and exports control have their corollary in a new purchasing agency established in Washington to do the purchasing of supplies for the United States, Great Britain, Russia and France, with Italy expected to come in very soon, and possibly others of our allies.

Labor troubles, strikes and walk-outs have made their inevitable appearance, as they always do in periods of prosperity and high wages. Much effort has been made toward reaching adjustment of such differences and toward finding a means of avoidance and settlement in future during the war. As far as shipping is concerned an agreement which it is hoped means settlement was reached under which an "Adjustment Commission" was appointed by the President, consisting of Mr. V. Everit Macy, president of the National Civic Federation, as chairman, with representatives of the American Federation of Labor and of the United States Shipping Board. A representative either of the War Department or of the Navy Department will sit with the commission when it considers matters affecting either of those departments. Workmen at the League Island Navy Yard sent a delegation to Washington to pledge their loyalty and assure the Government against strikes on national war work.

The Senate spent most of the month on the War Revenue bill, which it had given many weeks to rewriting after receiving it from the House. A hard fight was made by about twenty Senators, of the so-called "radical" element, to increase the rates of taxation on personal incomes and on war profits. The cry was to "conscript wealth" as men had been conscripted. Scores of varying amendments were submitted and all defeated. But the Finance Committee yielded in part to the demand for greater taxation of wealth and itself proposed an amendment to its own bill, raising by some hundreds of millions the amount estimated to be raised from war profits. The bill was passed by the Senate on September 10, by a vote of 69 to 4. It is estimated to yield $2,406,670,000, chiefly produced by incomes ($842,200,000), war profits ($1,060,000,000), and distilled spirits ($218,000,000), this last estimate being a public admission that the so-called "prohibition" feature of the Food Control bill was a fake as a prohibition measure. All consumption taxes were stricken out by the Senate, but a few special taxes were provided, estimated to raise $141,750,000. The bill is now in conference.

The Senate also passed the Enemy Trading bill, previously passed by the House, with an amendment requiring German language newspapers in this country to print translations of political and editorial articles in parallel columns. At the same time the Senate passed a resolution permitting the drafting of subjects of our allies for our military service. It

is estimated that this places more than a million and a quarter of additional men at the disposition of the Government. There are 87,000 enemy aliens of military age in the country.

The House occupied itself with a bill providing a system of insurance for officers and men of the American service for the benefit of their families, at low cost. President Wilson expressed himself as warmly in favor of this bill. As originally brought up in the House it set a limit of $5,000 on policies. The President said he wished it were twice as much, and it was made so. Criticism of the provisions of the bill has come from some of the prominent insurance men of the country, but not of the principle. One of the purposes of the measure is to provide a system that shall do away with the present pension system, as applicable to this war, or greatly reduce its operation. This bill was passed unanimously on September 13.

The House also passed unanimously a bill authorizing the issue of more than eleven and a half billions of four per cent United States bonds. The expansion of debt is really not as great by this bill as it seems, for more than half a billion of the new bonds will take the place of those authorized for different purposes not necessarily connected with the war, such as the Mexican border service of last year, and others. Also three billions cover merely the authorization to raise the interest of that amount of bonds authorized last April from 3½ per cent to 4 per cent, and four billions are for loans to our allies.

The House has also passed another huge appropriation bill, carrying more than seven billions of dollars, and the Army, Navy and Shipping Board are not through asking for more. The Shipping Board wants another billion. The Navy wants hundreds of millions. There is talk of more hundreds of millions for aeroplanes, with not even a contractual start made yet on expending the first six hundred and forty millions.

Representative Fitzgerald, chairman of the House Committee on Appropriations, in a statement in the House on September 14, placed our expenditures for the first year of the war at eighteen billion dollars, as compared with a total of $21,000,000,000 by Great Britain for the three years of the war, fifteen billions by France, a similar amount by Russia and only three billions by Italy. Our Loans to Allies aggregated close on to the three billions at first authorized, as this was written. Mr. Fitzgerald's speech adds emphasis to the mass of other evidence as to the value of pre-war preparation. A huge percentage of our present cost is due to the failure to make the preparation in time and the extra expense of making it now under adverse and costly conditions.

This work by the Executive and Legislative branches of the Government has been more or less public and spectacular, but the work of the Judicial branch has been no less effective. In a single nation wide raid on the offices of the I. W. W. an effective check was put upon the seditious work of that disloyal organization, and evidence of value in other ways was accumulated. A raid on a German newspaper in Philadelphia produced similar results. The curbing of sedition and disloyalty, whether in newspapers, alleged labor organizations, or among soap-box orators on street corners, is progressing, and thus, belatedly but energetically, the United States is getting ready to show some real participation in the war.

(*This record is as of September* 18 *and is to be continued.*)

CONTEMPORARY ECHOES

COLONEL WATTERSON'S VIEWS

From the Louisville Courier-Journal

In the August number of the North American Review, Col. George Harvey "puts his finger on the spot," as he generally does, touching the situation and the outlook. He does not disguise the perils. They are many. Taking the recent overflow of flubdub at Berlin for his text, the Reichstag for his horrid example, he reaches the only rational conclusion possible to an enlightened and patriotic Americanism. "Unconditional surrender by Germany" is the only thinkable basis of peace.

"We should like to feel," he says, "as our President declared, that our war is not with the German people, but it is for them, not for us nor for the misrepresenting Reichstag, to say. This only we know: that Germany, having compelled us to fight for our lives, our liberties and our honor, is our enemy, and that whoever is not with us in the great struggle for human freedom throughout the world is against us."

Then he tells us that the real legislative body of Germany is the Bundesrath, of which we hear hardly anything. The Bundesrath has not only legislative power, but executive and judicial. The Reichstag talks, but if it should pass a resolution, the Bundesrath can veto it. The reason we hear so much of the conversational Reichstag and so little of the potential Bundesrath is that the Reichstag meets in public to indulge in oratory, the Bundesrath in private to act. The Bundesrath is not a body of representatives of the people. It is appointed by the Kings and Princes; its sixty-one members are nominated by and directly represent the monarchs of the twenty-five States composing the German Empire. When the Bundesrath meets the Emperor and the Kings are in session: its members are their Ambassadors, not in any respect the delegates of the people. When it is said that the Bundesrath has the power to veto any legislation passed by the Reichstag, what is meant is that the Princes have that power, for the Bundesrath is the German monarchy in session. The Reichstag is merely what it has been bitterly called "a Hall of Echoes."

Here, however, is the crux of Col. Harvey's very thoughtful, far-seeing essay:

Our troubles are only beginning. We are at war, of course, but evidences of the fact are hardly perceivable. The daily routine of existence is unchanged, business is "as usual" and inconveniences are so few as to be unworthy of notice. We voted promptly, in rather grand fashion, the greatest single appropriation ever made and are continuing to think and decree in billions; simultaneously, of course, we are adjusting tax rates accordingly; but the collector has yet to make his first round, and, pending the arrival of the bills, with the certainty that the amounts will be doubled or trebled in the succeeding year, there can be no adequate appreciation on the part of the people of the curtailment of what have been regarded as the necessaries as well as the luxuries of life that must follow.

The *Courier-Journal* has been for months trying to impress this alike upon

Congress and the country. It is when the tax-gatherer comes round and the taxes begin to be realized that the present work of the pro-Germans in America taken so lightly and punished not at all will get their innings. Undoubtedly the shibboleth, "He kept us out of war" elected Wilson and defeated Hughes. Yet circumstances alter cases.

The rising generation may develop a turn for war, but the mass and body of the people, we fear, thoroughly commercialized, are not exalted either in their heroism, or their patriotism. They know little about Europe. They care even less. When the war shoe pinches they will blare out in response to the traitors and cowards, the crooks and cranks, who cry "peace, peace, when there is no peace."

Nevertheless we must e'en fight to the end. The end may be a long ways off. We shall learn what war is. But nothing short of the complete surrender of the Teutonic Autocracies will suffice to make Democracy safe. To Hell with the Hohenzollerns and the Hapsburgs. Then, let us hope, a new birth of freedom for Germany and the German people.

FOR A WAR COUNCIL

From the Waco Times-Herald

What the President needs most urgently at the moment, says Editor George Harvey in the current NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, is "a combined sieve and buffer." A Solomon and a Samson coalesced would collapse under the tremendous burden which now rests upon the mind and body of the President, remarks Colonel Harvey in a leading editorial.

Colonel Harvey believes that the overpowering and most pressing need of the hour is concentration of direction of the manifold divergent forces which must be exercised to their utmost if we are to win the war. "Physically, although of toughest fiber, the President is not a superman. . . A War Council there must be, to co-ordinate, to perceive, to suggest, to study, to safeguard the life, the health, the perspective, and the vision of the leader of the Nation."

This War Council, Colonel Harvey believes, "should comprise the five best minds in the country. Its members should be drawn from our entire aggregation of brains—from the Supreme Court, from the Congress, from the Cabinet, from the law, from finance, from business, from labor, from any of the professions, from any walk in life. They need not, it is better that they should not, be experts in any one phase. They should be the biggest, the broadest and intellectually the strongest in the land. They should be men of such repute as would at once command the full confidence of both President and people. They should forsake completely their present vocations. They should be vested with such authority as the President in his wisdom and from his experience should deem most helpful. They should be designated by and subject to instant removal at any time by the President. They should receive compensation commensurate with their responsibilities. They should dedicate fully and unreservedly mind, soul and body to the single purpose of 'helping the President to help the People to Win the War.' Every power now in conflict has been driven to this recourse. It is only a question of time when the United States will be compelled to emulate the common example. So why not do it 'now' and save God alone knows how much treasure and how many precious lives to a world which must and shall be made 'safe for democracy'?"

But how would the President determine on whom to lay his hands? If he took the behavior of party organizations for guide, he would be shut up to Bryan, Roosevelt, Taft, Hughes and Parker. If he consulted his own knowledge of men, might he not find five misfits? It seems to us that a President is given a Cabinet on whom he can and should rely for advice and comparison of views in times of stress; why set up a rival group?

PEOPLE AND PRESIDENT

From the Syracuse Herald

In an editorial article in his NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, George Harvey lays emphasis on a fact which the American people are beginning to apprize: "The President," he says, "now holds in the hollow of his hand the full power which should have been his from the beginning—a power infinitely greater than that of any other ruler and unsurpassed by that of Alexander or Napoleon."

That is an indisputable truth, and yet we should not misinterpret its meaning. The United States has not ceased to be a self-governing democracy because its chief magistrate is temporarily clothed with vast autocratic power. We must remember that it is delegated power—the power of the sovereign people confided, under the pressure of a grave emergency, to their own pre-selected agent. Moreover, it is exercised with the sanction of a Constitution which provided in advance for such a crisis by making the foremost of our civic magistrates the commander-in-chief of the military forces of the Republic, an authority which in itself implies the possession of autocratic power.

In saying that the extension of power to which Editor Harvey refers is only temporary, we speak by the card. Let us apply a simple test. The power conferred upon the President by Congress, the representatives of the States of the people, the same body can revoke at any time—by a bare majority, if the President consents, or by the two-thirds majority necessary to pass a bill over his veto if he does not consent. With this truth in mind, one clearly perceives the distinction between a hereditary despot, who pretends to govern by divine right and an American President armed for a prescribed time with the power of a despot.

It is really the power of the American people that President Wilson is now wielding. They have not surrendered it, but only transmitted it for a time to an official trustee, in order that he may use it without delay or confusion for the protection of their national rights and interests. This power of popular sovereignty is as old as the Republic itself. From the beginning it was inherent in the people. All that is new is the present method of enforcing it to meet the needs of an extraordinary situation.

RAILWAY REFORM EN ROUTE

From the Pittsburg Chronicle Telegraph

A few years ago Col. George Harvey addressed a circular letter to the railroad presidents of the country, asking for a little information. He wanted to know why American trains could not be started and stopped as gently as European ones. In England, as Arnold Bennett has told us, trains come to a standstill in the station "like a dove alighting on the shoulder of a beautiful girl." Our trains run smoothly enough after they get started, but what a series of jerks are involved in the process! And when a fast train is approaching a terminal passengers have learned by experience not to stand in the aisle, but to remain braced in their seats for the inevitable shock of stopping. Col Harvey's interrogation was ignored by all except one railroad executive, whose reply was simply an exhibition of bad temper, shedding more heat than light on the subject.

But perhaps the Colonel's missionary work is beginning at last to bear fruit. At any rate it is interesting to find the president of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, addressing the officers of the company the other day at their annual meeting at Deer Park, calling attention to this same question. "In theory," he remarked, "our passenger engineers are expected to start their trains so easily that you only know the train has started by the fact that things seem to be moving by. That is a very high standard, but it is possible. There is also another ideal that can be attained: they should stop the train so easily that you only know it has stopped by seeing that you are not moving. If those two things can be brought about, nothing that could be done by you or me would increase so much the popularity

of our line." It seems a little thing, but the reform suggested would add immeasurably to the sum total of comfort of passengers on American railroads.

THE SIZE OF NEWSPAPERS

To the Editor of The Tribune.

SIR: Lord Northcliffe desires and suggests that the common newspaper take the form of "The NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW."

This question has two sides. We are used to it in its present form; it is more easily folded and stuffed into a man's side pocket, or tucked under a lady's arm than a stiff solid bulk in book or magazine form. There are a hundred and one uses the sheets are put to after being read. (1) to put on shelves as a protection from dust; (2) to do up woolens and furs from moths—"moths will not eat through printer's ink"; (3) in the kitchen nothing could be more useful to polish off a stove slightly spattered from frying bacon than a crumpled up sheet of old newspaper; (4) to cover furniture and books while dust is flying.

I refrain from further enumeration, but be assured the one hundred and one uses for old newspapers could easily be found. We should all like less bulk in a newspaper, and it is a fag when one has to hunt for the "sixth page."

"Manipulating a newspaper on a windy day" is the exceptional use. It is oftener opened and read inside. Umbrellas are difficult to manage in a wind, but we must not discard them for that.

It would be a comfort if the news of one day could all be contained in "a folio of four pages"—as Cowper puts it. E. M. P.

Westboro, Mass., Aug. 11, 1917.

NEVER

From the London Queen

The NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW reaches this country late, and in the April number we find it still urging the question "Shall America stand idly by while Russia, Japan, and China fight for freedom and democracy?" Such a question seems to belong to very ancient history; and there was never any doubt how the editor of this particular Review would answer it.

APPROVAL

From the London Pictorial

The strong pro-Ally sentiment of the NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, embodied in "Why We Want War," on the cover, has been justified by subsequent action of the United States. This well-edited organ contains many brilliant and thoughtfull papers, from the Editor's review of "Freedom and Democracy," with which it opens, to the last page of "Letters."

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

THE CENTENARY OF "THANATOPSIS"

An Unpublished Letter from Bryant

Sir,—The publication of *Thanatopsis* in The North American Review a century ago introduced a new immortal to the temple of fame. Recognition was instantaneous. A century has only made that fame more secure.

From *Thanatopsis,* which probably belongs to 1811-12, to *The Flood of Years,* published in 1876, was a period of creative productivity unparalleled in literary history. For three-score-and-four years the mind of Bryant continued to create without abatement of force. If he did not add to his first great poem, he did not detract from it. He died at last of an accident, without sensible decay of his physical powers, and without impairment of his mental faculties. He left behind him no swan-song.

Thanatopsis appeared perfect originally. The closing paragraph of nine lines, which was added later, is a separate poem, and is reprinted and quoted commonly as such. It was doubtless written under the didactic influence which closed so many poems of the period with a moral, while beginning them with a Bible text. Criticism in certain theological quarters may have helped toward the addition of the lines, although it is more probable that the author himself acted on his own convictions. Something was wanted by the critics to deny the absolute sovereignty of physical or natural death, if not to suggest the resurrection of the body and the endless life beyond the grave. As late as 1860, an American poet, then scarcely known and now forgotten, published in his one book of poems a blank-verse reply, which he entitled *The New Thanatopsis;* but he said his reply was based on "the beautiful and psychological doctrines of Swedenborg." At Bryant's death in June, 1878, Henry Ward Beecher called *Thanatopsis* "a pagan hymn." As well might *The Descent from the Cross* be styled a false work of art because it does not suggest another canvas, *The Ascension.*

Thanatopsis is a universal poem. Except for the one reference to the Oregon, there is absolutely no American color. The subject is as universal as it is eternal, and it is strongly both. It is a hymn for humanity, irrespective of creeds, or civilizations, from Adam and Eve in the garden to the last man as the poet Campbell saw him. However, Bryant and his poetry generally are intensely American.

Bryant was the father and patriarch of American letters. With no ordinary emotions, I first clasped in my hands the bound volume of the magazine containing *Thanatopsis;* and, when I reverently turned the yellowing pages and read, it was figuratively with unsandalled feet, for I knew I stood on the entering threshold of our national literature.

In 1878 I was engaged on a magazine sketch which I entitled "The Bryant Brothers," but which was published in New York as an appreciation of John Howard Bryant, the younger of the two. At about that time I wrote two papers on William Cullen Bryant as an orator and as a hymn writer, reviewing a volume of Orations and Addresses, and a very thin volume containing his seventeen hymns

for religious worship, the latter privately printed and circulated, both of which he had sent to me. I had read a description of the commemorative silver vase presented to him by the Century Club of New York in connection with the celebration of his eightieth birthday. In the cincture of medallions, which, with other engravings all illustrative of the poet's life and writings, make the vase a work of art, is one representing a studious and dutiful lad seated at a desk, while an elderly man standing at his back points to a bust of Homer. I recalled the lines from the *Hymn to Death:*

> For he is in his grave who taught my youth
> The art of verse and in the bud of life
> Offered me to the Muses.

To my letter of inquiry as to whether the illustration represented his father, Dr. Peter Bryant, in his solicitude over his son's choice of only the best and highest models for study and emulation, William Cullen Bryant wrote to me the letter which follows.

This letter was written on consecutive pages one, two, and three of ruled folio note-paper. The same sized sheet was used in other letters written to me between 1875 and 1878. There was no ruling on the other sheets, but the lines were strictly straight. The hand-writing is identical with the fac-simile of the manuscript of the Poet to be found in Bryant's Library of Poetry and Song, being as uniform, neat and legible, and as equally deficient in crossing of "t" 's and dotting of "i" 's, but somewhat more remiss in punctuation.

The letter leads up to the discovery in the poet's desk of *Thanatopsis,* which the father "did not find it necessary, or at least did not think proper, to revise"—an instance of transmitted genius much stronger in son than in sire.

"Please excuse my apparent negligence in answering your note," he wrote in a former letter. "It got among some other papers immediately after I received it and was overlooked!" A man of Bryant's eminence who could write thus to an unknown young man was not austere and cold, but to say the least approachable, as I always found him—a thorough American gentleman. Here follows Bryant's letter:

New York, March 14, 1878

Dear Sir:

You are quite right with respect to the aid which my father gave me in my early attempts in poetry, or rather in verse. He showed me how to amend my faulty lines, and how to avoid writing as I sometimes did utter nonsense. My grandfather on the mother's side once gave me a task when I was about eleven years old, or perhaps a year earlier, the first chapter of Job to put into verse. I made what I called a paraphrase of it. In it were these lines:

> "His name was Job, evil he did eschew,
> To him were born seven sons, three daughters too."

I remember that my father showed me that these lines were prosaic and badly expressed, and suggested some changes which led to the substitution of other lines in which the thought was somewhat amplified, but I have forgotten them entirely. When I wrote the poem entitled the "Embargo," at thirteen years of age I was greatly helped by his criticisms, as the work went on. He took it with him to Boston where it was published in a little pamphlet, and the next year after I had completed my fourteenth year another edition was published also in a duodecimo pamphlet, with several other poems in addition, all of which he had looked over and made me correct. When some years later he found among my poems the one entitled "Thanatopsis," and took it to the conductors of the "North American" where it was published, he did not find it necessary, or at least did not think proper, to revise it. One of his principal anxieties, in the beginning of my literary course, was to guard me against producing what had no recommendation but a certain showy glitter.

My brother John Howard Bryant is by a dozen years my junior. I hardly suppose that he was assisted by my father to the same extent that I was, for I think that he did not begin to write verses so early, and I was not at home to be a witness of it if he was guided by the same care. He would tell you however if you would write to him. His address is Princeton, Bureau County, Illinois.

Yours respectfully,

W. C. Bryant.

A. F. Bridges, Esq.

The above letter is here first published. It has been sacredly kept, it seems, in order that it might become a contribution to the centenary of the birth of American poetry.

Albert Fletcher Bridges.

Colorado Springs, Colo.

"NEGRO EDUCATION"—?

SIR,—The paper of my friend, Colonel Hemphill, which appears in the September number of the REVIEW, is all right; few men have had larger opportunity of observing along the line of thought he lends himself to than has Colonel Hemphill, but we have passed generalities as regards the education of the negro and we need something more concrete.

The underlying and unemphasized consideration which engages the mind of the thinking Southern man in connection with this subject today is—What are we getting in return, and the answer just now seems to be Emigration.

In some of our white institutions of learning where the student is educated at the expense of the State, service is exacted. If some such system could be formulated in the case of the negro, giving him more than full credit for that portion of the taxes he pays, the matter might be handled in a more generous manner. That a suggestion of this sort carries with it complex consideration even to barring the door of practical execution, is true; but, however this may be, these obstacles do not satisfy the constant bubbling up of the thought—What are we of the South getting as a result of our expenditure of money and effort?

A few months since, the writer took occasion in the southern part of Georgia, to talk with negroes on one or two of the largest plantations in that section where he found that negro men and boys by the hundreds and generally speaking, by the thousands, had taken their departure, leaving behind the indigent, the women and children to go, where? It will not do to say that this is one of the very things that education aims to prevent, for especial inquiry revealed the fact that those who had deserted their responsibilities had enjoyed the educational advantages meted out by the local public schools.

Another factor which perhaps puts something of a damper on that zeal which civilization and philanthropy might hearken to in this great matter, may possibly be found in a little incident which I had occasion to overhear in a street car in the goodly City of Richmond. There were several negro girls on their way to school ("High" school perhaps), and one of them over a fortification of books inquired of another across the car if she knew her French when the reply came—"No, I don't know no French en I don't want to know no French neither."

But back to the question—What are the immediate returns to the people of the South and can the returns be made more direct and positive as a stimulus to larger appropriations and more extended effort in the education of the negro?

It would be desirable if all the moneys and efforts being expended in this great task might be co-ordinated, but, here again, we run up against the insurmountable. The farmer after he has plowed and sowed is next concerned to know what he will reap, and in connection with this crop under consideration, I am afraid he has misgivings. Is there one who can suggest a direct return the negro can make out of his service as an incentive to his being placed on something of a parity in this matter of education with the whites who have carried the burden for fifty years?

Can some one point the Southern people to the benefits they are about to enjoy as a return for the money *they* have spent in educating the negro?

Do not understand me as begrudging the money or as opposed to the education of this race, nor of failing to appreciate what healthy education does for any people, but I do contend that there are very few things in this life of real value to anyone which the recipient does not have to give something for in return.

RICHMOND, VA. ASHTON STARKE.

A MIND-READING DOG

SIR,—I read with great interest the article in the July number of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW by Mr. Hudson Maxim, on "Mimicry in Animals—A New

Theory." Unaware how to reach Mr. Maxim, I take the liberty of addressing this letter to you.

Speaking of the wonderful intelligence of dogs, he says in part, referring to a dog's intuitive perception of what is passing in his master's mind, when, as in this instance, he has determined to "get rid of him for some reason or other".

> But there have been many instances when there has been no opportunity for the dog to tell by the change in his master's demeanor or change of voice, and he has seemed to gather a warning directly from the operations of his master's mind. I admit that there may never have been a single instance in authentic proof of this conclusion, but there have been instances enough to lead to a strong suspicion that the mind of a dog may be in such receptive telepathic attitude with respect to the mind of his master as to interpret the bent of his master's thoughts concerning the dog's welfare; and the dog's welfare is the principal thing that can concern the dog.

The following incident, which is the literal truth devoid of any embellishment, I thought might prove of interest to Mr. Maxim, apropos of the above remarks. Many years ago, as a young man I spent some seven or eight years in the heart of the Santa Cruz mountains, California, amid a virgin forest of giant redwoods. During nearly the whole of this time, my best friend and constant companion was a dog of nondescript pedigree with a coat like a doormat, in fact, literally "a yaller dorg!" How I acquired him I cannot now recall; we just drifted together, two solitary creatures—I had almost said, "human beings!" When, for circumstances unnecessary to relate, I determined to abandon the life of a backwoodsman, I disposed of my few possessions—two horses, a cow, wagon, harness, &c. At last there remained but we two, the dog and I. What to do with him had been in my thoughts almost constantly for days, since he could not accompany me where I was going. The time for my departure drew near, and still I had arrived at no decision, when one afternoon I received a visit from a friend who lived in the vicinity of the town of Santa Cruz, and to whom, in fact, I had disposed of some of my belongings. "What are you going to do with 'Toby'"? he asked in an ordinary conversational tone of voice, glancing at the dog who sat on his haunches beside us, his interest keenly aroused. "I don't know what to do," I replied. "Give him to me, he will be sure of a good home as long as he lives." "Thanks, old man, you have taken a great load off my mind," I said, speaking with the same subdued constraint that had governed our remarks.

The following morning, Toby was missing. He did not return that evening—an unprecedented occurrence. In fact, he never returned. Several weeks later, having finally abandoned forever the life of a mountaineer, I went down to Santa Cruz, some eighteen miles distant, and having made my adieux to several old acquaintances, set out on foot for my friend's farm. At the front door, to my amazement, I was met by Toby! My sentiments were of a mixed sort, for I felt that the agony of parting would once more have to be endured. When, half an hour later, I wrung my friend's hand at the garden gate, Toby followed me to the highway, and there he stood motionless. I tried to say something as I stroked his shaggy coat, but a lump rose in my throat, and I started rapidly down the hill. At the bend of the road, I looked back. He was still standing motionless, slowly moving his tail from side to side—his method of saying farewell. And this was the last I ever saw of the best and most faithful friend I ever had.

I could quote many other examples of mental telepathy between this dog and myself, but this must suffice, as being also the most tense and dramatic. And I cannot but think that Mr. Maxim will be glad to receive such corroborative evidence of the grounds upon which he bases his opinions in this particular matter.

THOMAS DYKES BEASLEY.

ALAMEDA, CALIFORNIA.

IF!

SIR,—Mr. Watson, in his article on "Orthodox Science and Psychical Research", in the August REVIEW, opens an alluringly interesting channel leading

towards a future land of promise for all those who are to-day either agnostics, or driven in that direction, much against their will or desire.

He boldly proposes: "Give me scientific proof of a future existence and I shall be delighted to become your apostle". The issue is so tremendous, the reward so wonderful, that I believe, dear Sir, your valued periodical could do an immense amount of fine and noble work, if it would invite expressions from everywhere on the subject: "If you believe in a future existence, where are your proofs"?, or "If you deny a future existence, how do you explain all such psychic phenomena now on record and whose truth has been established beyond peradventure?"

If a future Life beyond death could—no matter how incredible—be proven, or even only partly proven, by the cold light of science, a new era of intelligence free of mammonism would be available for hundreds of thousands of thirsty souls.

H. N. Koll.

Richmond, Indiana.

GENEROUS APPRECIATION

Sir,—Coming, as I have, from, perhaps, the last goodbyes to several dear to me, with whom I would myself be marching were it not for a complete physical disability, will you permit me to extend to you my heartfelt thanks and commendation for those editorials in the September Review, so coldly logical, yet so flame like in their patriotism? They remind me of old family records left by my ancestors who, *beginning* with the wars against the Pequots in New England, went forth to strike a blow for those things that make life worth while, and they have renewed my faith, restored my courage, refilled me with a spirit to see through to the end of *victory* the horrors of this ghastly conflict.

In men of your gifts lies the responsibility of keeping ever heartened to the task, the people of this great democracy, and well are you fulfilling yours.

J. Norris Myers.

New York City.

FROM MR. WINSLOW

Sir,—May I say most sincerely what an honor it is for my little paper to appear within the same cover which contains your magnificent "review,"—for such it is, in critical quality, gently ironical, yet constructive in its approval of present and probable developments—and in moral quality—of magnanimity. There must have been a certain temptation to justify the opposition, which Mr. Wilson has himself justified, since what you now applaud with reason, is volte face to his earlier attitudes in so many ways, that we can well afford to ignore inconsistency, since it has brought him so unexpectedly up to the great demand. It is peace only—with victory—now! It is perhaps just as well, since the perfectly natural amazement of the Germans makes the present firmness evinced by the response to the Vatican (so accurately predicted by you) more stunning, and effective.

I am faithfully yours

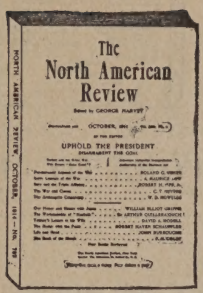
Erving Winslow.

Ipswich, Mass.

1917

November

One-Hundred-Third Year



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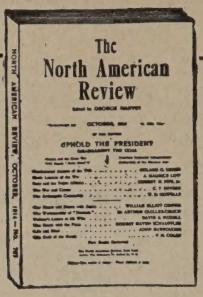

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NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW
NOVEMBER, 1917

THE SINNERS AND THE SIN

BY THE EDITOR

It would be stultifying to profess or to assume surprise at the revelations which have been made of the atrocious crimes which Germany committed against this country at a time when peace and friendship ostensibly prevailed between us. Facts long ago established indisputably prepared us for them. What has just been made known, and what may hereafter be made known, concerning German lawlessness and savagery may add to the number but can scarcely increase the infamy of Hunnish deviltries. Indeed, the acts of the very first stage of the war, the violation of the Belgian treaty as a "scrap of paper," the destruction of Louvain, the rapes and murders of innocent civilians, the campaign of "frightfulness," were sufficient to dispel in advance astonishment at any hitherto inconceivable iniquity which Germany might commit.

Nevertheless it is well to have these revelations, and to note carefully and for remembrance their purport. For they fix responsibility for the most unfriendly and unlawful acts upon the very highest authorities. It can no longer be said that mischief was done and laws were broken by irresponsible plotters, or by minor officials without the knowledge or consent of their chiefs. The most distinguished personages are involved. The blood is upon the very steps of the imperial throne. It was not merely Boy-Ed or Rintelen or any such small fry that conspired against the peace and welfare of the United States. It was the German Ambassador at Washington, the direct representative of the Emperor, in cooperation with the Imperial Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, who sought to bribe Congressmen, to subsidize news-

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papers, to burn and blow up buildings, and to commit wholesale felonies against the common law of the land as well as against the international law of the world. It was Bernstorff and Zimmermann who did these things, and to pretend that they did so without the full knowledge and approval of the Emperor would be to insult intelligence.

It was in effect William of Hohenzollern who, long before there was so much as suspension of diplomatic relations between the two countries, directed his personal Ambassador to use this country as a base for hostile acts against a nation with which we were at peace. It was William of Hohenzollern who informed his Ambassador here of the names of disloyal Americans who could be used as his tools in the commission of crimes against this country, and who directed him to conduct a campaign of sabotage in the United States. It was to William of Hohenzollern that his Ambassador reported the name of a disloyal renegade American who could be used as a tool, and reported, also, that a vigorous campaign was being begun " to secure a majority in both Houses of Congress favorable to Germany," in behalf of which vast sums of money were solicited—William of Hohenzollern—and yet there are those who affect surprise and resentment at President Wilson's intimation that when the time comes to negotiate for peace, America would like to deal with some more trustworthy authority than that sceptered perjurer and murderer.

The fact is that these revelations, which are abhorrent and which but for their no less abhorrent antecedents would be astounding, are merely cumulative proofs that Germany, under the corrupt influence of the Hohenzollerns, has become an outlaw nation. We know of no law of God or man that she has hesitated to break whenever it stood in her way in this war. We know of no depth of hypocrisy or of treachery from which she has shrunk to serve her ends. It was the Emperor himself who, after honoring and decorating the men who had destroyed Louvain, murdered Edith Cavell and sunk the *Lusitania,* declared that he had wished " to carry on the war in a knightly manner." It was the Emperor himself who, after Germany in 1898 had furnished all desired arms and ammunition to the enemy of the United States, declared that he would not see the Ambassador of a country which furnished arms and ammunition to the enemies of Germany. It was the Emperor himself who said to

the American Ambassador, "America had better look out after the war . . . I shall stand no nonsense from America after the war." What would have been thought and what would have been said of American diplomatic manners if President Wilson had said such a thing to Count Bernstorff? It was the Emperor's official mouthpiece, the German Foreign Minister, who said to the American Ambassador, referring to the *Lusitania* case, "The United States does not dare to do anything against Germany, because we have five hundred thousand German reservists in America, who will rise in arms against your Government if your Government should dare to take any action against Germany." Suppose that, *mutatis mutandis,* the American Secretary of State had said that to the German Ambassador!

These things are unspeakably boorish, but they are something more. They are unmistakably indicative of the German purpose to disregard international comity and amity and law and equity whenever the German purpose is thus to be served. They proclaim unerringly her contempt for any power which she considers weaker than herself; her concept that a nation's conduct is determined not by what it ought to do but by what it dares or dares not to do. Such purposes and principles are those of a criminal. The unblushing profession of them and the persistent practice of them stamp Germany as an outlaw nation.

Or perhaps we should call her an outlaw empire, differentiating between the people and their rulers. It is true that the President's mere suggestion of such discrimination aroused a storm of resentment and abuse, and passionate assurances that the Emperor and the German people were one. If so, all the worse, infinitely worse, for the German people. But we cannot believe that it is so. It may be that in some way the damnable obsession of Hohenzollernism has transformed the Germany of Luther and Lessing and Richter and Goethe and Schiller and Humboldt and Heine into the Germany of William II and Bernhardi and Tirpitz and Bernstorff; it may be, but we cannot yet believe it. There must be in Germany a people not outlaw at the heart, a people capable of truth and faith and humanity; and we shall continue to hope, with the President, against all discouragements, for the revelation and self-assertion of such a people, who shall give us again a Germany with which civilized and self-respecting nations can fraternize.

To hope? Yes. But that, in sheer dismay we confess, is the extreme limit of what we can do. Day by day, as the damning records cumulate and find the light, our faith weakens. And we cannot ignore the testimony of those whose proximity and experience afford a basis of surer judgment. There is no longer a shadow of question in the mind and heart of any Belgian or French man or woman as to what *they* are "fighting for." At the beginning, it was in mere self defense, but that was long ago; now it is to kill the Beast. England was even slower to believe that Germany was really worse than the "bad neighbor" depicted by Lloyd George. But that time is past. Read what one of her most famous Generals says:

> Let us clear our minds of cant; we are at war with the German people, from the "All Highest" to the lowliest of his subjects; we reciprocate the hatred of the whole nation by an equally cordial detestation of their repulsive methods in war and in peace; we recognize in them a nation of spies, from the Kaiser to the kellner, from Von Bohlen to the barber, who have eaten our salt while planning our destruction; we abhor their substitution of expediency for honor in all their dealings; we detest them for their repudiation of the moral code of civilized nations and of the ethics of the Christian religion; we shudder with unspeakable disgust at the behavior of men, women and children toward our prisoners; we loathe the ghoulish glee with which they murder the victims of their submarines, the horrible abuse of the S. O. S. signal with which they lure the would-be savior to a watery grave, and the treachery with which they turn on their captors in the field after being accorded honorable and humane treatment as prisoners of war; and we regard with inexpressible horror the bestial outrages which they have committed in Belgium, in France and in East Africa. They have dedicated to us a Hymn of Hate; so be it; let them continue to hate us with "a lasting hate" as their diabolical hymn insistently screams to them to do. For our part, let us remember always that we are "at war with the German people," and that so long as this generation lives it will be an unpardonable insult to our gallant dead, and reckless treachery to the living, ever to allow another German to set foot upon our shores.

This is the voice of England, the unanimous voice; there is no doubt of it. So long as two years ago it began to be heard, but hesitatingly, reluctantly and despairingly; now it is clear, stern, unwavering and unmistakable. Not merely "No Peace," but "No Quarter" has become the battle cry of Britain; every week intensifies the demand for complete subjugation and subsequent ostracism; every month of continuing warfare spells years of succeeding distress and suffering for the millions surely of Prussia and probably of all

Germany except the more Christian South, from which, thank God, the bulk of immigrants to this country were drawn.

Here, too, at home, in tolerant and relatively untouched America, a dawning consciousness of the true situation, of the innate wickedness of a whole people, is giving birth to a new and deadly attitude. No one who has eyes to see and ears to hear can fail to sense the change. Execration is no longer visited upon the Kaiser alone; it is not even restricted to the treacherous Government, to the tyrannous ruling class or to autocracy as such; it is gradually comprehending the whole race. The very term *German* is becoming anathema. Repugnance at wrongdoing is giving way to abhorrence of wrong feeling. It is no longer the manifestations but the root of evil that chains attention and chills the soul. It is no more mere apprehension of peril to the Nation and disaster to the people, no more fears for democracy and human freedom; it is the spirit of God that is stirring the mighty Republic to its depths and soon, very soon, will burst into unquenchable flame.

Our Allies need have no fears of America. Daily, hourly, she is finding herself under an impulse of righteous wrath which no authority can control and no power can withstand. While the benighted Huns were scorning to "beware the fury of a patient man"—the most patient of men—our people were slow to realize, but the hour has struck. Never before was more plainly exemplified the solemn truth that—

> Vice is a monster of so frightful mien
> As to be hated needs but to be seen.

Never before was the vision of a whole people clearer than that of America today. "Plenteous in mercy," as surely they were "slow to anger" they hope some time to be, but willing as they may become to forgive the sinners, they cannot in years or perhaps ever forget the sin.

FOLLOW YOUR LEADER

THERE is no more significant feature of this country's relationship to the war than the change of tone and attitude of the President. We call attention to this, not by way of carping or of censure, but rather of commendation. No man

can be too great to change his mind; it is only little men who are too stubborn to do so. As to the charge of inconsistency, which many are thoughtlessly quick to make, remember that Emerson declared that consistency is something with which a great mind has nothing to do. Nobody dreams of condemning Jefferson because in the great crisis of the Louisiana negotiations he diametrically reversed himself on every essential principle of foreign policy. Rather is that performance imputed to him for statesmanlike fidelity.

In one of his most noteworthy utterances before America's entrance into the war, while he was yet hoping against hope that we could remain out of it and play the part of a peacemaker, the President said that there must be "peace without victory." Now, after six months of actual experience in the war, he is still more insistent that there must be "no peace without victory." It is a diametrical reversal, for which we are inclined to give him much more credit and praise than his critics gave him blame for the former of the utterances.

It is not an inconsistency; or if it is, we may dismiss it in Emerson's spirit. It is rather a development, an awakening, a recognition of facts and a rising to meet them; and it is only live beings that develop, only men with vision who awaken, only strong men who squarely meet formidable conditions. Doubtless the President was in error when he demanded "peace without victory." He himself would be the foremost to admit it. Let him who has been from the beginning free from error about the war cast the first stone. It may be that his present attitude will be misunderstood and his present utterance will be misinterpreted by some. But as surely as he was in error before, he is right now.

The lesson of the incident should be patent to all. A large proportion of this nation has erred at least as much as the President did, and with perhaps less excuse. It has ignored the fact that we are at war, or it has failed to act as those should who are engaged in the greatest war in human history. Even at this very moment some seem to have little or no realization of the tremendous magnitude of the task which we have in hand, of the transcendent issues which are at stake, of the need which there is that every American citizen, according to his capacity, shall without delay buckle down to the work of crushing the Hohenzollern Huns and making the world safe for democracy.

The blindness, the deafness, the indifference, which prevail among those of our people are almost beyond belief or understanding. It was said that the piratical air raids and baby-killings of the Huns were really a blessing to England, since they aroused the people to a realization of their peril, and aroused in them the fighting spirit, as nothing else could have done, or at any rate had done. We have often wondered if something of the sort is needed to arouse the American people, or a large part of them, to the perils and the duties of the hour.

We hope that nothing of the sort is necessary, and it is for the sake of helping in the fulfilment of that hope that we recall and re-emphasize the President's great change of view and tone. Let the Nation in that respect follow its leader. He has cast off lethargy; he has dismissed the futile academic hopes of making peace with the international mad dog. He has come to the full realization that we are at war, and most tremendously at war. If he can do that, the Nation can do and must do the same. Instead of "peace without victory" the President now gives us as the watchword, "Conquer or submit." That is the choice before the country, and to one of the alternatives every citizen should unequivocally commit himself, with all that it implies. If there are those who prefer to submit to the yoke of the Huns, let them say so. We shall know what to do with them. But every one who does not make that infamous choice is logically and morally bound to come out, openly, aggressively and unequivocally for conquering the Huns, with all that that also implies.

The President has spoken; let the people answer. The President leads the way; let the people follow their leader. No peace without victory; wherefore the only way to peace lies through our conquering of the Huns!

THE CASE OF LA FOLLETTE

When the Secretary of the Treasury declared, "with due deliberation," to the Bankers' Association of West Virginia on September 21 that "every pacifist speech in this country made at this inopportune and improper time is in effect traitorous," he voiced undoubtedly the feeling, if not perhaps the dispassionate judgment, of a vast number of

American people. We suspected at the time that he might have Dr. Charles W. Eliot in mind, but apparently the President Emeritus did not think so; at any rate he took no offense; else he would hardly have continued his senile maundering about peace confabs in the *Times* a fortnight later. So it remained for Senator Robert M. La Follette to take the reference to his own precious self and wallow in the implication. The hat fitted; on it went; let it stay!

So far we go, on general principles, with full justification from Mr. La Follette's consistently discreditable record, but there we stop. Because an utterance is "in effect" traitorous, it does not follow necessarily that the utterer is a traitor; he may be only a boob or a blatter. Nor should we permit a common impression to confuse our judgment upon a specific allegation. More particularly in a time of tense feeling than at any other does it behoove us to keep our heads on our shoulders and our feet on the ground, lest in our wrath, however righteous, we build precedents likely to crumble fundamentals and to plague posterity. We are in this mighty conflict now up to our ankles; before very long we shall be in it up to our necks and, necessarily and rightfully, as time goes on, we shall have to serve our cause and protect ourselves by killing traitors and hanging spies; but that does not mean that the world is coming to end (witness the peace preparations of Colonel House) or that the safeguarding of a Constitution which guarantees personal liberty and free speech will be less essential to progressive civilization fifty years hence than it is today. So let us use the branding iron relentlessly but sparingly, cautiously and dispassionately.

What, then, is the specific offense for which Senator La Follette has been summoned to appear before a committee of his colleagues? A public utterance, presumed to have been disloyal, delivered in St. Paul on September 20,—just this, nothing less and nothing more, recorded stenographically and reported to the Senate by Senator Robinson on October 6:

> Now, fellow citizens, we are in the midst of a war. For my own part, I was not in favor of beginning the war. [Continued applause.] I didn't mean to say we had not suffered grievances. We had, at the hands of Germany, serious grievances; we had cause for complaining; they had interfered with the right of American citizens to travel upon the high seas on ships loaded with munitions for Great Britain. [Applause and yells.] And, gentlemen, I would not be understood as

saying we didn't have grievances; we did, and upon those grievances, which I have regarded as insufficient, considering the amount involved and the rights involved, which was the right to ship munitions to Great Britain with American passengers on board to secure a safe transit. [Laughter and applause.] We had a right, a technical right, to ship munitions, and the American citizens had a technical right to ride on those vessels. I was not in favor of riding on them [laughter] because it seemed to me when the consequences resulting from any destruction of life that might occur would be so awful, I say [a voice: "Yellow"]—any man who says that in an audience where he can conceal himself is yellow himself. [Cries: "Put him out."] I say this, that the comparatively small privilege of the right of an American citizen to ride on a munition-loaded ship flying a foreign flag is too small to involve this country in a loss of millions and hundreds of millions [sic] of lives. [Applause.]

And, fellow citizens, it behooves a nation to consider well before it enters upon a war of that sort how much it has got at stake. If all it has got at stake is the loans the house of Morgan makes to foreign Governments, and the profits that the munition makers will earn in shipping their products to foreign countries, then I think it ought to be weighed, not in a common hay scale, but in an apothecary's scale. [Applause.]

Ah! But somebody will tell you American rights are involved. What American rights? The right of some venturesome person to ride upon a munition-laden vessel in violation of an American statute that no vessel which carries explosives shall carry passengers. Four days before the *Lusitania* sailed President Wilson was warned in person by Secretary of State Bryan that the *Lusitania* had 6,000,000 rounds of ammunition on board, besides explosives, and that the passengers who proposed to sail on that vessel were sailing in violation of a statute of this country, that no passengers shall travel upon a railroad train or sail upon a vessel which carries dangerous explosives. [Applause.] And Mr. Bryan appealed to President Wilson to stop passengers from sailing upon the *Lusitania*. I am giving you some history that maybe has not come to you heretofore—the grievances that carry this country into the war, into a war the results of which, as to the loss of life and burdens, financial burdens, that shall be laid upon us can not be calculated by any mind.

Now this, in the midst of a war, was an outrageous declaration, teeming with false statements and wicked implications, but it is not the declaration which first evoked public condemnation. That was contained in the Associated Press report to the effect that the speaker said "We had no grievance,"—a quite contrary version, which proved to be incorrect and, in point of fact, was contradicted by inference in the same careless report which proceeded to recount "On these grievances, which were insignificant," as words subsequently spoken. It is safe and only fair to assume—indeed,

it is not now denied,—that the transcript presented by Senator Robinson is accurate.

What then? Senator La Follette was opposed to going to war because he did not consider our grievances sufficiently serious to warrant so momentous a step. Very well. Many others took the same view. It was wholly a question of degree. The President himself did not regard the sinking of the *Lusitania* as a *casus belli,* nor many more like outrages, until the climax was reached in the sinking of the *Sussex* and the defiance of Germany. Here we find no ground for complaint except as to the propriety of restating an opinion at a time when its reiteration was calculated to do harm to the National cause.

The " technical right " of Americans to traverse the high seas Senator La Follette admits, but the wisdom of doing so, from a practical standpoint, he questioned at the time, in common with many members of Congress and, so it was generally believed, with the Secretary of State. His only offense here is in repeating a statement for the apparent purpose of creating disaffection.

The adroit sneer at the Government for going to war to protect " the loans of the house of Morgan " is damnable, of course, but is so obviously false, demagogic and absurd as to be unworthy of consideration. So far as the " munition makers " are concerned, nobody knows better than Senator La Follette that their large profit-making disappeared the moment the United States came in and that, in consequence of the heavy demands of our own Government, there will be little left of their previous accumulations. In all this Mr. La Follette was characteristically disingenuous and insincere. His final assertion that Secretary Bryan warned the President that the *Lusitania* was to carry six million rounds of ammunition and " dangerous explosives, in violation of a statute of this country " is flatly denied by both the Secretary and the President. It seems strange that he should have published such a statement unless he believed it to be true, but thus far he has not submitted the grounds for his false impression. He did know, however, that the *Lusitania* did not carry explosives, in violation of a statute, because Secretary Lansing officially disproved that charge beyond question at the time. In this regard, therefore, Senator La Follette was wittingly and deliberately dishonest.

So far as the Senate inquiry is concerned, restricted as

it is to (1) ascertainment of what Senator La Follette really said at St. Paul and (2) whether his statements were false, this covers the case. That there is no ground for a charge of treason seems evident.

The only question is, Ought the Senate to purge itself by expelling La Follette from membership in that body to which he was re-elected by a very large majority, in the face of his frequently expressed opinions respecting the war? The popular demand that this be done is widespread and seems likely to become more and more insistent as time goes on. It was but natural that chagrined Minnesota should lead the way and that humiliated Wisconsin should promptly follow its neighbor, but perhaps the most significant call came from conservative Massachusetts. Upon the eve of the Republican State convention, the Boston *Evening Transcript* published conspicuously the following leading article:

"Treason must be made odious." Taking for his text "one of the best remembered sayings of one of the least remembered Presidents," Colonel George Harvey in the current number of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW calls his countrymen to arms against the enemy at home. We reprint the editorial on the opposite page in the hope that it may come under the eyes of the Republicans who will assemble in their annual convention on Saturday at Springfield. It embodies the knowledge of the past, the courage in the present, the vision of the future, that have characterized the Colonel's course and comment in peace and war, in criticism and commendation, from the time he began his life-work in Springfield when it was very much less of a city than it is today. Whether they be agents of the enemy, his dupes or his friends, whether they flirt with treason or play with the fire of sedition, whether they stab in the back the flag's defenders by sneers at the cause in which the Nation has enlisted, whether they sow the seeds of distrust at home from seats in either House of Congress, from the platform or through the press, Colonel Harvey would have all "who give aid and comfort to the enemy" pilloried before the nation as enemies of the nation and dealt with accordingly.

On Saturday at Springfield the Republicans will not do their full bit toward the prosecution of the war unless they read out of the party all persons who are "not of whole heart and mind and strength committed to fight with us to make the world safe for democracy." Senator La Follette is not so committed. By his own words he has forfeited any right to a seat in the Republican caucus of the Senate. If the Republicans of Massachusetts do their full duty at the forthcoming convention they will adopt a resolution repudiating him as a Republican and calling upon the Republicans of the Senate to do likewise. Not to adopt such a resolution would be to advertise the convention as a political catchall for votes. Not to adopt such a resolution would be to say to the people of Massachusetts that the party puts

political expediency above patriotic obligation. Now is not the time for "pussyfooting"; it is the time for the sort of plain speech of which the editorial of Colonel Harvey is so stirring an example.

The response was prompt and emphatic, as shown by the adoption by unanimous vote of the following resolutions:

We Republicans of Massachusetts, in annual convention assembled, as loyal fellow-countrymen, forgetting party affiliations, hereby express our condemnation and record our censure of Robert M. La Follette as a Senator of the United States and as an individual for his attitude and public utterances in the matter of the world's war as of comfort to the common enemy, the Imperial German Government, and so of marked disloyalty to his country, the United States of America. Be it

Resolved, That we direct the clerk of this convention to transmit a copy of these to the Senate of the United States.

In our grim determination to win this war, as soon and as effectively as possible—in which holy cause our countrymen have pledged so much of precious blood and treasure—we recognize two classes of citizens and only two; those who are for us and those who are against us, and those who are not for us are against us.

We will support our Senators and Representatives in any effort they may make to drive out of Congress any who by word or act give aid and comfort to the enemy.

No "pussy-footing" here! Strong and exhilarating words, worthy of the old Bay State! And yet, strange under the circumstances as it may seem, we find ourselves unable to commend the course proposed. To impeach the accredited representative of a sovereign State is to take a step of utmost gravity, which ought surely to be avoided if in any other way the desired result can be obtained. True, during the civil war, Senators John C. Breckinridge and Waldo P. Johnson and Representatives Henry C. Burnett and John W. Reid were expelled from Congress, but each of the four had taken up arms against the Union and was in "open rebellion." The guilt of Senator Trusten Polk was equally plain, and unavoidable expulsion followed, but not even the fervid eloquence of Sumner could induce the Senate to repudiate Lazarus W. Powell or Benjamin Stark on mere charges of "disloyalty," despite the fact that, with respect to the latter, the Judiciary Committee held the allegation to have been proved. These are the only precedents that bear directly upon the case of La Follette and they clearly do not warrant the drastic action proposed.

There is yet another consideration. Frankly, detesting his conduct as we do, we do not believe that La Follette is

a traitor. We do not think he is even pro-German. He is simply pro-La Follette and the only "aid and comfort" he has in mind is to his own insane ambition to occupy the White House. To enable him to exploit himself as "a martyr" would serve only to encourage other specious demagogues to seek like notoriety. Better by far is the method employed by the patriotic bankers of Missouri in dealing with their own Senator Reed, whom they forbade to speak at their convention banquet and who, "after several speakers had made pointed remarks about the necessity of patriotism, walked about the lobby, alone and ignored."

The time may come when it will be necessary to deprive La Follette of official standing, but for the present let him be treated as any other pest. Because Wisconsin is the Badger State and was beguiled into sending to the Senate a two-legged specimen of the most detested species of the badger family, it does not follow that patriotic men should be bound by "Senatorial courtesy" to do more than hold their noses. And that ought to suffice. Selah!

THE WAR REVENUE ACT

SOME newspapers have made the rather obvious discovery that there was a "joker" in the War Revenue Bill. Yet why consider this strange, in a game played with a "joker"? The fact is that legislation finally determined upon, as this was, *in camera,* by the Conference Committee of the House and Senate, almost necessarily will have its surprises. Yet the country may well congratulate itself that things are no worse; for had the Bill been passed by Congress in anything like the shape in which it came from either the House or the Senate, little could have been expected but a financial panic.

The whole history of this legislation ought to be an object lesson of the methods of legislation that still persist in Washington, for the "jokers" in this Bill are trivial compared with its fundamentally objectionable features.

In March last, despite all opposition, a Bill was passed by the Sixty-fourth Congress "To provide increased revenue to defray the expenses of increased appropriations for the Army and Navy," etc. It provided for a tax of eight per cent upon the amount by which the income of a corpora-

tion exceeded $5,000 plus eight per cent upon its Invested Capital. But Invested Capital was thus defined:

> That for the purpose of this title, actual capital invested means (1) actual cash paid in, (2) the actual cash value at the time of payment, of assets other than cash paid in, and (3) paid in or earned surplus and undivided profits used or employed in the business; but does not include money or other property borrowed by the corporation or partnership.

This was the production of Mr. Claude Kitchin, hailing from that great industrial and intellectual centre, Scotland Neck, North Carolina, who was then quoted as declaring that if war were to be prepared for by the United States the territory north of the Mason and Dixon line would have to pay for it—a patriotic attitude for the Southern pacifist.

Of course, any such definition of capital, where original Cost and not Value was to be the basis of the exemption and therefore largely determine the amount of tax, was indefensible in its discrimination. Yet the Bill passed the House in this form and went to the Senate. The Senate amended the Bill in many particulars, but was afterwards notified by the House that if the Bill was changed to the extent of crossing a "t" or dotting an "i" there would be no revenue legislation. Thereupon, the Senate yields, and the House Bill verbatim goes on the Statute Books.

Now the curtain rises on a new stage setting—the Sixty-fifth Congress.

Additional revenue had to be provided as the result of our declaration of war, and it was necessary to enact legislation in substitution for that of the Sixty-fourth Congress, and the play begins all over again.

A Bill is prepared by the Ways and Means Committee without meeting the approval of all of its members. Yet, on being reported to the House, it is jammed through practically without serious debate. The occasion was not unlike that historic meeting of the stockholders of the Metropolitan Traction Company in New York some years ago, presided over by the late Mr. Widener, who, irritated at a proposed discussion of the merits and demerits of a lease about to be voted upon, ruled, "Let the lease be voted for first, and then have the talk." The new Bill was like the old Bill in its provisions for a flat rate of tax, now increased, on the income of corporations over a deduction of eight per cent on Invested Capital, which is defined as before, except that

the clause as to borrowed money was omitted and that the inclusion of trade-marks, good-will, etc., in Invested Capital was prohibited, unless they were specifically paid for in cash or tangible property.

The Bill comes to the Senate, where it is referred to the Finance Committee, which determined upon extended hearings. The Committee, after being enlightened by these hearings, made an elaborate report condemning the principle of taxation in the House Bill, and particularly as to the provisions concerning the exclusion of trade-marks, good-will, etc., from valuation. Its enlightenment, however, stopped there. For having heard that some other countries were taxing war profits, it forthwith seized upon this idea of taxation, and reported a Bill taxing war profits in an ascending scale, ultimately reaching a high percentage. To use its own words:

> In general it proposes to make the basis of the tax the difference between the profits of the pre-war period and the profits of the taxable year. We take by taxation directly or indirectly for the purpose of taxation, a part of the extra gains which the war itself has caused.

But almost immediately the Senate considered it had come upon the discovery that the plan would not produce the requisite income, inasmuch as many large corporations might thereby escape substantial taxation. So, without further hearings, or any real attempt of justification of its course, the Senate turns the play into a variety show, performs the ingenious acrobatic feat of radically amending its own amendments, adopts the House definition of Invested Capital, which it had just condemned, and then by legerdemain proceeds to manufacture the war profits which the corporations themselves had failed to manufacture, after this fashion:

Suppose a corporation may have earned before the war $250,000 on a capital of $1,000,000, and only $200,000 during the war period. Of course, there were no war profits, but war losses, so-to-speak. But the Senate Committee was agile in reply: "No, the pre-war profits as we declare them to be were only ten per cent on invested capital;" and, presto! war profits of $100,000 appear. In this shape the Bill passes the Senate.

Thereupon the Excess Profits Bill of the House and the pretended War Profits Bill of the Senate go to Conference, where the wrangle goes merrily on behind closed doors be-

tween the Kitchin and Simmons adherents. While some uncharitable newspapers suggested that politics may have had to do with the peculiar evolution of the Bill, we scoff at such a thought. For when such an august body as Congress is under discussion, we are not tolerant even of

> The shrug, the hum or ha, these petty brands
> Which calumny doth use.

During this time about the chief thing which is intimated by some newspapers concerning the legislation is that Mr. Kitchin, for his political advantage, is blocking the progress of the righteous Senate Bill. Yet the slightest investigation would have shown that whatever might be said about the two Bills—not comparatively by way of praise, but dispraise—less could be said in criticism of the House Bill than of the Senate Bill; for the House Bill at least was a Bill which meant what it said, while the Senate Bill only pretended to be what it was not. For to characterize the Senate Bill in its amended form as a War Profits Bill was farcical.

Then, after nearly six months of ill-spent time, the definition of Invested Capital was changed for the better, so that it is no longer determined by the Cost, but by the Value, of tangible property, and some grudging but wholly inadequate recognition is conceded to the value of patents, copyrights, trade-marks, trade brands, good-will, etc.

Yet the method of taxation to be adopted was clear beyond question, if double taxation was to be insisted upon. At least corporations should have been allowed an exemption on all values, and then a progressive tax imposed on excess profits. Such values would not have been difficult to arrive at, for the Government has already figured them in the Excise or Capitalization Tax, where the capital stock of corporations is taxed on the basis of the value of all corporate assets. Then, after the exemption, the progressive tax could have been imposed, and any amount raised to meet the needs of the Government, for the corporate income of this country is many times the amount secured in the Revenue Bill.

The fundamental misconception, however, in enacting this Law is that Congress persisted in taxing the corporation as the *octopus*. Yet the tax is nothing less than a progressive tax on individual income derived from corporate earnings. And when the residuum reaches the individual it is

subjected to still another progressive tax. It is double taxation with a vengeance, though, in equity, the income from corporations once taxed progressively should not be taxed again. There is no such double taxation in England—and there should be none here. There, all individual income, however derived, has time out of mind been taxed, and the additional tax is imposed only upon excess war profits of a war year over a selected pre-war year.

Then, too, think of the deliberate refusal of Congress to provide for the partial payment of the tax. One of the Senators, it is said, who proposed such a plan had the humiliation of securing its approval by only seven other Senators. What would be thought of a Government scheme of raising money through bond issues when all the money had to be paid at once?

There should be supplemental legislation immediately on the assembling of Congress in regular session. If it be impossible to relieve individuals of the unjust burden of a progressive tax on the residuum received by them out of corporate earnings—after such earnings have already been subjected to a progressive tax—at least, with an aroused public opinion, it is possible before any payments are called for under the Act to so change it that the tax can be made payable over a period of time; that in fixing the amount of exemptions to which corporations are entitled all values be taken into consideration; and that all "jokers" be eliminated.

MUST WE GO TO JAIL?

THE Espionage Act approved by the President on June 15 provided that any publication "containing any matter advocating or urging treason, insurrection or forcible resistance to any law of the United States is hereby declared to be nonmailable." Very good! "Treason," as we reiterated last month, "must be made odious," by all available means. But now comes a supplementary provision in the Trading with the Enemy Act, approved on October 6, to the effect that "it shall be unlawful for any person, firm, corporation, or association, to transport, carry, or otherwise publish or distribute any matter which is made nonmailable"

by the Espionage Act, under penalty of $500 fine or of imprisonment for a year or of both.

What does this mean? Penalties can still be exacted, we suppose, only after convictions by courts of law, but it is within the province of the Postmaster General to pronounce a periodical "nonmailable" and to ruin it by stopping its publication and distribution pending appeal and trial. The *World* calls this "a species of lynch law," of which "the Postmaster General is judge, jury and executioner,"—an opinion shared apparently by Mr. Burleson himself, who spoke to the correspondent of the *Evening Post* as follows:

> I realize that it is a great power, but I intend to be as conservative and as cautious as it is humanly possible to be. There isn't going to be any injustice done. No truly loyal American has anything to fear. And I want to state right now that the purpose of this legislation is not to prevent criticism of the Government or the Administration or the Post Office Department. It is not aimed against Socalist publications or any other kind of publications as a class. The newspapers can denounce me or the Administration all they like, and they can have such criticism circulated through the mails. But if we find newspapers preaching disloyalty, newspapers that are really German at heart and in secret sympathy with the German Government which we are fighting, newspapers which are trying to make the masses in this country believe that this is a capitalists' war and that the Government therefore ought not to be supported—those publications we intend to suppress with a firm hand. Because we are at war with the Imperial German Government. The country has declared war. Any one who deliberately sets afoot a propaganda to discourage support to the Government as against its enemies is doing a treasonable thing. We must win the war, and we cannot brook disloyalty at home.

That is to say, having "a giant's strength," he would not be "tyrannous" in using it,—a consoling reassurance no doubt, but hardly satisfying. Of course, we "cannot brook disloyalty at home" nor can we countenance "preaching disloyalty," but how precisely and with certainty to determine whether one is "really German *at heart*" or "in *secret* sympathy" with the enemy is past our imagining. However, following the Cabinet meeting, Mr. Burleson spoke more explicitly.

"We shall take great care not to let criticism which is personally or politically offensive to the Administration affect our action," he said. "But if newspapers go so far as to impugn the motives of the Government and thus encourage insubordination, they will be dealt with severely.

"For instance, papers may not say that the Government

is controlled by Wall Street or munition manufacturers, or any other special interests. Publications of any news calculated to urge the people to violate law would be considered grounds for drastic action. We will not tolerate campaigns against conscription, enlistments, sale of securities, or revenue collections. We will not permit the publication or circulation of anything hampering the war's prosecution or attacking improperly our Allies."

Mr. Burleson explained that the policy of the foreign language newspapers would be judged by their past utterances, and not by newly announced intentions.

"We have files of these papers, and whether we license them or not depends on our inspection of the files," he said. German language newspapers not licensed will be required to publish English translations.

Mr. Burleson said no Socialist paper would be barred from the mails unless it contained treasonable or seditious matter.

"The trouble," he added, "is that most Socalist papers do contain this matter."

Even the faithful Springfield *Republican* finds this disturbing,—and we cannot wonder. "If," it remarks, "Mr. Burleson is going to suppress all publications that venture to 'impugn the motives of the Government' he must in the end virtually suppress all hostile criticism of the Administration and destroy free speech in this country." And again, when the Socialist Milwaukee *Leader* was stopped because of its "general tone," the *Republican* declared somewhat brusquely:

> The more newspapers of whatever character the Postmaster-General suppresses by denying them mailing privileges, the more depressed these earnest supporters of the war will be. There would be solid reassurance in this matter if the censorship powers could be practically vested by the President in a special body composed of men whose public reputation for broad and liberal views would guarantee the country against a use of the censorship narrowly bureaucratic or intolerant or stupid. The powers now being exercised by the postal authorities in censoring the press are immensely important and their bearing on the popular support of the war may prove incalculable. The President has placed some of our foremost citizens in other places of high responsibility which the war emergency created; why should not men of national reputation for judgment and insight be given control of the war censorship powers of the Post-Office Department?
>
> Frankly, neither Postmaster-General Burleson nor any of his sub-

ordinates seems to measure up to the job. They do not command public confidence as men exercising such authority should command it.

Readers of this REVIEW need not be informed that, at the very outset of the war, we urged the establishment of a wise and capable censorship which should be wholly independent of the working departments and should form a valuable connecting link between President and people; but, this suggestion having been rejected, as between Messrs. Daniels and Baker, originally designated, and Mr. Burleson, now duly installed, we hesitate to express a preference. Upon the whole, we are disposed to lean tactfully towards the latter, for the quite practical reason that it is he who wields the axe. It is only a question of time when this REVIEW will be stopped and we shall be sent as far along the road to jail as the courts will permit: we perceive that plainly enough. Not that we shall say anything which could possibly be regarded as "personally or politically offensive to the Administration;" nothing like that; Heaven knows we are scrupulously and invariably polite, although frankly in view of prospective judgment upon "past utterances," we should feel relieved to be assured that certain back numbers of this journal have been mislaid. But when it comes to telling us that we must not express an opinion, if such we should happen to hold, respecting undue influencing of the Government by "Wall Street," by "munitions makers" or by "any other special interests," the betting will cease instantly. And when the Postmaster General notifies us, as quoted by the *Republican*, that "there is a limit"—for a public journal—"and that limit is reached when it begins to say that this Government got in the war wrong," we respond in kind that the limit is not even in sight. In point of fact—preserve us, good Lord!—this Government *did* get in the war wrong; it ought to have been better prepared. But we have never talked about that and would not now if we were not goaded to it. We hasten, nevertheless, to inform our prospective executioner that one Theodore Roosevelt has been making remarks along that line for some time and is aching to go somewhere, preferably to France, but why not to jail? He would make a glorious martyr.

The solemn truth is that this legislation, interjected surreptitiously as it was, is wicked, vicious, tyrannous and ought never to have been enacted. We beg merely in con-

clusion, and in friendliness, to suggest to the Postmaster General that he study carefully the First Amendment to the Constitution of the United States and reflect gravely upon the fate which befel John Adams when he undertook to impose *his* notion of sedition upon a nation of freemen jealous of their liberties and capable of maintaining them.

THE PROBLEM OF OUR COLONEL

One day when our best beloved Colonel was striving vainly to enlist as a Major General he joined a small luncheon party, obviously somewhat out of temper. Some egregious ass had remarked sneeringly that Major Generals seldom got killed. To those present, none of whom needed to be told that a braver man never lived, the gratuitous insult appealed only as a jest, but perhaps it was only natural that the Colonel himself should have felt outraged. "The simple truth is," he declared vehemently, "that if I am permitted to go to France to fight for my country in any capacity, I haven't the slightest expectation of ever returning alive, not the slightest. Almost to a certainty I shall be killed." There was a moment of rather tense silence. Nobody doubted the sincerity of the Colonel's conviction and nobody liked to contemplate even the possibility of such a happening. Presently Mr. Root broke the spell. "Well, Theodore," the distinguished statesman remarked drily, "if you could convince the Administration of that, you probably would get your commission forthwith." "By George, I guess you're right," was the quick and emphatic response. So at least the story runs. We cannot, or rather do not, vouch for it; but clearly, whether true or not, regard for verisimilitude forbids that it should pass unrecorded.

If we are not mistaken, Colonel Henry Watterson, speaking in his accustomed role of guide, philosopher and friend of the President, announced firmly in advance that the Colonel's ambition could not be realized, because of the political inadvisability of creating military heroes who might aspire to higher things. That, however, was not our view. We felt, with the President, and so apparently felt the country, that our military participation should be along "precise and scientific" lines, for which Our Colonel's experience, creditable and honorable though it was, had left much to be

desired by way of equipment. Even so, it seemed possible for a time that, in consideration of his great official prestige and personal popularity, he might obtain his heart's patriotic desire. The stumbling block, we suspect, was his own truculence. Instead of humbly seeking, he was disposed to demand,—and that, of course, would never, never do. So primarily it was to his inability to forget that he himself was not still President that Our Colonel owed his disappointment. Then there was the very danger to which he referred, namely, that both himself and his motley assortment of Eastern sports and Western cowboys, might get shot up, to no particular purpose,—and he at any rate could ill be spared. Undoubtedly, therefore, the President's decision was both right and prudent.

Nevertheless, according to what the Hon. J. Ham. Lewis would call the eminent and able *Springfield Republican,* a new movement is afoot to achieve the original purpose. It seems that " conferences " have already been held somewhere in Agawam with a view to recruiting a special Roosevelt division " from New England alone; " that the Governors up there are " favorable to the plan and are working with Mr. Roosevelt and military men to further it; " that " opposition in Washington is said to be diminishing; " and that " men directly connected with the movement are optimistic of eventual success." Simultaneously our revered contemporary prints an excellent picture of the former and maybe future President in riding boots and spurs and the Colonel himself goes into training in a meadow patch in Connecticut adjacent to Senator Brandegee's nutmeg factory,—to reduce. Despite these favorable symptoms, however, we are less sanguine of even " eventual " success than those more intimately concerned. Not only has there arisen no particular change in the situation since the Colonel and the Secretary of War engaged in an epistolary competition but, as everybody knows, the most striking attribute of our present Administration is unchangeability of mind.

We doubt, too, whether Our Colonel is temperamentally capable of conforming to requisite requirements. Only a week before he sought seclusion in Connecticut he was harping away on " criminal unpreparedness," or words to that effect, and was pronouncing this " a very exclusive war as far as I am concerned, having been blackballed by the Committee on Admission." He derided the relative superiority

in might accorded by Mr. Bulwer Lytton to the pen over the sword,—although in truth clearer evidence of its correctness could hardly be afforded than by his present experience, —and he continued to appear, also as depicted by Mr. Bulwer Lytton, as—

> The brilliant chief, irregularly great,
> Frank, haughty, rash,—the Rupert of debate.

So, after due consideration and painstaking reflection, we can hardly hope for the worst. Obviously Our Colonel is doomed to remain at home to write pieces for Messrs. Whitney and Whigham in New York and for Mr. and Mrs. Kirkwood in Kansas City.

It is, we feel, to rejoice. Mr. Roosevelt is our finest specimen of robust Americanism and, for the sake of the country, we would have him kept out of harm's way. If he could be more philosophical about it, we should be happier, because we do not like to think of Our Colonel with a grouch. But that, we fear, is too much to hope until he shall realize that he has about as much chance of making a dent in this Scotch-Irish Administration by denunciation as a gentleman has of winning the love of a lady by argument.

Far better surely to let fly as sharply and as frequently as may be at lafollettes, while scrupulously heeding the splendid admonition of our great American Cardinal Gibbons to "help our people to realize that they owe unswerving loyalty to the rulers whom they have elected to office," though not, of course, as he thoughtfully added, "in slavish manner," because true perspectives must be maintained and, if everybody should be as busy as Lord Northcliffe and as solemn as Mr. Tumulty, the whole United States would go crazy.

WELCOME, COLONEL HOUSE!

The final announcement that Colonel Edward Mandell House, formerly of Texas but now of all creation, has been designated by the President to "gather data" for the use of representatives of the United States at some future peace conference is most gratifying. We know of no one better qualified by lifelong habits of patient industry and calm reflection for the undertaking, and the task itself is of a magnitude commensurate with the dignity of an Assistant-President. Truth to tell, we were growing so restive under

the mystic power of a silence which was becoming oppressive and an invisibility which was beginning to seem ominous that we should have ventured a humble but helpful suggestion long ago but for the extreme difficulty of defining a position which should convey the requisite honor without responsibility. Happily, the President himself, with characteristic insight, forethought and consideration, has solved the perplexing problem, to the satisfaction, we trust, of all concerned, not excepting the Central Powers.

It is with regret far from shallow, therefore, in view of the advantageous outcome of scholarly meditation, that the method of promulgation left much to be desired. The first intimation appeared, we believe, in the enterprising Philadelphia *Public Ledger* of September 27, under the caption " Colonel House Organizing U. S. Peace Activities " and, in the absence of the President from Washington, gave rise to no little perturbation in the traditionally and technically high official circles. In fact, according to the special correspondent of the *Evening Sun*, the report " was flatly denied at the State Department, Secretary Lansing, it was stated authoritatively, knowing nothing about it." Again, on October 3, the same correspondent recorded more explicitly that " on the day when the reports appeared Secretary Lansing declared that he had no information that they were true," that " on the day following he notified subordinate officials that he was physically indisposed and did not come to his office " and, in point of fact, remained away for a week, when he returned and attended " a particularly lengthy meeting " at the White House. Meanwhile, Colonel House, not the White House, breaking through his accustomed reticence, received a reporter of the *Times* in New York, confirmed the announcement and patiently outlined his plan and scope in detail. Coincidently, and not unnaturally perhaps, it quickly became known, the British and French Ambassadors were being harassed with inquiring cablegrams from their respective Governments and the Prussian oligarchy was suspected of heralding to the German people a fresh " American Move for Peace," much to their own satisfaction and greatly to the discomfiture of the Allies at home and on the battlefields.

Clearly, it was not a happy circumstance, and we may readily believe that the President was " extremely annoyed," though why he should have been " particularly incensed over

reports that he had asked or would probably ask aid for Colonel House from Justice Brandeis, ex-President Taft and ex-Secretary Root" is less apparent. If the reference had been to ex-President Roosevelt, we could have—but never mind that. The point is that somebody permitted somebody else to make public prematurely an incomplete and misleading announcement which surely caused much perturbation and probably did no inconsiderable harm. Who that somebody was, we have no means of ascertaining and no inclination to surmise; but it ought not to happen again, and the mere fact that it did happen strikingly emphasizes the justification of our insistence that the constant dissemination of rumors upon the authority of anonymous "high officials" should cease and that all announcements of vital importance should emanate from a competent Department of Public Information. The present practice is playing with fire, nothing else and nothing less.

ODE

ON THE SAILING OF OUR TROOPS FOR FRANCE

Dedicated to President Wilson

BY JOHN JAY CHAPMAN

Go fight for Freedom, Warriors of the West!
  At last the word is spoken: Go!
Lay on for Liberty. 'Twas at her breast
  The tyrant aimed his blow;
And ye were wounded with the rest
  In Belgium's overthrow.

The anguish of the night is past,
  The months of torment, when the roar
  Of distant battles rolled against our shore,
Each summons sounding louder than the last;
  And in the surge and swell
  We heard the deep vibrations of a bell,
The tongue of Fate, that tolling on the blast,
  Repeated o'er and o'er
"Awake! your horoscope is cast;
  The Old World and the New shall live apart no more.
Awake! the Future claims you. Europe's soul
  Hangs in the balance, and the gods contrive
That without *her* thou never canst be whole,
  Nor she without thee save her soul alive.

"Like to the sleeping hero dost thou lie,
  Whose father's gear the nymphs beneath a mound
Concealed, while centaurs watched his infancy
  Till honor's great occasion should be found.
Awake! the virgins perish, monsters rage;
  The earth is mastered by Hell's Overlord;
Accept the manhood of thine heritage:
  Behold the shield, the sandals and the sword."

The dying thunder of the ocean's voice
  Left music on the air. The sleeper stirred,
As one who in a dream must make a choice
  Of pleasure mixed with pain.
Something he muttered like a broken word;
  Then heaved his length and seemed to sleep again.
And still the awful weight of that recurrent sound
Smote on our shores and seemed to shake the ground.

So long, before our lips, fate held the cup,—
  So long we waited for the dawn,—
We scarcely breathed or dared look up
  For fear that draught of life should be withdrawn.
  Vain fears! the stars that shined upon our birth
  Had made us freedom's champions on the earth.
Thanks be to God, our page of history
  Flashes with all one lightning; one design
  From first to last appears in every line,
  Which, being noted, makes the tale divine,
But being missed or slighted, all becomes
A meaningless and aimless revery,—
A tale of moving mobs and swords and drums,
      A maze without a key,—
  A history of pebbles which the sea
  Disturbs and rearranges endlessly.

Time was, the world a vision saw.
  A faith was born in nations far away
From whom our life and mind we draw,—
  A hope, as when the earliest ray
Of peeping dawn predicts the day.
  The ancient peoples of the time-worn earth
  Divined the meaning of our birth
    Before our life began:
    The Vision was America,
  The Faith was faith in man.
Thus, when our fathers crossed the sea
  To found a state that should become
The Capitol of Liberty,
  And Freedom's home,
The hopes of Europe with them came,
And in the new republic's name

Pæans were chanted, garlands hung;
The Old World praised the great event,
And blessed the untrodden continent
That should a shrine provide,
Where mercy, justice, strength and truth,
In new-found and immortal youth
Forever should abide.
America became a myth
That Europe's wise-men conjured with,
And prayers went up in many a tongue,
And seers dreamed, and poets sung
And sages prophesied.
And lo, before the echoes died
Of that great pæan, there arose
A state that to the dream replied,
And gave the saints repose.

Thanks be to God who chose of old
The masters of our race,
And stamped an image on the mold
Which time cannot efface.
As if to show what Nature can,—
When, teeming in expansive ease
She overbrims her earlier plan,
Outbursts all ancient boundaries
Of farm and kingdom, race and creed,—
Creation gave the world a man
To meet the larger need.
Nor came he unto us alone,
The world's new hero, Washington.

Him did those opening thunders call
That smite our shores with grinding power;
His name was in the crash and fall
Of every Belgian tower.
By bloody pool, by reeking wall,
'Mid countless deeds of dark offence,
That name went up with every cry
Of prostrate innocence.
For when Incarnate Tyranny
Streamed over lovely France,
And homesteads, roofless to the sky,
Looked up to God askance,

His tattered portrait shared the doom
Of holy pictures in the gloom
Of each abandoned peasant home.
Here by the lowliest hearths of earth,
While generations came and went,
His face had shone o'er death and birth,
And mingled with the hopes and fears,—
The household words, the merriment, the tears,—
  The deep religious sentiment
  That tells men God doth not forget.
So burned he, and his lamp is burning yet.

Ah France, thou art the home of Memory,
The Mother of the Muses! In thy hands
The Past is safe: each peasant holds a key
To archives which the savant understands,
  And all conspire to guard a treasury,
Where flock the enthusiasts of other lands
  To dip their minds in thee.
France, France herself doth not forget!
So mused I,—wondering what we,
The lost tribe of the new world, had to set
  Against such piety.
Have we no saints? Within our atrium stands
No altar to the great of other lands?

And, as I question, there appears,—
An image,—pictures, statues, prints.
The earliest memories of my earliest years
Are filled with lithographs and mezzotints
  That on each wall and stair and stoop were met.
Ay, let France search our homes! She'll find
In many a manse, in many a nook
In every old-time picture book,
In every pious and ingenuous mind,—
In simple folk of the ancestral kind,—
  The shade of Lafayette.

Another name, a sacred name there is,—
A nature more than human, a great mind,—
Less like to Cæsar than to Socrates,
Which on our native roster ye shall find.
  'Twas liberty that gave him to mankind;

And as her soldier fell he, to the last
Drawing from her the light by which he shined,
And knitting up his legend with the past.
Subdued to contemplation's wand
He set his compass by a star
And pondered ever the beyond
That lay behind the veils of war.
The Fate of Man, the mystic aim,
The unimaginable end,
Floats like an angel in the flame
Of every word he spoke or penned.
While the dictator's robe he wore
He was the poet of the poor.

Not unto us alone came he,
This prophet of humanity.
His was that fight at dawn that left us free
To meet the issue of these darker days.
Then too we battled for posterity.
And had we lost, the world to-day could raise
Its head no longer. Thus doth God appraise
So carefully the weights in either scale
That every ounce must count to make the truth prevail.

Such are our beacons; near them stand
A lesser yet illumined band,
Who of the self-same springs have drunk,
And through whose minds the stream has sunk
To water all the land.
The old heroic creed is taught
In every hamlet, grange and town,
And children lisp the giant thought
Of Franklin and of Hamilton.
The young were never steeped before
So deep in governmental lore.

What wonder that each shining rank
Of martial striplings takes its way
Handsome as Hermes, and as frank
As lads upon a holiday!
Think ye they do not understand
The mighty thing they have in hand?—
'Tis the religion of their land.

And when that bell-like thunder-sound
Crashed on our shores and cried, Awake!
Thought ye no answering lightning should be found?
  Behold the answer! Look around.
Yea, and our winds to Europe take
Not soldiers merely—but the mind,
The deathless part that doth consist
In our soul's message,—the debate
Of life with death and love with hate,
Framed by our great protagonist
  To documents of state.
They speak our spirit; for he knew
The magic horn to wind
Of Lincoln and of Washington: he drew
As clear a note as ever trumpet blew,
While round the world the music flew
  That unified mankind.

Go, Western Warriors! Take the place
The ages have assigned you in a strife
Which to have died in were enough of life;
For you there waits a quest
  Such as no paladin or hero knew
Of all who lifted sword or wielded mace
Since George the Dragon slew;
For you a sacramental feast
Too rich, too happy, too fulfilled
Of all that man e'er craved or God hath willed,
  Too blessèd to be offered save to you.

JOHN JAY CHAPMAN.

ADVANCING ON DIFFICULTIES

BY MAJOR-GENERAL WILLIAM HARDING CARTER, U. S. A.

To comprehend the operations of the War Department today, one must possess some familiarity with the things that have gone before. Throughout our history all our wars have been fought under the volunteer system, with all its attendant political and local influences. As a result of analysis of the past experiences of the nation, the opinion was general among military students that we should do away with the volunteer system and provide for the creation of a National Army, based upon the principle of universal military obligation. With the passing of the Civil War the belief prevailed that a nation possessed of two or three million men who had recently experienced military service in the field would be free from attack by any other nation or combination of nations, and it was quite impossible for the experienced generals of that conflict to exercise any material influence in making immediate provision for the future. For forty years this feeling continued to exist in our country and prevented any serious consideration of a modern military organization. The war with Spain found us still imbued with the ideas of 1861 so far as the organization of armies and the conducting of war are concerned. We proceeded to call for volunteers and took into service such minor parts of the militia as volunteered as organized bodies for service in that war.

The experiences of the nation in the war with Spain were not such as to give serious cause for rejoicing. No nation in Europe was less fitted to go to war at that time than Spain. Any of the modern military nations relying upon universal military service in the creation of their armies would have caused a very different termination had they been engaged with us in 1898. It is extremely fortunate

for the nation that the lessons of that war were taken seriously to heart by military men and that they continued in and out of season, at every opportunity, to propound the doctrine that the obligations of citizenship included those of readiness to defend our liberties. While the sum total of success along these lines was not very great, as the result of much argument and pleading, Congress was induced to grant some of the powers which were so earnestly asked for by the War Department. It should be remembered, however, that Congress has steadily refused in recent years to heed the advice of military men to grant the large appropriations necessary to provide modern artillery and other instrumentalities of war which require a long time to produce. Even when war was declared, appropriations for the necessary preparations came slowly.

The creation of the Army War College in 1901 and the enactment of the provision for a General Staff in 1903, were the foundation stones on which we now rely for all the plans of organization and campaign with which we are about to enter the European conflict. The marked difference between our conduct of the present war and those which have occurred in the past is the businesslike way in which we are now proceeding to organize our armies upon a modern basis, and to arm and equip them in a manner which will give them an equal showing with the very efficient enemy with whom they are to contend for the mastery in France and Belgium. We had but recently reorganized the army upon the basis of the best military judgment for service on this continent, but the commissioners sent by the Allies to confer with this Government advised some temporary rearrangements for the trench warfare of the Western front. The necessity for a reorganization arose from the experience in the trenches where attacks with bombs, grenades and gas have become the ordinary and habitual means of fighting.

Interchangeability of ammunition demands modification of American firearms and consequent delay. It ought to be apparent to reasonable men that in preparing to fight with the Allies on the same front and practically in the same lines, interchangeability of ammunition is not only desirable but absolutely essential. In the minds of military men the delay to obtain this is justified from the point of view of business efficiency. These and many other things have been and are being done to insure victory, but neither in detail

nor in whole has it been possible to make a public exhibit of all this work of preparation.

In the organization of the army which we are now sending to France, we will have Regulars, National Guard of the States called into the Federal service, and the National Army created by the draft. If the futility of this combination shall become apparent to all those who desire to have the nation's armies of the future organized in the simplest, most efficient and economical manner, the war will not have been in vain. The lessons already learned point definitely to such a reorganization when the war is over as will give a body of regulars to perform the police duties of peace with a sufficiently large skeletonized army to train and receive annually the young men of military age who should be prepared in time of peace to fulfill the important duties of war, and thereby save the abnormal expenses involved in hastily creating the great war machine which we are now undertaking to make available for the emergency. This does not involve militarism in the slightest degree.

To the trained military student, the course of the nation during the past few years, when confronted with the question of preparing for our possible entrance into the war, has been most pathetic. The long campaign of the pacifists led by well known men, many of them in public office, had cast a web of confusion over the minds of a considerable number of our people. The influence of this movement was apparent in much of the action of Congress during the three years' war in Europe, when we were on the verge of being forced into that conflict at every hour of the day. The resultant effect was to prevent the nation from adopting a reasonable system of military preparation, in the absence of which we have been forced to adopt all sorts of expedients and hurried measures of training.

In our nation there can never be that unanimity of purpose and patriotic feeling concerning war or any other great question, such as is found among other nations in which racial homogeneity prevails. With the great mixture of races in America have come many of the prejudices of the older nations, and the failure of recent immigrants to scatter broadcast through the country and become Americanized through association with natives stands in the way of the highest fulfillment of promise. Of these and the descendants of former immigrants the citizenship of our States is

comprised. In many instances the foreign born and the children of foreign born parents constitute fifty per cent or more of the population of States. We have become accustomed to the use of the term "melting pot" when referring to the absorption of the overflowing mixture of races. It has become a question of deepest import that the basic element in and around the melting pot shall be one in which Americans of long established lineage shall preponderate. Otherwise the melting pot may produce a citizenship which neither comprehends nor venerates the sacrifices which were made by our forebears in the establishment of representative and constitutional government on this continent. The danger may be comprehended by an examination of the nationalities comprised in the pay roll of one of our large industrial plants of the Middle West for the month of August, 1917, showing the nationality and fluctuation of employes during that period:

Nationality	*Total at 1st of Month*	*Entering*	*Leaving*	*Total at end of Month*
American	1522	234	301	1455
Albanian	1	..	..	1
Austrian	91	15	16	90
Arabian	1	..	..	1
Armenian	142	54	75	121
Assyrian	1	2	1	2
Belgian	1	1	..	2
Bulgarian	17	4	5	16
Bohemian	4	9	2	11
Canadian	22	1	1	22
Croatian	280	106	66	320
Danish	9	3	1	11
English	28	8	4	32
German	49	6	6	49
Greek	641	167	197	611
Hollander	3	3	1	5
Hungarian	361	63	59	365
Irish	43	9	10	42
Italian	48	14	6	56
Jewish	11	2	2	11
Lithuanian	71	18	10	79
Norwegian	5	1	1	5
Polish	608	127	166	569
Persian.	1	..	..	1
Roumanian.	1252	137	187	1202
Russian	31	28	23	36
Scotch	28	2	2	28
Serbian	253	100	98	255
Slavish	249	39	46	242

Nationality	*Total at 1st of Month*	*Entering*	*Leaving*	*Total at end of Month*
Spanish	8	2	2	8
Swede	68	9	16	61
Swiss	1	..	..	1
Welsh	9	1	1	9
Colored	433	259	356	336
Finlander	..	1	..	1
French	2	..	1	1
Mexican	..	19	4	15
	6294	1444	1666	6072

Total entering	1444
Total leaving	1666
Loss	222

Military students are confident that out of universal obligation to serve the Nation in war and the preparation beforehand to render such service, will come an influence tending to ameliorate the conditions resulting from too much segregation and isolation of foreign born men within our borders.

It cannot fail of recognition that many complications have arisen and will continue to arise through our failure to provide a national army before the crisis of war arrived. This failure is due to two causes, the opposition of the National Guard Association, and the inability of a majority of Congress to bring themselves to the belief that we were at the threshold of war. The trouble began some years ago when the active militia organizations secured a change of title to National Guard for the State troops. The writer has frankly contended for years that the title was a misnomer and a stumbling block in the path of a correct solution of our military problems.

It has been made apparent in many States that the departure of all the organized militia leaves the field open to disorders of all kinds and that this condition may be accentuated as the war progresses. A very few States have attempted to solve the problem by the creation of a constabulary, but there has been no uniform plan proposed or adopted. In more than four-fifths of the States the Legislatures meet once in two years and very few have annual sessions.

A correct military system would permit only those citizens who by reason of age or physical condition are not qualified for military service, to enter the State force, which

should be in name and character Home Guards, not National Guard. The support of the nation's army should fall equally upon all the people. This is not the case under the existing system because some States are heavily taxed for brigades and divisions, while some have practically no tax for State troops.

In the past, few National Guard regiments have been able to attain the strength regarded as essential for proper drill and training. In war it will be necessary to make up the deficiency by assignment of drafted men. It will be quite impossible for those who have been associated with the original National Guard organizations to render justice to the drafted men in the distribution of offices. Political authorities are quite certain to continue their interest in the wishes and welfare of the National Guard, without any corresponding interest in the drafted men.

It is certain that the National Guard organizations will give a good account of themselves in the war, individually and collectively, and that they will come home with an *esprit de corps* exalted by the ordeal of battle and the hardships of campaign. This, to them, happy result will make it all the more difficult to secure a correct American military system, for our political history establishes that where one Congressman will study and vote for a measure of national welfare, nine will endeavor to so align their action that they will not offend any organization of men within their districts. This is entirely human and one of the evils of the elective system which must be accepted with the innumerable benefits of representative government. The army and the National Guard have never been aligned under the banners of any party, and National Guardsmen have never been won from their individual political faith although their ballots have been brazenly sought on occasions in return for political assistance in matters of legislation.

These are mere suggestions of the things encountered by a nation which has refused to listen to those who have urged preparation for the inevitable conflicts which the working out of the destiny of a people enforces upon them. There is no cause to be disheartened. On the contrary there is much to be thankful for. Under the volunteer system no American general was ever able to bring a reasonable proportion of his army to the battlefield at the critical moment. Under the draft system, with the strategy of the coming

war in the hands of the General Staff, and the munitions safeguarded by groups of patriotic men selected by reason of recognized and proved business ability, it is made certain that the nation will steadily move forward to a condition of preparation which will enable it, not only to take its place in the battle lines of the Allies, but to stay there performing its full share in breaking down the human wall which must be crushed before the German people will feel the need for peace upon the terms which will be demanded and enforced by practically all the other civilized nations. Anything short of this accomplishment will fail to satisfy civilization for the interruption of its upward course. Then will come a readjustment of the affairs of the nations whose financial and blood sacrifices have both drained and ennobled them. Our soldiers will come home from the war uplifted by the knowledge of having rendered the state some service in the hour of world peril and they will be better Americans for it.

WILLIAM HARDING CARTER.

THE REAL PROBLEM OF ALSACE-LORRAINE

BY SYDNEY BROOKS

THE question of Alsace-Lorraine is usually and justly spoken of in terms of politics and sentiment. And these undoubtedly are the aspects that have made it for over forty years the true pivot of all European affairs. The incurable antagonisms which resulted from Germany's determination to hold Alsace-Lorraine and from the silent but passionate longing of France to regain her lost provinces have been the root cause of all the alliances, all the diplomatic adventures, all the groupings and re-groupings of the Powers, and especially of the monstrous growth of armaments, that have made up the sorry tale of Europe during the past four decades. So far as the measureless cataclysm in which the whole world is now engulfed can be traced back to any single source, that source is Alsace-Lorraine. Europe had no chance of a sane and stable peace so long as the greatest nation in Europe could neither forget nor forgive the brutal injury of which she had been the victim. France is not fighting to-day for conquest but for justice and restitution. What the restoration of Alsace-Lorraine may mean to her commercially and materially she neither knows nor cares. The impulse that fires and sustains her people is the resolve to right the wrong of 1870 and to reunite to *la patrie* the cherished and essential parts that were wrenched from it. And that resolve will either be realized to the full or France is crushed and the Allies lose the war.

But Alsace-Lorraine, though this is little known or recognized, is even more a many-sided problem of international and competitive industry than of politics or sentiment. People who have not looked into it imagine that to restore the provinces to France will settle the whole question. On the contrary it will only settle part of it, and not perhaps the

most important part. No one can begin to understand all that is involved in this matter unless he has a clear idea of what the possession of Alsace-Lorraine has meant to German industrialism and of the complex and critical consequences to Germany, to France and to Great Britain that must follow from another change of sovereignty.

When Moltke in 1870 insisted upon, and Bismarck against his better judgment assented to, the annexation of Alsace-Lorraine, the main thought in their minds was that of securing a strategic frontier. They secured, though they did not know it at the time, something far more valuable than that, something that has proved the base on which Germany has built up her towering fabric of prosperity and power, something without which Germany could not have begun this war or could not have waged it for six months. They secured the largest deposit of iron ore in Europe and the second largest in the world, surpassed in value and extent only by the Lake Superior deposit in Michigan, Wisconsin and Minnesota. The soil of the lost provinces has made Germany's fortunes. She has derived from it her metallurgical ascendancy, the motive power for her industries, her wealth, and as a consequence her naval, military and political power.

The area covered by this deposit embraces the Longwy and Briey districts in France, now occupied by the German armies, and portions of German Lorraine, of Luxemburg, and of Belgium, also for the moment in German possession. If Germany could secure a peace based on her present military position the whole of this wealth of iron ore, estimated at some 5,000,000,000 tons, would pass under her control. As it is, rather more than half the deposit is supposed to lie on the French side of the border and rather less than half in German Lorraine and Luxemburg. That being so, it may be asked why Germany, when she had the chance in 1870, did not annex the entire ore-yielding area instead of allowing it to be divided between France and herself. The answer is that she would undoubtedly have done so had she realized the value of her treasure-trove. But forty-seven years ago metallurgists generally regarded phosphoric ores, which formed the greater part of the Lorraine strata, as worthless and unworkable. The Germans seized everything that in the then state of science was known to be profitable and relinquished the rest to the French. But less than five years

later the mining industry was revolutionized by the discovery of a process for dephosphorizing ores. Instantly the value of the ferruginous districts annexed by the Germans was indefinitely multiplied. But at the same time the portions of the basin they had contemptuously allowed to remain in the possession of the French were redeemed at a stroke from comparative worthlessness to a rich productivity.

There are reckoned to be 2,800 million tons of iron ore in all Germany. Of these Lorraine alone is responsible for some 2,000 millions or five-sevenths of the Empire's total supply. When Germany hypothecated the Lorraine beds they were yielding about 500,000 tons of ore a year. In 1875 they still yielded less than three-quarters of a million. Then came Thomas's discovery of the dephosphorizing process and the figures shot up like a rocket until in the year before the war the Germans were extracting from Lorraine over 21,000,000 tons of ore, more than three-fifths of which was produced by the Thomas method. Up to 1903 Germany had no need to import from abroad a single ton of ore. Lorraine alone enabled her to maintain for thirty years an unprecedented industrial expansion. But whether the pace abnormally quickened some ten years before the war, or whether she had commenced to prepare for its outbreak, or whether the Lorraine ores began to deteriorate, Germany between 1903 and 1913 was buying ore abroad in increasing quantities. About one-third of her total consumption was imported from foreign countries in the year preceding the war. That supply has, of course, for the most part been cut off and for the past three years Germany has depended almost entirely on the Lorraine mines for the iron and steel which are the basis of all modern warfare. She has got some from the occupied districts of France and Belgium and Luxemburg, but from three-fifths to four-fifths of her output during the war has come from Lorraine. Without the production of the provinces she snatched from France forty-seven years ago Germany would long since have exhausted her capacity for turning out the material of war. Liberate those provinces from her clutch—with their 21,000,000 tons of iron ore a year, their 19,000,000 tons of iron smeltings, their 19,000,000 tons of steel smeltings, and the useful coal fields of the Sarre valley—and a long step has been taken towards binding her down to peace.

Most of the ore found in the Lorraine basin on both sides

of the frontier is inferior to the Lake Superior deposits and the grade varies considerably from one district to another. From 30 to 40 per cent may be taken as an average of the iron content. But there are compensating advantages in that, by properly blending the ore from different districts, it has been found possible to secure a mixture containing the essential slag-forming elements. In other words, this self-fluxing feature offsets to some extent the comparatively low value in iron. Moreover as the ore is highly phosphoric, the resultant slag makes a much sought after and profitable fertilizer. America, for instance, in 1913 imported 15,000 tons of basic slag, valued at $10 per ton, and in the following year 74,588 tons valued at $20 per ton; while Russia just before the war was importing rather more than 180,000 tons a year. The bulk of this came from Germany, which in 1912 exported 290,000 tons and nearly as much in 1913. The Lorraine ores, in short, have yielded her as a mere by-product an abundant supply of fertilizer for her own domestic use and for export abroad.

It has been already remarked that, taking the ferruginous district as a whole, rather more than half of it lies on the French side of the border and rather less than half in German Lorraine and Luxemburg. The proportion of existing iron ore reserves in favor of France has even been put as high as 59 per cent of the total. The figure is a comforting one until we remember that the Briey basin, from which in 1913 was extracted no less than nine-tenths of the entire French output of iron ore, is now in German occupation. Then it takes on a somewhat sinister significance not only in relation to the immediate purposes of the war but as a measure of the determined efforts which Germany will undoubtedly put forth, first, to retain Alsace-Lorraine; secondly, to add to it by another annexation the rich ore-bearing districts just across the French frontier which she now holds. But whatever be the precise relative value of the German and the French reserves of ore, it is the fact that in 1913 Alsace-Lorraine equalled the whole French output of pig-iron and produced by itself only one-third less steel than all the French steel works combined.

One reason for this—and it is a reason that goes to the root of the problem we are now considering—is that France is badly off for, while Germany and Belgium are well provided with, coking coal. Now in iron smelting it is almost

an axiom that the ore, being the more valuable product and better able to stand the cost of transport, must be brought to the coal, and not the coal to the ore. A very large proportion, therefore, of the French ore was smelted into pig iron in the blast furnaces of Germany and of Belgium, much to the advantage of the iron industries in both of these countries, but of doubtful benefit to France. Had the French Government been more alert to what was going on, had they realized the importance of the iron industry to France, or set to work to encourage the development of French iron smelting, they might in a large degree have counteracted the unhealthy conditions which enabled Germany and Belgium to flourish on the raw material exported to them from France.

The general outline of the issue that the war is shaping and will determine thus becomes clear. Suppose Germany were to win and were to annex the greater half of the ferruginous basin that lies on French soil. Territorially it would be a very small acquisition. Economically its value would be inestimable. It would mean that after the war Germany would be able to raise some 46,000,000 tons of iron ore a year while the French output would be reduced to a bare 4,000,000 tons. Suppose, on the other hand, that the Allied victory is as complete as we all intend it shall be and that Alsace-Lorraine is restored to France. The situation in that case would be almost precisely reversed. France would be in a position to extract about 43,000,000 tons of ore a year, and Germany would have to remain satisfied with a maximum yield of some 8,000,000 tons. No blow could more effectually cripple German industrialism, and with it Germany's capacity to organize another war, than the loss of the Lorraine ore beds; and nothing could so certainly and so speedily re-establish the economic equilibrium of France as to regain possession of them. In the fate of Alsace-Lorraine there is involved nothing less than the industrial primacy of Europe.

Even, however, when France has resumed her rightful ownership of the lost provinces and in doing so has become the supreme store-house of iron ore on the Continent, the coal problem will still remain. Not only will it remain; it will be aggravated—and in a form that will ask for its right solution from both the French and the British Governments a high degree of commercial diplomacy. We have seen

already that her deficiency in coking coal practically compelled France to send her ore to be smelted in Belgium and Germany. When the addition of the Lorraine beds has virtually doubled the output of ore, her need of coal will be proportionately greater and more urgent. Where is she to get it from? Great Britain or Germany? Wales and Northumberland or Westphalia? From her Ally with whom a mutually advantageous bargain can be struck, or from her enemy who will certainly use his supply of coal as a magnet to attract French ore, to build up anew his iron and steel industries, and to dominate French metallurgy in the future as in the past? It is clearly an almost vital interest both for France and Great Britain that the formation of a huge Franco-German cartel, based on the reciprocal exchange of coal for ore, should be prevented, that we should ourselves supply France with the coke that will enable her to do her own smelting, and that we should take from her in return the iron ore that we now import from Sweden.

France before the war consumed some 62,000,000 tons of coal a year. Of these she raised herself 41,000,000 tons and imported 21,000,000, about half of which came from Great Britain and the remainder from Germany and Belgium. With the restitution of Alsace-Lorraine she will require at the least 40,000,000 tons a year extra. What sources of supply can she look to? There are coal mines in Lorraine itself but they produced before the war less than 3,500,000 tons per annum. There is a much more important coal field in the little valley of the Sarre which spreads out beyond the northern border of Lorraine, which used to be a French possession up to 1815, and which M. Ribot a few weeks ago intimated that France will claim to have returned to her in the terms of settlement. These Sarre mines are good perhaps for an annual output of 15,000,000 tons. There are other mines in Normandy and elsewhere in France that might be further developed. France, again, has a supply of unused water power that has been estimated as the equivalent of 9,000,000 tons of coal; and French diplomacy is hopeful of creating a self-governing buffer-State on the left bank of the Rhine that will allow her a tariff-free access to the very considerable coal-fields that will be contained within its boundaries.

But it is obvious that the availability of many of these sources of supply is dubious and speculative. France may

not get the Sarre valley; the buffer-State of her dreams may prove impossible of realization; her own resources of coal or its equivalent in water power may turn out to be less productive than some enthusiastic Frenchmen at present suspect. In which case she will have to depend for the coke to convert her old and her new deposits of ore either on Westphalia or on Great Britain. From Westphalia it will be forthcoming only on terms that compel France to furnish the raw material for the German iron and steel trades. From Great Britain, if we are alert enough to understand and to seize our opportunity, it can be had without any onerous conditions, without any future backfire, and in a way that will work out to the commercial and political advantage of both countries.

For this end, being assured beforehand of the hearty cooperation of the French, what we in Great Britain have to do is to devise the ways and means of transporting our coal to the Lorraine basin at prices that will compete successfully with the Westphalian mine-owners. The French experts who look ahead and who have interested themselves in the question have suggested various plans for achieving this object. The object itself is perfectly attainable. Even before the war some British coal found its way to the Lorraine beds and it is no more impossible for ships to carry coal from Newcastle to Lorraine and bring back iron ore, than Herr Thyssen found it to carry Westphalian coal to Normandy and load up with iron ore for the return trip to Bremerhaven and Hamburg. The thing can be done. But it cannot be done unless shipping and railway rates are radically altered and the problems of loading and unloading are thoroughly mastered. There are schemes that have been proposed for erecting plants in northern France for transforming British coal into coke and for transporting it thence quickly and cheaply to the French blast furnaces. With another type of ship or barge and a more intensive study than either the French or the British people have yet given to the possibilities of inland navigation, British coal might also, it has been suggested, be carried up the Seine into the heart of France, or down the northern French and Belgian waterways to the neighborhood of the ore fields.

Diplomacy, too, has a great work before it in this connection. The victory of the Allies will be robbed of one of its chief rewards if it does not end in making the Rhine and

its contributory system of canals and rivers an international waterway and thus open up to the outside world equal access to Central Europe. The Germans who have splendidly developed the navigation of the Rhine as far as Strassburg —have made it, indeed, a sort of interior ocean with ports that boast a greater tonnage than London—have always been curiously reluctant to improve the Lorraine waterways. Whether they were anxious not to set up a competitor with Westphalia, or whether they hesitated to develop a district which might one day pass again into French hands, the fact remains that in spite of many local petitions and of the comparatively small outlay that would be required, they have steadily refused to canalize either the Moselle or the Sarre. If the Rhine were made an international waterway the products of the Lorraine ore beds would quickly find a new and cheaper outlet, and British exports could reach the lost provinces without breaking bulk.

It has been shown, then, that Germany for forty-five years has built up her industrial and military position on the output of the Lorraine ore fields. If those ore fields are taken from her possession a staggering and apparently an irreparable blow will be struck at the very root of her prosperity and success. That blow she can partially counter by supplying German coal in return for French ore. It is to the interest both of France and of Great Britain that this loophole should be blocked. If it is allowed to remain open, and if large and profitable commercial relations are recreated between France and Germany, the danger is great that France may again be drawn into the German net. Great Britain therefore, the only other considerable source of supply in Europe, must bestir herself to furnish France with the indispensable coking coal in order to save her from being compelled to obtain it from Germany. Great Britain, again, must import iron ore from France in order to relieve her of the necessity of selling it to Germany; and France, one may be quite confident, stands ready to co-operate towards these two ends by such improvements in her internal water transport and her railway rate schedules as will facilitate the export of ore and the import of coal and coke. The question is more than one of pounds and francs and more than one of seizing and holding a commanding position in the fight for trade that will reopen when the war itself is over. It is more even than a question of uniting France and Great

Britain in the development of an industry that under their control will never be used for any but the peaceful purposes of commerce. It is a question of making it impossible for Germany ever to go to war again. Without Lorraine her career of conquest and spoliation comes automatically to a stop. With Lorraine it will always be within her power to resume it.

But though the problem of the lost provinces thus derives its chief importance from the ore fields of Lorraine they are not the only source of wealth that the French will find waiting for them when they resume possession. The spinning and weaving factories of Alsace, being easily destructible, had better perhaps be left out of the reckoning. Of more account is the oil field at Pechelbronn which is the only large petroleum well in the German Empire and the loss of which will be greatly felt. But far transcending spindles, looms and oil wells in value and significance are the deposits of potash salts that were discovered in the forest of Monnenbruch, nearly at the foot of Hartmansweilerkopf, some twelve or thirteen years ago. The first shaft for their extraction was completed in 1909 and in the following year 37,000 tons of crude salts were recovered. Since then the number of mines has increased to over twelve and investigations indicate that the potash deposits cover an area of seven square miles and range in thickness from six to thirty feet. By 1913 Alsace was already producing about 5 per cent of the total German output.

How far the field extends and what is its productive capacity cannot as yet be known with any precision. But the area that has already been developed, less than one-tenth of the estimated whole, has been judged to contain 300,000,000 tons of pure potash, valued at £700,000,000. The deposits which would, of course, pass into French possession with the restoration of Alsace, have an importance apart from their financial value. Hitherto the only workable and remunerative deposits of potassium salts have been those near Stassfurt in Saxony. Germany has thus held a world-monopoly of a salt which forms one of the most essential plant foods and is put to a dozen different commercial uses. About 90 per cent of the potash produced is used in agriculture, Germany retaining for home consumption over half of the entire output. Next to Germany the United States is the largest user of potash. She imports every year from

Germany about 600,000 tons and it has been estimated that had she her own source of supply in her own soil she would consume nearly twenty times as much. The whole world is at this moment literally starving for potash and when the war is over the whole world will have to pay ransom for it to Germany at Germany's own price. The discovery, therefore, of deposits that, while small compared with the Stassfurt fields, are still large enough to break the German monopoly, is an event of real moment. And the chance that has placed them in Alsace and revealed them just in time to enable France to step into full possession of so valuable an asset is a happy circumstance in which the whole world, outside of Germany and her Allies, will find a grim satisfaction.

SYDNEY BROOKS.

SOME WAR REALITIES

BY DEMETRIUS BOULGER

THE United States have now entered the War on the side of Right, and it is my opinion that if it is to be won handsomely and thoroughly as a permanent achievement for the benefit of mankind, it is they who will have to win it. I do not flinch from the logical corollary of that view which is that we were and still are in peril of a peace that would restore the situation to the basis of things prior to August 4, 1914. From such an ignominious peace, which would carry in its womb endless quarrels arising from the shattered confidence of the Allied Nations in each other, it is the privilege as it will be the glory of the United States to save the world.

I am appealing then to the hospitality of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, as an old contributor, to let me say my say unshackled and freely, so that I may bring home to the American people some of the realities of the War upon which they have not lightly, and, I have no doubt, not irresolutely, embarked. These realities will not be found in any official document; they would not come from the mouths of those responsible for the succession of blunders that have marked the British Government's conduct of the war during the last three years—blunders which are still in full swing, and which threaten us with exhaustion by endless repetition. I do not use these words lightly or without a full sense of responsibility. Prussian Germany must be crushed and annihilated. That is not the spirit in which the war has been waged on this side, at least by England. Many public men have stated that the German people, who have perpetrated every outrage under the sun, are good people and that we have no quarrel with them, and these worthy gentlemen in a lofty spirit of complete detachment from the strife add that they look forward to the time when friendly relations will be

restored! That is not the spirit in which such a war as the one in progress could ever be won; those are not the men either to win it or to conclude a satisfactory peace. These views, this spirit of myopic vision, provide the imperative reasons for the United States Government to concentrate its attention on the real and not the side issues of the great struggle, and to bring all its forces to bear on the point where success can alone give a decisive result.

Before proceeding further I must give some credentials to entitle me to a hearing from the great American public. Many years before this World-struggle began—I could quote back to the Venezuela business when the German Emperor commenced his intrigues to raise trouble between the two English speaking nations—I predicted that the United States must and would take part in baffling Germany's design to add naval supremacy to that she had acquired on land. The following extract from an article published in October, 1911 (see *England's Arch-Enemy*) may suffice:

"It is no longer only Europe that has to be taken into account. Do the Berlin Authorities think that America will not have her say in the matter? Distance is being annihilated and Germany flatters herself if she imagines that the United States will stand by while a new aggressive force is brought into being on the Eastern shore-line of the Atlantic. The first naval reverse to England—which has yet to occur—would be the signal for the American battleships to steam for Europe. The German dream of ocean dominion is unattainable. It would be a menace to everybody, and therefore the whole world will combine against and destroy it."

The United States enter the struggle at a moment when the consequences of the numerous mistakes committed would be most visible if they were not covered over as far as possible by official suppression, and if all description and discussion of them were not vigorously forbidden and summarily stifled. Hence springs this appeal beyond the range of official restriction to the English-reading world of free nations. But of all those mistakes the most fatal has been the inability to grasp the main object of the struggle and to concentrate all the Allied forces on its attainment. Thus a large number of minor problems extending to Asia and Africa have been raised to undue importance, and the public mind has been so filled and so disturbed by the multitude of operations undertaken that it is unable to appreciate the

difference between success on the Tigris and on the Meuse, and has forgotten altogether that decisive success is to be obtained only on the Rhine. Successes in many scattered and remote scenes will be of no avail in regard to the main issue, if decisive victory over the chief adversary and criminal is not attained. Only one result can compensate us for all our sacrifices. That is the overthrow and downfall of Prussia. Nothing else will count. If the United States allow themselves to be led away by any lure or appeal from the main purpose and chief justification of this War to side issues they will only add to the prevalent haze in the political atmosphere, contribute another element to the confusion bred of cross purposes, secret motives and fears, and the incapacity to measure rival forces and chances, and in the result they will achieve little or nothing of durable, decisive value. Clear vision, concentration and not dispersion of military and naval power, and finally the iron resolution not to be turned aside by any argument or entreaty, but to go straight for the one main goal, are the requirements of the hour. The war is not to be won at Constantinople or at Trieste, much less in Mesopotamia and Syria. It can only be gained on the middle Rhine.

The first reality that the United States have to confront and reckon with is the true military position in Europe—not the position painted by politicians for the satisfaction, quietude and lightly gained applause of the crowd.

When the war began the Government of Britain was composed of men who, without exception, had gone out of their way on every possible occasion to express their belief in the pacific intentions of Germany. They had cringed to the Emperor William—dubbed the Champion of Peace! They had sent their accredited representative, Lord Haldane, to Berlin to promote an Anglo-German entente; at the Foreign Office they had concluded more than one Convention—drafted and initialled—with the German Ambassador, and if they had possessed the powers subsequently conferred by the Defence of the Realm Act there is no doubt they would have sent every one who disagreed with them, and who strove to arouse the country to the perfidy of Prussia, to prison. Their persistent and systematic defamation of Lord Roberts—a man whose boots not one of them was worthy to unlace—was infamous, and will some day or other when the country realizes the truth be denounced as it de-

serves. The culminating act of their folly was the decision of the Cabinet majority—13 out of 17—on Sunday, August 2nd, to refrain from intervention unless Germany invaded Belgium. She had already broken the neutrality of Luxembourg, but as Bismarck cynically observed in 1867, when the London Convention was signed, "this guarantee at least does not bind any of the guarantors to go to the defence of the Grand Duchy." Two days later Germany violated the neutrality of Belgium, leaving the most craven no alternative but to act—thus saving the honor of England.

The war began. The Government which had neither foreseen nor provided for it declared "this is our war" and "we intend to conduct it ourselves." As a matter of fact, they had as much idea of the sort of war that confronted them as any other party of old gentlemen chosen haphazard might have had, and indeed the advantage would have been with the latter, for they would at least have been untrammelled by the speeches and interviews and pledges of the politicians in office. They had amenable to their authority a very fine army, but one of exceedingly limited numerical strength, and they threw it recklessly, heedlessly, ignorantly and piecemeal across the Channel to cope with the unknown. They had no idea of the strength of the forces that were being brought against it. This fatuous self-complacency extended throughout the world of bureaucracy. I speak of what I know when I say that on 17th August the Germans were moving four army corps across the Ardennes—and that was a minor operation—but the intelligence was derided as an invention in official quarters. It was none the less true and the numbers of the corps are now on record for history. So in the same way when General French had 55,000 men at the front behind Mons on August 19th, and only 80,000 in all under his orders on the 24th, the statement was again derided that six army corps were assigned to deal with his army, and as many more to capture Namur and drive the French from Charleroi and the Sambre. The French, too, had only 60,000 men behind the Sambre, and a still smaller force on the Semois based on Sedan and Montmédy. Against these troops the Germans brought fifteen army corps in addition to the Guard corps. It is true that once the French command realized that the main attack was coming from the north and not from the east large forces were massed to cover Paris, and the battles of the Marne and the Aisne fol-

lowed. But none the less it was nothing short of a miracle that the small British regular army was not annihilated in the first stage, that is prior to September 1st, as the German Emperor foreshadowed in his boastful order to Prince Rupprecht of Bavaria.

Notwithstanding this rude introduction to the great struggle the same directors of our public affairs were left to strive for victory and to bring about some sort of resurrection out of the national catastrophe. They had called in Lord Kitchener, and his task was to create a new army out of the Territorial force and all available elements. But he was not merely to provide the means of defeating the enemy, he was also to save the Voluntary system. The word Conscription was a bugbear to the professional politician, and those in office thought more of reserving their Party shibboleths than of defeating the enemy. Lord Kitchener accepted the mission as the servant of the Cabinet, and at the same time he fettered his action by putting on the gyves of red tape that were to prolong the Voluntary system and avert Conscription and compulsion until the eleventh hour, which is proverbially, and was in this instance almost fatally, too late. But at the same time he saw from the start that time would be necessary to give results. He specified three years, but he does not seem to have meant that the War would be over in that period, but rather that his country would then be in a position to take a worthy part in it. But long before that period expired recourse had to be made to compulsion, but here again, owing to Party exigencies and as the price of retaining the Irish Vote, Ireland was exempted from its effect by one of the most discreditable transactions in the history of any Nation. The Empire suffered, but inevitably Ireland herself must suffer most of all from the recoil, for her credit before the Areopagus of the Nations has been lowered, and we of Irish race must writhe under the stigma that Celts could play the game of Teutons instead of seizing them by the throats.

But while the soldiers were content to wait the politicians were not. There was not the requisite number of men, there was not the essential supply of munitions, to drive the Germans out of France and Belgium; but there were ample means available for adventures of the second order in different parts of the world. Here at least it was thought were openings for success that should show what clever people

held places in the Cabinet, and convince the easily gulled and ignorant public that the war was being won. Hence arose the expeditions to the Dardanelles, to Mesopotamia, to Palestine. Here the Turk was the foe, not the German, and of the many stupendous errors made at Whitehall the most stupendous was the inexcusable disparagement of Turkey's military power. On that point I could a tale unfold of ignorant estimates and rash assumptions, but it would serve no useful purpose.

Each premeditated scene of a triumph furnished that of a disaster. That of the Dardanelles and the Gallipoli peninsula can never be described without tears for the brave lives squandered, and execrations for the criminals who sent them to their doom. Nor was the Mesopotamia blunder much less disastrous and wicked. The capture of Bagdad does not wipe out the memory of Kut. Its effect is the less because Bagdad looks as if it too may prove a trap even more fatal than Kut. At any rate success on the Tigris exercises no influence on the progress of the War. The scheme of an Arab kingdom is summer madness, and has directly or indirectly locked up three British armies on the Tigris, at Gaza and at Salonika. There was but one British general to oppose the whole of this Quixotic business, Sir John Maxwell, who rightly declared that the only sound course was to stand on the defensive in the Sinai peninsula, guard the Canal and let the Turks come and turn us out if they could. General Maxwell was transferred from Egypt, which he knew, to Ireland, which he did not know. These proceedings were worthy of the old Aulic Council in Vienna.

When history comes to be written it will be recorded that there was one other soldier who was opposed to all these remote, ill-considered and foolish adventures, but he was not English. Joffre, now Marshal of France, never wavered in his view that the war must be won in Flanders and Lorraine, and that nowhere else could it be won at all.

But it has been said by way of explanation and in extenuation of these errors of judgment that all these operations, lying outside the central theatre of War, are Britain's own affairs, and do not concern her Allies. It was also contended, until events made the plea ridiculous, that they did not affect her fighting strength in Western Europe. These were the side shows that the British Government claimed

the right to allow themselves because they would not detract from the fighting strength in Picardy and Flanders. But this argument collapsed when in November and December, 1915, nine divisions *at least* were detached from General French's army to proceed to Salonika and Egypt, and when twelve months later, almost to the week, five at least were detached from General Haig's forces for the same destination. The side shows, then, have been and are a drain; efficient and valuable soldiers in France have filled the hospitals in the Near East with malaria-stricken victims (euphemistically called sufferers from trench-fever), and the sapping of our power in those directions must continue as long as we cling to the view that the result of the War can be influenced by anything that happens away from the Western Front, taking it at its extreme breadth from Nieuport to Trieste.

Nor should it be forgotten that each man landed on the shores of the Ægean or the Levant represents ten times the effort to deposit him in France—each ton of munitions or stores not less than a hundred times the corresponding effort. And tonnage is scarce and costly. With regard to the Tigris and Mesopotamia the effort was and is still greater, for the men and the stores come from England. Prolongation of these efforts will only raise fresh instances to support the story of the task of Sisyphus. The only chance of averting a catastrophe is to win the war quickly where it can alone be won.

In order to appreciate the realities of the War we must eliminate the unrealities. They are present in every scene outside France and Belgium. If the reader will reflect for a moment he will conclude for himself how largely they have permeated and affected British action from the beginning. Nor have they been confined to the field of arms, although of course it is difficult in such a struggle as the present to draw a clear dividing line between the diplomatic and military operations. The Constantinople affair is a case in point. The British Government agreed with Russia in the time of the ex-Czar to waive its old objections to Russia taking possession of Tsargrad and the narrow straits to the Mediterranean. But it did not bind itself to take Constantinople from the Turks and to present it on a salver at Petrograd. Yet that was what it attempted to do, and it was a just retribution when, by the turn of the political wheel and Czar Nicholas being got rid of, the Russian people ex-

claimed, and very impolitely too, '*We* don't want Tsargrad, or, if you prefer to call it Constantinople, at all!' Greece holds the legitimate claim to the reversion of Byzantium. The German Emperor saw more clearly when spurning the trammels of his Turkish alliance he promised his brother-in-law Tino that this should be his prize and reward. The Turks, like the English, seem rather short-sighted.

But enough of the unrealities of the past, let us turn to the realities of the present and the future. The United States come into the struggle at least with a clear mind and a clean slate. They have the conduct and the experience of the Allies to profit by and to stand before them as a warning. They have had no opportunity to commit any blunders of their own and they should know how to avoid those we have committed. What has been the root cause of those blunders? Underrating the enemy. It will not be forgotten that Germany was to be beaten by 'silver bullets,' that she was to be reduced to helplessness by the want of war necessaries and food in the first year despite the most lax blockade that was ever devised by a Foreign Office, and if Germany was to be quickly reduced to dire straits how much worse was the fate pronounced for Austria! Why, she was wiped off the slate in December, 1914, and yet in 1917 she seems as full of vigor as any of the belligerents. And if the Germanic Powers were underrated, how much have calculations been out with regard to Bulgaria and Turkey. Bulgaria has not known defeat and holds much of Serbia and most of Macedonia in her hands. Turkey has provided masses of troops in Europe as well as Asia. They are to be found on the Russian front as well as on the proper boundaries of the Sultan's dominions. I believe that a new army of half a million men is being trained in Anatolia and Palestine to swell the millions already under the Green Flag and the Crescent, and as fighters they are of the best.

Nor is the reality fairly faced in the West. I do not wish to lay too much stress on the evident fact that the line from Nieuport to Belfort is, practically speaking, where it was on January 1, 1915. It has zigzagged a little, and in Flanders and Artois it has in 1917 moved slightly in our favor, but substantially the position is the same. Why is this? The strength of the enemy has been underrated. No military authority has placed it above three and one-half million men in Belgium and Northern France; but my own

estimate is that there are five million Germans between the Channel and Metz, and if this view is correct they have a numerical superiority over the combined Anglo-French armies. It is quite true that behind these men there is now no considerable reserve, and we may assume that the annual contingent no longer provides more than half a million men. Hindenburg's boast that Germany's losses in a year do not exceed the addition gained by increased population is already untrue, and must become more and more opposed to the truth as the struggle continues. Still if on balance Great Britain had a larger untouched reserve than Germany— and this would be made considerable by the prompt application of conscription to Ireland— it is clear that on the side of Germany there are sufficient men to continue the war for as many years at least as it has already been in progress. Nothing but the arrival in Europe of a very large American army by the spring of 1918 can turn the scale decisively and bring the end of the war nearer by several years.

The prolongation of the war has been due to our mistakes as much as to the strength of Germany. But for these mistakes we should have been further advanced towards the end. But for them victory might have been in sight before the collapse of Russia, and the worst military consequences of the Russian Revolution averted. An army that is winning either by its own or its Allies' efforts thinks more of its reputation than one that has to give up ground after immense losses, and that sees no prospect of success before it either directly or indirectly. Of these mistakes not the least glaring have been the dispersal of our efforts and forces, the squandering of first-rate military power on foolish, costly and unsuccessful enterprises, and the complete failure to grasp the true strategical problem set us. No one, not even Lord Kitchener, on our side has revealed the capacity to take a comprehensive view of the War as a whole, and to detect where victory would give the greatest results. Such hosts of armed men never confronted each other before, and yet not a Napoleon of even a minor order of genius has revealed himself.

Such strategical skill and insight as has been displayed during the war have been shown entirely on the side of the Germans. This may be due to the natural and fundamental advantage derived from a single and central control. For the greater part of the War, in fact until the accession of

the Austrian Emperor Charles, the German Emperor was in chief command not only of his own but also of his Allies' armies. They manœuvred and operated to suit his plans and in obedience to his orders. This gave his side an immense advantage; and even now if he has to show more consideration for the needs and more deference for the views of the Hapsburg ruler, he still possesses in the main the central direction and moves the pieces on the board as he chooses. The result is that the German plans have harmonized much more than those of the Allies, and what is most important in the conduct of war, Germany has retained the command of the offensive. It is said that she is now losing it, and it may be true in some theatres of the war, but not in all. What is nearer the truth is to say that she is content to stand on the defensive in the West, while she resorts to the offensive on the Eastern front and in the Balkans. But at any moment she can change her ground. Her capacity to choose her course does not appear as yet to be seriously hampered. In other words, if she does not retain full command of the offensive no one has wrested it from her. Even when the Allies attack it is well known long before the event that the blow is coming, whereas her offensive still retains much of the suddenness and unexpectedness essential to success. The German Powers have the two immense advantages derived from the central position and the central direction of military operations. Nothing has yet happened to diminish those advantages, and every mistake made by their opponents reveals how much they count towards the ultimate decision of the War.

I have written enough to draw attention to some at least of the realities of the struggle which is to be concluded only by the triumph or the ending of all civilization, and therefore I refrain from darkening the picture by referring to Russia. As I never believed in her winning the war for her Allies, and ridiculed at the time the optimistic views of 1914 (how long ago it seems!), that her armies would be in Berlin in a few weeks, her collapse is no great disappointment for me. She may recover to take part in a later phase of the War, but meantime the strain will increase in Western Europe, and the United States must not delay in the dispatch of her sorely needed legions. This brings me to the main point of my argument and the definite purpose that dictates the composition of this paper.

The aid that the United States will send to Europe, whether it be one of a million men or of several millions, will be efficacious in exact proportion to the skill and knowledge with which it is directed. I am not referring to either tactical or strategical problems, but to common sense, and common sense seems from the conduct of the war to be still the rarest of mental qualities. If that force, whatever may be its total strength, is broken up into detached bodies for different destinations, or if it is concentrated in the wrong region, then its influence on the future of the war will be very greatly diminished and everything will go awry. The statement made in Europe with every appearance of authority that some of the American troops would be sent to Italy, some to Russia, and some even to Turkey seems to have been an astute invention of the enemy; but it may be reiterated that the war is to be won in none of these directions, and if these were to be their true destinations then the American troops had better stay at home. But if America is alive to the insidious suggestions of the foe working through hidden channels she may not be prepared to resist the blandishments of her friends. A great effort will be made to associate the American army with the British, and to induce the American Government to order its concentration near that apex of Flemish territory on the northwestern front where the British army has stood from the beginning.

The objections to that course are two-fold. The lesser of the two objections is that if this plan were adopted the American army would find itself committed to the continuance of the frontal attack and trench warfare that has gone on for three years. The Germans would thus have to be expelled from their strongest and best prepared positions. This would mean a protracted and most costly campaign or series of campaigns with the attendant condition that Belgium would remain the scene of the slaughter and destruction for an indefinite period and with the probable result of her complete obliteration. For a long time past prominent Germans have been boasting, and extolling the wisdom of their High Command thereupon, that Germany herself has been saved from the horrors of war, and that all the fighting and devastation have occurred on what is called conquered territory. If the American army joins, or is tacked on to the British army, this process must continue. The fighting will be in Belgium, the army will have to hack and hew its

way through seven lines of steel and concrete between the advance line in Flanders and the rear line in the Liége country, and as this could only be accomplished at immense loss it is more than probable that when the German frontier was reached the victorious armies would be in no state to prosecute the war in Germany with the necessary vigor and to retaliate for the wrongs and outrages that demand atonement. In plain words, it would be unwise to attack the enemy where he is strongest and best prepared, and in a region where the effects of victory would be least because the Belgians have been brought too low by want and suffering to do anything on their own account and also because the German people would themselves continue to be immune from the direct sufferings of war.

But the second objection is one of even greater force. It may be the effect of three years' strain, or of the languor of mental inertia arising from trench warfare, or merely of a moral relapse which eliminates hate, one of the most vital elements in sustaining human character; but whatever the cause this war has been carried on by the British Government with a tenderness for a detestable and brutal enemy that is past comprehension. There must be a reason for this, and the only one I can conceive is that while Germany represents in one aspect an enemy it is identified in another with Institutions which it is desired to preserve. The pro-German sentiment confronts one at every turn, not alone in England, but at the front where incidents with regard to prisoners, sparing the enemy from his deserts, and conducting the operations in a Quixotic spirit of forbearance are so numerous that I could fill any single issue of the Review with their recital—and it is impossible therefore to resist the conclusion that a war thus prosecuted might never finish, or only conclude when the soldiers and the nations behind them refused to go on fighting any longer.

Let me give one glaring instance of this mysterious and extraordinary spirit of forbearance. All the German main communications with Belgium, and the part of the Western Front based thereon, must pass over the Viaduct of Grands Prés just to the west of Dolhain, and through the short tunnel of Dolhain itself. In three years not a single attempt has been made to destroy that viaduct or to block that tunnel. The localities are well known. Why has this vital point never been attacked, why has this all-

important link never been broken? A similar question might be asked with regard to many other vulnerable and tempting objects, but it is needless to particularize and the most striking case has been given. It all forms part of the unintelligible reluctance, shown from the very beginning of the struggle, to utilize Belgian resources for the deliverance of that country under the excuse that we did not wish to further injure it; and now after three years' waiting we are striving to hack and hew a way through that country by frontal attack to which we give the high name of strategy! If the struggle between Kaiserism and Democracy for the premier place in capacity to carry on war wisely and successfully were left to Germany and Britain, there can be no question that Kaiserism has won. It is for the United States to wrest the laurels from the hands of the autocrat and to prove that a Democracy can lead with the head as well as provide the force of arms in the mass.

Fortunately for a happy choice in deciding where and how the immense power of America may be employed to the best advantage of the common cause, there is another country in the Alliance that does not share the illusions of Great Britain about Germany and that is convinced that no victory will be conclusive that does not mete out to her the suffering she has inflicted on others or impose the punishment that is her due. France has felt the heavy hoof of the invader. Many of her beautiful cities, the greater part of the industrial region, have been pillaged and destroyed. The inhabitants of those departments and districts have been outraged not merely brutally in the first inroad but continuously with devilish ingenuity during three long years of occupation. In common with the Belgians, the French have felt the iron enter into their souls. It is no use expecting the people of England to have these feelings. They could only share them if they had suffered likewise, and for this war at least they have been spared the horrors of invasion, an immunity which they owe to Belgium and France, and not to themselves. If America wants to understand this war and its reality she must go straight to France and study them in the desolate fields and destroyed villages of Picardy, Champagne and Lorraine. There she will find not only the truth about this life and death struggle, but she will learn wisdom from men who see what has to be done, but who have not the means to give effect to their judgment for one reason

only—deficiency of man power. They will not induce the American leaders to give their attention to and to waste their strength on side issues. There is only one thing to be done and that is to drive the Germans across the Rhine. Nothing else matters, nothing else will count. In France, not in the little corner of Artois and Flanders with its network of canals and rivers fettering free movement and rapid progress where the British have been doing their useful work of stonewalling, but in the open regions of Champagne and Lorraine that intervene between Chalons and the weak points of the German position, the truth is to be learned, and with the study of the problem from a fresh point of view the real goal of the struggle will become clearly visible, and the secret of decisive victory may be quickly discovered.

But a war such as the present is not to be won solely by material means. The spirit in which it is conducted counts for as much as the enumeration of batteries and battalions. The Germans since they burst into Belgium have committed every crime in the calendar, but great and numerous as are these crimes they will be surpassed by others still to be committed as they reluctantly retire baffled from the prey in which their claws have been so long fixed—unless the fear of God has been put into their souls by the presence of victorious forces in their rear on German soil. These can only be composed in the main of the French army, but to enable it to accomplish this task it has need of at least a million American comrades. Brilliant victories and rapid progress attend such a combination which will shine in striking contrast with the slow and exhaustive process of trench warfare that has sterilized the intellect and destroyed the imagination of those who have so long participated in it.

DEMETRIUS BOULGER.

THE CHALLENGE OF WEST POINT

BY LOUIS J. A. MERCIER

For the second time in its history, the first since the Civil War, West Point has graduated two classes in the same year. The class of 1917 went out in June, the class of 1918, in August, 1917. Both were to step practically from the recitation room, the cadet camp and the practice of sham battles, to the grim realities of the most stupendous war of history.

I shared with a colleague from Harvard the privilege of spending with the latter class the last two months of its preparation in a capacity which gave us, I am told, unprecedented opportunities to study the life and the educational system of West Point.

We had both seen service abroad, and we were invited to be at home to cadets and officers who might wish to avail themselves of the opportunity to speak French and to discuss war conditions in France.

The peculiarity of our position consisted in this, that, whereas officers and instructors ordinarily are separated from the cadets by the prescriptions of discipline and live in quarters apart, we occupied tents in the cadet camp and thus came in personal and informal contact with the cadets at all hours of the day.

I do not pretend to speak for my colleague,[1] nor to discuss here the many questions which the course of study, the methods of instruction and discipline at West Point might suggest, but I had not spent many days at the Academy before I realized that West Point presents to students of education a case so unique that it amounts almost to a chal-

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[1] Prof. Louis Allard of Harvard.

lenge. It is this challenge which I should like to emphasize here.

The question still foremost in American educational discussions has been summed up as follows: "The conflict between the education of effort and the education of interest instituted by Rousseau continues until the present time. The conflict between the elective and the prescribed course in college, between the disciplinary studies and the interest or content studies in the elementary grades, are aspects of the same struggle."[1] But it will generally be admitted that of late years "the education of interest" has continued to gain ground, even in the extreme form which Rousseau advocated:

"Whatever may happen, abandon everything rather than have the child's tasks become irksome; for how much he learns is of no account, but only that he does nothing against his will."

Now, the case of West Point is a clear cut challenge to this injunction. The slogan of the new education is "self-expression." The slogan of West Point is discipline.

The "new education" asks: "What will you do, and how do you prefer to do it?" West Point commands: "Do this, this way, and be quick about it!" The "new education" doctrine implies that, unless the student is "self active," unless his activity is preceded and accompanied by a desire due to a feeling of interest in the subject, no real new acquisition is made; for, the supposition runs, without this interest and consequent feeling of pleasure, no organization of knowledge is possible, no new growth of interest, no development of initiative. The West Point attitude implies the opposite doctrine. The new cadet is asked to assimilate and assimilate rapidly and thoroughly the rigid curriculum of the Academy without any consideration of his likes or dislikes. According to the presuppositions of the "new education," the West Point Cadets, faced at every turn with enforced work, should lead a forlorn and dejected life.

Here, West Point begins to force its challenge upon you. As a matter of fact, a happier, more exuberant mortal would be hard to find or one who speaks of his studies with more gusto.

And yet a cadet's life includes a minutely prescribed

[1]Monroe, *History of Education*, p. 569.

round of daily duties which would make the average student fairly gasp. Throughout his four years he has to work at top speed for sixteen hours daily. Every minute of these sixteen hours he must satisfy some inexorable requirement. One hour after being roused by fife and drum, he has performed his ablutions, dressed, set his room absolutely to rights, which means sweeping the floor, stripping his cot of coverings, rolling up the mattress, placing coverings and pillows on mattress, straightening books, papers and every piece of clothing, all according to strict regulations. Finally he has found his way to the yard, lined up with his squad, answered roll call and marched down with his company to the Cadet Mess Hall.

Eight o'clock finds him in the recitation room. And there again, the slightest evasion from rigid prescription is impossible. Each section numbers only from eight to twelve men. Every cadet must recite every day. Just as the slightest failure to meet the hundred minute requirements of order and discipline: a paper out of place, a button missing, a piece of equipment untidy, a second of tardiness, is recorded in terms of " demerits " which mean eventually serious trouble, so the slightest falling short from a perfect recitation means a loss of standing recorded in fractions of a hundred, daily, monthly, semi-annually, annually, a passing from group to group; in case of failure, a dismissal, in any case, a final rating which will influence the whole after career.

" Artificial stimulation," the exponents of the " new education " will aver, " the hope of reward and the fear of punishment taking the place of the motive force of interest."

No, the West Pointer answers, but the multiplication of precise aims to be reached, the minute checking up of failures to reach these given aims, a consequent training of the will which means formation of character, the power to bring to completion a distasteful task, to double effort when confronted with difficulties, and to accept manfully the consequences of mistakes and shortcomings.

> The important demand is to learn really to bring to action that which is aimed at, and not to be pushed away by any chance impression. . . . Persistence must be learnt. . . . The smallest work carried through with thoroughness serves such training.
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> The careful, exact, movements in speaking, in writing, in drawing, in manual training, but also the small practical movements of daily behavior, in dressing and eating and sitting and playing develop a refined power of controlling the ideas of ends.

An education which spoils the mind and never demands real effort, which simply follows the likings and interests, leaves the adolescent personality flabby and ineffective.[1]

I happened to re-read the above from the chapter on *Will and Habit* of the late Professor Münsterberg in my open tent in the Cadet Camp, and, as I read this precise restatement of the doctrine of formal discipline its full justification moved and acted before my eyes.

The West Pointer is the striking opposite of a flabby, irresolute and inefficient individual. His every movement is marked with celerity and precision, easy and unmistakably pleasurable, the result of multitudinous successful attainings of given ends.

Life in the open air, the sense of physical well-being, may account partly for the ring of joy in the voices, the vim and satisfaction, the splendid quickness of every move. Still, these might well offer further food for thought to those who hold that only in freedom does work bring joy. For the enthusiasm with which cadets set about the work imposed by others compares most favorably with that with which pupils work under the stress of " self-activity." Moreover, and here is the important point, whereas pupils working through the stimulation of self-expression have a tendency to become enervated and inefficient as soon as that stimulation is passed, in short reveal an incapacity to pass to the stage of effort, the West Pointer has developed an astonishing capacity for work, even exceedingly difficult or disagreeable work.

Is not the reason to be found in the fact that the West Pointer, through enforced work, has been accustomed to effort? His daily tasks include, of course, some for which he has a natural liking, and, no doubt, these will exercise a fundamental influence upon his whole career. His original love of horses, for instance, may be the decisive factor in his selecting, as he will have a chance to do on graduation, the cavalry over the infantry or the artillery. But, in the meantime, he has to master, none the less, all the infantry and artillery drill, mathematics and languages, and not only study them but make a high grade in them or stand the consequences in " demerits," loss of standing and even dismissal. Being obliged to make good from day to day in the prescribed work, he develops gradually a certain ability in the

[1] Münsterberg, *Psychology and the Teacher*, p. 188 ff.

subject which facilitates further work, making it lead to the organization of knowledge with consequent growth of interest and pleasure. Enforced repetition has led to the accumulation of new reflexes.

What gives the West Pointer his characteristic superiority, is that, gradually but inexorably, he has been led to tackle the unfamiliar and consequently distasteful work, thus accumulating power which he would not have acquired otherwise. The capacities he has developed through coerced repetition now become self-activities but activities of a wider-awake, more widely developed self than he would have been without this coercion. What is still more important, through proving to himself that, by effort, he could master difficult and at first distasteful work he has acquired confidence in himself and his capacity to surmount difficulties. Where the ordinary student would balk, the West Pointer will calmly proceed to solve the new problem, partly through superior knowledge, partly through the developed habit of successfully extricating himself from difficult situations.

This is where the challenge of West Point becomes clear: Are there not many misunderstandings about the doctrine of interest? Admitting that interest resulting from "self-activity" begets a joyful work, does not "self-activity" depend on the knowledge already organized and, if so, will not knowledge, organized even under outside compulsion, beget larger possibilities of "self-interest" and thus of joyful work?

Is not the acquiring of a large proportion of the powers needed for efficiency naturally more or less distasteful? Can these powers be made automatic otherwise than by numerous rigidly enforced repetitions?

In short, is not work difficult and disagreeable precisely because the organism is as yet wholly without adaptations for it, and if this work is valuable for the further development of the organism, is not effort absolutely essential for this further growth?

If so, is not the general habit of meeting the need of effort (a habit which, like all habits, can only be formed through repeated experiences) a primordial requisite to produce the efficiency indispensable for the highest progress and growth possible, and even perhaps for mere self-preservation?

To sum up, is efficiency possible without the capacity

for effort and can this capacity be developed without training through enforced successful efforts?

Such is the challenge of West Point.

West Point, as the national military academy, is the foremost exemplar of the system of education it represents. Long isolated in its special purpose, its day has now come. With the advent of the war and the organization of a national army, the influence of the West Pointer is to become country wide.

The camps in which the several millions of American young men will be trained in the fundamentals of soldiering will be replicas of the West Point summer camp. All will have to adopt the West Point slogan: "Do it exactly as prescribed and be quick about it." All will know the power which comes from repeated enforced achievement of multitudinous prescribed ends. Thousands of men who so far have only averaged results will understand what thorough efficiency means.

Those who aspire to be officers will soon realize, as the West Pointer is made to realize, that they must attain the best possible development since, unless they are physically, mentally, and morally superior to those they are to command, they will be unable to secure effective control. And all, men as well as officers, will soon learn that, in war, inefficiency meets instant retribution. In civil life approximation may carry through. In war, a bullet is generally at hand to emphasize the effects of incompetence. The need of training in knowing how to act, and how to act quickly, soon becomes apparent. The advantage of being able to fall back upon a full set of habits formed through repeated drills is promptly appreciated at its value.

If many of our educators go into the war and experience the invigorating revelation of the spirit of West Point, there will no doubt be a reaction, in the near future, against Rousseauistic education.

It is to be hoped, on the other hand, that the reaction will not be too radical. For, whereas West Point offers conclusive evidence that the doctrine of interest readily leads to exaggerations, West Point itself is well aware that an education wholly based on coercion has its dangerous limitations. It takes care to provide for the cadets many experiences outside of the class room and drill ground, social, cultural, religious. An essential point of its training, in camp

and field, is to leave to the cadets as much initiative as possible in the carrying out of manœuvres. All, before graduation, have chances to assume the responsibilities of the various commands. This is for the best, and the desire is to emphasize it still more.

The Rousseauistic precept " that the individual be asked to do nothing against his will, that he be guided only by his own natural interests and determined by his own inherent capacities and tendencies " is anarchistic doctrine pure and simple. That it leads to complete disintegration, the morrow of revolutions always prove.

But that the effects of a rigidly enforced doctrine, leading to the establishment of an unquestioning discipline, makes for the best interests of a race, the ghastly culmination of two generations of Prussianism will forever deny.

That they are sufficient to secure the highest type of efficiency is not even apparent. The Marne was the victory of habits of discipline, combined with a surviving capacity of initiative, over the rigidity of a soldiery, made over-passive by coercion.

Democracy, that optimistic and ever-precarious attempt to find a happy mean between autocracy and anarchy, may yet prove the fittest to survive. Granting that it will issue victorious from the present death grapple of doctrines, and that the world will be made safe for its development, the school will have its large share in making it safe for the world.

To fulfill the task of making Democracy efficient, of turning out men and women capable of sustained effort, ready to accept not only the pleasant work of the world but the unpleasant, even to the point of the sacrifice of the self for the sake of the greater good of the community, present and to come, the school will have to complete the synthesis between the anarchistic " doctrine of interest " and the autocratic " doctrine of effort."

West Point, with its tried methods of honest and courageous teaching, its tradition of honor and service, its consecration to duty and country, so soon to be proven gloriously anew, will continue to issue its silent challenge. It would be well for American education to take it into due consideration.

Louis J. A. Mercier.

THE RUSSIAN'S IMMENSE INERTIA

BY CHARLES JOHNSTON

When I wrote concerning Russia a month ago, the newspapers were seething with "the Korniloff Rebellion." We were understood to be on the eve of an immense tragedy, from which would emerge either a Napoleonic dictatorship or a welter of anarchy. The situation seemed to be pregnant with tremendous possibilities.

Well, the month has passed, and, from the frightful thunder-cloud there has emerged—nothing. The whole business was a misconception. It would seem now that there never was any Korniloff rebellion, that Korniloff never intended to rebel, that he never even stirred from his headquarters at Mogilev. A band of fur-capped Caucasian horsemen, the so-called Dikaya Divisia, or "wild Division," rode towards Petrograd and—got railroad tickets to the Caucasus, and there it ended. The whole thing was based on a bungling of messages by a certain Vladimir Lvoff.

Then came wild stories of an uprising of the proletariat against the bourgeoisie (which our newspapers in general called the "bourgeoise," as though some stout, middle-aged lady had been in peril); the people, the masses, were going to seize all power, and do all kinds of rigorous things to the capitalistic classes. Again there has resulted—nothing.

Meditating upon this curiously perplexing and exasperating situation, it occurred to me that here was, perhaps, the clear emergence of a fundamental symptom; with the further thought that we were very probably confusing ourselves endlessly about Russia, by imagining that Russians are on the whole people like ourselves, who will act as we should act; while, in reality, they may be quite different from ourselves in the fundamental springs of their nature.

Then it occurred to me to ask this question: Aside from the soul-harrowing cablegrams, what has actually happened

in Russia, in the seven or eight months since the Emperor's abdication on the Ides of March? There has been some street-fighting in Petrograd, perhaps as much as there used to be in the "flush times" of Nevada or California, a half century back; perhaps a little more than there was the other day in Philadelphia, when some one had the idea of importing "gunmen," to give a touch of medievalism to the primaries. There has been a forward movement, followed by two or three backward movements, along the thousand miles of battle front; there has been some stir among the alien nationalities. And that is all. Free Russia, in seven or eight months, has done—nothing. No government has been worked out; practically nothing has taken place.

Then it seemed to me that the word of the enigma was Russia's immense inertia; the infinite capacity for sitting still and doing nothing. And I began to apply this key to the various situations throughout Russia, in detail.

Take the army, to begin with. In spite of all Kerensky's urgings, it has obstinately refused to move forward, to undertake a strong and resolute offensive. It is evident now that the one positive action in these seven or eight months, Korniloff's drive up to the Carpathian foothills, was simply an expression of the inertia of the old imperial army; Brusiloff had wound these troops up to move in a certain direction, and they carried out that movement, till the spring ran down. Then came reaction and retreat, leaving them practically where they were before the fine offensive of June, 1916. They had simply settled back again into their old trench, their old rut, and there they stopped.

For, if there has been no great forward movement, there has been no great backward movement either. Riga was made ready for evacuation as much as two years ago; all along, it has simply been a question of a little pressure. The pressure was put on this summer and the Russian line was pushed back beyond Riga—and there it stayed. On the whole, the military movements, from a strategic point of view, during these seven or eight months, have amounted to practically nothing. The Russian troops are sitting in their trenches, and there, apparently, they will continue to sit. Why, from their point of view, should they move?

One may say practically the same thing about all the political Congresses assembled at Petrograd, each proclaiming itself the representative of the whole Russian people.

I must confess myself deeply sceptical as to their representative character. It is not so easy to get together a Congress genuinely representing a nation of not far from two hundred million people, scattered over eight millions of square miles, stretching round the Eastern hemisphere. We have been told remarkably little about the election machinery used to secure this genuine representation, or how it was so ably extemporized. If it be possible thus to gather representatives of all Russia every few weeks, why is the Constituent Assembly so long in coming? Why do the wheels of its chariot tarry?

It appears, however, that the plans for the Constituent Assembly are making some progress. The electoral districts have, we are told, been marked out. They number 730. This will mean one electoral district for each 225,000 to 250,000 population, about the same as our House of Representatives. The cables have mentioned, among others, Petrograd, Moscow and Kiev, with 20, 19 and 21 electoral districts; but it is not clear whether the cities or the *gubernias* (the provinces, or, as we might call them, the States) are meant. Probably it is the *gubernias*. The populations in 1913 were:

	City	*Gubernia, including City*
Petrograd	2,133,100	3,136,500 (20 electoral districts)
Moscow	1,817,100	3,591,300 (19 " ")
Kiev	626,313	4,792,500 (21 " ")

The army on the Western front is divided into six electoral districts; the fleet into two, the Baltic and the Black Sea. But full details are likely to be available by November.

These Congresses have had far more the air of something we are not unacquainted with in this country: Conventions of " hand-picked " delegates, who gather to give a parrot-like assent to cut-and-dried propositions, and not to give expression to genuine views of their own; often, perhaps, because they have no genuine views of their own. The voting at the so-called " Democratic Congress " held in Petrograd at the beginning of October, if the cables gave anything like a true account of it, seemed to indicate pretty clearly that the voters had not the slightest idea what they were doing, or what their votes meant.

Keeping these things in mind, one tries to form a mental picture of the genuine Russia, the Russian people, as a homogeneous mass. European Russia covers about 1,800,000

square miles. Over this vast hill-less plain, from the birches of the north to the flowered plains of the south, there dwell some hundred million peasants of Slav stock, speaking practically the same tongue, or dialects easily intelligible to each other. They are grouped in villages, generally of thatched log huts, villages whose streets are simply ruts of mud or trails of dust. Of these villages, there are some 700,000 with about a hundred inhabitants each, say, fifteen to twenty families; then there are a certain number of larger villages, to keep up the average. But the village of fifteen or twenty log homesteads is overwhelmingly the type; there are nearly three-quarters of a million of them.

Each of these villages has, perhaps, two or three square miles of land, much of it still held under age-old communal tenures; and the periodical dividing of this land, forest, pasture, among the fifteen or twenty homesteads, constitutes a major part—a very serious and contentious part—of the village business. The householders—for the house, not the person, is the basis of suffrage—elect an "old man," a *Starosta,* to run things, which he does, in consultation with the assembled householders, in a highly patriarchal way, with much eloquence. There are questions of slightly wider scope, concerning groups of villages, which are threshed out at inter-village meetings, that in their turn elect an "old man," a *Volostnoi Starshina.*

These innumerable villagers in their log houses thatched with straw are, in one sense, the "Russian people." If everything else and everyone else were taken out of Russia and a Chinese wall were built along the present battle-line, the hundred million peasants might go on just as usual; in all likelihood they would go on just as usual, till Gabriel's trumpet sounded startlingly above their village Mir. Then they would vote an adjournment and depart with Gabriel.

The cables have rung with the words "proletariat" and "bourgeoisie," since the Ides of March. Applied to Russia, both words are quite absurd. The word "proletariat" was invented, I think, by Sulla, for purposes of agitation, and meant persons who had children—and nothing else. A bourgeois is a burgess, the inhabitant of a town, with certain privileges.

But, while the Russian villagers have children, and plenty of them, having, indeed, by far the largest birthrate in Europe, from 40 to 45 births per thousand each year, they

are far from having nothing else. They have, to begin with, their houses, exactly the kind of house that suits them best; they have their stock, their farming implements; they have their exasperating, tangled, undivided shares in some two or three square miles of forest and arable land and pasture. They belong, therefore, the whole hundred million of them, to " the capitalistic class " !

As against these hundred million peasants, there are, in European Russia, some 20,000,000 city dwellers, one-tenth of whom are in Petrograd, and something under another tenth in Moscow; Kiev and Odessa have about 600,000 each, while Riga has 500,000. No other Russian city has as many as a quarter million inhabitants; only a score have as many as 100,000.

There were, before the war, two or three million factory hands and miners; two per cent, perhaps, of the whole population. And these, if you wish, are the genuine proletariat, for whom it is now claimed that they are the authentic " Russian people," that they have the right to rule all Russia.

One sees at once into what confusion our thinking about Russia has been thrown by the noisy doings at Petrograd, by truculent persons like " Nikolai Lenin " and Trotsky. The real Lenin, it is said, died several years ago in Switzerland; the genuine name of the present wearer of the title is said to be Zederblum, which seems to mean " Cedar-blossom," evidently not a Slavonic name. He comes, without doubt, from the same class which has bestowed upon us Miss Emma Goldman and Mr. Alexander Berkman, and is made of the same psychological material.

And, if one ponders over it, there is a genuine pathos in the existence of this class. They have enormous nervous energy, without constructive power. Therefore they are almost predestined agitators. They have no genuine sense of nationality, nor do they really understand the character and aspirations of the peoples among whom they dwell. When they come here as immigrants, they settle in the tenement districts of our cities, and find their way, for the most part, into sweat-shops rapaciously run by people of their own class, who arrived a few years earlier and have amassed a little capital. In these sweat-shops they form their ideas concerning the hollowness of " American civilization." Thousands of them have streamed back to Petrograd since the Ides of March, to denounce us and our capitalistic ways.

The curious thing about them, and the tragical thing, is, that they so often have idealism without spirituality, the ardent longing for an earthly paradise, which could be realized, generally, by the possession of more money; but there is a certain imaginative humanism in their ideas, though it is generally of the earth, earthy; and their high psychical tension makes them ferocious in denunciation. A certain bitter zeal is the key note of their temperament.

These are the people who have been raising the storm in Petrograd, with the large and eager aid of German agents, whose persuasive ways are being set forth with such fine tact and irony by our own State Department. Their kind has been not less busy in Petrograd.

So we have two of the elements in contemporary Russian history: the hundred million peasants whose spiritual horizon is bounded by their villages, strewn, like the stars in their multitude, over the vast Russian plain; and the Zederblum agitators, with their high tension psychic ferocity, mouthing Marxian dogmas about the proletariat and the bourgeoisie, which have practically no applicability at all to the real conditions of Russian life—conditions about which they seem to be comprehensively in the dark. Then there are the two or three million factory hands and miners and metal workers, with whom the Zederblum agitators seem to have had some temporary success. Indeed, they seem to have succeeded too well, inspiring the operatives to ask for something above the entire profits of the factories. At that rate, things cannot run very long.

So we come back to vast rural Russia, the hundred million peasants in their villages. These people seem to have no great political gifts. Perhaps their communal land tenure has checked the growth of individuality among them; or perhaps it simply expresses the absence of marked individuality, and of the demands of individuality. Tolstoi in certain ways expresses the heart of their mystery with profound truth. They are religious by instinct and habit, they are gentle and good natured and melancholy, they are passive, full of profound inertia; they are, in a sense, anarchistic; that is, they have no inherent instinct for a general, national government; their affairs would go on pretty well if there was no government at all beyond the patriarchal Mir, which decides the moot questions of their villages and *volosts*.

They have never evolved a government of their own. Eleven or twelve centuries ago, they had worked themselves into much the kind of muddle that prevails in Russia today. They were entirely unable to get out of it. So they sent this message to Viking Rurik and his brethren: "Our land is big and abounding, but there is no order in it; come and rule us and be princes over us!" So Rurik came and established a dynasty, as another prince of Viking stock came later to England to found a dynasty there. Viking blood in Russia, like Norman blood in England, was the basis of the old noblesse. And it was the descendants and successors of these Norman nobles who, at Runnymede, laid the foundations of constitutional government in the Great Charter. Until the nineteenth century, the proletariat had little to do with constitution making in England; the House of Commons was developed by the landed gentry and the burgesses.

The Russian noblesse had less of political instinct, therefore more power remained in the hands of the dynasty. And when, in the time of Shakespeare, the old dynasty of Rurik died out with Feodor, John the Terrible's son, Russia fell once more into a "time of confusion," whose tragedy was deepened by Polish invasions. It was in the midst of this "time of confusion" that Russia called the Romanoffs to power, persuaded by their patriotic service, and, for three centuries, the Russian realm and the Romanoffs grew together, the Czar becoming a part of the peasants' religion.

How far that religious feeling rested on sheer passive acceptance, the peasant taking the Czar as he took the vast sky over his head, or the interminable plain in which he lived, or the gloomy pine forests about him, accepting them all with his measureless inertia, would be a question fascinating to study, but difficult to solve conclusively. But, at the Czar's bidding, he sent his sons to the war; at the Czar's bidding, he paid the taxes that kept the machine of state going. Throughout the army, on the whole, was the spirit of sacrifice, the readiness to "die for the Czar." That was the mainspring of the Russian army. Pressed forward by that mainspring, the Russian peasant, in his own nature passive and pacifist, fought hard and died heroically.

And now the mainspring is broken. We saw that, if we lifted out of Russia everything except the innumerable villages, the vast mass of the Russian people would remain

practically unchanged, the horizon of each group of villagers bounded by their village. Well, that is about what has happened. The vast framework, of which the Czar was the center, has been lifted off, and the innumerable villagers remain. If left to themselves, they would simply go on tilling their land till the end of time. So far as they are concerned, the noisy persons at Petrograd can effect practically nothing. They can, perhaps, take land from the richer landowners, who will in all likelihood not resist—that is a part of Russian inertia—and give it to the peasants. But if they reverse the process, and try to take land from the peasant, instead of giving land to him, they will find themselves trying to move the vast mountain weight of inertia of the whole Russian people.

The mainspring is broken too, so far as the army is concerned. The Russian soldier could understand "dying for the Czar;" that was born in the bone of him, and in his power to suffer he was a hero. But when you take away from him the inspiration of his loyalty, and substitute for it self-interest, then self-interest instantly says, "Why should I die at all? Why not save my own skin?" And all the profound passivism and pacifism in his nature, out of which his loyalty to the Czar had partly dragged him, echoes the plaintive cry, "Why should I die at all?" So he settles back doggedly into his trench, and there he will sit, held by his immense inertia, so long as the enemy shell fire is not too galling. And, if his officers try too hard to make him fight, and call him a coward, he will sulk awhile in silence; then, if they persist, stirring him up to undesired activity, he will shoot them, and settle back into his trench once more.

This is, I think, a vital truth concerning the Russian nature; the nature of the real Russians of the innumerable villages, not the melodramatists of Petrograd. It is not the whole truth; it may even be an exaggeration of one side of the truth. But I am convinced that there is a profound reality here; and that, so long as we do not take it into consideration, we shall quite fail to understand Russia.

CHARLES JOHNSTON.

THE CHILDREN'S BUREAU IN WAR TIME

BY JULIA C. LATHROP
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Does the war make any difference to the work of the Children's Bureau? This question has been asked us repeatedly since the declaration by the United States. There is only one answer: that the work of a Government Bureau directed "to investigate and report upon all matters pertaining to the welfare of children" at once must be affected by the fact that this country has entered the war. It is quite true that all the Bureau is able to accomplish is trivial as compared with its task, but that is only an added reason for making its work answer the immediate need as far as possible.

Many questions affecting children in war time present themselves; but none more basic than this: How shall the Government which sends men to fight in Europe deal with their dependents at home? Naturally we turn to the warring countries to find information that may help us in answering these questions new to us but which were met by them also at the beginning of the war, and with which they have been obliged to deal for the last three years.

Soon after war was declared by the United States, the Bureau began a study of the foreign material now available on this side the Atlantic touching the welfare of children during the war period. Official reports,—Austrian, English, French, German, Italian, Russian,—have been read; parliamentary debates, newspapers and other sources searched. Naturally this material is scattered and fragmentary. In some countries official reports have been suspended, or, if continued, have not always reached the United States. Yet enough has been gathered to make clear the emergence of certain distinct tendencies, and for us that is

the important matter—to know which way those most profoundly involved in the war are moving in the matter of protecting infancy and childhood.

If three years of exhausting war have compelled the abandonment of work for the care of maternity and infancy, have lowered the standards of labor, have withdrawn attention from the schools, if the support of the soldier's dependents is unregarded, we should know the facts and be warned in time.

If on the other hand we find a growing sense of the importance of conserving the children of these nations and giving them better care than their parents had, as a measure of national survival, we shall see our way more clearly, and shall be prepared for the sacrifices other nations make to this end. I shall not attempt to discuss the material on various subjects from which the Bureau records show that something has been gleaned, but shall confine myself to offering some excerpts and comparisons on three points:

The protection of infancy and maternity.

The protection of the older child at school and work.

Provision for the soldier and his family and its significance.

Naturally enough Great Britain and her colonies present to this country the most accessible and abundant material upon every subject in the field of child welfare. Of course the protection of maternity and infancy is the alternative of a high infant mortality and before the war the necessity for this protection had been urged increasingly in England by health officials and students of social and economic conditions until, by a strange timeliness, the Parliamentary debates upon a plan for grants in aid of local work culminated in a detailed memorandum dated July 30, 1914, for allowing grants for maternity and child welfare not to exceed one-half the total expense. This new power of grants in aid gave to the Local Government Board the means of making effective for war time the extraordinary efforts to preserve the lives of mothers and babies which the foresighted English authorities demanded.

In common with the other countries from which we have reports the birth rate in Great Britain has fallen since the war and the infant mortality rate has therefore been watched with the more solicitude. It fluctuated slightly for 1914 and 1915, but for 1916 it reached 91 per 1,000 births, the lowest

for any year on record in that country. The reduction is ascribed to a combination of causes,—a cool summer and the increase in wages are credited with a share, but much importance is given to the new measures taken under Government auspices to protect maternity and infancy. In the annual report of the Local Government Board for 1915-1916, Sir Arthur Newsholme, medical officer, begins his statement of the Board's work for maternity and infant care with these words:

"Notwithstanding war conditions there have occurred important extensions of previous work and new work has been initiated."

He emphasizes the importance of the health visitor, who fills in many respects the place of the visiting or public health nurse with whom we are acquainted, and says:

> A steady approach is being made to the standard of one health visitor to 500 births which was laid down as desirable in my memorandum of November, 1915. * * * Public opinion has been roused to the urgency of all measures for promoting maternal and child welfare, and I trust that at the end of the year 1916 it will be possible to report that even greater progress has been made than in 1915 in this respect.

In this connection it may not be amiss to quote from a set of resolutions concerning child welfare drawn up by representatives of public and volunteer bodies in the United States and approved by the Council of National Defense in June of the present year:

> Realizing that public health nurses are essential to the carrying on of child welfare work, we recommend that every possible effort be made to prevent these especially trained nurses from being withdrawn from such work, and that public health nursing be officially recognized as war service.

Nor can the subject be left without calling attention to the fact that upon the basis estimated by Newsholme this country could utilize 5,000 public health nurses for maternity and child welfare alone. Including special types—such as tuberculosis, industrial and school nurses,—there were probably 6,000 public health nurses in service at the beginning of our war; 2,500 of these are pledged to war service, and the ranks are already seriously depleted. Yet it has been said recently by a responsible authority that the United States could economically utilize 25,000 public health nurses. An-

other especially relevant paragraph from this 1915-1916 report of the Local Government Board is as follows:

> As the result of the war there has not been an expansion of voluntary work for child welfare to the same extent as of official work, the subscriptions of voluntary societies having fallen off. This increases the urgency for more general action on the part of local authorities.

Already the tendency to economize in the support of private work for child welfare is felt here, and it may be found here as in England that public expenditures on a sound social basis must be substituted for private gifts.

In this the third year of the war England organized a National Baby Week Campaign with a Council of which the Queen was patron, the Prime Minister, President, and the President of the Local Government Board, Chairman. Credit was given for Baby Week as an American idea which had "appealed equally to American sentiment and American common sense." The leading reviews published advance articles urging for England the supreme importance of using every possible means to preserve the lives of babies in war time,—one writer stating that in 1915 "death carried off more British babies than soldiers." Later advices show great interest throughout the country in the observances held the first week in July.

In contrast with the vigorous campaign in England, which has been three years at war, is the fact that our declaration of war on April 6 so distracted attention from mere babies that the May celebrations here were fewer than last year. Of course Baby Week is a device for arousing public opinion and the seeming drop in interest because of the war certainly does not mean that we shall await the waste of life in battle before we gather force to put an end to the waste of life in the cradle.

Little information is available from Germany and I shall only quote from a paper on Infant Welfare Work in War Time by Dr. Grace L. Meigs of the Children's Bureau which discusses the reports of Drs. Langstein and Rott, director and assistant at the *Kaiserin-Augusta-Victoria-Haus zur Bekampfung der Saüglingsterblichkeit in Deutschen Reiche,* the official headquarters of the movement for the protection of infancy in Germany:

> Their articles published in the early part of 1915 tell us only of conditions in the early months of the war but they are interesting as

showing the lines on which the work was laid out in Germany for the war period. * * * Very soon after the beginning of the war a meeting of representatives of infant welfare work in Berlin took place at the Reichstag. The resolution to continue infant welfare work and to increase it was expressed, and this resolution was communicated to all other German communities.

A few months later, in June, 1915, Dr. Rott reported on a questionnaire sent to officials and private organizations in over 375 communities of over 15,000 inhabitants, and to 788 infant welfare centers, to 266 institutions for the care of mothers and babies, and to 271 day nurseries. The object of this study was to find out the effect of the war on the great system of infant welfare work which had been developed in Germany before the war. Eighty-one per cent of the communities answered the questionnaire. It was found that in only two per cent of the communities had work decreased; in ten per cent it had increased; and in the remainder, eighty-eight per cent, it had continued unimpaired. The centers which had been closed were those which depended on private subscription. The loss of physicians and nurses to war work was remarked upon in many communities; especially characteristic of private associations was a tendency of the sisters who had been carrying on infant welfare work to leave it for active military duty.

Dr. Langstein refers to the special division for the care of infants in Berlin which is part of the Red Cross. The division stipulates that the mother shall bring her baby regularly to an infant welfare station. He says:

> This fund gives to all mothers who are shown to be in need, and who wish to take care of their children in their own homes, a monthly allowance; and fulfills therewith a task which is not only successful as regards health but is also a great social task. I hope that the existence of this allowance may not end with the peace which we hope will soon come.

In France the reports on maternal and infant welfare work deal especially with Paris, where it was organized early in August, 1914, under military auspices with the title "*Office Centrale d'assistance maternelle et infantile,*" and it is stated that the medical protection of mothers and babies had never been so good in Paris as during the early period of the war. Infant mortality in Paris declined for the first two years of the war. There has been prolonged discussion in the French Academy of Medicine as to the employment of pregnant women and nursing mothers. The interest

aroused by the discussions makes plain that however much difference of opinion there may be as to the best way to protect mothers and babies, there is the deepest public sense of the importance of their protection.

Dr. Meigs in drawing conclusions from her review makes several suggestions, among which the following are especially timely:

> That the chief preventive measure for protecting babies is to insure their intelligent care and nursing by healthy mothers in their own homes.
>
> That the preventive work for infant and maternal welfare, already established, should be strengthened and extended; and that nothing should be considered more important in war time.

Maternity insurance or government allowances in some form are found without exception in the warring countries. In some cases these have been much increased since the war began. This is notably true as to Germany and France.

The standards of life are so different in this country that the actual methods of safeguarding maternity in Europe would apply only with much modification, and the whole subject of maternity protection, urgent as it is here, must be worked out by our own experimenting, upon a scale commensurate with our standard of living.

But what of older children? We find that our next-door neighbor Canada has sent one-nineteenth of her total population to the front, yet she has not relaxed her labor standards for children. New Zealand has sent to the war one-fourteenth of her population, yet she has not changed her restrictions of woman and child labor. Australia has maintained her labor standards with no important variation.

These countries are all new, vigorous, remote from the great centers of war industry. What is the attitude in England and France?

After two years of war, during which emergency exemptions were made in both countries, M. Albert Thomas, French Minister of Munitions, epitomized in the following brief sentences the importance of preserving labor laws not only for the sake of the workers but in the interest of sustained output:

> The experience of war time has only demonstrated the necessity—technical, economic and even physiological—of the labor laws enacted before the war. In our legislation secured in time of peace we shall find the conditions for a better and more intense production during the war.

The reports of the British Committee on the Health of Munition Workers had been read with great interest in this country even before the United States entered the war. The findings of these painstaking studies become of much greater interest now when the demands of war contracts must bring us to the same difficulties they discuss unless we are willing to learn by the experience of other countries. They show the waste involved in the long hours worked during the war and urge the restoring of restrictions in such statements as the following, extracted from the reports to Parliament:

Even during the urgent claims of a war the problem must always be to obtain the maximum output from the individual worker which is compatible with the maintenance of his health. In war time the workmen will be willing, as they are showing in so many directions, to forego comfort and to work nearer to the margin of accumulating fatigue than in times of peace, but the country can not afford the extravagance of paying for work done during incapacity from fatigue just because so many hours are spent upon it, or the further extravagance of urging armies of workers towards relative incapacity by neglect of physiological law.

Conditions of work are accepted without question and without complaint which, immediately detrimental to output, would if continued be ultimately diastrous to health. It is for the nation to safeguard the devotion of its workers by its foresight and watchfulness lest irreparable harm be done to body and mind both in this generation and the next.

Very young girls show almost immediate symptons of lassitude, exhaustion, and impaired vitality under the influence of employment at night. A very similar impression was made by the appearance of large numbers of young boys who had been working at munitions for a long time on alternate night and day shifts.

It is particularly to be noted that in England the war exemptions to the factory laws have not included a lowering of the age limits for factory work.

While there was confusion and hardship incidental to the organization of war industries in England, we are told that as early as 1915 some employers returned voluntarily to regular labor standards. The British Chief Inspector of Factories and Workshops writes in May, 1916:

The tendency grew as the year passed to substitute a system of shifts for the long day followed by overtime, and this is particularly reported of munition factories in the Midlands and in Sheffield. * * * The number of days on which overtime was actually worked tended in many factories to decrease as experience grew of accumulating fatigue and lessened output. Probably for similar reasons Sunday labor also has tended latterly to decrease.

Again in his report dated April, 1917, the Chief Inspector says:

> It is fairly well recognized now that continuous and excessive overtime very soon produces lassitude and slackness among the workers and injuriously affects efficiency and both the quantity and quality of the work. In one weaving factory special records were kept when the normal hours of 55½ a week were increased for 16 weeks to 58 and for 4 weeks to 65½. The output did not increase in proportion and the difference was more marked when working the 65½ hour weeks.

Labor in general is considered by the inspector but it need not be pointed out that any hard conditions of labor bear most heavily on immature persons.

For the greater part of the first two years of the war France allowed boys and girls under eighteen to work at night in special cases. She has now restored the prohibition of night work for girls under eighteen and provides that other night workers shall be subject to medical supervision. The official *Bulletin des Usines de Guerre* for July 31, 1916, shows the basis for such regulations:

> With the continuance of the war it becomes necessary not only to find the best possible disposition of the forces available for our war industries but also to avoid every cause for exhaustion or weakening of the labor employed in our factories. There is a close relation between the conditions in which we place our workers and the improvement or the increase of our war products. For the very sake of the national defense we must conserve all their physical strength for the workers who are responsible for the manufacture of arms and for the output of our factories.

At a meeting held in Washington in honor of the Labor Members of the British Commission sent to the United States soon after our declaration of war, Hon. James H. Thomas, M. P., was asked about the necessity for child labor. Few who heard his reply will soon forget it. "I cannot conceive," he said, "that the assistance the United States can give to the allied cause is dependent upon any alteration in the child labor laws of this country."

But mere restriction of child labor does not go far. Florence Kelley's dictum that the best child labor law is a compulsory education law is illustrated by recent action in England and France. France has now under consideration an education bill which would in effect raise the standard of labor protection in war time. It was introduced in the Chamber of Deputies in March by M. Viviani and closely resembles a bill passed by the French Senate in

June, 1916. This proposal to establish a system of continuation schools and to require part-time school attendance during working hours by all working children under seventeen years of age has the endorsement of the Minister of Commerce and of business interests in all parts of the country.

According to Commissioner Finley of New York, recently returned from an inspection of French schools in France, the ages for leaving elementary school have not been modified. The accustomed men teachers have gone into the war to the number of thirty thousand, leaving the schools sadly crippled; for the French village schoolmaster usually lives with his family adjacent to the school, holding a permanent position and exercising the kindly authority and leadership which Daudet's familiar story of the last day of French teaching in Alsace set forth. It is not strange that the saucy contrast of Hansi's pictures of an Alsatian village under German tutelage caused that artist's arrest by the German authorities just before the outbreak of the war. Now women must take the place of men teachers; older children must work. But the elementary schools go on with as little change as possible, we are told by Mr. Finley.

France is making plans for physical training in her schools and the plans of the English Departmental Committee for Physical Training are carefully worked out in the report quoted later. It is noteworthy that neither the French plans nor the recommendations of the English report include military training or drill. After the Franco-Prussian War, France tried military drill in the schools, but abandoned it fifteen years or more ago. On the other hand, the recruiting stations of England have shown the need in that country of better physical care for children during the years of school life. We shall soon see what the draft examinations will reveal here as to the health and vigor of young men of varying opportunities for development.

We find that no new law exempting children from school attendance has been passed in England since the war began, but the power to exempt which was already in the law has been used to allow the dismissal of children for farm labor and "light employment." These exemptions, like those for factory work, are much regretted by the educational authorities, according to the English reports.

There is much complaint of the breakdown of the English schools. Other elements besides the exemptions are involved, however. We are told that many men teachers have gone to the front, whose places have been filled by women if at all, and necessarily the women have been less well trained, less experienced, and generally at a disadvantage in preserving discipline in schools for English boys who, unlike American lads in school, are not accustomed to feminine authority. The unusual degree of juvenile delinquency is ascribed in part to the relaxation of school conditions.

Present opinion as to school needs in England is shown by the Final Report of the Departmental Committee on Juvenile Education in Relation to Employment after the War. This report, with the accompanying summaries of evidence and appendices, was presented to Parliament in the present year. It points out by the testimony of witnesses representing employers, labor, teachers and educational authorities, social workers and others, the urgent importance of protecting the school life of children as the only fruitful way of protecting their working life. It sets aside as mischievous all the old exemptions and half-time provisions, and the summary of recommendations begins as follows:

> We therefore recommend that a uniform Elementary School-leaving age of fourteen be established by statute for all districts, urban and rural, and that all exemptions, total or partial, from compulsory attendance below that age be abolished, * * * that difficulties of poverty be met in other ways than by regarding poverty as a reasonable excuse for non-attendance.

The most radical proposal is that compulsory education be continued to the age of eighteen by day continuation classes, not less than eight hours a week for forty weeks in the year, and that where there is already a statutory limitation upon the hours of labor the permitted hours of labor be reduced by the number of those required for the continuation classes.

Great emphasis is laid upon the importance of continuous physical training, medical inspection, and clinical treatment, where necessary, up to the age of eighteen.

The need of protecting the education of English children urged by the Departmental Committee is recognized formally by the Board of Education, which has submitted

to Parliament a budget for 1917-1918 showing an increase of nearly four million pounds over last year,—the largest increase over a preceding year known in the history of English education. The purpose of this additional sum is to raise teachers' salaries, restore school buildings to school use, and to increase school efficiency.

The best of our own public schools are, we may believe, the best equipped, the best taught in the world, but these are far too few. They are chiefly in cities,—seldom in the country. Disgraceful illiteracy figures for rural areas where children work as farm laborers still meet us on the census pages.

The best of our school attendance laws like those of New York, Ohio, New Jersey, Massachusetts, Illinois, are better than those proposed by the Departmental Committee, leaving aside the proposal for compulsory continuation schools to the age of eighteen. Our worst laws are such as make possible our illiteracy rate among native-born American children, and the intermediate laws are far from satisfactory.

If we may judge by the eagerness with which South Carolina children have taken advantage of the compulsory school law passed in that State last winter we may also find that the Federal child labor law which went into effect September 1, 1917, will aid in securing that uniformity of school requirements which the English report wisely urges, and will have the good effect of a compulsory education law if public interest is enlisted to provide good schools.

The study of English and French experience at the end of three years of war certainly justifies this country, now the strongest and richest on earth, in determining that its children shall be kept at school as usual unless better methods of teaching in the interests of the children solely can be invented. A continuous census of all available sources of adult labor is the reasonable prerequisite for any discussion of allowing child labor, and this is still lacking.

The Children's Bureau had not gone far in the study of foreign experience in war time before it became clear that recommendations as to methods and expedients for the protection of children in any country calling a large army into being must be conditioned upon the provision made by the Government itself for the pay of soldiers, and the experience of the countries giving a valuation to the individual family unit and its maintenance which could be considered

most analogous to our own became of great importance. This valuation was found in most marked degree in the countries whose newness and freedom of development and prosperity would naturally lead to a sound liberality in the treatment of their soldiers. Pre-eminent among this group stands Canada, our nearest neighbor.

It was felt that the United States should examine in a technical manner the administration of the Canadian plan, especially as to the new feature of insurance. The Children's Bureau was exceedingly fortunate to be able to secure the generous aid of Captain S. Herbert Wolfe of New York, a well-known actuary, and the chairman of the Social Service Committee of one of the great New York hospitals. Captain Wolfe went to Canada early in May and made a report which was at once published by the Bureau under the title of *Care of Dependents of Enlisted Men in Canada.* The Canadian plan leads toward a truly modern conception of the responsibility of the Government to the men who form an army, and is especially significant for the skill with which provisions for re-education, protection of dependents and insurance of the soldier are woven together so as to stimulate self-respecting effort in returning to civil life, and to offer genuine safeguards against helpless poverty.

As a further contribution for the consideration of the best form of soldiers' compensation, the Bureau has prepared under special instructions from the Secretary of Labor and with the direction and assistance of Captain Wolfe a report entitled *Governmental Provisions in the United States and Foreign Countries for Members of the Military Forces and Their Families.*

These studies were used in the preparation of the Administration bill for soldiers' compensation and insurance which was drafted by the Honorable Julian W. Mack and which has now passed both houses of Congress.

If a country—a democratic country—requires of its citizens the hazard of their lives can it do less than provide for their families an assured status?

One of the "June Resolutions" approved by the Council of National Defense was as follows:

> We urge that immediate steps be taken to secure the adoption of a Governmental plan to assure adequate support for soldiers and their families. This plan should include financial and medical provision, facilities for the re-education of the injured soldier, and the re-es-

tablishment of the family. Such a plan promptly put into operation would have more effect in promoting child welfare than any other measure which the Government could adopt on behalf of the dependents of men in service.

We wish to see for the soldier above all the recognition that his children have the right to a home and the care of their mother while he is away. Allowances must be made which will not send young mothers out to work and leave babies unattended to die at twice the rate of the babies of more prosperous mothers; older children must have schooling—not the bare legal requirement but what their own powers justify. Comfortable homes with good mothers to give the warmth of affection as well as wholesome food and bodily comfort are the best possible safeguard against the costly waste of juvenile delinquency. Soldiers' families must have all this. Words fail when one thinks of the young fathers who will go into the army if the war continues. This much is sure, their country must see to it that they do not return to find democracy set at naught here because their households have been neglected by the nation which sent them away. And if they do not come back? Then more than ever soldiers' families must have all this. An infinite number of perplexing readjustments, of great sacrifices and very real hardships await many of the civilian population as war goes on. Let us vow that they shall fall upon those who can bear them—not upon mothers and children.

We have entered into a war to make democracy prevail; to help secure for others that political and social organization which gives to us the basis for our standard of living, for the nurture and education of this nation's children,—not a few choice children of a favored class, but all children.

JULIA C. LATHROP.

THE CAPTURE OF CONTRABAND OF WAR

BY E. S. ROSCOE

In a recent number of this Review I endeavoured to place before its readers a short exposition of the Evolution of Commercial Blockade; a kindred and important subject is the Capture of Contraband of War. The two, especially if considered together, stand out as by far the most important subjects which have engaged the attention of the Judges of the Allied Prize Courts during the Great War, and in the case of each there has been an unmistakable and definite movement. It may be that after the conclusion of the present War the world will not again be disturbed by international hostilities. It would, however, be impractical to rely on such a desirable contingency, and, if the possibility of future wars is not to be overlooked, the experience of the present great conflict should not, in relation to such subjects as the Capture of Contraband, be disregarded.

The question of contraband has from the earliest times been a constant cause of disagreement between belligerents and neutrals: their interests have always been sharply antagonistic, and both belligerent and neutral has based his claim on so-called rights, while additional bitterness has been added to the inevitable disputes because the belligerent has regarded the neutral as endeavouring to prevent the success of his operations, and the neutral has, although not a party to existing hostilities, smarted under pecuniary loss.

Nothing has been more unprofitable than the attempts of jurists to construct in regard to articles which may or may not be declared contraband some kind of theory of rights from the fluctuating action, whether in treaties, proclamations or decisions of prize courts, of various European Powers. "The view of contraband," wrote the late Profes-

sor Westlake, "which found one of its earliest expressions in the Treaty of Whitehall may, from the state most eminent among its authors and upholders be called the British." (*War,* page 283). The so-called British view was the assertion of the practice of preventing the entry into a belligerent country of a larger number of articles than was approved by France. These practices were not based on any theory, on the contrary they rested on mere military convenience, for the larger the number of articles which could be prevented from entering a belligerent port by the maritime power of Great Britain, the greater was the injury inflicted on the antagonistic belligerent Power. From beginning to end the practice of nations in regard to the inclusion of certain articles under the term contraband has depended on the needs and views of the several combatants. "So far as they were not bound by a treaty," writes Professor Oppenheim (*International Law,* II., p. 481), "belligerents formally exercised their discretion in every war according to the special circumstances and conditions for regarding or not regarding certain articles of ancipitous use as contraband." The Great War at any rate has made it clear that freedom of practice in regard to the number of contraband articles must henceforth prevail, for in this way only can the military necessity of the belligerents at a given time have complete expression.

It may be—as has been suggested—that a time is approaching when wars will no longer disturb the tranquil current of life, but, if they come and maritime nations are again involved, the capture of contraband articles by a belligerent will be more than ever destructive of neutral trade. A modern war is a vast engineering and commercial operation, the culmination of which is the destruction by armed forces of human life and property. Consequently the number of articles which can fairly be regarded as useful to a belligerent is now so large that a list of absolute and conditional contraband goods includes almost everything which is the subject of commercial transactions. If, for example, one turns to the second edition of the clear and useful manual compiled by Mr. Maurice Rackham of the British Admiralty and Prize Registry, there were, to November 5th, 1915, two hundred and ninety-nine articles classed as absolute contraband, and seventy-eight as conditional contraband, numbers which have since been considerably increased. Many sepa-

rate headings form a class of articles, each necessarily therefore including any number of separate articles. No. 14, for example, of the conditional contraband goods is "Fabrics for clothing if suitable for war." Some similar articles are to be found enumerated, for ease of reference, under different heads but this does not lessen the cumulative effect of the character of modern warfare as exemplified by the list of contraband.

In the Declaration of London its authors, with what now seems remarkable optimism, placed a list of seventeen articles which might not be declared contraband (Article 28) including, surprising as it may seem, cotton and rubber, whilst eleven classes only were declared to be absolute contraband and fourteen conditional contraband (Articles 22 and 24). The latter, however, were under a formidable limitation, because, in order to be condemned, they must be shown to be destined for the use of the armed forces of the enemy and not intended to be discharged in a neutral port. The present war has put an end to any such limitation and has established the propriety of the condemnation by a Prize Court of articles as conditional contraband, if their ultimate destination is a place in belligerent territory, even though the end of the actual voyage may be a neutral port. This action rests upon what in legal language is termed the doctrine of continuous transit, which was first enunciated by Lord Stowell in the Napoleonic War in relation to the enemy's Colonial trade and was extended to contraband by the Supreme Court of the United States in the American Civil War. The doctrine has now been distinctly included in English Prize Law. "It appears also to be obvious," said Sir Samuel Evans, the President of the British Prize Court, "that in these days of easy transit, if the doctrine of continuous voyage or continuous transportation is to hold at all it must cover not only voyages from port to port at sea, but also transport by land, until the real as distinguished from the merely ostensible destination of the goods is reached." And the practice must be considered now, both as regards sea and land transit, as an admitted rule of international law.

The value of precedent in British and American jurisprudence is so marked that the authority of Lord Stowell was willingly relied on by the American Courts to support their judgments on this point, just as in the present war the British Prize Court has relied on these very decisions of the

Supreme Court of the United States. But, the doctrine, if such it may be called—apart from any question of inclusion in judicial precedents whether British or American—is a natural evolution of a practical kind arising out of modern mercantile conditions and must, legal precedent or no legal precedent, have inevitably come into existence unless the stoppage of contraband was to be limited by a practice unsuitable to present day affairs and was to be of no real value to a belligerent. The differences of jurists have become immaterial in face of overwhelming facts: "Although the majority of Continental writers condemn the doctrine of continuous transport, several eminent Continental writers support it" (Oppenheim, II., p. 504). This comment is suggestive, because it shows that some writers on international usage have been led astray. They have endeavoured to find juristic bases for or against practices which have come into existence from the changes produced by time or modern conditions. International law needs to be more studied in relation to national development rather than as an exact science. Some writers have, for example, condemned the so-called doctrine of continuous transit on the ground that goods in a neutral country, whatever their character, may be dealt in and forwarded to a belligerent and therefore that a contraband cargo, once it has arrived in neutral territory, enters, as it were, into a new commercial existence and should not be regarded as property in the course of transit. Such an argument ignores the real course of circumstances in modern commercial practice. It is in fact an ingenious but wrong method of reasoning because, as already suggested, this question must be regarded in relation to the actual facts of commercial international intercourse.

The elaborate extension of the list of contraband articles not only by Great Britain but also by her Allies, has clearly shown that no finite lists of contraband, whether absolute or conditional, can be arranged by international agreement in periods of peace. For the changes produced by time on warfare cannot be foreseen in their completeness, nor can the locality of warfare or the conditions of combatants be known before hostilities. It is a gain, at any rate, that recent experience has proved definitely that each combatant must be at liberty to compile lists of contraband at the beginning of or during the continuance of hostilities, and, however hard it may be for neutrals, they must put up with loss

and inconvenience caused by the consequent more widespread interference with their trade. It is another instance that modern warfare between armed nations, and not merely between armies, is a catastrophic event, infinitely more disturbing not only to combatants but to neutrals than were wars in the past however apparently important. But it is the combination of the doctrine of continuous transit by sea or overland with the varied and complicated character of modern warfare, requiring as it does most of the articles of civil life for the use of military operations, that has chiefly given to the capture of contraband such exceeding importance both to neutrals and to belligerents. In the time of our forefathers blockades were operations which were most depended on. But blockades of enemy ports and even of an enemy country by means of the stoppage of non-contraband goods to neutral ports, can never have the same military value or at any rate can have in many instances only comparatively little effect without the assistance of the capture of contraband goods—whether to be delivered out of ships at a belligerent or a neutral port. If, however, it is clear that international pacts cannot and ought not to limit the number of articles which a belligerent may declare to be contraband, it would yet be possible to regulate by international agreement the effect of the carriage of contraband on neutral ships. The result to a neutral shipowner of the carriage of contraband is not vital to the interests of a belligerent, who is safeguarded if he can capture certain articles and secure their condemnation by his Prize Court. But a clear and settled international practice as to these results is of the first importance to neutral shipping and it should be possible for nations to agree on some international rules which could be placed in a statute in each country of the world in the same way as certain international agreements on the subject of collisions and salvage, which gave effect to two conventions approved and signed at Brussels in 1910, were embodied—for example—in the British Maritime Conventions Act 1911. According to Article 40 of the Declaration of London, if more than half the cargo in value, weight, volume or freight is contraband the vessel is subject to condemnation. This rule is plainly absurd, for it has no sound theoretical basis. It is also practically foolish, for a vessel, having less than half of the cargo contraband, may in that lesser quantity carry some articles more valuable to the enemy than are contained

in a cargo which is more than half of the contents of the vessel's holds or more than half the value. From the theoretical point of view a ship by carrying contraband either does so much injury to a belligerent, that in order to prevent the carriage she should be liable to be condemned by a Prize Court, or else her action is so innocent that she should be restored to her owners. A difference in what may be called guilt appears to exist between a ship which carries contraband to a belligerent port and one which is bound for a neutral port, since it may be fairly argued that, in the former case there is a presumption of guilt, in the latter of innocence. Hardly less important to neutral shipowners is a universal international agreement as to whether or not, assuming there are cases in which a vessel though she has carried contraband articles which have been condemned, should not be confiscated, is or is not entitled to be paid freight on the captured articles. These points, important though they are to shipowners, do not—as has been stated above—affect the vital part of the subject of contraband, namely the right —and it may almost now be so called—of a belligerent to capture contraband articles in the course of a continuous transit, and the freedom of a belligerent to declare articles absolute or conditional contraband if he considers that they are of utility to the military projects of the enemy.

E. S. Roscoe.

THE CASE OF THE LITTLE THEATERS

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS

I

ONE of the most striking developments of the first two decades of this twentieth century is the unprecedented expansion of an appreciative interest in the drama among the American people. The evidences of this interest are to be seen on every side: in the frequent articles in the magazines discussing dramatic topics; in the prompt publication of the pieces which are successful on the stage of New York and of London; in the incessant translation of plays by foreign authors, French and German, Italian and Spanish, Scandinavian and Russian; in the multiplicity of treatises upon dramatic theory and dramatic practise; in the increase of courses upon the drama, present and past, in our colleges, universities and summer sessions; and in the organization of the Drama League with its local centers all over the United States.

Froude tells us that in Tudor England there was acting everywhere, in the market-place, in the inn-yard and on the village green, in the inns of court, in the universities and in the royal palaces. And the future historian of social conditions in the United States will record that there is now acting everywhere, in the theaters, of course, but also in high schools and in universities, in church-clubs and in college-settlements, in open air amphitheaters and in hotel ball-rooms. There are masques presented in university stadiums and pageants presented in public parks. Greek plays are reproduced in Greek theaters and French plays are performed by students of French.

This American interest in the drama and in the art of acting is a novel phenomenon. It is a sudden and unexpected burgeoning. Nothing of the sort was to be seen forty

years ago; and even thirty years ago there was little to forecast it. Of course, the inhabitants of the larger American towns have always supported the theater more or less; but they held it to be a place of amusement; and most of them did not take the drama seriously. A quarter of a century ago people did not read plays, new or old, foreign or domestic, because there was a divorce between literature and the drama; and with very few exceptions the plays that were readable were not actable while those that were actable were not readable. Nobody would want to read *Arrah-na-Pogue* and nobody would want to see *Strafford* performed. Probably the change in the attitude of the public must be ascribed primarily to Ibsen; his plays were drama and they were literature; they were readable and they were actable. Even if they were produced on the stage only sporadically, they soon became familiar in the study. But while Ibsen may have been the exciting cause, there was also a predisposing condition: the time was ripe for a revival of interest in the drama as an art.

II

Of all the manifold manifestations of this revival no one is more significant than the spontaneous springing up of so-called Little Theaters all over the country, not in the larger cities only, but in the smaller towns also and even in the remoter villages. Here and there and everywhere a handful of enthusiasts, dissatisfied with the regular theater, and desirous of producing plays different in kind as well as in quality from those which appealed to the professional managers, enlisted allies, took possession of the best halls available and appealed to the public,—at first only to a public local and limited, but in time as they gained experience and confidence to the larger body of possible playgoers. Perhaps it is not quite exact to suggest that they had not abundant confidence at the beginning of their several enterprises, for most of them had the courage of the insurgent. They raised the red flag of revolution; they tolled the tocsin of revolt; they strode fearlessly into the spot-light of publicity. And they very soon succeeded in forcing themselves on the attention of the public. They were extravagantly belauded; they were also violently denounced; and they did not deserve either the excessive praise or the excessive blame. The move-

ment had the usual accompaniments of all such manifestations: it had reckless radicalism and annihilating iconoclasm; but it had also the unquenchable spirit of youth. And moreover it had justification in the existing organization of the theater here and now in the United States.

This organization is worse than the organization of the theater half a century ago; and it is different from that and different from the organization in every other country. It is the result of economic conditions, which are not altogether satisfactory. A living drama necessarily depends upon a prosperous theater. Shakespeare and Molière, actors as well as authors, were managers also; and they had perforce to please the public or to shut their doors. Therefore they desired, first of all, to make money, to establish their companies in popular favor. So they wrote the kind of play that their several publics relished; and incidentally they utilized this kind of play as the medium for their own self-expression, accepting the conditions under which their work had to be done, educating the playgoer of London and Paris and giving him always what he wanted but also more than he knew that he wanted. They were commercial to a certain extent, but of course they were never merely commercial. They wished their theaters to make money; but they did not have money-making as their sole object.

The first deficiency of the organization of the theater in the United States at the present time is that we happen to have no Shakespeare and no Molière. The second is that a majority of the managers seem to have money-making as their sole purpose and that they lack intelligence enough to perceive that while the theater is and always has been and always must be, a branch of the show-business, it has nobler possibilities. And in the third place the pressure of economic conditions has killed off the resident stock-companies, surviving year after year, producing plays independently, and more or less in response to local influences. The control of the American theater is now centralized in New York, where new plays are put on for a run, and then taken out to be seen all over the United States accredited by the reputation they have gained in the metropolis. The result is that even New York can now see performances only by road companies; and that a play—to be attractive to a producing manager—must possess the qualities which lead him to believe that it will be successful on Broadway for at least a

hundred nights and then continue its triumphant career for two or three seasons in the lesser cities.

Now, this state of affairs tends to inhibit the production of plays of a more delicate texture, unable to meet this test of immediate popularity in Manhattan. It tends to restrict the output of the finer kinds of comedy and of the more searching types of social-drama, in which life is sincerely depicted. It tends to exert an undue pressure in favor of the coarser kinds of farce and of melodrama, tricked out with the sensationalism likely to tickle the taste of the unthinking throng. It tends to limit the drama, which may be infinitely various, to the two or three species of play reasonably certain to amuse that omnipresent entity, the Tired Business Man.

Moreover, the necessity of pleasing Broadway, first of all, is a very serious handicap. The drama, it cannot be said too often, is the most democratic of the arts; it is a function of the crowd; it cannot exist unless it appeals to the people as a whole. Now, a Broadway audience is not truly representative of the American people as a whole, because it is a very special gathering. It represents not the six million inhabitants of New York but the less than two million inhabitants of Manhattan; and of these it represents mainly those who can afford to pay two dollars each for their tickets. Nothing less democratic can easily be imagined; and nothing less truly American, since a majority of the dwellers in Manhattan who can afford two dollars for their theater-tickets, are either foreign-born or the children of alien parents, whereas the people of the United States as a whole have either inherited or assimilated Anglo-Saxon ideals of conduct.

III

It is this existing organization of the American theater which has given their opportunity to the Little Theaters. They are not bound to strive for a hundred nights on Broadway. They need not keep in mind always the necessity of going on the road. They are profitably subject to local influences. They are not under economic pressure to be unduly commercial. They are free to undertake the task —which the commercial theater often neglects—of representing plays interesting in certain ways, but deficient in

universality of appeal. They can specialize more effectively than the purely commercial theater; and they can supplement it, doing what it fears that it cannot afford to attempt. They can serve as proving grounds and experiment stations. They can capitalize the enthusiasm and the initiative of youth. They can allow full freedom to the amateur spirit, which plays the game for its own sake and not for the gate-money. And it is because they have seen this opportunity and because they have taken advantage of it, that the Little Theaters have been able to attain a vogue disproportionate to their actual achievement.

Many of the smaller cities and most of the larger towns have been deprived of all opportunity to see good plays well acted. The best they could hope for would be either an occasional visit from a star, filling in a week of one-night stands between two large cities, or a few performances of a recent metropolitan success by a "number three company." Many representative plays of American, British and foreign authors were available in print; but plays are never written primarily for reading, and they reveal their full dramatic force only when they are performed. To judge a play by the printed page only is like trying to judge a picture by a photograph only; and in neither case is it possible to enjoy the richness of color. The Little Theaters brought the acted play to many places where the interest in the drama had been kept alive only by the printed play. And even in the big cities, the commercial theater had neglected a host of pieces which true lovers of the drama longed to behold,—those of Lord Dunsany, for example, and those of Maeterlinck.

As many of Maeterlinck's earlier pieces and most of those translated from Chekov and Schnitzler, Bracco and Benevente, were not protected by copyright, there was a natural temptation to the Little Theaters to specialize unduly in the exotic drama, a tendency encouraged by our cosmopolitanism and by our abiding colonialism which leads us to accept a foreign trade-mark as the warrant of superiority. These importations were not always wisely selected; not a few of these foreign plays were lacking in veracity; many of them were morbidly false to life as it really is; and most of them were unduly sombre. It is as true now as it was when Schiller said it, and when Matthew Arnold quoted it, that "all art is dedicated to joy, and there is no higher and no

more serious problem than to make men happy; the right art is that alone which creates the highest enjoyment." Only too often did the Little Theaters force their audiences to take their pleasure sadly,—to borrow Froissart's apt phrase.

Even when they produced plays by American authors the result was often joyless. Yet the Little Theaters did provide an opportunity for half-a-dozen American playwrights to come forward with one-act plays which presented aspects of our own life not before seized and set upon the stage. The spreading interest in the drama will accomplish nothing if it does not result in a more vivid representation and a more beautiful interpretation of American life. Native plays are more important to us than imported plays. It is good for us to be allowed to see other peoples as they see themselves; but it is better for us to see ourselves as we appear to one another. To us, here in America, one *Great Divide* or even one *College Widow* is worth a dozen *Cherry Orchards.* What we need in America is that the drama shall delight us with that pungent local flavor which we relish in our native fiction and especially in our short-stories, wherein Hawthorne and Bret Harte, Miss Wilkins and Miss Jewett, Octave Thanet and Hamlin Garland, Cable and Wister helped us to see the multicolored spectroscope of our vast territory.

Because of their poverty of resources the Little Theaters have been forced to devote the most of their energies to the one-act play. Now, the one-act play is to the three-act drama what the short-story is to the novel. It has its own special technic, its own artistic possibilities and its own obvious limitations. Unfortunately the commercial managers both in Great Britain and in the United States have come to the conclusion that it is not profitable to produce one-act plays; and this decision is disadvantageous. Our story-tellers learn their trade spinning brief tales for the magazines before they venture to use the experience thus acquired in long novels. So Scribe and the crowd of collaborators that encompassed him about began modestly with the composition of one-act plays. So did Sir Arthur Pinero and Mr. Henry Arthur Jones; and so did Clyde Fitch and Augustus Thomas. And this is plainly one of the most useful functions of the Little Theaters,—to encourage the first flights of fledgling playmakers,—to help them through their period of apprenticeship by the practical experience of

actual performance. Nothing is more instructive to the novice than the disenchanting labor of rehearsal—nothing, that is to say, except actual performance before an audience, which discloses instantly and pitilessly the weak spots in the structure of the play.

IV

At rehearsal the faltering footsteps of the 'prentice playwright are guided by the stage-manager,—the "producer" as he is now called, a personage whose duties have of late become increasingly important. The author ought to be his own producer, when he is competent for the task; and many authors are past masters in the art—Sir Arthur Pinero for one, and for another Mr. Augustus Thomas. The manager sometimes undertakes the delicate and difficult task of production, and Mr. Belasco is a renowned expert. The producer is probably more or less responsible for the choice of actors fitted for the several parts; and when they are selected it is the producer who advises them and who unifies their efforts, deciding upon the tone and the tempo of the performance. He has the selection of the scenery, the properties and the accessories; and he it is who regulates the lighting.

The producer needs to be a man of unusual endowment, and therefore he is rare. He must be born for his work; and he needs to be trained for it after he is born. He must have the instinct, the intuition, the native gift, and he must have also learnt how to accomplish an ideal result with the means at his disposal.

As competent producers are very few and as their services are therefore at a premium, they are likely already to have formed alliances with the regular managers; and the Little Theaters had perforce to develop producers of their own. And in half a dozen cases they have been fortunate in finding men who had a goodly share of the native gift and who were able rapidly to acquire the needed experience. These younger producers had the further advantage that they were not unduly hampered by the restraining traditions of the regular theater, many of which were no longer demanded by the newer methods of stage-presentation. Their lack of money forced them to simplify their stage-settings; and as usual necessity was the mother of

invention. They were privileged to call to their aid workers in the several arts, eagerly enthusiastic in their efforts to make the best of limited resources; and occasionally the result was beautifully imaginative in its suggestive simplicity.

But while the Little Theater often gave us plays which were welcome and while they sometimes produced these plays satisfactorily, they were less successful in gathering actors competent to bring out all that the plays themselves contained. The immense majority of the performers in the improvised companies of the Little Theaters were amateurs, with the fiery ardor of the volunteer recruit but without the steadiness of the trained veteran. Acting seems to be the easiest of the arts, and in its beginnings, it is. Few of us have failed to see performances by school-girls and by college-boys which were surprising in their effectiveness, because the young players were supported by the interest of the story and of the situations. But this juvenile spontaneity can carry the novice but a little way; and the higher levels of histrionic craftsmanship are attained by only a chosen few, richly endowed and rigorously trained.

The most accomplished comedian at the end of the nineteenth century was Coquelin; and he once described to an interviewer his method of creating a character: "When I have to create a part, I begin by reading the play with the greatest attention five or six times. First, I consider what position my character should occupy, on what plane in the picture I must put him. Then I study his psychology, finding out what he thinks, what he is morally. I deduce what he ought to be physically, what will be his carriage, his manner of speaking, his gesture. These characteristics once decided, I learn the part without thinking about it further; then, when I know it, I take up my man again and closing my eyes, I say to him, 'Recite this for me.' Then I see him delivering the speech, the sentence I asked him for; he lives, he speaks, he gesticulates before me; and then I have only to imitate him." A procedure of this suggestive simplicity would be impossible to the 'prentice players who made up the companies of the Little Theaters; and the most that these 'prentice players were competent to do was to obey with docility the directions of the producer as best they could.

If the producer was able to impose his ideas and to get them carried out approximately, he could secure a fair result in plays carefully chosen not to demand from the recruit a

service which could be rendered only by the veteran. So it was that the Little Theaters were most successful when they selected dramas of bold situation and refrained from comedies of subtle characterization. The shrewder producers recognized this limitation swiftly, although sometimes not until after they had put a comedy into rehearsal, and after they had striven in vain to impart to inexperienced performers the easy grace, the certainty of touch, the finish and the polish which high comedy demands.

The Theater Workshop, for example, obtained permission to perform an American one-act comedy the chief character in which had originally been sustained by Agnes Booth, the most brilliant of comic actresses of a quarter of a century ago; and the piece had to be taken out of rehearsal because its effective performance was not possible by 'prentice players. The same fate was about to befall another little piece put in rehearsal by the Morningside Players, from which it was saved by a happy thought of the producer's. The play was a brisk and lively satire with its action taking place in the trenches. As the young actors were intelligent, they could deliver the clever dialogue with appreciation of its pointed humor; but as they were inexperienced they could not achieve the appropriate facial expression and the seemingly instinctive gesture. At the last moment the producer solved the difficulty, by lowering the lights so as to leave the actors in the shadow, revealing themselves only at intervals and only in profile. Thus he compelled them to rely solely on the modulated intonations of their voices to convey to the audience the purport of the play.

To record these things is to admit that the Little Theaters have their special limitations as they have their special opportunities and possibilities. They have had their failures and their successes; probably they have come to stay; and it will be interesting to observe their evolution in the immediate future and to discover whether or not they will have any ultimate influence on the American drama.

Brander Matthews.

POETRY, IMAGINATION, AND EDUCATION

BY AMY LOWELL

PERHAPS there never was a time when education received so much general attention as it does to-day. The world is deluged with books, pamphlets, and reviews on the subject, new systems are continually jostling the old out of place, new methods are constantly being applied, the very end and aim of education itself seems to change from time to time.

That the object of education should be to fit the child for life, is such a trite and well-worn saying that people smile at its commonplaceness even while they agree with its obvious common sense. But the many ways of fitting the child, and the very various and diverse lives that have to be fitted for, are so perplexing that it is small wonder that curriculums multiply and still multiply their subjects in order to keep up with the complexity of modern existence.

More and more of late years has the old education by means of the humanities been broken down, and instead of it we see substituted a sort of vocational training. Children are now taught to do, where, in the older systems, they were taught to think. It is as if we had learnt to distrust what we cannot see, to demand an immediate tangible result for the outlay of preparation. This is perhaps largely due to our national temper. We are always in a hurry. But does this constant haste produce the results desired? "Evolution, not revolution, is the order of development," says Mr. Hughes, in his book on comparative education, and education is a process requiring much time. Nature cannot be hurried; there is no such thing as cramming possible to her methods. A congested curriculum results in the proper assimilation of no one subject; and what can we think of a primary school, boasting only one teacher, in which the children were taught seventeen subjects, with fifteen minutes given to each sub-

ject, as was the case some years ago in a school that came under my observation!

No educator is so insensate as to approve of such a method, and it is just in the hope of simplifying education that this idea of dropping the humanities has been evolved. But, in considering the means as the end, to what are we led? What is the result of an over-insistence upon fact, and an under-emphasis upon the development of faculties? It is a result little realized for the most part—one which may fit in with the views of the more extreme socialists, perhaps, but hardly in accord with those rights of the individual which have always been America's brightest ideal. For it is precisely the humanities which develop individuality. A knowledge of facts does not make us men; it is the active use of brains which does that. Whatever tends to make the brain supple and self-reliant is a direct help to personality.

Perhaps the two qualities which more than any others go to the making of a strong personality are character and imagination. Character means courage, and there is a great difference between the collective courage of a mass of people all thinking the same way, and the courage of a man who cares not at all for public opinion but follows his own chosen path unswervingly. Our national ideal as to the moral attitude is high; what the people understand, and what they all agree about, that they will do; but it is not so easy to find men who are willing to think and act at variance with the opinions of their neighbors. We see this trait constantly in those people who live beyond their incomes; who must have this and that because their friends have it. This weakness gnaws at the foundation of our national existence like an insidious disease. For, with all our talk of individualism, we are among the least individual of nations. The era of machine-made articles has swept over the land, and nowhere is its product more deteriorating than in the machine-made types which our schools turn out.

I do not wish to be misunderstood: I do not mean that these types are poor or bad types, on the contrary, machines work with a wonderful precision; but these types are run in a mould, or rather several moulds. The result is a high state of mediocrity. But there is a danger here which we do not quite foresee. Machines are controlled by the men who make and work them. Upon the few with the brains to create and guide, the destinies of the others therefore depend. There

has never been such a machine-made people as the Germans; and we can see clearly to-day, as we could not some years ago, what happens to such a people when the guiding powers are unscrupulous and wrought upon by an overweening ambition.

A democracy can succeed only through an enlightened proletariat. If character and imagination are the essentials to a strong personality, one capable of directing itself and not at the mercy of demagogues and fanatics, then we should leave no stones unturned to gain this end. I think I make no unwise statement when I say that it is only in those minds possessing but a modicum of imagination that the value of the humanities as an educational factor is denied.

It is clearly not my purpose, in this paper, to speak of character building, neither have I space to go into all the ways in which the faculty of imagination might be stimulated, but there is one, and I think the most important one, the value of which is only imperfectly understood. I mean literature, and more especially poetry.

We all agree that the aim of education is to fit the child for life. But the differences of opinion as to how that fitting is to be done are almost as many as there are men to hold them. Again, we all agree as to the necessity of building up a strong character, but here again we are at variance as to the method to be employed. Still, upon these points the world is in accord; the point on which it differs radically is precisely that of imagination. Fully half of our pedagogues cannot see that imagination is the root of all civilization. Like love, it may very fairly be said to " make the world go round." But as it works out of sight, it is given very little credit for what it performs.

Pedagogy is being treated as a science, which would seem a start in the right direction, were it not that true science must be exact, mathematically so, and capable of being proved backwards. The slightest mistake in facts or reasoning throws the result hopelessly out. Is it possible that, with all our scientific pretensions, we have overlooked a primary link in a logical chain? Is it possible that that link is the importance of the subconscious? Can it be said that the very lack of imagination in the pedagogic mind is responsible for this fatal error? But let us leap to no conclusions. Even if we think we see an end, let us not postulate upon it until we have reached it, step by step, and have proved its existence.

Character is no new thing in the world, neither is imagi-

nation, nor, indeed, education. Our ancestors were as much interested in these things as we are. Like us, they talked of character and education, and, like us, they did not talk of imagination. And yet I think it can easily be proved that their methods were more favorable to its development than our own.

Let us forget theories for the moment and take our stand upon an unassailable truism: namely, that the object of education is to educate. Now, once more, forgetting the dusty cobwebs of twentieth century discussion, let us consider the old dictionary definition of "To Educate," which is "To bring forth and form the natural faculties": to bring forth and form the natural faculties, to bring out the best that the child has in him so that no talent nor power shall be left latent, and then so to train and cultivate these talents and powers that the child shall obtain perfect control over them, and make them of the fullest use.

Nothing is said here about fitting the child for life. Our ancestors considered that so obvious a fact as to need no stating, and this very reticence proves an imaginative attitude which we seem to have lost to-day.

It might be said quite truthfully that no one was ever taught anything—that one learnt, but was not taught: that what the mind was ready for, the mind received, that what the mind was not ready for fell away and was forgotten. Therefore the true end of education as such must be to train the mind. Another truism, you will say. Granted—but how is this same training to be done?

The last generation believed in the old classic education; they had forgotten why, in many cases, but the prejudice remained that Greek and Latin were the best training. The reason was a perfectly valid one, Greek and Latin were hard to learn and needed brain application, also they could not be learnt by rote; the boy had to use his mind and his imagination, and being accustomed to using his mind and imagination in his studies he brought them to bear on other things as well.

We have not dropped the old classical education entirely, but we have added many other things to it, and in so doing have diminished the amount of time and thought given to it, and consequently the amount of benefit to be derived from it. Of the things which we have added, some are really good, others appear so, but the total effect does not seem so very far in advance of the old method after all.

Our children are turned out with a smattering of many subjects, but can we say that they are any better educated than the men and women who preceded them? Are they better equipped for life, do they find the problems that they have to solve easier of solution? For there is one great fault in our educational systems to-day, they teach but they do not train; and the one faculty without which no other can come to fruition is never really trained at all, for we cannot deny that imagination is forced to strive against adverse circumstances both at home and in school.

Years ago, before the education of children was considered so important a subject as it is now, lessons were given in certain well-defined subjects; reading, writing, and ciphering (as it was then called) formed the staple of the school course, supplemented by geography, Latin, and in the case of little girls, sewing.

Dreary enough these lessons must have been, for a-b, ab, many times repeated, fails to germinate any interesting train of thought; and pot hooks and hangers scrawled in interminable succession with a squeaky slate pencil on a slate leave the imagination cold.

But even if the lessons themselves were not in the least alluring, this same imagination was stimulated by the best of all methods, by the good old-fashioned fairy story; either told by some old nurse, or read out of enchanting books with innumerable quaint woodcuts, so that forever after the names of certain tales were inseparably bound up with the woodcuts in question, and to name the one was to see the other. There was no moral hidden away in these stories, except the somewhat vague one that the good always triumphed in the end; their aim was to amuse, to charm, and even sometimes to terrify, to beguile the child along the paths of unreality into the great and beautiful world of romance. Romance is a grasp of the ideal, an endeavor to express by symbols the great truths of life. Wedded to rhythm it becomes poetry. It is the striving of the soul after the unattainable. And into this rich world the child entered through the portals of the fairy story, as thousands of years before the nations in their childhood had entered; as the *Nibelungen Lied,* the Norse sagas, and the myths of every land are here to testify.

But to-day the fairy story is discountenanced, or if the child is beguiled into reading a book purporting to be about a certain Jack Frost, a sprightly elf, he speedily discovers

that he is really reading a treatise on the action of frost. One child's magazine absolutely forbids fairy stories, and, in all, information, whether given outright or cleverly disguised as in the Jack Frost story, preponderates. This is a work-a-day world and solid information is at a premium. So we have "Life in a Lighthouse," "Careers of Danger and Daring," "How a Big City is Lighted," "The Children's Room at the Smithsonian," "English Public Schools," "The Fairy Land of Science," and many more articles and books, very informing doubtless, but doubtless also very uninspiring.

These deal with the facts of life, and facts are most important things; but fancies are important too, and the fancies are not much cultivated to-day.

It is doubtful if fancy can be cultivated directly; it is too subtle and elusive, it must grow of itself; but conditions can be made conducive or the reverse. To be conducted through the realms of poetry and romance by a grown-up person, as one of a class of children all with differing needs and perceptions, at a given rate of speed, is not conducive to such growth.

To gain the greatest amount out of a book, one must read it as inclination leads, some parts are to be hurried over quickly, others read slowly and many times over; the mind will take what it needs, and dwell upon it, and make it its own.

Its connotations are really what make a book of use in stimulating the imagination. As a musical note is richer the more overtones it has, so a book is richer the more it ramifies into trains of thought. But there must be time and space for the thought to develop, the reader must not be interrupted by impertinent comments and alien suggestions.

We all hate the poetry we learnt at school. Why? Is it because it was in school that we learnt it, or is it because the conditions were such that we never really learnt it at all, because the fine inner sense of it and its beauty of expression were both hidden from us.

Children never know why a thing is beautiful, but if their taste has not been perverted they often feel that it is so. This feeling can be cultivated and improved until the time comes when the child can know why.

There are two ways in which books stimulate the imagination, one is by beauty of thought, the other is by beauty

of form. It takes a much wiser head than a child's to say why certain combinations of words are beautiful, but even a child can feel their charm. A story well told and a story ill told are as the poles asunder. At first one might deny that a child could have artistic perception enough to notice the difference. But that would be merely to confuse with technical jargon. The primary test of good writing is really very simple. It consists in the effect produced. The well told story will make the child thrill with delight, its scenes will be real to him, its people his own dear friends; the ill told story will not keep his attention, and nothing in it will interest him much.

For the object of writing is to produce a given effect. The writing will be good according as the effect is produced or not. Simple actions are easily described; the old spelling book did not need to be possessed of much literary ability when it told us that "The boy is on the box," but it was good writing as far as it went. From that to Shakespeare's poetry and Pater's prose is merely a question of degree. The effect is infinitely more subtle, more penetrating, but the words are equally adequate, and convey the meaning in the same succinct manner.

At first the child merely knows that this story or that story is interesting, that certain other stories are not interesting, he does not attempt to analyze why. Later he will make his first true criticism, he will say, "It does not seem real," or "Nobody would do so." He has detected bad writing, his imagination refuses to give credence to what his instinct declares not to be true. Gradually these criticisms of matter are added to by criticisms of form, and we have, "Nobody would talk like that."

What makes the child think that nobody would do thus and so, or that nobody would talk in such and such a way? Partly his knowledge of life as he has lived it, of course. But he has lived a very small life, his experiences have necessarily been few. But through the life of his imagination he has been able to live much more, he has gained a conception of life far beyond anything that he has ever experienced.

If one can imagine oneself a child of twelve years old denuded of any knowledge or idea of anything except what he can have known or seen in his daily life, one will at once see how much more meagre his conceptions would be than is actually the case. Therefore, what makes the child think

that this or that thing which he is reading about is false, is the knowledge that he has gained through his imagination.

The power of judgment is like water running up hill, it cannot rise higher than its own level, and judgment cannot go beyond the experience which informs it. To be sure that the judgment is sound, the school in which the experience is gained must be true to life. Only the best in literature and art is this, and it is with the best in literature and art that our children must be familiar.

There is a popular impression that so-called "children's books" are the proper reading for children, and certainly very few children's books can be classed as belonging to the best in literature. But also the really great books are few in any literature, and there is much inspiration and profit to be got from books below this highest grade. Homer, Dante, and Shakespeare are like mountain peaks, the horizon is wider on the heights, the air purer and more invigorating; but literature has its byways, and shady lanes, and quiet sequestered places as well, and because we enjoy mountain-climbing does not prove that there is no profit to be got in rambling through these simpler paths.

Many books purporting to be written for children are very good, have become classics indeed; *Alice in Wonderland, Through the Looking Glass,* George Macdonald's *Princess and the Goblin,* and Thackeray's *The Rose and the Ring,* come under this class. But the mass of children's books are poor with a poverty only varying in degree. This brings us to the question of whether children's reading should be confined to juvenile books.

The old argument that children do not understand grown-up books is really a groundless one. Some books written for older people are more enjoyed in childhood than they ever will be later. Longfellow's *Hiawatha* is a good example of this, and in the case of many people it would be true also of the novels of both Scott and Dickens.

Even in cases where the full meaning is only faintly grasped, there is often much pleasure to be gained and consequently much profit. This is especially true of poetry. Children are often captivated by poetry which they cannot possibly understand, and the charm lies partly in the images it conjures up and partly in the music of the syllables; the main purport of the poem remaining concealed. But who shall say that this enjoyment in something so balanced and

beautiful as a great poem has not a stimulating effect upon the imagination?

James Russell Lowell has told us that when he was a very little boy his sister used to read him to sleep with Spenser's *Faerie Queene.* It was the first poem he ever heard and he was very fond of it, but it was not until many years later that he discovered that it had a double meaning. How much his early intimacy with Spenser and other authors of the same class had in determining the extreme delicacy of his literary perception it is impossible to tell, but it is certain that it was not without effect.

It is always difficult to decide how much early environment has to do with later development, but all education is based on the belief that it has much to do with it, and one could cite instance after instance to prove this theory.

There is a remarkable example in the case of Charlotte Brontë. Her style has great vigor and beauty. It is exquisitely proportioned, quick, sure, and subtle. This seems extraordinary in the daughter of a poor country clergyman, whose nominal education was got at an inferior boarding-school, whose life was passed in a little country town, only varied by a few attempts at teaching as a governess in the country houses of richer families, and by one year and ten months in a *pension* in Brussels. But when we consider what her reading was as a child it does not seem so strange. In Mrs. Ward's introduction to *Jane Eyre* in the Haworth edition of Miss Brontë's novels, is the following passage:

> There were no children's books at Haworth Parsonage. The children were nourished upon the food of their elders: The Bible, Shakespeare, Addison, Johnson, Sheridan, Cowper, for the past; Scott, Byron, Southey, Wordsworth, Coleridge, *Blackwood's Magazine, Fraser's Magazine,* and Leigh Hunt for the moderns; on a constant supply of newspapers, Whig and Tory—Charlotte once said to a friend that she had taken an interest in politics since she was five years old—on current biographies, such as Lockhart's *Life of Burns,* Moore's *Lives of Byron and Sheridan,* Southey's *Nelson,* Wolf's *Remains;* and on miscellaneous readings of old Methodist magazines, Mrs. Rowe's *Letters from the Dead to the Living,* the *British Essayist,* collected from the *Rambler,* the *Mirror* and elsewhere, and stories from the *Lady's Magazine.* They breathed, therefore, as far as books were concerned, a bracing and stimulating air from the beginning. Nothing was softened or adapted for them.

It will be objected that Charlotte Brontë was a genius, that her reading alone would never have enabled her to write as she did. True; but even genius needs to be trained!

But what has style to do with imagination, some people will ask. Style has everything to do with imagination. A really good style cannot exist without imagination. As we have said that the test of good writing is in the effect produced, and that the object of all writing is to produce a given effect, so that effect must first be clear to the mind of the writer, and this requires imagination.

The writer conceives of his idea through the power of imagination, and through the power of imagination the idea takes form again in the reader's mind, the vehicle of transmission is the writer's style. The more fully developed the imagination of both writer and reader, and the more adequate the style, the more perfectly transmitted is the idea.

Imagination is behind all the great things that have been said and done in the world. All the great discoveries, all the great reforms, they have all been imagined first. Not a poem has been written, not a sermon preached, not an invention perfected, but has been first conceived. And yet imagination must take a second place to-day and give room for the learning of so-called *useful* things!

In a list of the books for Boys and Girls in a large public library near Boston, the subjects are divided under headings. " Poetry " takes up only a part of one page out of a catalogue of twenty-nine pages; " Fairy Tales and Folk-lore " have another page, while one page and a half is devoted to " Inventions and Occupations," and one page to " Outdoor Life." Of course, some of the books that come under other headings, such as " Famous Old Stories " and " Other Countries " are really good literature, but appallingly few. Leaving out those sections devoted to " Younger Readers " and " For Older Boys and Girls," that is, taking the middle section which is especially adapted for children of the Grammar School age, I find, out of a total of four hundred and seven books that the only ones which could be considered good literature are Aldrich's *Story of a Bad Boy,* Defoe's *Robinson Crusoe,* Hughes' *Tom Brown's School Days,* Stevenson's *Treasure Island,* Mark Twain's *The Prince and the Pauper,* Mary Mapes Dodge's *Hans Brinker,* Kipling's *Jungle Book,* Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress, Don Quixote;* Hawthorne's *Wonder Book, Tanglewood Tales,* and *Grandfather's Chair; The Iliad* and *The Odyssey* (Meyer, Leaf and Butcher's translations) ; Irving's *Rip Van Winkle* and *The Legend of Sleepy Hollow;* Malory's *King Arthur;*

Shakespeare (The Ben Greet Edition); *Gulliver's Travels;* and Marryat's *Masterman Ready* and *Children of the New Forest.*

The poetry list is unaccountably inadequate, consisting almost entirely of individual poems. The only volumes listed are: Longfellow's *Evangeline* and *Hiawatha,* Macaulay's *Lays of Ancient Rome,* Scott's *Lady of the Lake* and *Marmion,* Stevenson's *Child's Garden of Verses,* Tennyson's *Idylls of the King,* and Whittier's *Snow-bound.* The rest of the list is as follows: Matthew Arnold's *Sohrab and Rustum,* Browning's *The Pied Piper of Hamelin,* Coleridge's *The Ancient Mariner,* Eugene Field's *Lullaby Land,* Holmes's *Grandmother's Story of Bunker Hill Battle,* Jean Ingelow's *High Tide on the Coast of Lincolnshire,* Longfellow's *Courtship of Miles Standish,* and Lowell's *The Vision of Sir Launfal.*

Here, it will be observed, are a number of poems of an inferior order—classics indubitably, but not the great classics, with the marked exception of *The Ancient Mariner,* for Shakespeare is, amusingly enough, listed, not under "Poetry," but under "Famous Old Stories," as though the plays were more important as plots than as poems.

There are also collections of poetry, ten of them, of which the best are Henley's *Lyra Heroica,* Lang's *Blue Poetry Book,* and Lucas's *Book of Verses for Children.*

The fairy tale section is even worse, and how dreary the inclusion of the word "Folk-lore" in a catalogue intended for the use of children! Certainly, the erudite person who made this selection never reads fairy stories for amusement. The pseudo-scientific flavor of "folk-lore" has intrigued him sadly, else why include Kingsley's *Greek Heroes* under "Fairy tales," why entirely exclude Thackeray's *The Rose and the Ring* and George Macdonald's *Princess and the Goblin* and *Princess and Curdy,* these last both better books than *At the Back of the North Wind,* by the same author, which has been allowed? What is the matter with *Through the Looking Glass,* since *Alice in Wonderland* is here, and here without the asterisk which tells the child that the library contains other books by the same author. Think of growing up conversant with only half of Alice! Where are the delightful fairy tales of Mrs. Molesworth, where are those of Perrault, of Lord Brabourne, and why are Andrew Lang's long series of colored fairy books represented by only one,

and again with no asterisk? Poor little children, at the mercy of such elders as this compiling gentleman!

The list for older boys and girls is somewhat better, and here we find *Through the Looking Glass,* though why it should be considered too advanced for younger readers I cannot imagine. But the fact that this older section starts out with Miss Addams's *Twenty Years at Hull House* is eloquent of the attitude of the present day. Alas for imagination, when the inclusion of such a volume in such a list is possible!

It is true, a child can have any book that the library contains by asking for it. But the children who frequent the library belong to the poorer classes, and their only chance of becoming familiar with books out of school is at the Public Library. At home, they are not surrounded with a large culture which makes the names of the great writers household words to them. How do they know what to ask for? A catalogue tells them nothing, and the only shelves they have access to until they are eighteen are those containing the books in the list I have been quoting. And this is in a town famous for its educational system!

Probably the catalogues intended for the use of children in our large libraries would show conditions to be less unfortunate, but I think the one I have quoted is at least typical.

There is no education like self-education, and no stimulus to the imagination so good as that which it gives itself when allowed to roam through the pent-up stores of the world's imaginings at will.

There is a class of people known to all librarians as "browsers." They wander from shelf to shelf, now reading here, now there; sometimes dipping into ten books in the hour, sometimes absorbed in one for the whole day. If we look back to our childhood we shall see how large a part "browsing" had in our education. One book suggested another, and as we finished one we knew the next that was waiting to be begun. They stretched on and on in a delightful and never ending vista. The joy of those hours when we sat cross-legged on the floor, or perched on the top of a ladder, a new world hidden behind the covers of every book within reach, and perfect liberty to open the covers and enter at will, can never be forgotten.

We talk about "creating a demand for books" among the children of the masses, and about "giving them the read-

ing habit." The best way to do this is to have a well-stocked reading room of good books, books for grown-up people as well as for children, and let the children have free access to the shelves. They will be found reading strange things often —strange from the point of view of the grown-up person, that is. But in most cases their instincts will be good guides, and they will read what is best for them.

There is too much teaching to-day.

We love and admire certain things rather in spite of what people say than because of it. We like to compare notes with some one who enjoys the same things that we do, but the real enjoyment was there before. Beauty cannot be proved as a mathematical problem can. If beauty is its own excuse for being, it is also its own teacher for perceiving. Contact with beautiful things creates a taste for the beautiful, if there is any taste to be created.

Not every one has a great deal of imagination, but every one has a certain amount capable of cultivation, and the chief stimulators of imagination are the arts—poetry, music, painting; the humanities as opposed to the materialities.

The boy who said that his Shakespeare class was only questioned on the notes, and so, as the boys were pressed for time, they only read the notes, was giving the most eloquent testimony as to the absolute unfitness of his teacher. Doubtless the teacher would have been horrified had he known of this state of things, but his own imagination must have been very much in need of cultivating for him not to have noticed it.

For the last two years of my school course, we were given lectures on Shakespeare by an eminent Harvard professor. I remember those lectures very well, they made an indelible impression. We learnt everything about the plays we studied except the things that mattered. Not a historical allusion, not an antiquarian tit-bit, escaped us. The plays were made mines of valueless information. Out of them we delved all sorts of stray and curious facts which were as unimportant to Shakespeare as to us. Not once in those two years were we bidden to notice the poetry, not once was there a single aesthetic analysis. The plays might have been written in the baldest prose for all the eminent professor seemed to care. They became merely "quaint and curious volumes of forgotten lore," and if what we learnt at those lectures were a criterion, might indeed have been promptly

and satisfactorily dismissed. So much time and energy had been wasted in finding out these things, and when found out their proper goal was the bonfire.

In my own case, however, I was saved—saved from the clutches of ignorant and unimaginative Academia—by coming across a volume in my father's library which opened a door that might otherwise have always remained shut. Browsing about one day, I found Leigh Hunt's *Imagination and Fancy*. I did not read it, I devoured it. I read it over and over, and then I turned to the works of the poets referred to, and tried to read them by the light of the new aesthetic perception I had learnt from Hunt.

So engulfed in this new pursuit was I, that I used to inveigle my school-mates up to my room and read them long stretches of Shelley, and Keats, and Coleridge, and Beaumont and Fletcher. Guided by Hunt, I found a new Shakespeare, one of whom I had never dreamt, and so the plays were saved for me, and nothing was left of the professor's lectures except an immense bitterness for the lost time.

I have often thought that in this book of Leigh Hunt's we have an excellent text-book for what should be the proper teaching of literature, and especially of poetry. Poetry is an art, and to emphasize anything else in teaching it is to deny its true function.

The study of what is now called the " science of aesthetics " is a difficult one. Such a book as Mr. Willard Huntington Wright's *The Creative Will* is immensely stimulating to the artist, but would be only confusing to school-children, even to those of High School grade. But much of this volume, much of the many volumes on the subject, could be expressed in simple terms. Beginning by stimulating the child's aesthetic perceptions in the very primitive manner of the child's own reactions, an example of which I gave earlier in this article, the teacher can easily inculcate certain rules and touchstones, enlarging upon them from year to year, and in this manner lay a firm foundation for literary understanding; for it is only through understanding that literature, and particularly poetry, can function as a direct stimulus to imagination.

I realize perfectly that this method would put a great strain on our teachers. It is comparatively easy to learn a series of antiquarian allusions and reel them off to a class; to analyze an aesthetic scheme is a much more difficult mat-

ter. I was interested to come across this very idea in an essay of Professor Dowden's which I read lately. But, having pointed out the difficulty, the wise professor ignored it, and proceeded to write his paper without the inclusion of a single aesthetic preoccupation. To be sure, he apologized for this in the preface, but the essay was published.

We see, therefore, that to permit poetry to exert its imaginative training upon youth, a complete change must take place in the method by which it is taught. We must lay aside the academic tricks of the trade. Our teachers and expounders must first put themselves to school; they must desert the easy path of historical anecdote for the difficult one of aesthetic comprehension. They must teach their pupils what poetry is, and why it is good, greater, greatest. They must be enthusiastic pioneers for themselves and for their classes. They must forget the mass of criticism (most of it mischievous) grown up about the classics, and rediscover them with delight. An excellent way to begin would be to conduct a course upon living poets.

The most significant thing in America to-day is the popular demand for poetry. It has grown by leaps and bounds. I read recently in a newspaper that the demand for poetry at the training-camps was extraordinary. In the *Book News Monthly* for July is an interesting chart showing the increase in the publication of books on poetry and the drama since 1902. In that year, 220 such books were published in the United States; in 1916, there were 663. More volumes of this kind were issued than of any other kind except fiction, and fiction exceeded only by seventy-three volumes. The publication of fiction has markedly diminished of late years. Why? Simply because poetry is really much more vital than fiction. Once poetry had thrown off its shackles, once it had begun to speak freely, sturdily, with the voice of its own age, it found a ready audience. Even Academia is listening, puzzled a little perhaps, but still becoming daily more attentive. I have had various teachers tell me sadly that the difficulty in speaking of it to a class is that they do not know the good modern poetry from the bad, it is all so "different." What is the matter? What has happened to the critical faculty within the walls of learning? I am sorry to have to say it, but the answer is "pure laziness." It is so much easier to run through a couple of volumes of somebody else's conclusions and be guided by them, than to form

one's own by first-hand contact with works of art. And then, too, it opens one to an awful danger. One may be wrong! Still, the world is growing, and humanists, no more than scientists, can afford to live in an intellectual backwater.

The humanities are not yet a dead letter; one cannot push out of place something which is daily proving itself an emotional force of profound importance. Granted that, as taught, they might as well go, so might science if it taught that the world was flat. Taught as they should be, imagination might once again assert its saving power over a materialistic world.

The printed outline of work for the English Department of one of our High Schools begins with the following sentence: "The primary aim during the first year is to read works of standard authors which, while quickening the imagination and presenting a strong element of interest, shall reinforce the History and the Latin." Imagination in parentheses: that is the attitude of education to-day! And until it is once more considered as worthy of being the end of a sentence and the end of an endeavor, education will not be the harmonious and nicely balanced thing that perfect development presupposes.

AMY LOWELL.

BEFORE THE WAR—II

NOTES ON THE GENIUS OF PLACES

BY VERNON LEE

THE WOODS AROUND SIENA

ALREADY in a note written nearly fifteen years ago on returning to Siena, I asked myself where so much of its romance could have gone; and answered, even then, " where one's youth goes."

Is it for this reason, or perhaps that old German and Swiss towns have given me the habit of a richer, more colored, warmer and more intimate kind of picturesqueness? This much is certain, that Siena now strikes me as far more grim and gaunt, far more of the mere magnified mountain village, all black shafts and black archways, than my remembrance seemed to allow. Its color has dimmed! For I remembered it as predominantly of rosy pink, and now even the Palazzo Pubblico and its tower are but the carnation of a faded threadbare Eastern carpet.

Yet the weather was cloudless during these two days and the swallows circled in pure blue round that flower-and-flower stalk tower. Where is the gayness of Siena, as of its own cobalt and rose frescoes and gold-stencilled panels? Or would those also, if I had gone to see them, have seemed tarnished to my changed eyes?

There is sadness and humiliation in such infidelity to places, all the more that the Genius Loci, alone perhaps of all friends, has never turned round with an " it is your fault." So, evidently it has been my fault.

But one thing has *not* faded (although the hills seen from the Lizza are very dim blue from heat-mist or mist of years) and that is the odd longing with which those low hills southwest of Siena have always filled me.

Indeed I remember as if it were yesterday, I can almost feel, the little stab-in-the-heart, of the ultramarine of those hills beyond the Lizza, as I first saw them some thirty-eight

years ago: that special blueness against the ivory evening sky, identified itself with, became, so to speak, the color of, longing for the unattainable, the color of parting from the too briefly enjoyed.

And now, at last, thanks to the modern miracle of motor cars, I have been among those hills.

But first let me note down the accomplishment of a lesser wish, neglected, I scarcely know why, during those previous stays at Siena. I was taken, by the American novelist who has so great a knowledge of Italian Gardens, to the Villa Gori outside Porta Ovile, whose little white rococo façade on the green hill opposite the station had attracted me, reproachfully, every time I left Siena, and left without having gone up to it.

The house itself is merely like a hundred other eighteenth century Tuscan country houses. But a tunnel of clipped ilexes leads from it to a uniquely perfect open-air theatre, whose stage and orchestra and side scenes of clipped cypress stand out a vivid golden green in the sunshine at the end of that blackness. The theatre is quite small and the speaking voice carries very easily. But from the solitary cypress projecting obelisk-wise above the stage, a full-fledged nightingale was singing to the blue sky and sunset-flushed cumulus clouds of that wide vault of sky above the low, green Sienese hills.

Besides the theatre, there was likewise cut out of evergreens, a fowling place of the usual old Tuscan type, facing the town and its walls and towers. To it led another tunnel of clipped ilex which, with that dark murderous decoy-mound instead of the sunny theatre, at its end, struck one as much blacker, more gnarled and wholly evil. Indeed, however cheerful such domed walks of green look from outside, this particular *Tonnelle* (I think the tiresome English name is *pleached walk*) brought home to me the dreadfulness of trees thus tortured for shade, forbidden to turn a single green leaf to the earth, and displaying to those walking under their devastated uniting branches only black and writhing trunks and limbs, Laocoons, or as in Mantegna's Allegory, black Daphnes trying to break loose and threatening to pursue the passer-by in the twilight. And here, no doubt, the only song would be that of the blinded decoy-birds in their little cages, and the shrieks of the netted and limed victims.

Ilex-woods have always fascinated me, particularly unmixed ones, since seeing those back of Spoleto, or perhaps even earlier. There is, as with the box of Box Hill, and the yew of Kingly Vale near Chichester, a special attractiveness when trees we associate with gardens, trees which almost trim themselves unaided, are offered as a free and ample gift by some spot still untouched by man. Even with the junipers on the chalk downs, the hornbeam beech worn down by Apennine sheep and snows into a semblance of hedges, the mind hovers pleasantly between the idea of forsaken pleasances and the wild life of woods: one thinks of sylvans, but sylvans like those of marble or old lead.

At Cetinale, some fifteen miles southwest of Siena, all such hankerings are gratified. The natural ilex-woods clipped regularly through centuries for charcoal, whose former ovens make everywhere fantastic soft black circles in the moss and fallen leaves, the ilex-woods have there had a steep path or flight of steps (not unlike the ladders of waterfall at the highest points of Roman villas) cut vertically through their thickness, right up from the villa gates and bowling green to a square barrocco building, shooting lodge or hermitage, at the very top. And through the gentler slopes of the woods run wide roads past forsaken charcoal-ovens, roads up which the Cardinal, who has glorified himself in huge inscriptions on the palace below, might at his ease follow the hunt in a litter slung between long-horned white bullocks, or even in a glass-coach, what time the villa was in pristine order. In his day, some scant three centuries ago, or even much more recently, these ilex-woods round Siena, continuous here and there with the then still-unshorn virgin forests of the Maremma, must have held deer and plentiful wild boar, and an occasional wolf pack strayed down in hard winters from the Amiata Mountains or the High Apennines.

It is in such woods of evergreens, naturally taking the aspect of formal gardens, and with some real formal garden like that of Cetinale, gates and statues not too far off, that I imagine the wonderful hunt of the Duke in *Don Quixote,* when the wizard's chariots drawn by black cattle and draped with black and silver like some " Triumph of Death " passed before the Ducal Court with masquers reciting verses among the flash of torches and the baying of hounds, something between a pageant and a real bit of sorcery.

The Cardinal of Cetinale doubtless played such practical jokes as these (a trifle terrified thereat himself) upon the crazy knights there were sure to be among his hangers-on. And the disquieting remembrance of such taking the name and shape of Death in vain, dressing up actor-servants as skeletons and Souls in Hell, may have mingled with remorse for gallantries or ambition and oppression when His Eminence waxed too old and gouty, or even prone to fits, to lust any more after the World and the Flesh. Then it was, I think, that he turned that hunting box (or place of gallant rendezvous) at the top of his ilex-woods into a place of spiritual retreat, toiling thither every now and then in his litter. And, lest the memories of its former mundane pleasures should perhaps awaken sinful regrets as he watched it from the palace window below, he took the strange precaution of covering its façade with a colossal cross, niches and busts of saints, dominating the neighborhood and reminding himself that he had installed a holy hermit in the commodious rooms and kitchen where, a sprightly prince of the Church, he had been wont to play at pastoral simplicity, dressing and cooking the game he had shot, with stomachered nymphs and high-booted gentlemen building up the fire and larding the roast-meat.

And now real peasants live there, and the ilex-woods of Cetinale are left to charcoal burners, and to such leaf-eared sylvans as we suspect among its rustling foliage on stormy, moonless nights.

Returning from Cetinale I begged my American friend to halt her car at the foot of some other woods nearer Siena, those of the " Hermitage of the Ilex-Woods " (" Romitorio di Lecceto," *leccio* anilex) which I had not seen since coming upon it unexpectedly in 1890. The hermitage is much larger than I expected, in fact a complete monastery, battlemented and towered for defense, among the exquisitely sweet woods of mixed ilex and oaks in young leaf, and scented, at the close of a hot day, with broom and honeysuckle. There is, which I did not remember, a whole cloister-and-porchfull of those toy-box and picture-book frescoes which endear the Sienese School; very faded, but letting you guess that the fortified towns were painted pure rose-color, the seas a delicate pea-green and the people all represented in their teens and dressed, even patriarchs, in the most ravishing finery. An inscription tells us that here St. Catherine received for

the first time her Divine Bridegroom! Perhaps at that moment the nightingales were vociferous in the ilex-woods, even as we heard them at sunset.

All this was doubtless latent in my thoughts, this wish, now satisfied, for the southwest ilex-woods, during those two days last week at Siena. What was uppermost was the sense, which I have had already years before, especially when looking down into the country from the unfinished cathedral-top, of the perfect appropriateness of a line of Swinburne's: *Siena the bride of Solitudes.*

Had we approached, as we went away, and as in fact I did twenty-five years ago with my pony, not by the Poggibonsi but by the Radda road from Florence, we should have come suddenly on her slender towers and steep-paved lanes, on the great fountain of Porta Ovile, suddenly after some twenty miles of almost uninterrupted woodland travel through the Chianti region. Even the southwesterly side, leading to Cetinale, though cultivated with corn and vineyard, has but few farmhouses and fewer villages, and those mostly on the heights: a pure, empty country beneath the wide dome of this hill-girt rolling table-land; great oaks along its dry torrent beds, and bounded by those ilex-woods and by the thought of the fever-solitudes of the Maremma. While the southernmost roads traverse that wilderness of white clay hillocks, always in view of the great volcano cones of the Amiata range.

For the Sienese territory has been the outpost of mediæval civilization, of the industrious free towns and the well-to-do Tuscany of the later Medicean Grand Dukes and the sons of Maria-Theresa, with what I call in my thoughts the South ("Italy," say many of its inhabitants, "ends at Terni," *i. e.,* forty or fifty miles *north* of Rome); *the South,* that volcanic, half barbarous, majestic and mysterious country of which Sicily is but the lopped off end, and which belongs, in a sense, to the ghosts of Antiquity.

May 22-25, 1914.

AT THE CHALET

We walked, after wading knee deep in flowers, on the short Alpine grass, lawns girt with thin fir-woods or dotted with solitary old larches; walked along one of those natural terraces which represent, no doubt, one of the successive beds of the Rhone now flowing fathoms below. We had to

jump across adorable little soft brown bogs, full of Parnassus grass and minute reeds, as if the Snow-God had just that moment squeezed them into being with his tread. And in front, over the suddenly ending (or seemingly ending) ledge, rose and fell the intersecting lines of a valley full of silver mist, and there sat or reclined the dim silvery wraiths of the Dent du Midi and the mountains of Savoy; while, up one steep gorge, a storm blotted out everything. Cows, looking as if carved of polished walnut, were strolling with clank of bronze bells and brass-studded collars; and snow white goats chased one another and the cowherd dogs among the tree stumps and the grass-and-flower embedded stones.

Peace and Heaven's blessing!

July 1, 1914.

THE DILIGENCE ON THE SIMPLON

Lying on the grassy slope above the Chalet, my view is fenced in by the yellow and lilac petals of flowers, the Alpine grasses and herbs which outline themselves, unconscious of the great valley between, against the blue and green mountains opposite, their snow-patches and avalanche-scars. And the wind off the glaciers barely stirs this gay, tidy minuteness like a zephyr in Elysium.

All changes when I get onto my feet. For now the valley faces me, narrowing like a theatre perspective, and in it a white thread, with the mountain-lines rushing down to meet its furthest bends, and peaks turning on their side to close it in, the road to the Pass and to Italy disappears at last between the snowy obelisks of the Simplon range.

In the early morning the valley is filled with the luminous mists of the sun peering over the jagged rims and silver-white glaciers, a dust of broken light. In the midday the valley is blotted by sunshine. But always it keeps those intersecting lines drawing one like a funnel, along the shingle bed of the Rhone and the poplars of the flat road on its banks: drawing the eye; and drawing the memory to my childhood, when it also drew me with the power of Italy and Rome beyond. That road passed over the Alps, leading to the remote, the almost inaccessible south as it seemed to my childish longing; itself remote and almost inaccessible.

The railway in those days came to an end at Sierre, and Sierre itself, which the map showed tantalizingly near our Bernese summer home (why the back of this Niesen, of the

Jungfrau range in front of our windows, must certainly look down on the Rhone Valley!)—Sierre itself could be reached only by a cross-country journey which seemed interminable to one's childish measurement of time. And from Sierre the diligence of the Postes Fédérales, with the long, long day of the pass before it, started at dead of night, its six great horses looming in the steam of their own breath, catching the flicker of the guard's lantern, which outlined the ladder whence boxes and packages were hurled onto the roof of the coach and were gathered into a vast tarpaulin mound. I cannot tell exactly how often I thus started at midnight from the Postes Fédérales of Sierre; where are they, their canary colored coaches and smoking horses and tasseled and badged driver and guard? It certainly feels nowadays as if that perspective-funnel of converging mountain-slopes had sucked most of my childhood and adolescence into itself. Whatever the actual number of these Simplon crossings, I remember that on one of these occasions (perhaps it may have been the last) it was my happy lot to travel in the high hooded seat at the rear of that stacked up tarpaulined luggage. It seems improbable I should have perched there all alone; yet alone I felt and treasured that aloneness there aloft, whether it was real or imaginary; since children, who are so little alone in the body, contrive and cherish all manner of spiritual solitudes and hermitages. That rearmost uppermost seat, of which I cannot recover the beloved technical name—or was it the *Imperiale?*—corresponded I fancy to the legendary " Rumble " on which the maids and couriers of Milords rode *Vetturino* into Italy. That seat must have been bespoke at my urgent childish request, for I had prepared to savor its full adventure and romance by providing myself with a pocket reading-lamp, a little black thing which I lighted in the yard of the Postes Fédérales of Sierre, and with infinite precautions carried up the clambering steps of that dicky; the deliciousness of its heated tin and smoky oil perfumes, like the ineffable smell of stale gas in theatre-corridors, the most romantic recesses of my early memory. And then, as that road along the Rhone engulfed itself endlessly, white straightness, stoneheaps, trunks and shadows of poplars, flashing into the coach's light only to disappear, yard by yard into the darkness and void beneath the diligence and behind it, I clasped the heated lantern in agonized but happy fingers; and in its fumes of guttering candle and

scorched metal-varnish, I read out of my pocket Goethe (also brought with deep pre-vision of this midnight journey) the ballad of the Treasure-Digger . . . until, no doubt, the light went out, and I fell asleep in warm cloaks and warm (though previously despised) parental arms, awakening at icy cock-crow in front of the tulip-bulbed steeple of Brigue, for *café au lait,* before the long waking dream of walking up the hillsides with their endless parapets. I dropped behind at short cuts, catching up the laboring horses at steep corners, to drink, O bliss! ice-cold water spurting from the rock among ferns and Parnassus-daisies, and tasting rapturously of folded leathern cup. Until, half asleep once more towards nightfall, the rushing stride of the six huge horses carried one down into Italy.

VERNON LEE.

THE BOOK OF THE MONTH

A DIVINE INFATUATION[1]

BY LAWRENCE GILMAN

We live in a languid time. There is nothing to do these days but win the War and read new books by Mr. H. G. Wells. Especially books about God. Mr. Wells's infatuation with God is almost unseemly. As far back as *Marriage* he began to take God seriously into account; and most of his subsequent writing has evinced a gradual approach to a state of religious ecstasy. His works have become merely sustained spiritual autobiographies—confessions of mystical rapture so intimate that one feels a little uncomfortable at times in overhearing them. He now writes of God with the conviction and intensity of Saint Teresa. It has been said of that rare soul that "God * * * visited her with intellectual visions and locutions, manifestations in which the exterior senses were in no way affected, the things seen and the words heard being directly impressed upon her mind." Perhaps this has happened to Mr. Wells. We believe that his heart, if it should ever come to be exposed to the veneration of the faithful, would show, like Teresa's, the marks of the Transverberation.

Quite swiftly his conception of God has defined itself to his vision; and if he has not succeeded in projecting it clearly for us, that is not his fault, but ours. In *God the Invisible King* he made a rhapsodic tract out of the essential philosophy of *Mr. Britling Sees It Through.* Now he has dramatized the tract, and, in *The Soul of a Bishop,* offers us *God the Invisible King* in the shape of a fable addressed to the capacities of those who may have found the earlier expo-

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[1] *The Soul of a Bishop,* by H. G. Wells. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1917.

sition too unremittingly theological for comfortable digestion. Certainly he has contrived to attract an interested public for his theistic exhibitions—even that supremely gratifying kind of public, a disputatious one. Whatever may be thought of Mr. Wells's God, it cannot be said that he has failed to draw. There is scarcely anyone, from William Archer and Mr. Chesterton to the Reverend Lyman Abbott, who has not come either to scoff or pray.

Mostly, they have scoffed, with no indication of having been moved by the profound and touching and singularly passionate sincerity of Mr. Wells's confessions of spiritual experience. Mr. Archer has written a book disclosing what he thinks about Mr. Wells's book about what he thinks about God; and Mr. Wells has filled the columns of *The Spectator* with plangent and angry cries impelled from him by what *The Spectator's* book reviewer said about what Mr. Archer said about what Mr. Wells said about God. Mr. Archer accused Mr. Wells of an ambition to rank with St. Paul and Mahomet as the apostle of a new world-religion. If the new God, he observed, " does not seize the opportunity to speak through such a marvelously suitable, such an ideal, mouthpiece, then practical common sense cannot be one of his attributes; " and he wondered " which of the other Gods who have announced themselves from time to time has found such a megaphone to reverberate his voice? " Mr. Wells should have been able to remain serene in the face of such blank-cartridges as those. Far more lethal was Mr. G. K. Chesterton's sorrowful observation that Mr. Wells, in *The Soul of a Bishop,* has rewritten *Robert Elsmere.* Mr. Chesterton, of course, is frankly and joyously Orthodox. Yet it cannot be pleasant for Mr. Wells to be accused of re-incarnating the literary past of Mrs. Humphrey Ward, even by so lovable a bigot as Mr. Chesterton. But worst of all, Mr. Wells has been solemnly approved by pious souls who discern in his new creed the regeneration of one who was once, as *The Spectator* blandly observed, an " atheist." No wonder Mr. Wells was made apoplectic by the indignity of such an embrace. Is there anything more intolerably galling than to be welcomed into the wrong fold? In comparison with that fate, Mr. Chesterton's ascription to Mr. Wells of a " stale simplification of theology which attempts to be Early Christian and is only Early Victorian," must seem to him almost negligible.

Mr. Chesterton thinks that Mr. Wells has written "the story of a bishop who has accepted everything like milk and who begins to think suddenly, stimulated and startled by an angel and a divine vision." It is odd that Mr. Chesterton should not see, and that Mr. Wells should not have seen with almost equal clarity, that we have here something far more extraordinary: namely, the story of a bishop who was led into the presence of God not by the painful process of spiritual parturition, but by the agency of a draught of dope. It was a drug not in the Pharmacopœia—a distillate that the Bishop's doctor had been trying. Poured from a little phial into a medicine glass, twenty drops, very carefully measured, it seemed to Edward Scrope, Lord Bishop of Princhester, merely a beautiful opalescent liquid, showing pearly eddies as it mixed with the added water; yet it was far more magical than any of those marvellous brews that prove so serviceable in the music-dramas of Richard Wagner, whereby old loves are forgotten on the instant and new adorations generated in the lifting of an eyelid. The romantic machinery of the Wagnerian drama was as soberly credible as a cash register in comparison with the machinery of revelation devised by Mr. Wells: for by the ingestion of this unexampled drug, the Bishop of Princhester was enabled to see God.

And it all happened so simply. Five minutes before, the Bishop had been merely an ecclesiastical neurasthenic, made ill-at-ease in the service of a Church with which he was no longer in tune. He had begun to wonder uneasily why the Church was such a failure; why it had no grip upon men; why it was only a tolerated thing; why, confronted by the prodigious test and opportunity of the War, it was not controlling this great storm, "standing fearlessly between the combatants with the Cross of Christ uplifted and the restored memory of Christendom softening the eyes of the armed nations, and saying, in a voice of silver trumpets, 'Put down those weapons and listen to me'"; whereas, instead, it kept a long way from the fighting, tucked up its vestments, and assumed a broad preoccupied look to conceal its complete ineffectiveness in the world's supreme crisis. Moreover, the Bishop was tired, he was troubled by insomnia, and he had given up alcohol and the big and heavy Egyptian cigarettes charged with opium which, it will disconcert many good American churchmen to know, are apparently popular with

the British clergy. In short, the Bishop of Princhester was no closer to God than is the average semi-intellectual, semi-" liberal " modern prelate who is uneasily conscious of the spreading chasm between the Christianity of the Churches and the Christianity of Christ. Yet observe how easily even a Bishop may see God! Edward Scrope, Lord Bishop of Princhester, had only to walk into the Athenæum Club, seat himself in an armchair in the library, and wait for Dr. Dale's opalescent dope to conduct him to Divinity. " Something snapped in his brain " (just as it does in the fiction of Mr. Robert W. Chambers and Mr. George Barr McCutcheon and Mr. Rex Beach and Mrs. Mary Roberts Rinehart); the world vanished; and he found himself in " a golden light," barefooted, seated on a slab of starry rock—this he knew quite clearly was the place of God. Beside him sat a figure of great strength and beauty, with a smiling and kindly face, who introduced himself as the Angel of God. With him the Bishop conversed about creeds, about the Trinity, about Creation. Then " a great hand swept, as it seemed, carelessly across the blackness of the farther sky, and smeared it with stars and suns and shining nebulæ as a brush might smear dry paint across a canvas "; and the dust beneath his feet became a dust of atoms, and the Bishop knew that now he was in the presence of God. But he was not dazzled. He knew that he saw " only the likeness and bodying forth of a being inconceivable, of One who is greater than the earth and stars and yet no greater than a man. He saw a being for ever young, for ever beginning, for ever triumphant." His quality and texture was " a warm and living light like the effulgence at sunrise; He was hope and courage like a sunlit morning in Spring. He was adventure for ever, and His courage and adventure flowed into and possessed the being of the man who beheld Him. He bade him surrender himself. He bade him come out upon the Adventure of Life, the great Adventure of the earth that will make the atoms our bond-slaves and subdue the stars, that will build up the white fires of ecstasy to submerge pain for ever, that will overcome death * * * Never had the Bishop had so intense a sense of reality. He knew certainly that God was his King and Master, and that his unworthy service could be acceptable to God * * * " Then it was as if God had passed. A great terror seized the Bishop, and he started in headlong pursuit, losing the buttons of his gaiters,

almost losing his sash. But God turned back, smiled, reached out his hand—" it was manifest that he had a hand a man might clasp. Unspeakable love and joy irradiated the whole being of the Bishop as he seized God's hand and clasped it desperately with his own. It was as if his nerves and arteries and all his substance were inundated with golden light. It was again as if he merged with God and became God."

One's first reaction to Mr. Wells's account of the visions of the Bishop of Princhester is a sense of dejected perplexity. In what way did Mr. Wells intend us to be moved by these extraordinary pages, with their grotesque blend of Hippodrome levity and rapturous mystical passion, their emotional yieldings and prostrations? This hymnodic insistence upon God as Captain, King, Master; these images of the suffusing golden light, of the enveloping torrents of love and joy; the ineffable incident of the smile and handclasp for the stumbling bishop bereft of gaiter-buttons and Episcopal sash; the detail of the Angel of God playfully ruffling the Bishop's hair and mocking the limited capacity of his " little box of brains "; the mingled sentimentalism and bathos of the whole picture: these things must impede the sturdiest friends of Mr. Wells's unique contribution to the intellectual baggage of our contemporary civilization. Mr. Wells dissolved in floods of mystical ecstasy; Mr. Wells discoursing in the jargon of the Salvation Army; Mr. Wells slaying with ferocious triumph a God who has been dead for half a century (the God of Old Testament *Schrecklichkeit*), and enthroning in his place a new and supposedly revolutionizing Deity who would feel perfectly at home in any one of a thousand Episcopal pulpits: this is a spectacle which must seem a little insane even in these mad hours of a reeling earth.

Almost any producer of best-sellers could have told Mr. Wells that the way to destroy the force and effectiveness of the Bishop's story was to energize its spiritual movement by this trivial and clumsy device of a hashish dream. No doubt the hallucinations of a drug-user can exhibit staggering mixtures of the trivial and the sublime; perhaps one might procure chummy familiarities from the Angel of God and smiles and hand-clasps from the Deity as easily as the Bishop of Princhester procured them. We may be sure that Mr. Wells authenticated his material—that he was careful to investigate the behavior of the mind in such supermundane joy-rides

before he used them as " copy." That is not the point. We are not challenging the realism of the dope scenes in *The Soul of a Bishop:* we are lamenting the crass artistic tactlessness which made them an essential part of the machinery of a spiritual drama. It is useless for Mr. Wells to make the Bishop say at the close of the First Vision that " the stuff had little to do with it. It just cleared my head * * * I have seen." For that is tantamount to confessing that the Bishop's perception of spiritual sublimities resulted merely from the administration of a kind of glorified bromo-seltzer. There are other and more valid ways of seeing God than that forced upon the Bishop, and Mr. Wells has shown that he is aware of them; yet even the Bishop's later experience of the Divine presence, achieved without the help of " the stuff," do not atone for the artistic indecency of the earlier and drug-inspired visions.

We wish that Mr. Wells had not made the Bishop's perception of God depend in any measure upon the magic binoculars of a dope-dream. We might then have been persuaded to regard with more sympathy Mr. Wells's conception of the true God, even though the Being who is called " God " in this new theology seems to us acceptable only as a rather naïve personification of the divine forces implicit in the human soul. The stirring of leaves makes us call the wind a visible thing; and, with sublime generosity, we call " God " that which is not so much God as ourselves. Yet the stirring of leaves is not the wind, and the shaken boughs of the spirit blown upon by the divine breath are not God. So, though one would willingly see eye to eye with Mr. Wells if what he exhibited to us were simply a projection of the immortal powers manifest in the soul, it is another matter altogether when he asks us to accept the objective reality of a God who is neither the Cosmic Cause,—the Veiled Being at the back of the heavens whom Mr. Wells dismisses so negligently from consideration,—nor we ourselves; but an intrusive third party, a knowable actuality, " a single person " and " a single spirit," " a great brother and leader of our little beings," who is carefully distinguished by his creator from any identity with Christ—even the Christ of Mr. George Moore.

Yet this fable that has so clearly sprung from a deep source of inward experience and illumination, that is steeped in an unimpeachable sincerity, that has at times poetry and

eloquence and exaltation, might have been made a genuinely moving and revelatory history of spiritual adventure, if only Mr. Wells had had more of the faith and patience of the artist and less of the headlong passion of the enraptured apostle. He should have been willing to brood a little longer upon the projection of his own vision: willing to give his genius an opportunity to disclipine its functioning. And Mr. Wells should make it a rule not to write more than four books a year. It is unreasonable to turn out books as if they were biscuits or griddle-cakes and expect the result to attain any greater permanence than that which rewards the industry of even the most inspired of chefs.

LAWRENCE GILMAN.

NEW BOOKS REVIEWED

THE JOURNAL OF LEO TOLSTOI, 1895-1899. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1917.

To one who struggles incessantly with doubts and inner differences and against misunderstandings in the minds of others, sincerity may at last come to seem almost as valuable as truth itself. That such was the case with Tolstoi, appears to be indicated by the stress which he is said to have laid upon the disposal of his journal after his death. The first volume of this journal to be published abounds in expressions of sincere self-criticism. "Unclear"; "Nonsense"; "This seemed much clearer to me when I first thought it out"—comments such as these Tolstoi would not infrequently append to his entries, and all too often the stricture is just. There is, moreover, a certain self-abasement, or conscious humility, in writing down one's inmost thoughts in the rough, without attempting to make them more persuasive or clearer than they are in themselves. And it almost seems that, in Tolstoi's mind, this deliberate exposure of unclearness or perplexity, this refusal to make what was obscure into something grandiose, this rejection of sophistry and self-deception, added a certain value to the thought he was attempting to clarify. Otherwise, it is not quite easy to understand why he was so much concerned about discourses that are in many cases tentative and unsure.

Tolstoi's strength lay in his strong consciousness of moral intuition; he was not a trained metaphysician, scarcely a good logician. Moral intuition is the urge toward right conduct and happiness; it is the stimulus to truthful thinking; it is the tendency toward health. In another form, we may perhaps recognize it as the perfection of physical law in the realm of what we call unconscious matter. Moral intuition, therefore, may be properly thought of as "the invariant in human progress"; and all right thinking is in one way or another directed by it. But to think morally, is quite another employment of the mind than to make moral intuition itself the object of thought; and this latter is often the mark both of genius and of a kind of chronic moral invalidism. Tolstoi employed his mind in both ways, with the result that ethically his thought is sometimes as stimulating as a breeze blowing from a snow-capped mountain top, while philosophically it is often as depressing as the atmosphere of a sick-room.

"The meaning of life becomes clear to man when he recognizes, as himself, his divine essence which is enclosed in his bodily envelope. The meaning of this lies in the fact that this being, striving for its

emancipation, for the broadening of the realm of love, accomplishes through this broadening the work of God, which consists in the establishment of the Kingdom of God on earth." This is clear enough to live by and to think by; it expresses the irresistible feeling and faith of those who live according to the spirit. It is doubtful that any amount of taking thought could make the message clearer, could give greater substance and convincing power to it than it has already obtained through the Old Testament moralities and the New Testament gospel. Yet Tolstoi was always taking thought. Again and again, he expresses essentially the same idea—sometimes in equivalent terms, sometimes poorly and confusedly—never with any real advance. He was never for more than an hour fully satisfied.

And this continual unrest is not surprising since what he craved was nothing less than "a moral justification of living." A genius, he could be content to go on living only on condition that he might in effect grasp the scheme of things entire;—that failing, extinction seemed desirable. This impatience—a trait so characteristic of emotional genius in art or life—explains what seems to be the principal defect in Tolstoi's thinking, an imperfect grasp of the evolutionary principle. For evolution is, in a sense, but another name for patience: it is the patience of God.

Men who have daily before their eyes the incredible miracle of motion—a miracle that yields to no intellectual analysis—balk at the equal miracle of moral progress. Man must know the whole law and do it, or he must be ignorant of the law and hence irresponsible —sink in the seeming dilemma. If evolution is the law, then we can only submit to it as fatal and immutable. If it is not the law, then we must either remain lawless or discover in religion a law that can be fulfilled all at once. All of which is perhaps no more logical than if a bit of matter should say that its choice lay between being in one of a number of places, since such a thing as motion between two points is inconceivable. And so geniuses like Tolstoi and Newman crave a fuller knowledge of the ways of God than is humanly possible, and other men—and nations—drift, either ignoring responsibility or concentrating it in an immoral and irresponsible State.

As a philosopher, Tolstoi in this journal proves to be an idealist, a disciple of Africanus Spier. Idealism may well be a cheerful faith to live by—but then so is almost any belief that recognizes man as something more than an automaton. No one would seriously maintain that the doctrine of Africanus Spier is necessary for the salvation of the world. And much of the Journal is either philosophical or merely introspective. Seldom does Tolstoi in this record lead us up to the heights of ethical vision; more often he conducts us through the dark chambers of his own mind.

Yet in this very fact lies the value of the Journal. Few of the sayings it contains are valuable as isolated truths, and the whole is scarcely more enlightening than discouraging to those who are in search of light and leading; yet the collection of Tolstoi's day-to-day thoughts, sometimes futile, sometimes extreme, sometimes confused, occasionally penetrating, forms a vitally interesting document for the study of religious experience.

FAITH, WAR, AND POLICY. By Gilbert Murray. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1917.

The war compels an attempt at clear, honest, ethical thinking in those who are in any way touched by it, and since the struggle began men have willingly read a greater number of ethical discourses than ever before. These have been for the most part lay-sermons couched in vigorous, straightforward language and taking the point of view of the student of politics, the lawyer, or the plain thoughtful citizen.

One of the best collections of such discourses is the book *Faith, War, and Policy,* by Gilbert Murray, the distinguished English classical scholar and the translator of Euripides. The interest and value of these papers is all the greater because Mr. Murray is, in the sane sense of the word, a pacifist—a hater of war, a lover of humanity, who, while feeling deeply and thinking hopefully, cannot be classed either with the unthinking optimists or with the merely instinctive patriots.

But though Mr. Murray is not a blind follower of instinct or of hope, he is emphatically a follower of moral intuition, and it is this distinction between the lower and the higher instinct—a distinction that seems to control all his thought—which makes his exposition so subtly clear, so exactly moral, so true to the spirit of the Greek maxim, "Nothing in excess."

How can war ever be right? Even for the most tender conscience, Mr. Murray shows, this question can have but one answer. Whatever the Tolstoians say, the conscience and reason of the common man affirms that the nation's dishonor involves the dishonor of the individual. And dishonor, in the real sense, is a poison to the soul. Honor, the observance of duty, the forgetfulness of self, is, on the other hand, no mere bubble but a reality. This intuition, felt to be irresistibly binding in everyday life, maintains itself in the face of death. And the mark of its validity is the happiness that accompanies its exercise. "Human nature is a mysterious thing, and man finds his weal and woe not in the obvious places. To have something before you, clearly seen, which you know you must do, and can do, and will spend your utmost strength and perhaps your life in doing, that is one form at least of very high happiness, and one that appeals—the facts prove it—not only to saints and heroes, but to the average man. Doubtless the few who are wise enough and have enough imagination may find opportunity for that same happiness in everyday life, but in war ordinary men find it. This is the inward triumph that lies at the heart of the great tragedy."

Thus, the war has actually done good; for to say nothing of that heartening event, the liberation of Russia, and of the prospective triumph of Democracy throughout the world, it is clear that the belligerent nations—Mr. Murray, of course, is thinking chiefly of England—have been welded into communities of self-sacrifice.

There is all the difference in the world, however, between communities united by the spirit of self-sacrifice for a noble end and communities that are held together simply by the cohesion of instinct. It is dangerous to put the community, any community, in the place of God. By his skillful analysis of what he aptly terms the "herd-instinct," Mr. Murray isolates that element of patriotism which is purely ir-

rational and which tends to kill the reason and the higher emotions. Jingoism, imperialism as a creed of national superiority, militarism—these ways of thought have all found expression in England as in America, but they no longer have the sanction of influential opinion.

Other and more specific subjects are discussed by Mr. Murray from the same point of view, and with the same moderation and acuteness. There is a chapter upon the English policy toward Ireland. There are two chapters upon America's relation to the war, chapters that emphasize and clarify our country's mission. Particularly interesting also to American readers should be Mr. Murray's analysis of the Democratic Control of Foreign Relations.

Although many of the papers contained in this volume were written so early in the war as to have lost the appeal of timeliness, there is in the views expressed a permanent rightness that gives the book lasting importance.

A Son of the Middle Border. By Hamlin Garland. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1917.

There are biographies which are said to be more fascinating than any novel, but in the majority of these it will be found that the superiority of interest is in inverse proportion to the degree in which the life-story approaches the novel in form. And so we often turn with relief from the brightly colored pictures of fiction to the matter-of-fact relation of interesting events that actually happened.

Hamlin Garland, however, is one of those novelists who have managed in an uncommon degree to join sober matter-of-factness with imaginative charm. It should not surprise one, then, to find that the autobiographical chapters which Mr. Garland has entitled *A Son of the Middle Border* are not only rewarding as reminiscence, but also rich in the imaginative and emotional values of the author's best fiction. Here one may perceive all the novelist's trained skill in the portraiture of character, and that larger vision which sees a human being dramatically in his true setting. Here, too, is to be found an abundance of that vivid and affectionately truthful description which in Mr. Garland's other writings has helped to preserve for us the life of the Middle Western frontier. One hardly knows at first whether one is reading a novel or a biography, so skilfully is the tale woven; yet the narrative is drawn out as straight as a string; in its composition there is neither artificiality nor undue reserve.

The fullness and richness of the style arises from no luxuriance of self-expression. For though the author frankly writes of himself, he loses himself in a larger theme.

Hamlin Garland's father was a man with the soul of a pioneer. A soldier in the Civil War, stern and authoritative, hard-working and efficient, a lover of home and family, he was led on, like many men of less stable character, by the lure of distant horizons. The story of his life and that of his family is a tale of successive migrations leading from Wisconsin through Minnesota and at last into Dakota, a tale of the longings and hardships and consolations of pioneers, of the conflict of dreams with reality.

As a boy Hamlin Garland did a man's work on the farm. As

a youth he went East with his brother, earning his way and absorbing knowledge of men and nature. As a young man he gradually established himself first as a teacher and then as a writer, feeling strong purposes take hold of him as he matured. As a man in the prime of life he was able to establish his aging parents in a position of comfort and happiness. In outline the story is as simple as possible, yet it is a wonderful story.

Out of it all there emerges a conception of life as a spectacle interesting in the large because of its picturesque and dramatic features, and at the same time as a business to be discharged soberly and earnestly. There emerges, too, a conception of vigorous and honest living and an ideal of literary expression as something vitally connected with real life and with genuine conviction. There is something unfeignedly optimistic in the tone of the whole narrative, despite its grimness in some particulars; a joy in homely and familiar things and a confidence in the right tendencies that ultimately control the world. Nothing could be more American than the mingling of practicality and idealism that is felt everywhere in the story. Nothing could be more wholesome in these times than the lesson of intellectual honesty and large sympathy which is implicit in it.

His Own Country. By Paul Kester. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company, 1917.

No theme is too difficult for the right author, and no doubt it is possible to make the Southern negro-problem the theme of a story as penetrating as dramatic, and by very much more tragic than sensational. This, however, Mr. Kester has not done. With very considerable talent, and with more than average knowledge of his subject-matter, he has written a strange and wonderful melodrama, at times verging on power, at times so crude as to be scarcely tolerable.

The central figure of *His Own Country* is a former slave, who as a physician in Montreal has accumulated a considerable fortune and gained a creditable reputation. Dr. Brent, after all, is only half-negro, and on the Caucasian side claims descent from one of the best families of Virginia. Married to a white wife, with sons and daughters educated abroad, himself associating upon equal terms with the white people of his adopted city, he feels justly confident of deserving respect. It is his dream to return as proprietor to the plantation where he had been a slave, and, as the result of a blindness to obvious facts which no amount of explanation serves to make quite plausible in a man of Brent's supposed intelligence, he looks forward to being received if not with open arms at least tolerantly by the old families of "Northmoreland County." The opportunity arises; the plan is carried through; the landed proprietors of Northmoreland, having organized themselves into a reception committee to greet the new owner of Comorn Hall as he disembarks from the steamer, discover that the newcomer is a negro.

Plainly, Dr. Brent had made a tragic mistake. With all possible ingenuity, Mr. Kester heaps the tragic consequences high upon the unfortunate Doctor and upon nearly all of those who are associated

with him. It is proved beyond a shadow of doubt that the position of a negro in such circumstances is difficult, that race prejudices are not easily overcome, that a rash and obstinate man may involve even well-meaning people in a ghastly situation. There is material enough here, surely, for a novel "big" enough to satisfy any one. But for good measure, Mr. Kester has woven into the plot the story of a high-minded young white man, John Brent of Brentwood, who has to endure the vilest slander. It is whispered that he is the son of a negro —indeed, that Dr. Brent himself is his father,—and John's mother, being insane, cannot confute the lie. The young man's purity of blood has to be vindicated in the end, of course, and the author's resourcefulness is quite equal to the task.

There are moments in the story when Dr. Brent almost becomes convincing as a human being and impressive as a victim of fate; there are times when his rôle as a half-benevolent, half-vindictive agitator on behalf of the rights of his race seems real and significant. The man has qualities—when he is himself and not a mere creature of the plot. Sometimes, too, Mr. Kester's delineation of traits is really engaging—though most of his characters are far too garrulous. The humor of the poor whites who figure in the tale is now and then natural and amusing, despite a certain sameness, and despite the dismal background of their lives that makes humor at their expense almost questionable, unmingled as it is with more than a very easy-going sympathy.

But on the whole, all the good qualities of the tale are subordinated to the requirements of a highly melodramatic plot. One example of the author's method will perhaps suffice. There is among the minor characters a negress who has frequent attacks of coma or trance. She is terribly afraid that during one of these fits she may be buried alive. Just what relation this has to the story is not at first evident. But the woman's usefulness appears when she at last dies and the negroes of her household hide some stolen money in her coffin. Later the body is exhumed that the money may be recovered. If one is extremely indulgent, one may admit that the loss and recovery of the money is managed in a proper manner; but it is difficult to invent any theory that will excuse the author for having made the body move in the grave. This touch of superfluous horror is crudely shocking, and nothing more.

The Rebirth of Russia. By Isaac F. Marcosson. New York: John Lane Company, 1917.

It is frankly as a journalistic work that Mr. Marcosson offers his book to the public. This it is, and more than this it could hardly be. Mr. Marcosson gives his readers a spirited and trustworthy account of the happenings of the crowded days of the Revolution in Russia—an account somewhat summary in treatment, somewhat rhetorical in style, but informing and filled with significant or striking incidents.

Occasionally the author throws out interesting suggestions as to the conditions that determined the surprisingly sane and patriotic temper of the revolutionists. One such condition was the war. Soon after the Cossacks had gone over to the popular side in Petrograd, there was

an orgy of speech-making. One curbstone orator addressing a crowd in the Nevsky said: "We must get rid of the Stürmers and the Golitisins and the Protopopoffs. The people need bread; they cannot work without it." He was interrupted by cries of "Down with the War!" whereupon he replied: "No, the war must go on. Remember the blood of our brothers and sons must not be spilt for nothing. The thing to do is to get rid of the Government." In these words, thinks Mr. Marcosson, the speaker revealed one of the principal reasons why the revolution succeeded. "A costly human sacrifice had been laid upon the altar of war, and the people were determined that this sacrifice should not be in vain." Another condition was the absence of vodka. "Indeed, it is quite evident that when the Czar signed the decree for the prohibition of liquor at the beginning of the war, he likewise signed the death-warrant of the Romanoffs."

Certain crucial moments are described briefly indeed, but with a certain dramatic effectiveness,—the abdication of the Czar, the voluntary surrender of the hated and once powerful Protopopoff to an armed civilian, Kerensky throwing himself between the arch-traitor Soukhomlinoff and the enraged crowd in the Duma; the same Kerensky leaping upon a table and by a fervent speech swaying the Council of Workmen's and Soldiers' Delegates to the side of the provisional Government. Picturesque details, too, are by no means lacking,—as for example the story of a Boy Scout not above ten years of age who with a large Browning pistol in his hand authoritatively led a squad from one of the Guard's regiments to the capture of two policemen.

The general state of the public mind after the successful consummation of the revolution, and the troublous days that followed—days during which the demands of labor became crazily exorbitant, discipline was relaxed in the army, and it was nip and tuck between order and anarchy—are described in a manner sufficiently clear and impressive.

There follows a chapter containing sketches of the revolution-makers, the men who are for the most part the leaders of Russia today —Prince George Lvoff, Gutchkoff, Milyukoff, Rodzianko, Konovaloff, and others—all rather intimately written. From these accounts one receives a strong and very reassuring impression of character, statesmanship, and a business efficiency quite of the American type. Most interesting of all, perhaps, and most fully amplified is the character-portrait of Alexander Kerensky.

There are deficiencies in the book: for example, every one would like to know more about the origin and constitution of the Council of Workmen's and Soldiers' Delegates. But considering the brief time that has elapsed since the Revolution, the book is on the whole surprisingly adequate in extent of information and in analysis of facts.

A World in Ferment. By Nicholas Murray Butler. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1917.

There is real eloquence in Dr. Butler's addresses to his countrymen upon the larger aspects of the war, an eloquence that is not merely powerful exhortation, but inspiration. Without any shrinking from

grim facts and without any flamboyance of emotional or self-laudatory patriotism, the author makes one see a better future for the world as something real and tangible and within reasonable expectation, and he sets forth the part that this country is to play in helping on the coming of a new and better order, with a clearness and sanity that makes national duty seem near and feasible and attractive.

Among the themes with which Dr. Butler deals are: the precise lessons that America out of her experience may teach to war-chastened Europe; just what it may mean to this country to be a "world-Power" under the new order of things; just how an intense, home-loving and justice-loving patriotism may be conjoined with a broad and unselfish internationalism. Dr. Butler points out that this country has done many things disinterestedly and well, and that she may therefore urge, with propriety, certain moral principles upon the world; he shows, however, that our nation is still in process of building, and that the true problem is that of "the integration of America about those great fundamental principles which the very name America brings to our minds and which the flag stirs to expression on every lip." He gives full and convincing expression to the vitally important thought that "the higher preparedness" requires Americans to learn to think internationally.

Books of this sort commonly deal with generalities, with what to the unthinking may seem truisms. It is undeniable that Dr. Butler's book outlines no definite programme, but does emphasize the right truths in the right way and at the right time, and there is hardly another book about the war through which Americans may see so inspiring a vision of the future.

OUR WAR WITH GERMANY

VII

(*September* 17—*October* 17)

At three o'clock on the afternoon of Saturday, October 6, the first session of the Sixty-fifth Congress adjourned without day. It was just six months, to a day, from that April afternoon when President Wilson attached his signature in approval to Public Resolution No. 1, the first act of this Congress, which declared war against the Imperial German Government. No other session of the American Congress ever transacted so much business, or business of so great importance to the nation and the world, as this. In those six months more provision for military preparedness, and for the mobilization and effective use of the military resources of the country, was made than in all the previous history of the nation, whether the standard of comparison be the character of the legislation enacted or the amount of money appropriated and of expenditure authorized.

This session, for the first time in the military history of the United States, applied the principle of universal military service at the opening of a war, and enacted the so-called "selective draft" law under which the first units of the new National Army are now organizing and receiving their first training.

It established beyond question the paramountcy of the nation in the dual system by extensive exercise of the power to control or take over enterprise and industry, including land and water transportation; fix prices, even of agricultural production; direct operations; assign priority of production and transportation, and otherwise generally perform the normal functions of owner and master.

It provided for financing these new operations of government on a scale and with a liberality previously unheard of, assuming freely the enormous burden of furnishing the chief financial support to our Allies while at the same time preparing and maintaining, on our own part, fighting forces, land and naval, of colossal proportions.

It provided for the equipment of these land and naval forces with all fighting material of the most effective design and in unlimited quantities, including an air fleet calculated by itself to outnumber the combined establishments of our enemies, as well as new naval construction that will make the United States Navy "incomparably the strongest afloat" to use the language of the Secretary of the Navy.

It took a long step toward the practical solution of the much debated question of the rehabilitation of the American merchant marine by authorizing the expenditure of nearly two billion dollars for the construction, charter or requisitioning of vessels by the United States for the merchant service.

Much public criticism attended the labors of the session, evoked chiefly by delayed action on measures strong in popular support as necessary to the successful prosecution of the war. Yet these delays were almost all caused by a small group of men in the Senate, whose activities in opposition to the war finally culminated in a wide-spread and growing demand for their expulsion from the Senate or other punishment, as teachers of sedition and disloyalty.

President Wilson, who had made clear, long ago, his own opinion of the obstructive tactics of this group, sent a final message to Congress strongly praising the work it had done, and expressing the view that it had been done thoroughly and " with the utmost dispatch possible in the circumstances or consistent with a full consideration of the exceedingly critical matters dealt with."

War measures that occupied the attention of Congress during the last month included the second Urgent Deficiency appropriation, carrying approximately eight billions for war purposes of one kind or another; the War Revenue bill, designed to raise about two and a half billions a year by taxation; the Enemy Trading Act; an act providing for insurance and compensation for injury or other disability, for soldiers and others in the military service, and a number of acts of lesser importance. This latter category includes an act placing control of the sale, distribution and storage of explosives under the Bureau of Mines; an act permitting National banks to issue notes of $1 and $2 denominations; an act giving the Shipping Board power to suspend the navigation laws and permit foreign vessels to enter the coastwise trade, except to Alaska, during the war, and an act covering the repatriation of Americans who have joined foreign armies to fight against Germany. There was also an act restoring the grade of general in the army, last held by General Sheridan. Under its authority the President has already promoted General Pershing, in command of the American forces in France, and General Bliss, the new Chief of Staff.

This session made what members of the Administration and all other Americans hope will be a record for all time in the expenditure of money. The total of its appropriations—almost wholly for war—for this fiscal year was $16,901,986,814. Besides this it authorized contract obligations calling for $2,511,553,925 more. The regular session of the last Congress, last winter, had provided appropriations for this fiscal year, before we entered the war, aggregating $1,977,210,200, which included $517,000,000 for the navy and $273,000,000 for the army. Thus the total of appropriations and contract authorizations for the fiscal year 1918, by the two sessions of Congress, is $21,390,730,940, to which the minutely accurate statisticians of the Treasury and Congress add the important detail of 46 cents.

This inconceivable sum includes $7,000,000,000 for loans to our Allies. The first deficiency bill of the session carried authorization for three billions for our Allies, and that limit has nearly been reached. The loan authorization in the second bill was four billions. Loans are made to the Allies at a rate averaging pretty close to twenty million dollars a day. Exclusive of these loans our total of appropriations and contract authorizations for this fiscal year is $14,390,730,940, which ought to be somewhere in the neighborhood of our total war

bill for the first year. But there are still eight and a half months of the fiscal year to run, and during seven of them Congress will be in session again, ready to respond, as it has done heretofore, to every call for war money from any department of the Government.

Congress did not spend much time over appropriations, but it gave months to consideration of the revenue bill, and in the end put forth a measure that has aroused wide-spread and bitter criticism because of some of the provisions of the war profits and income tax sections, and of the special favor shown to Congressmen themselves. The tax bill passed the House on May 23, but did not come to a vote in the Senate until September 10. The conferrees wrangled over its provisions for nearly three weeks, and rewrote several sections entirely. The tax on incomes and on excess profits furnished the chief points of controversy, as had been the case in the Senate. Also the postage rates on second class mail matter, including magazines and newspapers, caused great argument. It was not until October 2, that the Senate agreed to the conference report, and the next day the President signed the bill. Then it was discovered that the conferrees had written in a special excess profits tax of 8 per cent on the salaries or incomes of professional and salaried men in excess of $6,000, but had been careful to provide that it should not apply to members of Congress. Some Congressmen have attempted to justify it on the ground that it is a sort of war excess profits tax and that such taxes should apply to professional and salaried men and to farmers as well as to manufacturers and business men.

The Enemy Trading Act which passed the House on July 11, and the Senate on September 12, came from conference on September 21, was agreed to quickly by both houses and was signed by the President on October 6. This law forbids the trading with or transportation of an enemy or ally of an enemy, or the transmission of communications to or for such person. Certain permissions may be made under license. Section eleven confers upon the President the same power over imports into the country that title 7 of the Espionage act gives him over exports. This act also forbids the publication of war comment in foreign language newspapers except under conditions tantamount to license by the Postmaster-General. It is probably the most drastic legislation enacted in the United States since the Embargo Act under President Jefferson. Under it the Government is empowered to assume a minutely detailed control of American trade, especially overseas.

On October 4, the House passed a bill to protect persons in the military service in their civil rights while away from home on duty. It contains a section forbidding the eviction of the family of a soldier for non-payment of rent during the war, where the monthly rental is less than $50. This bill was not acted upon by the Senate, but will come up at the next session.

Just before Congress adjourned there was passed a resolution providing for a test by a board of five scientists of an invention by a Boston Armenian. It is a device for developing energy, for which the inventor makes marvelous claims, such as, for instance, that it will drive a ship across the Atlantic without fuel; that it will propel aeroplanes and do other similar work. If the five scientists certify that it

will do what is claimed for it, Congress will buy it for the Government. Its sponsors declare that it will end the war alone—if it works.

President Wilson's reply to the peace proposals of the Pope was the outstanding feature of the sixth month of America's participation in the war. Mr. Wilson rejected Pope Benedict's offer because, he said, "we cannot trust the German Government." The Germans accept the Pope's proposition because "with deep rooted conviction we agree to the leading idea of Your Holiness that the future arrangement of the world must be based upon the elimination of armed forces, and on the rule of international justice and legality. We, too, are strongly imbued with the hope that a strengthening of the sense of right would morally regenerate humanity." A statement like that from the German Government at a time like this illumines, as would the beam of a giant searchlight, the President's declaration that we cannot trust what Germans say.

Mr. Wilson gave renewed assurance of his determination to fight the war through to complete victory on October 8, when he received at the White House a delegation from the newly organized League for National Unity, and told them that the war should end only when Germany is beaten, and the rule of autocracy and might is superseded by the ideals of democracy.

About the middle of September the fact was permitted to become known that the President had selected his friend and personal adviser, Colonel House, to organize and supervise the collection of material which will be needed for the effective equipment of the peace commissioners of the United States, when the time comes for their appointment. Other belligerents have been busy for months gathering the economic and other data which their commissioners will need when they come to meet at the conference table, and it is important that the American commissioners shall have the fullest information available, not only upon the points to be covered by their own instructions, but also upon any points that may be brought up by other commissioners, allied or enemy.

Progress in organization and equipment of the fighting forces for actual participation on the battle fronts reached the point in this seventh month of our war where it began to be more easily realizable generally that we are really about to contribute in substantial fashion to the military overthrow of Germany. More and more men called under the selective draft were assembled in their training camps. Cantonments and camps for the National Guard units were brought nearer to completion. The reorganization of the Guard regiments upon the new army plan was begun. Equipment of all kinds for the men was ready in increasing supplies. On October 10, more than 461,000 men were in the various camps for training, and over 13,000,000 articles of equipment of one kind and another had been provided.

The Navy, which by its patrol and convoy work has been doing effective active service from the start of our war, has been increasing its participation abroad, while at home it has been increasing its capacity to participate. On October 9, Mr. Daniels announced that contracts had been let to five concerns for destroyers to cost $350,000,000, all to be of the largest, newest and most efficient type. At the

same time the Secretary announced that the Navy is building 787 vessels of all classes and types, from superdreadnaughts to submarine chasers. The total cost of the building programme is $1,150,400,000. Admiral Mayo returned from his conferences with allied naval men abroad, but no announcement was made as to what he had accomplished.

A report from the Shipping Board on September 26, showed that the Emergency Fleet Corporation then had under contract 353 wooden vessels, of a total deadweight tonnage of 1,253,900; 58 composite ships aggregating 207,000 tons, and 225 steel ships aggregating 1,663,800 tons. It had requisitioned ships then building for private owners in different American yards numbering 403 and aggregating more than 2,800,000 tons. This was a total of 1,039 vessels aggregating 5,924,700 deadweight tons.

In addition there were 458 American ships then in service, with aggregate tonnage of 2,871,359 and 117 German and Austrian vessels, seized or obtained under charter or by purchase, aggregating 700,285 tons. When the building programme thus reported is completed the American fleet would have 1,614 vessels of tonnage aggregating 9,496,344, less submarine and other losses meantime. The appropriation bill then pending, however, contained authorization for a further construction programme of about 5,000,000 deadweight tons, so that the United States has a merchant fleet of upwards of fourteen million tons in sight. When the war began in 1914, our ocean going merchant tonnage was 1,614,000. The Shipping Board estimate of available British tonnage at the end of September was 14,500,000. British announcement of submarine losses for the second week in October was the smallest since the ruthless campaign opened on February 1. It was accompanied by the extremely significant announcement that British new construction for the week exceeded the losses. Taken together, these facts show that the time is very close at hand, if not already here, when the definite defeat of the submarine can be announced.

On October 15, the Shipping Board requisitioned all American vessels in service, directing that they be continued in service by their owners or charterers for Government account, and at rates fixed or to be fixed by the Government, with an allowance of 10 per cent commission for owners' services. Freight rates were sharply cut by this move, and it was expected that relief would be afforded to the South American trade which had suffered greatly from excessively high freights from American ports.

Governmental price fixing for the month had to do chiefly with coal and steel. Dr. Garfield, the Fuel Administrator, issued several reassuring announcements that there was no cause for or prospect of a fuel famine. Nevertheless, loud and frequent complaints came from coal producers and consumers both, one that prices fixed were below cost of production, and the other that despite the figures of larger production than in 1916 coal was not to be had in the localities of the complainants. On September 30, Dr. Garfield issued new orders increasing prices in certain bituminous districts, and reducing some anthracite prices. He also fixed the retailer's margin at that of 1915 plus 30 per cent for increased costs, or at that of July, 1917. No generally perceptible effect on retail prices followed.

Steel committees spent a good deal of time in Washington in consultation with the War Industries Board, and on October 10, a new range of price agreements was announced with the approval of the President. It is anticipated that oil prices will come next.

The Exports Administrative Board did a good deal during the month to smooth out causes of friction in the exports control, many of which were of minor importance and due to misunderstanding of regulations. On October 2, the Board announced a long list of articles and countries on which no license would be required. It was made increasingly evident that the chief purpose of the exports control is to prevent supplies of any kind reaching the enemy from this country or from any other if it can be helped. Great Britain is co-operating in this plan, and on October 2, the British Government laid an embargo on all shipments for Norway, Sweden, Holland and Denmark, except printed matter and personal effects accompanied by their owners. Two days later the Exports Administrative Board stopped the furnishing of bunker coal to neutral ships bound to neutral ports bordering on Germany. If Northern Europe wants to trade with South American neutrals for supplies for Germany it must find bunkers elsewhere than in the United States.

On October 14 an executive order by the President was made public reorganizing the Exports Administrative Board as the War Trade Board, and charging it with the duty generally of administering the Enemy Trading Act and the new control of imports. This order also delegated certain other war powers of the President to different departments.

The month's activities included a number of interesting revelations by the State Department and other sources concerning German intrigue, spy work, subornation of treason, instigation of sabotage and such things. On September 21, Secretary Lansing made public a telegram sent by Ambassador Bernstorff to the Berlin Government on January 22, just before our break with Germany, asking authority to pay out "up to $50,000" in order "as on former occasions to influence Congress through the organization you know of, which can perhaps prevent war." Mr. Lansing's information proves that when von Bernstorff sent that message he knew, by receipt of the Zimmermann instruction about Mexico and Japan, that Germany intended to renew the U-boat campaign.

On October 3, Mr. Lewis, the Attorney General of New York State, announced some of the results of an investigation which he had made, at the request of the French Government, into the activities in New York last year of Bolo Pasha, of Paris, now under arrest there as a traitor and German agent. Mr. Lewis showed that Bernstorff had cabled his government for $1,700,000, which Berlin furnished, and which the ambassador paid to Bolo as a corruption fund with which Bolo was to procure French newspaper support for Germany, especially in the Paris *Journal*. Several code messages passed, apparently through the good offices of some friendly diplomatist. In these messages the sums actually desired were divided by one thousand for code purposes.

Coupled with these disclosures of German intrigue there has been a steady rounding up of enemy aliens and sedition spreaders, which has aroused wide-spread interest and indignation throughout the country.

Several hundred enemy aliens were arrested in one raid in and about New York City, and fifty or more additional I. W. W. agitators were gathered in.

As the review month closed, a special outburst of indignation was manifesting itself against Senator La Follette and some of his colleagues who were held responsible for undue delay and obstruction of necessary war legislation in Congress. On September 20, Senator La Follette delivered a speech at St. Paul, Minn., in which he inferentially defended the sinking of the *Lusitania,* opposed the war and said things which led to his being accused before the Senate by the Minnesota Public Safety Commission as a " teacher of sedition." The Minnesota Commission petitioned the Senate to expel him. Other similar petitions for action against La Follette, Stone, Gronna, Hardwick, and Reed, the chief obstructionists, poured in, until the Committee on Privileges and Elections took formal notice of the La Follette and Stone cases. It acquitted Stone, pointing out that although he opposed the declaration of war he has kept still ever since and voted for all the Administration war measures. But it is investigating the St. Paul speech and will report on that at the next session.

The incidents show that the business of spreading sedition in the United States is becoming unpopular. Under the Enemy Trading Act the Postmaster-General announces that he will not permit foreign language newspapers to wage campaigns against conscription, or enlistments, the sale of bonds or collection of revenue, or anything tending to hamper the Government in its war work or improperly to attack our Allies.

Strikes and labor troubles marked the entire month, the chief demands coming from shipyard workers, coal miners and railroad men. Strenuous efforts by government mediators, and direct personal appeals by the President himself, were not sufficient to prevent considerable curtailment of production. The month closed with threats of a general railroad strike for wages.

In the latter part of September, Secretary McAdoo, of the Treasury, announced the flotation of the second instalment of the Liberty Loan of 1917 beginning on October 1. Bonds to the amount of $3,000,000,000 are offered for subscription, but it is understood that in case the loan is oversubscribed half the oversubscription will be allotted, and the bond campaign is aimed at a subscription of at least five billions, which would mean an issue of four billions. The same kind of an intensive campaign is going on that marked the exceedingly successful flotation of the first loan, and the prospect is, as this is written, that it will be similarly successful.

(*This record is as of October* 17 *and is to be continued.*)

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

RUSSIA AND THE SOCIALISTS: A PROTEST AND A REPLY

SIR,—When I read the article "Russia and the Revolution" in the May number of your REVIEW, I was struck by the obvious incompetence of the author. His ignorance of Russian affairs seemed matched only by his general *naïveté* in matters political. I remember laying the book aside with a feeling of surprise and mild disgust. But now (in the September issue) comes the same author's "Russia's Danger: its Cause and Cure," and I no longer feel justified in permitting the articles to pass uncommented upon. For in the more recent contribution ignorance and *naïveté* are married to prejudice. Whatever attitude one may take toward Socialism, Socialists, and Socialistic propaganda, remarks such as the author's (and in the pages of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW), shocking at best, are next to criminal, in view of the present state of the public mind. I may be permitted to quote the following passage:

> These Petrograd Socialists, like the orthodox Socialists the world over, were wholly fed and nurtured on German thought, their prophets being German economists of the school of Karl Marx. And it is worth while to bring out the fact that, between German Socialism and German Kaiserism, the difference is in appearance only. Both aspire to rule the world; both are prepared to seize universal power by force; both are absolutely intolerant of any form of life or society but their own; both are prepared to thrust their nostrums down the throats of all mankind. There is a slight difference in their phrasing, none in their spirit. German Socialism, the genuine and orthodox Socialism, is simply the paper edition of the Kaiser's *Kultur*. This is why, I think, world-wide Socialism of the German brand is, at this moment, the strongest and most dangerous ally of the Kaiser (September issue, p. 386).

This rebuke at all Socialism on account of the accidental nationality of its first philosopher,—Karl Marx, moreover, as a cultural phenomenon, was as much French as he was German,—this identification of an ideology of ruthless militaristic imperialism with the spirit of a movement growing out of the greatest and most tragic problem of modern times; is as revolting in its moral frivolity as it is humorous in its intellectual *naïveté*.

But there are other even more inspiring reflections. Here is one:

> A real adherence to this [Socialist] creed, this cheaper version of German *Weltmacht* and Kaiserism, automatically makes a man incapable of loyal service to his country (Sept. issue, p. 386).

Unjust and cynical in spirit as is this comment, it is also directly opposed to fact, as witnessed to by the majority of French Socialists, by the majority of English Socialists, by the majority of German Socialists (in this, I presume, the author would see a confirmation of his position!),

by the majority even of Russian Socialists, and by a large number of Socialists in the United States.

The reflection just commented upon is followed by another, most genuinely delightful in its philosophic depth:

> The Germanic Socialist is as strikingly materialist and atheist [*sic!*] in thought as the Imperial German Staff is in act, and for the same reason: the goal of both is world-wide material power (*ibid.*).

The fact of the matter seems to be that the author, in whose vision the proper spirit for radical politics is "eagerness to work for the betterment of the lowly" is ceased [? *sic*] with unholy terror at the words "socialism," "social revolution," "atheism" (whatever concepts he may connect with these terms), and proceeds to apply them to whatever in the affairs of man proves repellent or revolting to his sensibilities.

The inadequacy of the author's documentation appears even more strikingly in the earlier article. His characterization (May issue, p. 716) of Nicholas the man and the reformer, would—now that the tragic part of the drama is at an end—elicit a smile from every Russian, including, I believe, the ex-Emperor himself. On the psychological side at least the author might learn a great deal from "The Czar's Soliloquy," as overheard by Mark Twain (see same issue, pp. 775-781). What is puzzling is the source of the author's information. Nicholas of the irreproachable life . . . Nicholas, one of the great idealists of the world . . . Nicholas framing and putting into execution the system of the Imperial Duma . . . Nicholas choosing and loyally supporting ministers of extraordinary ability and power (e. g., Witte; of all men, Witte, whom the ex-Emperor is known to have both hated and feared!) . . . all reads not like a page of history but of folk-lore. Nor is deep research in historic sources reflected in the author's comment on the election of the first Romanoff (*ibid., p.* 721) of the true circumstances of which the author does not seem to be in the least aware. One might also doubt the "high historic interest" of the comparison of the Russia of 1613 with that of 1917, "a war in the West, following a war in the East" constituting the significant analogy. And finally this declaration of a *naïveté* almost sublime (May issue, pp. 722-3):

> The Monarchy has, without question, borne very heavily upon some of the greatest Russian writers . . . Yet there are compensations. It was the dire oppression of the Tartars which gave Russian music its characteristic sadness, one of its most valuable qualities; so it was precisely to the concussion with the monarchy that we owe some of the chief works of these Russian writers. Had Pushkin not been exiled to Bessarabia, we should never, in all likelihood, have had the fine poem on Mazeppa's country; Lermontoff got his finest inspirations, that went to the making of a poem like *Demon,* a prose masterpiece like *A Hero of Our Time,* from his exile in the Caucasus, etc. . . .
>
> Surely, we may add, art and literature, and even science would have been much the losers, if pain and suffering and injustice had not come into the world. . . .

For years I have been a reader of The North American Review. Since the war, I have read every issue with almost unflagging interest. May I then, as one of your admirers and well-wishers, protest against the author's incompetent, poorly documented and prejudiced contributions?

Columbia University, New York City. A. A. Goldenweiser.

MR. JOHNSTON'S REPLY

Sir,—I am indebted to your correspondent for calling attention to certain passages in my articles on Russia, even though he seems to disapprove of them.

First, as to Socialism and loyalty. Here are a few recent documents bearing on this, from *The New York Tribune* of October 2 and 3, and from *The Evening Telegram* of October 2:

Among the first to feel the weight of the new law will be Victor Berger's paper, *The Milwaukee Leader;* the *Illinois Staats Zeitung* and the *New Jersey Freie Zeitung.*

It is understood that *The New York Call* has been cited to appear and show cause why its circulation should not be prohibited.

While St. Paul was busy fumigating itself after the visitation the *Tribune* of the sister city, Minneapolis, took up the statement of Mr. Seymour Stedman, general counsel of the Socialist Party, that the Socialist Party has nothing in common with the I. W. W., and said:

Both organizations are opposed to conscription.

Both organizations are printing documents and making speeches designed to interfere with America's successful prosecution of the war.

Both organizations are urging their members to resist the draft.

Both organizations are placing obstacles in the way of the President and of constituted authority everywhere in this nation.

Both organizations are "lending aid and comfort to the enemy."

Both organizations are deliberately and determinedly practising national sabotage.

Next as to the influence of American Socialists in Russia:

Agitators who came here recently from the United States harangued the crowd, which filled a big circus tent. The speakers scoffed at American liberty and said that the bourgeoisie ruled that country, and the Bolsheviki audience applauded only mildly.

A threatened demonstration against the American Embassy was not carried out. The Government, preparing for eventualities, had sent an armored motor car and a detachment of troops to guard the embassy. Ambassador Francis said he had no fears of possible harm, and did not request a guard. After the adjournment of the meeting, the guard was recalled.

Nicholas II may have disliked Witte, but he kept him in power for a dozen years, sent him to Portsmouth, asked him to make the first draught of the Russian Constitution, and rewarded him with a title.

As to Nicholas II and his idealism, let us remind ourselves that it was through his initiative that The Hague Conference met in 1899, at which twenty-six nations were represented, including Mexico, Siam and Persia; these twenty-six nations thereby paying tribute to his idealism. Again, to his initiative was due the nation-wide prohibition of vodka; he went much further than any democratic Government has yet gone.

New York City. Charles Johnston.

A LOVER OF JUSTICE SPEAKS HIS MIND

Sir,—In my persistent reading of war literature I have failed to find anywhere any clear, succinct statement from any pacifist source of the reasons which form the basis of the pacifist agitation, or of the reasons which these people assign for insisting that in this world-war we should

remain neutral. I believe, therefore, that the readers of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW would appreciate the publication of a lucid and authoritative exposition of the pacifist viewpoint.

I am one of those who believes we should have been in the war from the beginning—and been there in response to humane instincts of sympathy and selfpreservation, and to uphold the validity and authority of our own law,—the international law. President Wilson's reasoning never appealed to me. He bases his intervention primarily upon the mercenary motive of protecting our commerce, and, secondarily, upon a desire to make the world safe for democracy. The vindication of international law was never thought of till the pocket-book was touched, and democracy had been lost sight of until the trade balance became affected.

This is the way the situation has appealed to me from the beginning:

Suppose that, coming along the street, you saw your neighbor in the act of beating his wife and child with a club in an effort to kill them; suppose, too, that you had it in your power to stop him from carrying out his purpose; and suppose, further, that your brother Bill should grab you by the arm and say: "George, this is none of your business. You should not meddle with your neighbor's affairs. If he wants to kill off his own family that is his business not yours. You should be neutral both in sentiment, speech and action. Besides, it does not pay to do those things. You might get hurt yourself, and it is wrong for you to sacrifice anything for anybody else. You are not your brother's keeper, much less your sister's. Besides, if you interfere the struggle may be prolonged, while, if you remain neutral, the brute will soon finish the job." What would you, and what would the rest of us, think of your brother Bill? Would he not have proved basely recreant to some of the most sacred instincts and emotions of humanity?

But is Bill's position one whit saner or more logical than the position of our pacifists in the present world-conflict? There are only two differences in principle between that supposed case and the one now actually in progress: In the first place, Germany's conduct is incomparably more brutal than the conduct of a husband in beating his family to death with a club; and, in the second place, where the crime is purely individual, society maintains a police force capable of at least wreaking vengeance, while no such police department exists for the enforcement of international law, each nation being charged with the duty of assisting in seeing the authority of such law upheld and vindicated.

There is no getting away from the facts that this terrible catastrophe, with all its horrors, was premeditated and provoked by the Central Powers. Nor is there any question that its sole motive is lust for conquest—the basest of all passions. It is equally clear by this time that the Germans pledged their honor to protect the neutrality of Belgium, even as a husband pledges himself to protect his wife, for the purpose of deceitfully lulling the world into leaving unlocked a door through which a neighbor's house might be entered and sacked.

We are dealing with a nation which has not only trampled upon all agreements solemnly made and upon that law which is its as well as ours, but a nation which has shamelessly thrown every moral restraint to the winds in order to carry out its beastly purpose. And now we are asked to make friends with these people upon the mere promise on their part that they will not do it again.

The mere suggestion of such a course is shocking. If the Germans are not guilty of the most flagrant violation of pledges express and implied, and of the most brutal invasion of recognized human rights—rights indispensable to the existence of civilized society—we have no business in the war. If they are, we have no business to trust them again. If we are in this war to vindicate justice, peace must be made on terms that are just, which means full reparation for injury inflicted. Punishment need not be considered, for when justice is done there will be nothing left to punish.

Expediency, if nothing else, forbids the acceptance of the Papal terms. To return to the *status quo ante* is to leave the Allies with their homes burnt and their lands ravaged, and therefore, in comparison with the Germans, weaker and less able to resist invasion than before. By such a course the wrongdoer will have been left to profit by his own crime.

To be sure, war is bad business. But Progress is an exacting Goddess. She demands sacrifices continually from her votaries. The blood of our martyrs is the soil out of which our civilization has grown. This condition will change only when brutality has been overcome by spirituality. This war is a holy war, if there never was one before, and it is a torture to have to live through this crisis without an opportunity to take part in the front line conflict.

Pardon the length of this communication, but I got started and I had to speak my mind.

JUNEAU, ALASKA. JOHN RUSTGARD.

AUTHORITY AND DEMOCRACY

SIR,—Some thirty years ago Sir A. Conan Doyle gave to the world a very remarkable novel, *Micah Clarke*. It is in the form of a "Statement" by Clarke to his grandchildren, and on the second page are to be found these words: "Bear in mind as you listen that it was your quarrel as well as our own in which we fought, and that if now you grow up to be free men in a free land, privileged to think or to pray as your consciences shall direct, you may thank God that you are reaping the harvest which your fathers sowed in blood and suffering when the Stuarts were on the throne——" *Mutatis mutandis* they are as true of the present terrible conflict as they were of that to which they referred: and might well be said by some future grandsire to his grandchildren half a century hence—*provided* that now as then the fighters see the struggle through. But can we hope that in this case we shall avoid the error of going too far, as they went too far in those days? The world's history shows that in all epochal struggles even the right side may overdo its work and in its turn go to extremes.

In all habitable communities the principle of Authority is as essential as that of Liberty—we are engaged in an effort to overthrow a régime in which the principle of Authority has been carried too far. Let us beware that we do not abolish that principle altogether, and in the name of Liberty or Democracy lose sight and appreciation alike of the value of Authority and of the perils of its absence, leading to mob rule, anarchy, and chaos: the danger with which Russia is threatened today, despite the efforts of the sane and far-seeing men who first came into power after the dethronement of the Czar.

This is an age of Populistic ideas—of a recrudescence of the same fallacies so often weighed in the balance and found wanting in the course of history; and it is most true, as I heard a pulpit orator say not long ago, that we must not only make the world safe for Democracy but we must make Democracy safe for the world. It is really but a phase of this Populism which is at the root of the effort of many of our legislators to place almost the entire cost of the war not only upon this generation but upon those who, having large means, are "best able to pay"—a vicious principle, enabling a Majority to vote taxes upon a Minority and escape entirely themselves where the benefit is shared by all. Equality of fortune has never been attained, and it is no more just to impose taxes in this way now than it would be to do so at any time for public purposes. The exigencies of the case no doubt require that large sums shall be raised where they can be found, but let us put these levies upon the ground of sudden necessity, not upon the ground of a general principle.

If the beneficial results of this war are to be shared largely by posterity, who will not risk life as this generation must, surely that posterity ought at least to bear a considerable share of the war's material cost; and yet those who favor the imposing of almost the whole burden on a few, desire also to increase that burden by leaving as little as possible for the coming generation to bear! It is impossible not to see in the arguments of Mr. LaFollette and his friends an underlying class feeling and an appeal to that feeling in others: which if they had no other sins to answer for, would be enough to show them unfit to sit in the councils of the nation.

PHILADELPHIA, PA. LUCIUS S. LANDRETH.

THE AMERICAN LOOK

SIR,—Several foreign papers have remarked on the appearance of the American soldier, as a type so strongly set in its individuality that it has evoked interest in a world whose jaded vision can but picture men in khaki.

What in him, may we ask, at this time of strain and stress has gained such wide attention? Not his points of feature, nor strength of stature, nor shade of skin and hair. None of these. It is the American look. That expression of intensified keenness (which the English mistook for seriousness), the look connoting eagerness, zest, and—best of all—still unsatisfied interest in the world.

As far back as 1777, when Burgoyne with his Hessians surrendered to the Colonial army after the battle of Saratoga, that same impression of the American expression was apparent,—as conveyed by a Hessian prisoner, who wrote in his Memoirs:

> We passed through the American camp in which all the regiments were drawn out beside the artillery, and stood under arms. Not one of them was uniformly clad; each had on the clothes which he wore in the fields, the church, or the tavern.
>
> They stood, however, like soldiers; well arranged and with a military air, in which there was but little to find fault. All the muskets had bayonets, and the sharpshooters had rifles. The men all stood so still we were filled with wonder. Not one of them made a single motion as if he would speak with his neighbor. Nay, more, all the lads that stood there in rank and file, kind nature had formed so trim, so slender, so nervous, that it was a pleasure to look at them, and we were all surprised at such a well formed race.

In all earnestness, English America surpasses the most of Europe in the growth and looks of its male population. The whole nation has a natural turn and talent for war and a soldier's life.

Now that it is no more "English America," but every man's America, if the Hessian's ghost returned today, and visited an American encampment, he would still find "the slim, nervous lads that stood in rank and file," with the same silent expression of courage and fire,—but now clad in khaki in place of homespun.

Of all existing races it would appear that the American of today is the most compositively mongrel. But through this inter-naturalization of all peoples has come a product of our country yet unknown,—the American soldier. For the butcher's boy, the millionaire's son, the clerk, the sport, and the professor have joined the army.

And as they march by, you search each face to trace some difference of expression; but all you find is a common look that covers all, and converts that living mass of men into one great expression of American manhood.

No wonder the foreign papers have marked it, for it is the look of America awake. And that very look has made America what it is, for it stands for vision. It has made our men what they are, for it means zeal; and, God granting, it will help make the world what it ought to be, for it stands for courage.

The lines come swinging towards us, those long lines of men in khaki,—men from the West with skins bronzed by the winds of the prairies; boys from the South, with languid looks and smile; clerks from the desks of Wall Street; and rich men's sons, whose names have been a byword for sport and extravagance,—marching,—marching side by side, under the Stars and Stripes.

Call it climate, if you will, call it conditions of soil, prosperity, or struggle,—out of the melting pot of our free land, out of the maelstrom of immigration of Slav, Teuton, and the Latin races, has evolved a type,—The American Soldier. Hats off! all! as he passes on his way!

Once more we shall make good with our lives and fortunes the great faith to which we were born, and a new glory shall shine in the faces of our people.

New York City. Gertrude P. Bishop.

WILL GERMANY COME INTO HER OWN AGAIN?

Sir,—Jean Paul Richter once said that to France had been given dominion of the land, to England dominion of the sea, to Germany dominion of the air [he was not thinking of aviation!] How gloriously Germany exercised her dominion of the spirit we all know. But conscious that a nation of poets and philosophers was but half a nation after all, she sought expansion over land and sea.

Science, industry, statecraft, and the art of war were promptly invaded. Unparalleled mastery and organization of these fields soon made obsolete Palmerston's characterization of her as "The land of damned professors," and justified to a world hitherto skeptical of her capacity for aught save speculation, her right to new domain. "By Right of Conquest" became the German rallying cry. Conquest followed conquest until, carried away by lust of power, world dominion became her dream.

But alas! in conquering new domain, Germany failed to hold that

already won. As early as 1871, we find Charles Eliot Norton, a sympathetic observer of German life, writing from Dresden to George William Curtis:

> But in Germany we no longer philosophize on such matters, and we trouble ourselves little concerning any questions but those of which the solution admits of immediate and practical application. The German has been surfeited with metaphysics and ontology till he has taken a disgust to them. Nothing that has not material value pleases him. Ideas he despises; facts are his treasure. . . . Having led the world in the regions of abstractions, Germany now proposes to lead it in that of realities.

The philosophers themselves did not escape the contagion, but proclaimed the Gospel of *Kultur* and launched into *Weltpolitik*—with what acumen is evidenced in the Manifesto of the Ninety-Three and the assertion of Rudolph Eucken on his recent visit to America that the British Empire was rotten to the core; that at the first touch India, Ireland, and South Africa would rise in rebellion, and the whole edifice fall like a pack of cards!

FROM A LOVER OF LIBERTY

Sir,—I have never quite got over my regret in losing you from *Harper's Weekly*, which meant losing the paper, and I tried to get along without the Review; but since reading the first five war numbers I have decided I must have it even if we go hungry.

As an American citizen, allow me to thank you for the powerful blows you are striking for freedom and humanity. You have expressed the attitude of the intelligent patriot of America with such clearness and force that it seems to me your arguments are bound to carry conviction to every real lover of liberty, and I wish the whole world might read them.

I have no possible motive for flattering you, and I just want you to know how much I appreciate the service you are rendering the Country. I do not believe there is another, except the President, who could do it as well.

I earnestly hope and pray that your health and strength may be spared to continue the good work to the end and that others, more influential and representative than myself, may so express their gratitude that you may feel compensated for your labor.

God bless you—keep it up!

Chattanooga, Tenn. R. W. McBryde.

BOHEMIAN APPRECIATION

Sir,—I have read with interest the article by Mr. Bonsal on "Bohemia—the Submerged Front," appearing in The North American Review for September. The article is accurate and shows a clear understanding of the Bohemian question. May I assure you that the Czech citizens and residents of the United States greatly appreciate the fact that your Review has published this article?

Articles such as these not only serve to convey to the American public information which is necessary if the various problems growing out of the European situation are to be understood, but what is usually not quite appreciated, they also serve to draw the emigrant closer to his adopted country. Perhaps the one best way of really Americanizing

the emigrant is to show him that America understands problems which are vital to those he left behind in Europe. At any rate, they tend to create an atmosphere of good will and mutual understanding, which is, perhaps, a condition precedent to all real efforts at Americanization of our population of various origins.

NEW YORK CITY. CHARLES PERGLER.

REPAID

Sir,—I subscribed for the five War Numbers of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW and have been well repaid. Sometimes I felt you were most too eulogistic of Mr. Wilson, the follower, and not the leader of the American people, as Our Colonel aptly calls him. Still, wishing to be truly patriotic, I acquiesce; but must think for myself: Why on earth did you not say these things two and a half years ago? So many lives might have been saved for better things.

I have been much moved and pleased by the "Three Poems" of Miss Winifred Welles in the September number, and hope you will give us the pleasure of reading many more from the same pen.

Kindly continue my subscription for the year.

DOWNINGTON, PA. A. ROBINSON MCILVAINE.

MAKE IT SO

SIR,—Aye! "Treason must be made odious." More power to your elbow, as Connolley said to Rory O'More.

BROOKLINE, MASS. WALTER C. TAYLOR.

1917

December

One-Hundred-Third Year

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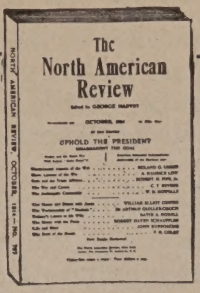

CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS NUMBER

JOHN GALSWORTHY,
now living in Devonshire, finds enthusiastic readers on both sides of the Atlantic. As with many Englishmen of talent, most of his recent writings are patriotic essays.

G. K. CHESTERTON
contributes a fine bit of satire in this essay which those who are gathering data for peace terms would do well to read.

GEORGE KENNAN,
the well-known author and traveler, has studied the problems of peoples in many lands. He is a member of the National Institute of Arts and Letters, and his published works include *Siberia and the Exile System,* the *Tragedy of Pelée,* as well as numerous articles relating to matters of railway organization.

JEANNETTE MARKS,
lecturer in English at Mount Holyoke College, is perhaps more widely known for her successful books and plays, which include those that won the Welsh National Theatre Prize, *Mary Cuckoo* and *Welsh Honeymoon,* than for her contributions on public health matters. Miss Marks is a member of the Committee on Habit-Forming Drugs of the American Public Health Association, and the present article represents first-hand knowledge.

V. R. SAVIĆ
is a Serbian by birth, who received a degree at the University of Belgrade, and was a student as well at the University of Zurich. In 1908 he was invited by the Serbian Government to take charge of the department of the press for the Foreign Office, and later was Balkan correspondent for the *Daily Telegraph* and *Russkoe*

Slovo. He was a private in the Serbian Army in 1914 and 1915, taking part in the great retreat. His book, *South Eastern Europe,* of which the present essay is a chapter, is to be published shortly.

HAROLD G. MOULTON,
Assistant Professor of Political Economy at the University of Chicago, is a frequent contributor to numerous scientific and economic publications. He is the author of several books, among which are *Principles of Money and Banking,* and *Waterways versus Railways.* The paper in this issue, which deals with the fundamental relations of price control to the problem of financial mobilization, is somewhat complementary to the one on "Industrial Conscription" published in the August issue.

CONRAD AIKEN
is a Contributing Editor of *The Dial,* writing frequently on aspects of contemporary poetry. His published volumes of verse include *The Jig of Forslin* and *Nocturne of Remembered Spring.*

VERNON LEE
is the pen-name of Miss Violet Paget, an English writer and critic, who has lived for a number of years in Italy. She has written much on the history of the arts, literature, and drama of that country. Among her published works are *Renaissance Fancies and Studies, Hortus Vitae, Sister Benvenuta, The Sentimental Traveler,* and *Genius Loci.* This essay concludes the series on the *Genius of Places.*

JOSEPH S. AUERBACH,
one of the most distinguished members of the New York Bar, is also well-known as an author. Two volumes of his *Essays and Miscellanies,* for which Mr. Joseph H. Choate wrote the introduction, met with much commendation from the more important critics.

CLARENCE H. GAINES,
Associate Professor of English at St. Lawrence University, Canton, New York, has been one of the editors of this REVIEW for a number of years.

EDITORIAL NOTE.
Through a typographical inadvertence, on page 453 of the September REVIEW Professor Taussig is credited with a statement which properly belongs to the author. The paragraph beginning "Beside the expression," etc., is Mr. Erving Winslow's.

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BARNARD'S LINCOLN

Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

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ARE WE LOSING THE WAR?

NO! BUT WE HAVE FAR TO GO

BY THE EDITOR

History will record as a noteworthy incident that Colonel Edward Mandell House was striving earnestly to bound Serbia on the three sides which still possess boundaries when the telephone bell rang and he was notified by Secretary Tumulty, with whom he is once more on speaking terms, at long distance, that forthwith he was to doff the garments of peace and don the panoply of war. Although the abrupt transformation was not wholly unwelcome to one of martial instincts and training, even the temporary abandonment of his great task of Gathering Data upon a scale of comprehensiveness hardly suspected by the American public drew from the Assistant President a sigh of regret. But, in one respect like General Wood, Colonel House is a soldier and goes perforce and uncomplainingly where he is sent. Indeed, as he remarked with characteristic simplicity upon his happily safe arrival in London, he was not merely willing but "glad to take either rôle in the interest of my country." Fortunately, too, he had acted so promptly in forming a Staff that he was able to leave the preliminary prosecution of peace activities in the safe keeping of those whom he had been accustomed to consult, as the President used to remark with respect to Secretary Daniels, "in intimate fashion."

There was, first of all, Doctor Sidney Edward Mezes, formerly, of course, of Texas but now of the College of the City of New York, and by chance his own brother-in-

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law, drafted to serve at the expense in whole or in part of the city and known to *Who's Who* as "part author" of "The Conception of God." Then came Gordon Auchincloss, Esq., a lawyer of merit and distinction, who happens to be the Colonel's son-in-law; and next in line, according to the newspapers, Mr. Ignace Paderewski, the well-known piano tuner; and finally Mr. Richard Le Gallienne, the deft depicter of a "Maker of Rainbows" and "The Quest of the Golden Girl." At the last moment Mr. Auchincloss was transferred to the War branch of Colonel House's Department and sailed away, but the country may rest assured that there will be no abatement in the gathering of data under the skilful direction of his eminent colleagues.

The fitness of the War Staff selected by the President to accompany Colonel House must be considered in relation with the purposes and objects of the conference itself. Upon that point, we regret to remark, official definitions continue to be as contradictory as were the declarations, to which we alluded last month, of the State Department and the Assistant President with respect to the vocation of the Peace-Data commission. Secretary Lansing asserted with exceptional positiveness that "it cannot be too strongly emphasized that it is a war conference and nothing else," but simultaneously Colonel House announced to the British that he was there "as a political representative of the American Government," to be "consulted from time to time by the other members of the commission, although each of them, by the nature of his respective duties, is working independently of the others." Ignoring the Secretary's rather obvious attempt to dissociate the Colonel from the State Department and passing the Colonel's tacit disclaimer of eminent capacity as a military expert and turning to our Allies for accurate information, we find ourselves in confusion worse confounded. "We are on the eve now," said Mr. Lloyd George in announcing the arrangement, "of the most important international conference ever held, a military and political conference. Some of the greatest, some of the most prominent statesmen of all the Allied countries will be there, some of the most distinguished soldiers of the Allied countries. The decisions taken will affect the whole course of the war and may very well determine the ultimate issue." And yet, hardly a fortnight later, Mr. Bonar Law declared in the House of Commons that the conference

would be restricted absolutely to consideration of the military problem and would not even touch upon questions of a political nature. Whether this abrupt *volt-face* was due to a hint from Lord Northcliffe or Lord Reading to the effect that Colonel House would inevitably be named as the head of the American mission and that his appearance in that capacity, so soon after he had been charged, according to the European version, with prosecution of "peace activities," would surely enhance the perturbation caused among the Allies by his original appointment, is not perhaps a proper subject for speculation. The simple fact, however, that both Lord Northcliffe and Lord Reading were summoned three thousand miles from their important tasks in this country to participate in the conference clearly bore out the Premier's assertion that the gathering would be of the ablest minds, of the "most prominent statesmen" and doubtless of the "most distinguished soldiers," so far at least as Europe is concerned.

Two questions arise immediately (1) Whether the American mission measures up in this "most important international conference ever held" and (2) Whether it is the strongest in ability, experience and reputation that could have been sent. Both, we fear, must be answered in the negative, the first upon its face and the second no less assuredly upon examination. There is no question, for example, of the capacity of either General Bliss or Admiral Benson, but the fact remains that, both at home and abroad, as well as in the service, the superiority in a broad sense of General Wood and Admiral Fiske is universally recognized. It is not, indeed, too much to say that these two famous officers constitute, in their respective spheres, a class by themselves, —the former as a soldier of the highest order, broadest vision and extraordinary energy, and the latter, as a naval strategist, unsurpassed since Mahan and, as an inventor and developer of new methods such as have now become the crying need of the Allied navies, absolutely without a peer in the world. In age, the two Admirals are but a year apart and General Wood has the advantage of seven years over General Bliss, who incidentally reaches the period of retirement during the present month,—a circumstance greatly to be deplored if the United States is to have, as she should have, a representative on the new Board of General Control, with Generals Cadorna, Wilson and Foch.

While fully appreciating the apparent feeling of the President that only those who have won the personal regard of both himself and his Secretaries or who at least have not given offense by insisting too zealously, as undoubtedly both General Wood and Admiral Fiske did insist, upon preparedness, should be entrusted with high commands, we cannot escape the conclusion that, in this instance at any rate, the happening is most unfortunate and may easily prove to have been calamitous. Nevertheless, since, as we remarked in September, the enforced virtual abdication of Congress placed upon the President undivided responsibility for the conduct of the war, it is right and proper that he should use his own best judgment in making important assignments, and it is a gratifying circumstance that, however the relative merits of those mentioned may seem to balance, he evidenced his appreciation of the momentous character of the conference by retaining Rear Admiral Grayson on shore duty and naming as the representatives of the United States abroad the titular heads of the army and the navy.

So much, alas, cannot be said of the civilian members of the Board designated. Mr. Oscar T. Crosby, Mr. Bainbridge Colby, Dr. Alonzo Taylor and Mr. Thomas Nelson Perkins are gentlemen of excellent parts no doubt, but each is a subordinate in his respective Department and, as such, can hardly hope to wield influence comparable with that of "the greatest and most prominent statesmen of all the Allied nations." Of Mr. Vance McCormick and Mr. Gordon Auchincloss, as international or even national figures, only passing mention need be made, to complete the list.

The answer to our second query, *i. e.,* as to whether the delegation is the strongest "in ability, experience and reputation" that could have been named is only too obvious. Indeed, according to Mr. David Lawrence, of the *Evening Post,* the Administration itself was so conscious of its weakness that the State Department requested the Washington correspondents to refrain from speculating upon the probable *personnel* of the commission until it should have actually landed upon foreign soil, thereby "making impossible criticism which officials have repeatedly said they did not want to prevent." Whether or not this hardly credible supposition, implying nothing less than cheap political trickery upon the part of a Government pledged to frankness and

publicity, be correct or not, the effect necessarily is that indicated as having been designed, namely, to render comment both supererogatory and ineffective. We prefer greatly to believe that the real purpose was that announced, —to distract the attention of the Germans through secrecy and thus avert danger to the commissioners from especially venomous submarine attacks.

Far more to the point and far more disquieting are Mr. Lawrence's further assertions to the effect that the President's choosing of "only men who have been politically affiliated with him already has brought forth expressions of regret among many persons disposed to be friendly to the President, and who declare that in order to retain the confidence of all political parties the White House ought not fail at least to consult those of opposite political faith whose record inspires public confidence"; that he did not consult a single member of the Congressional committees whose co-operation will be essential to the fulfilment of any commitment made by the Mission; and that "the risk to the American people whose sons are fighting the war may prove to be incalculably greater if second-rate men are sent to represent the United States at the most important conference of the war."

But even this is understandable, in the light of the early prediction of Mr. C. W. Gilbert in the *Tribune* that "if Mr. Wilson does as he always does the man who will represent this country, probably as head of the permanent inter-Allied organization, will be merely the President's other self, and Mr. Wilson will be the most powerful man in the war, directly applying himself to its larger problems."

Here was an accurate forecast, of course, of Colonel House, not merely as the head of the Mission but, as a corollary of his prompt consignment in London of the other members to their "respective duties," as the whole delegation and alone and unaccompanied except, naturally, by his good lady, entitled to dine with George and Mary. Mr. David Lawrence will readily perceive, therefore, how idle was the original "confident expectation" in Washington that "on such an important mission, the President would not fail to send America's greatest statesmen, not only men of long diplomatic experience, but practical business men accustomed to deal in large affairs."

True, if the scope of the conference as defined by Mr.

Lloyd George be accepted in lieu of Mr. Lansing's rather pointed limitation, the country might have felt more adequately represented in statesmanship by Mr. Root of world-wide fame and still a member of the Hague Tribunal, or by Senator Lodge, a staunch adherent of the Administration's war measures; or in diplomacy, by Mr. Herrick, the most successful and popular ambassador we ever sent to France, or by David Jayne Hill, as well known in Europe as in America, or by Mr. John Bassett Moore, our recognized authority; in finance, by Mr. George F. Baker or by Mr. J. P. Morgan or by Mr. Thomas F. Ryan or by Mr. Otto H. Kahn; in business of great magnitude, by Mr. Henry C. Frick or by former Senator Winthrop Murray Crane or by Mr. Theodore N. Vail or by Mr. Clarence H. Mackay or by Judge Gary; in resuscitation, by Major General Henry P. Davison, head of the Red Cross, or better yet perhaps, for the effect abroad, by Major General William Howard Taft, and so on; but unfortunately these, with exception of Mr. Ryan and the possible exception of Mr. Kahn, are Republicans.

Mr. Gerard, however, the only diplomat of the Allies who has been in Germany since the war began, is a Democrat; and so is Mr. Alton B. Parker; and so are Judge Lovett and Mr. Frederick D. Underwood, experts in transportation; and so are the members of the Cabinet and a majority of both Houses of Congress. Surely Secretary Lane or Secretary Houston, the two members of the Cabinet who ought to have the most and seem to have the least to do with the prosecution of the war, would have carried more weight than the unknown assistant secretaries who were sent. And most potent of all beyond any question, in the light of his recent great successes, and as the holder of the purse strings and the distributor at will of billions among the Allied nations, would have been Secretary McAdoo.

But enough! We shall not discuss the unique and exclusive qualifications of Colonel House as contrasted with those of the galaxy of men suggested and of twice as many more who might be named. To do so until he shall have had full opportunity to prove himself by his works would be manifestly improper and perhaps not altogether polite, since we have just been reading his book. But the Colonel errs when he announces himself as "a political representative of the American Government." The Constitution makes

no provision for ambassadors and ministers whose appointments are not confirmed by the Senate. Colonel House is the personal representative of the head of one branch of the Government; "a friend of mine," as the President himself put it very neatly in his Buffalo speech; just that and, if we may take the liberty of applying Secretary Lansing's phrase, "nothing else."

For ourselves, we perceive no cause for criticism of the appointment of Colonel House, whom, as we have frequently remarked, we hold in high esteem as the wisest, if not the only, guide, counsellor and friend of the President. It is a departure, of course, from the custom of the early days when only statesmen of established reputations were dispatched upon like missions, as was illustrated most strikingly by John Adams when, in a similar crisis, he sent to France his most bitter political antagonist, John Marshall; but there were no cables in those days and an Ambassador was obliged to assume actual responsibility; now no such necessity exists. Nor to our mind does it matter that Colonel House is without experience as a legislator or as an executive in either public or private affairs; he has proved himself a shrewd observer and an accurate reporter; as such, we have no doubt he will render satisfactorily the only service required of him by the President.

The foreign method is different, to be sure. Both the French and Italians—the Japanese, too, for that matter—sent to us their best in both brains and fame; and the British! God bless us! Not since 1776 have so many distinguished Englishmen set foot upon American soil. The Lord Chief Tory led the way, only to be followed in quick succession by the Lord Chief Journalist and the Lord Chief Justice and the Lord Chief High Commissioner of Australia and the Lord Chief Prime Minister of New Zealand and the Lord alone knows how many more of lesser rank. In point of fact, it is no longer a secret that may not now be revealed with propriety that the Prime Minister was about to come when something happened in Italy to prevent; even so at this very writing he is somewhere or somewhere else in France. So it is not so surprising as at first thought it might seem that, a few months ago, the British War Council directed one of their representatives in this country to extend a formal invitation to the President to attend a general conference in London. In passing, it should be noted that the

particular Lord Chief who was charged with the performance of the delicate task did not submit the proposal; possibly he was aware that the Vice President was away at the time and that, though he should return, he was not wholly or even partly in accord with the President's method of conducting the war. Even so, if a serious tangle should arise in the great Paris conference, would it be so poor an idea, after all, for the President to go personally to Paris, as he goes to Congress, and straighten it out? Believe us, the task of personally directing the most stupendous warfare the world has ever known, three thousand miles from the scene of action, for a period of years, even with the aid of so excellent a transmitter as Colonel House, is not to be undertaken without grave misgivings; but, since there is nothing to do about it, we shall continue, without concluding, to hope for the best.

And the most heartening thing we have heard in a long time is that self-same Buffalo utterance of the President, wherein he skilfully rectified the widely advertised peace-activities foolishness of his friend by saying that, although Colonel House "is as great a lover of peace as I know, I did not send him on a peace mission; I sent him to take part in a conference as to how the war is to be won, and he knows, as I know, that that is the way to get peace, if you want it for more than a few minutes." That is what we have been waiting and longing to hear for eight weary months and we rejoice accordingly, because now we can see no possible escape from fighting for peace through victory alone. And there were other things in the speech, some of which naturally or perhaps from sheer contrariness we care little for; such, for example, as seeking tiresomely familiar "common counsel" when, of course, only didactic utterance was possible; as wishing to speak simply as a "fellow citizen" instead of "words of authority" as President, when everybody knows that no other words would have been heard or at least reported; as considering it "a real honor to be thus invited to your (labor's) public councils" because "I say that you are reasonable in a larger number of cases than the capitalists," something "I am not saying to them personally, because (alas!) I haven't had a chance"; and finally as declaring with startling frankness in flat contradiction of the Postmaster General "*I would like to see all the critics exported,*"—an illuminating expression which oddly enough did not appear in the authorized Associated Press report.

But, passing as immaterial such fol-de-rol, upon the easy assumption that an old ribbon of the New Freedom days crept back momentarily to the typewriter, we find the body of the Buffalo speech the best yet,—clear, strong and true. Its most gratifying feature, of course, in recollection of previous utterances, is the definite and irrevocable demand for peace through victory and victory alone, but hardly less satisfying and inspiring are these resolute words:

> Our duty, if we are to do this great thing and show America to be what we believe her to be, the greatest hope and energy of the world—then must we stand together night and day until the job is finished.
>
> If we are true friends of freedom—our own or anybody else's—we will see that the power of this country, and the productivity of this country, is raised to its absolute maximum and that absolutely nobody is allowed to stand in the way of it.

Spoken like a man, say we; like an American man; like an American President of whom we are glad to be proud. Now it remains only to make the words good—and quickly, quickly, quickly, for God's sake!

Since that night of peril to civilization, when Paris lay within range of German guns and the President of France, about to depart, with tears streaming down his face, consigned the treasures of the city to the care and protection of the sympathetic American ambassador, there has not been a time when the outlook was as black as it is today. Whatever way we turn our troubled eyes in search of omens of victory, we gaze upon a blank wall. True, the submarine menace seems to have diminished and, true, the great Western armies are gaining, inch by inch, ground whose possession may or may not be worth its cost in men and munitions; but these achievements, gratifying though they are, mark in a large sense no more than successful defense. Germany continues to be the irresistible aggressor; Germany continues to win; Germany has become exultant and has lifted the hearts of her allies; Germany is stronger than ever before; Germany no longer seeks peace.

And why should she?

Russia, distracted and incoherent, lies prone at her feet, to be had at will for the taking; Roumania is her granary, fed by the hands of cowering peasants; Italy is broken and, as we write, the Huns are beginning to swarm over her most fertile provinces with a fair prospect of absorbing all of the vast resources in fields, in factories and in mines between

Venice and Milan. We hear no more of the possibility of "starving Germany into submission" and, as to invaluable Alsace-Lorraine, "Come and take it," sneers the Kaiser.

How has all this come about almost overnight? Are the Germans, in fact, a race of supermen? Have they accomplished so much so quickly unaided? No, it was not possible. They have had help, enormous and essential help from the Allies,—from England, from France and, God forgive us, from America.

Lloyd George tells the shocking story. Speaking in Paris, upon his return from Italy, of the decision to create a unified directive or advisory military body, he declared that, since the Italian disaster necessitated action without delay, "unfortunately we did not have time to consult the United States or Russia before creating this council." Diplomatic reasons may have warranted the linking together and putting upon the same plane a State in anarchy and a Nation possessing a stable government. It is easy, moreover, to appreciate the difficulty of consulting Russia when there was nobody to consult. But why the United States? Are not the cables at the service of the Governments? Have we no ambassador in France or England or Italy authorized to confer with the Government to which he is assigned or capable of transmitting a message to Washington and delivering a response? What impelled Messrs. Lloyd George and Painlevé to put this obvious slight, implying both incompetency and unauthorization, upon ambassadors duly appointed by the President and confirmed by the Senate of the United States? Where did they get the impression that the only medium of communication with, and acceptable to, the American Government is an unofficial personal representative of the President accustomed to make only sporadic visits?

But let Mr. Lloyd George continue.

The Allies had committed a great fault, he said, in not assisting Serbia adequately in holding her line. The result was that the Central Empires broke the blockade and procured men and supplies from the East, without which Germany would have been unable to maintain the force of her armies.

"Why was this unbelievable fault committed?" asked the Premier. "The reply is simple. It was because no one in particular was charged with guarding the Balkan gate.

The united front had not become a reality. France and England were absorbed by other problems in other regions. Italy thought only of the Carso. Russia was mounting guard over a frontier of a thousand miles, and, even without that, she could not have passed through to have helped Serbia, because Roumania was neutral.

"It is true that we sent troops to Salonika to succor Serbia, but, as always, they were sent too late. Half the men who fell in the vain effort to pierce the Western front in September that same year would have saved Serbia, saved the Balkans and completed the blockade of Germany.

"You may say this is an old story. I grant you that it was simply the first chapter of a series that has continued to the present hour; 1915 was the year of the Serbian tragedy; 1916 was the year of the Roumanian tragedy, which was a repetition of the Serbian story almost without change. This is unbelievable, when you think of the consequences to the Allies' cause of the Roumanian defeat. Opulent wheatfields and rich petroleum wells passed to the enemy and Germany was able to escape us.

"Through the harvest of 1917 the siege of the Central Powers was raised once more, and the horrible war was once more prolonged. That would not have happened, had there existed some central authority, charged with meditating upon the problem of the war for the entire theater of the war."

All this is true enough and sad enough, but it stopped short at the crucial point. Mr. Lloyd George might speak safely as well as shrewdly with what he termed "frankness that is perhaps brutal" of blunders committed for which, although at the time a member of the War Council, he could not be held personally responsible, but what of the latest and greatest of all,—the refusal or failure of England to extend aid to Italy, in the time of her greatest need, while he himself was Premier with full authority? As to that, according to the published reports, "after reviewing the Italian campaign," he calmly observed that, so far as he was concerned, he had "arrived at the conclusion that if nothing was changed," he "could no longer accept the responsibility for the direction of a war condemned to disaster from lack of unity." If this was not political camouflage, corresponding to cuttlefish tactics with which we ourselves are not wholly unfamiliar, then whatever powers of intui-

tion and deduction we may have possessed have been lost irretrievably.

The plain fact, if we, too, may speak with "frankness that is perhaps brutal"—as it is high time somebody did—is that both England and France, selfishly, wantonly and foolishly, left Italy in the lurch at the critical moment and, largely at the instance and under the influence of the British representatives in this country, America did likewise. Lieutenant Bruno Roselli of the Eighty-third Infantry, Venice Brigade, told the plain truth when, on November 13, he spoke, as a soldier should speak, frankly and bravely to an American audience, these words:

> Three months ago Italy told America of her needs in coal and steel. Italy told the Allies that the way was open for the advance into Austria which would break the backbone of Austria and cut Germany off from giving any help to the Balkans and to Turkey. But America is not at war with Austria. There was delay. We Italians have tried that game of fighting one of the enemy. We fought Austria, refusing to declare war on Germany until we found German soldiers in Austrian uniforms, carrying the German soldier war books which recited that they had volunteered in the Austrian army. And while we fought Austria German spies lived upon us. That lesson must be taken to heart in America, for there are spies from Germany's allies here.
>
> Promises were made by America of supplies, but it was necessary, it was said, to send troops abroad. And those men were anxious to fight. I know, because I have seen them. The promises could not be fulfilled, and in the time of delay Germany struck. Three months were lost in this country deciding whether steel or wooden ships should be built. And in the meantime Italy's warning went unheeded, and today we face a situation which will cost many American lives to repair.
>
> This last victory of Germany's means that the decisive battle must come on the Franco-Flanders front. But three months ago the time was ripe for the Italians to go forward and break the Austro-German empire in two. Italy has paid for the mistake in the loss of 200,000 of my compatriots. If the Allies will learn the lesson of co-operation their loss will not be in vain.

Whether, indeed, the Allies will learn their lesson and this frightful loss will not have been in vain Heaven alone knows; if the record of criminal blundering as cited by Mr. Lloyd George with respect to all except his own delinquencies affords a true criterion, the contrary will surely eventuate; but the heartbreaking statements of this outspoken officer we know, from the lips of members of the Italian mission, to be facts; and so do the authorities in Washington.

How did this awful mistake happen? Why was assistance denied to Italy in time to save not only herself but, as Lieutenant Roselli truly says, the "many American lives" that must pay the penalty? We could have done it easily. Despite all exculpatory assertions to the contrary, we had the coal and the steel and the ships. And we had the money, of course; else how could we have placed, as we did place with a great flourish, a great sum to the credit of Italy on the very day after the disaster took place, but alas, in the words of Lloyd George, "too late, always too late."

Money? Heavens above! More than three billions of dollars have been parcelled out to the various Allies. By whom? By the Secretary of the Treasury, who has no more to do with the war than we have and probably knows less about it, who is not even a member of the wonderful Council of National Defense, who has had to do the work of ten men—and has done it admirably—in raising these colossal sums. We pass no criticism upon his distribution; we do not question for a moment that he has made it carefully upon such information as he had; but what could he know of the crying need, let us say, of poor Italy and how could he ascertain her requirements while travelling from Maine to Oregon selling bonds?

But, we hear someone say, the President has to approve the Secretary's recommendations and he, of course, knows. Well, maybe so. But when, as Mr. Mark Sullivan records in *Collier's*, the detailed prosecution of the war has reached a point where the request of soldiers in a Southern camp for sweet potatoes in place of Irish could not be answered till it had been "put up to the President," one might, we should say, be pardoned for suspecting a certain degree of superficiality. In any case, we cannot escape the conclusion that, if the situation in Italy had been carefully studied by a competent War Council and the findings of that Council had been placed before the President in the form of a recommendation, this dreadful calamity might have been averted.

We assume that, before these words appear in print, the Supreme War Council will have been established at Versailles in substantial conformity with the plan proposed by the British Premier. That it is a step in the right direction there can be no doubt. Germany's military superiority lies

in single control and direction as against the scattered efforts and aims of the Allies. Whatever tends to unify the forces fighting the great battle of civilization cannot fail to be helpful and we are convinced that, in time, despite the confusion which will ensue at first from inevitable conflicts of authority between the civilian Council, with its own military advisers, and the various General Staffs and the field officers, continuing experience will find a way. Unless all history is at fault, the appointment of a Generalissimo would seem to afford the true solution, but even though the existing national prejudices and individual jealousies could be overcome, the man is not in sight and is not likely to appear after more than three years from among the war-worn officers now in command. America, free from entanglements, seeking no aggrandizement or territorial advantages and the real master of the situation if she should see fit to exercise her obvious prerogative, may yet produce the leader so sadly needed. If so, God speed the day!

Clearly, however, the hope of such a development lies far in the future. At present, it is quite evident, our Allies, while deeply appreciative of the value of the United States as an aid, have no thought of recognizing her as an equal in shaping general policy. True, Mr. Bonar Law expressed a casual "hope" that this Nation would participate in the deliberations of the Supreme Council, but he did so perfunctorily, if not somewhat grudgingly, and the fact that our Government is not expected to take a prominent part is indicated by the circumstance noted above, that it was not even consulted, and by the provision in the first article that the Council should be "composed of the Prime Minister" —a title and position unknown to the United States—"and a member of each Government." We do not mean to intimate that this restriction was designed to exclude our Government; indeed, we do not doubt that even a private citizen personally representing the President would be deemed acceptable; we mention the matter only to show that the attitude and possible wishes of the United States were not even considered or probably thought of.

There appears, moreover, no sign that our own Government has formed an opinion with respect to the extent of the participation which it may desire or consider proper. For some reason, inexplicable to most of us and frankly distasteful to Lord Northcliffe's London *Times*, the Administration

scrupulously refers to our Allies as " co-belligerents " and has not even paid them the courtesy of returning the visits of their distinguished missions. In fact, so far as we can make out, it cannot quite make up its mind whether it is wholly in or partly in or only looking on and biding events. We take for granted that the President has formulated within himself some policy which he considers would better be kept from the public for the present. What it may be we would not venture to surmise, but surely he must realize that the American people are not going to be satisfied to hazard millions of lives and expend billions and billions of money in an indefinitely prolonged war without having something effective to say about how that war is waged, especially in view of the way it has been botched for forty months. And if, as indicated by the Buffalo speech, the decision has finally been reached to go in for all we are worth to a finish, something must be done soon to obtain our directive rights or we may awake presently to realization that we are as much too late as we were in extending aid to Italy.

The whole difficulty, we fear, is to be found in the secret hope, even anticipation, both in Washington and in London that when this country, with its " boundless resources," should have been in the war long enough to make a tremendous showing by way of preparation, Germany would " crumple " and the war would come to an end. We frankly doubt if either the Secretary of War or the Secretary of the Navy has really believed until quite recently, or perhaps believes even now, that this country would ever actually have an army of millions fighting in Europe. That the same illusion has possessed the Secretary of State and the Secretary of the Interior we cannot even suspect; their sense and breadth would not permit; but the inherent pacifist is invariably a confirmed optimist; at this moment, in fact, unless public utterances convey wholly false symptoms, Mr. Daniels is far more concerned with his war on rum and gonorrhea than by the war of the United States on Germany.

To guess at the working of the President's own mental processes during this trying period would be to speculate idly because whatever may have been indicated by his appointment of his friend as an arranger of peace has been swept away by his reappointment of him as a wager of war. So now it seems safe to assume that at last, whether the President is leading the people or, as Mr. Roosevelt sug-

gests, the people are leading the President, we have reached a firm foundation, from which to pursue a definite purpose. But the attainment is none the less easy; indeed, when we consider that it costs us fourteen times as much as it costs Germany to keep an equal number of soldiers on the firing line and that the maintenance of every one requires the continuous labor of four men at home, the undertaking seems even greater than we had supposed.

Nevertheless, it can be done if we first find and then retain a true perspective. So far, we have only been leaping grandly into the dark; now the time has come when we should proceed more sagaciously, more soberly and more prudently, in the light of events which have evolved a recognizable situation. Every step and every act, from this day forward, beginning with the reassembling of Congress, should be taken with a view to prosecuting a mighty war for at least five years. Accept that as a basis of calculation, reckoning all proposals with respect to finance, manufacture, transportation, aeroplanes, ships, munitions and men accordingly, and our whole scheme of preparation for ultimate but certain triumph will be revised necessarily and at once.

It does not suffice to say glibly that Germany can never win against the whole world; she has won up to date against a preponderant portion of the whole world and is still winning; what we have to do is not merely to prevent her from continuing her devastations but to win back what she has won—and more. It is, as we have said, not an easy task, nothing like as easy as it would have been a year or six months ago; since Russia has gone mad and Italy has bitten the dust, the magnitude of the essential undertaking has increased fourfold. And that is why we say that this is the darkest moment since the battle of the Marne.

But we do not despair; we are not even dismayed. Our mental gaze cannot pierce the cloud but our moral vision tells us that its lining is of silver; it must be; and we shall find it, never fear! Are we losing the war? No. But we are not winning it—and we have far, very far, to go.

DAMN THE TORPEDOES!

FULL SPEED AHEAD!

"*Damn* the torpedoes! Full speed ahead!"

That was the order of the day one August morning in 1864, and the result was victory. That must be the order of the day at this time, if we are to win victory

That is, above all else, the lesson of Italy's disaster and of Russia's debacle. The instant comment upon those sickening tragedies was that if we had been more prompt in providing munitions of war, they would never have occurred.

It ought, indeed, to have been obvious and axiomatic to everybody, the moment that we righteously decided to accept Germany's insolent challenge to war, that our duty and our only rational course was to cry "Full speed ahead!" and then go to it. There were many who saw it, and said it, and did it so far as they could. But oh, the inertia and the indifference of the mass! And oh, the sophistry and folly of those who counselled a waiting policy!

The crowning folly, however, and the crowning disloyalty, would be still to persist in that fatuous course of expectancy and delay, after the tragic object-lessons which it has brought before us. Every moment of delay should be a thousand-fold convincing argument and appeal now, at last, to go "Full speed ahead!"

And "damn the torpedoes!"

By torpedoes we mean all obstacles, real or imaginary, that are in the way. The spirit of hesitancy, the passion of greed, the pride of opinion, and what not else—away with them all! The Republic is in peril; and "the safety of the Republic is the supreme law." Everything—we use the word in its most sweeping sense—everything must be subordinated to the one supreme need of winning this war; for if we do not win the war, we shall lose everything else.

The war is not ended yet. It cannot be ended until the Hun is crushed, and the Hun is not crushed yet. Of that fact the Russian and Italian cataclysms are only too painful reminders. We have not killed the snake. We have not even scotched it. We are not yet safe from the lethal venom of its fangs. The need of the hour is that we shall slay the creature, dead, dead, dead. We must, or it will slay us.

That is why we are called upon to make haste, to the very utmost of our ability.

Our Allies are sorely stricken and distressed. Make haste to succor them before they fail. Our enemy is rampant and exultant. Make haste to strike him down before he increases his strength. Our own Republic is menaced by the possibility—it is still a possibility—of a Hunnish triumph.

"Damn the torpedoes! Full speed ahead!"

THE JAPANESE AGREEMENT

"THE bearings of this observation," quoth the Ancient Sage, "lays in the application on it;" a sapient and lucid explanation which might with much pertinence be made concerning the "gentlemen's agreement" which has just been concluded between the United States and Japan concerning their respective rights in China and the future status of that country.

We find, for example, among some of what Rufus Choate called "glittering and resounding generalities" about the Open Door, Equality of Opportunity, Independence, and Territorial Integrity, the following:

> The Governments of the United States and Japan recognize that territorial propinquity creates special relations between countries, and, consequently, the Government of the United States recognizes that Japan has special interests in China, particularly in the part to which her possessions are contiguous. . . . The Government of the United States has every confidence in the repeated assurances of the Imperial Japanese Government that, while geographical position gives Japan such special interests, they have no desire to discriminate against the trade of other nations or to disregard the commercial rights heretofore granted by China in treaties with other Powers.

We are quite willing to accept as axiomatic the general proposition that territorial propinquity creates special relations between countries, but we are by no means ready to concede that therefore Japan has special interests in China if by that stock phrase we are to understand interests different from and superior to those of other nations. For Japan's territorial propinquity to China is by no means unique. The contiguity of her possessions with China is neither unique nor of nearly as long standing as that of the territories of other Powers.

The only Japanese territory which abuts upon China is Corea, which has belonged to Japan for only a little more than seven years. Great Britain, France and Russia have important territories abutting upon China along much more extended boundaries, which have belonged to them for much longer periods of time. It is therefore certainly pertinent to inquire whether they also are to be recognized as having, on grounds of territorial propinquity and contiguity, "special interests in China." If they have not, why not, if Japan is thus to be recognized? If they have, how do their special interests compare with those of Japan?

If we go beyond actual contiguity, and consider mere proximity, the same questions are raised in even more acute form. Our great American island of Luzon lies much nearer to the Chinese coast than does Japan itself, and scarcely further from the nearest important Chinese port, Canton, than does the nearest Japanese island, Formosa. In fact the Philippines have a propinquity to China differing only a little in degree and not at all in kind from that which Japan and her insular possessions have. If the propinquity of the latter is a basis for special interests, what becomes of that of the former?

We must in candor and friendship declare that upon the face of the case at least four other Powers; to wit, America, Great Britain, France and Russia, appear to have upon the ground of geographical position a title to special interests in China similar to that which is claimed by Japan and which Mr. Lansing's amiable note concedes to that Power; and we cannot help thinking that this "gentlemen's agreement" would have been stronger and would have given a surer guarantee of satisfactory permanence if it had in any way taken cognizance of that circumstance.

Again, the United States is made to express confidence that Japan has no desire "to disregard the commercial rights *heretofore* granted by China in treaties with other Powers." The italics are our own, and they call attention to the nub of the matter. Why, we are impelled to wonder, was that word "heretofore" inserted in Mr. Lansing's note? Has it any significance, as discriminating between treaties already made and those which may hereafter be made or be sought to be made? If it has no such significance, it is quite superfluous. Indeed, it is worse than superfluous, for it logically suggests a false idea. On the other hand, if it has such sig-

nificance, the way is opened for endless trouble; for we shall be tacitly recognizing Japan's right to supervise all future treaties which are made between the United States and China, and to intervene at will against the granting therein of commercial rights and concessions to this country, a state of affairs which could scarcely prove satisfactory.

These questions are not disposed of by the repeated and resounding assurances that "the territorial sovereignty of China remains unimpaired" and that both America and Japan "always adhere to the principle of the so-called 'open door' or equal opportunity for commerce and industry in China." Neither are they satisfactorily met by the declaration that both America and Japan are "opposed to the acquisition by any Government of any special rights or privileges that would affect the independence or territorial integrity of China, or that would deny to the subjects or citizens of any country the full enjoyment of equal opportunity in the commerce and industry of China." This latter declaration is in itself eminently satisfactory. But how does it harmonize with that concession of "special interests"? We are in effect told that Japan has special interests in China which do not affect the independence or territorial integrity of that country, and which do not interfere with our enjoyment of equal opportunity with Japan herself in the commerce and industry of China. What, then, it will be asked, are those special interests? What is their scope? What do they affect, and effect? Of what value are they to Japan?

This agreement has been widely characterized as establishing a Monroe Doctrine for the Far East; suggesting, of course, that Japan is proclaiming such a doctrine in behalf of China, as we proclaimed it in behalf of Central and South America. In that view it will be pertinent to observe what "special interests" Japan should have in China, according to the analogy of our "special interests" in our American neighbors. As a matter of fact, there are none; or at any rate there are none beyond the limits already prescribed in the "open door" agreement of ten years ago. The United States does not claim and has never claimed any "special interests" in Latin America beyond the maintenance of the sovereignty and territorial integrity of those countries and the maintenance in them of the open door, or equality of opportunity in commerce and industry.

If there appear to be an exception to this rule in the sole

case of the Isthmian Canal, the answer is ready and obvious. Our original transit concession was acquired as a complement to a guarantee of sovereignty and integrity, and our objection to the acquisition of such a concession by any other Power was based not upon any pretension of " special interests " but upon the infringement of sovereignty and integrity which it would involve. As a matter of fact, we never effectively opposed even such a concession, which was granted again and again to more than one foreign Power, and we are at this very moment cordially acquiescing in the existence of a great British railroad across the Mexican isthmus, in rivalry with our own canal at Panama.

All we have insisted upon is that independence, sovereignty, integrity and the open door shall be maintained. Beyond that, no consideration nor circumstance of territorial propinquity, geographical position, or contiguity, has so much as suggested anything resembling " special interests " which might not freely and equally be claimed and possessed by the whole world. If in that sense a " Monroe Doctrine for the Far East " is being applied to China, well and good. But in that case, why these references to " special interests " and to the maintenance of treaty rights " heretofore " granted?

BARNARD'S LINCOLN

[The frontispiece of this number is an unsatisfying representation of George Gray Barnard's statue of Lincoln which has been sent, as a gift to the British Empire, to be set up in London. In consideration of the savage criticisms of what, as a layman, we regard as a masterpiece, largely manufactured in consequence of the expressed disapproval of Mr. Robert T. Lincoln, we sought and present herewith excerpts from the expert judgments of Mr. Frederick Mac Monnies, sculptor, Mr. Thomas Hastings, architect, and Mr. Richard Fletcher, art critic.—Editor.]

BY FREDERICK MAC MONNIES

In response to Colonel Harvey's request to write my view of Barnard's Lincoln, I feel called upon to say before doing so that I consider a nation-wide organized attack upon the serious work of any intellectual—whether scientist, musician, or artist—with the object of preventing its being carried out, is a dangerous precedent. Constructive criticism, based on logic, seasoned with sympathetic imagination, tempered with moderation, analyzing, illuminating,—never presuming to pass a final verdict, is wholesome. Destructive

criticism, outgrowth of ignorance and prejudice, condemning wholesale and aiming at complete annihilation, stifles personal research and all true artistic impulse. The attempt to harness initiative to the push-cart of dullness is to hamstring the Pegasus of human ingenuity and genius, and limit personal vision to a uniform standard. Of all stagnations, standardization is the most sodden.

If standardization had obtained in 1889 the "hideous blot" upon the fair Paris Exposition—Eiffel's Tower, prototype in steel construction and inspiration of our masterly skyscrapers—would have been relegated to some office file and progress retarded. The Darwins, Whistlers, Marconis, and Monets would have been cast into outer darkness and their works permanently "skied" had their critics been listened to. As I told my friend Barnard: had his statue been the work of an unknown artist and had it seemed to me hopelessly bad, my defense of it against a barbarous boycott would be identical. I believe in liberty of action and freedom of expression, in speech, in sculpture, in everything. I could envy the man who had the courage of his opinion to shed encumbrances and live in an ash-barrel. Every great thinker and craftsman freed himself from conventional formulas—from Galileo to Michael Angelo, and from Michael Angelo to Edison—or they would have accomplished nothing.

An eminent painter, writer and critic recently said that Barnard had failed because his vision of Lincoln was not the vision of the rest of us.

"It is easy to see what Barnard was trying to do, and why," Mr. Cox said. "He was carrying out in his sculpture his ideal of Lincoln. Of course, no artist can make a portrait of the 'real Lincoln.' Lincoln is dead; and in any case all that the artist can do is to carry out his ideal. Barnard's was, as he himself has said, the democratic ideal. He wished to represent Lincoln, the man of the people. And to do that he accentuated all that was rough and grotesque in his figure and bearing. Barnard has, indeed, done for Lincoln something of what Rembrandt did in his figures of Christ. In representing the Man of Sorrows, the Christ of the people, he made a figure that was often ugly and grotesque. Barnard's ideal is entirely comprehensible.

"But where I join issue is with Mac Monnies's statement that the fact that Barnard has carried out his ideal is a sufficient answer to criticism. I do not think it is. I think the question is whether Barnard's ideal is our ideal, and whether a statue of Lincoln that is to represent this country abroad should not more truly speak our thought than Barnard's expression of his ideal does. Also there is the question whether Barnard's ideal is a sculpturesque ideal—should it be done in sculpture?"

If Mr. Cox had lived in the sixteenth century, would he, in order to standardize vision and consequently to conform art to uniformity, prefer to tame the restless spirit of Michael Angelo and compel the groaning muscles of his statues into the elegant slenderness of a Jean Goujon, or would he build up weight and strength on one side and counsel banting on the other? Would he have permitted Rembrandt's "ugly and grotesque" figures of Christ at all?

Mr. Barnard has given his vision of Lincoln; personal, human, absolutely sincere; doubly interesting, as presenting another point of view than the majestic Lincoln of St. Gaudens. A distinguished committee has decided to present the statue abroad, as it conveys their idea of Lincoln, and they have a perfect right to do so, even if other American citizens, equally distinguished, prefer another statue.

BY THOMAS HASTINGS

You ask me to express my feeling as regards the Barnard statue of Lincoln.

I have the highest personal regard for the artistic ability of Mr. George Gray Barnard. While no artist who rises above mediocrity is always equally good in his work, there must always be something there to command the respect of the public and of his confreres. Realizing, as a working architect, how often the layman errs in his judgment upon architecture,—even when an artist other than an architect,—I hesitate to put myself in the same position, not being a sculptor.

However, I have always contended that all printed controversies and published adverse criticisms of works of art have done more harm for art in recent times than all other things put together. While a healthy discussion has existed since prehistoric times and is generally natural and wholesome, cheap print with the accompanying undeserved authority is of recent origin, and the kind of discussion which has recently been indulged in is only another example to establish a harmful precedent.

There are two ways of looking upon the statue,—first the question of propriety, which is one for the Commission itself to determine; and then the question of art, which would seem to determine itself because of the Commission being in such good hands.

I must confess that the photographs which I have seen of

Mr. Barnard's Lincoln were cruelly distorted,—as is so often the case with photographic reproductions,—and gave me a completely erroneous impression of his work, which I discovered when I recently saw the original in bronze. In seeing the figure, however, as far as the question of propriety is concerned, I was much relieved, and think that it has been grossly misrepresented and caricatured. No one should judge of it without seeing the original.

BY RICHARD FLETCHER

Standing in the presence of the Barnard Lincoln in the studio in a grim foundry, one is silenced and dumbstruck.

But, for him who will not wing to the boundless spaces of the artist's ether, there is everything one expects in Lincoln. The beardless chin gives us the indomitable will, the invincible firmness. The eyes and brows are aglow with benevolence and pity. The large hands folded across his torso (the target for the casual critic) express the innate modesty of the man, the self-forgetfulness which is the model for all of us. Squarely planted feet, large and unalluringly shod, reinforce the magnificence of strength, the uncompromising courage. The clothes, the clothes about which one hears such comment—who can think of clothes at a moment of deep appreciation for the qualities of character? From the technical point of view one hears nothing. What querulous voice has spoken of the softness, the sympathy, which enshroud the surface of the bronze?

Impressions growing into thoughts subdue one into a sitting posture on a wooden bench as the massive figure towers above the sentient man. The first impression is that it does not look like Lincoln—but it is Lincoln. Scrutiny confirms this belief, as the Presidency—even the history of the man—is subsidiary to the man himself. Falling beneath the spell of Barnard's miracle in bronze, one feels that the sculptor has wrought more wonderfully than even in investing the statue with the idealism and the faith and strength of this Friend of Man. He has interpreted the spirit of the War of the Rebellion—that school room of our national education. Barnard has virtually translated an epoch into a figure in metal.

[We have only to add that, having actually seen this extraordinary creation, unlike Mr. Robert T. Lincoln and others who have condemned it, we concur unqualifiedly in these judgments.—EDITOR.]

THE BALANCE SHEET OF THE SOLDIER-WORKMAN

BY JOHN GALSWORTHY

LET the reader take what follows with more than a grain of salt. No one can foretell—surely not this writer—with anything approaching certainty what will be the final effect of this war on the soldier-workman. One can but marshal some of the more obvious and general liabilities and assets, and try to strike a balance. The whole thing is in flux. Metals are going into the crucible at every temperature; and who shall say at all precisely what will come out, or what conditions the product issuing will meet with, though they obviously cannot be the same as before the war? For in considering this question, one must run into the account on either side not only the various effects of the war on the soldier-workman, but the difference his life will encounter in the future, so far as one can foresee; and this is all navigation in uncharted waters.

Talking with and observing French soldiers during the whole of last winter, and often putting to them this very question: How is the war going to affect the soldier-workman? I noticed that their answers followed very much the trend of class and politics. An Adjutant, or Sergeant, or a Catholic, would consider that men would be improved, gain self-command, and respect for law and order, under prolonged discipline and daily sacrifice. A freethinker of the educated class, or a private of Socialistic tendencies, on the other hand, would insist that the strain must make men restless, irritable, more eager for their rights, less tolerant of control. Each imagined that the war would further the chances of the future as they dreamed of it. If I had talked with capitalists—there are none among French soldiers—they would doubtless have insisted that after-war conditions

were going to be easier, just as the "*sans-sous*" maintained that they were going to be harder, and provocative of revolution. In a word, the wish was father to the thought.

Having observed this so strongly, the writer of these speculations says to himself: "Let me, at all events, try to eliminate any bias, and see the whole thing as should an umpire—one of those pure beings in white coats, purged of all the prejudices, passions, and predilections of mankind. Let me have no temperament for the time being, for I have to set down—not what would be the effect on me if I were in their place, or what would happen to the future if I could have my way, but what would happen all the same if I were not alive. Only from an impersonal point of view, if there be such a thing, am I going to get even approximately at the truth."

Impersonally then, I note the credit facts and probabilities towards the future's greater well-being; and those on the debit side, of retrogression from the state of well-being, such as it was, that prevailed when war was declared.

First, what will be the physical effect of the war on the soldier-workman? Military training, open-air life, and plentiful food are of such obvious physical advantage in the vast majority of cases as to need no pointing out. And how much improvement was wanted is patent to anyone who has a remnant left of the old Greek worship of the body. It has made one almost despair of industrialized England, to see the great Australians pass in the streets of London. We English cannot afford to neglect the body any longer; we are, or are becoming—I know not which—a warped, stunted, intensely plain people. On that point I refuse to speak with diffidence, for it is my business to know something about beauty, and in our masters and pastors I see no sign of knowledge and little inkling of concern, since there is no public opinion to drive them forward to respect beauty. One-half of us regard good looks as dangerous and savoring of immorality; the other half look upon them as "swank," or at least superfluous. Any interest manifested in such a subject is confined to a few women and a handful of artists. Let anyone who has an eye for looks take the trouble to observe the people who pass in the streets of any of our big towns, he will count perhaps one in five—not beautiful—but with some pretensions to being not absolutely plain; and one can say this without fear of hurting

any feelings, for all will think themselves of the five. Frivolity apart, there is a dismal lack of good looks and good physique in our population; and it will be all to the good to have had this physical training. If that training had stopped short of the fighting line, it would be physically entirely beneficial; as it is, one has unfortunately to set against its advantages—leaving out wounds and mutilation altogether—a considerable number of overstrained hearts, and nerves, not amounting to actual disablement; and a great deal of developed rheumatism.

Peace will send back to their work very many men better set up and hardier; but many also obviously or secretly weakened. Hardly any can go back as they were. But, while training will but have brought out strength that was always latent, and which, unless relapse be guarded against, must rapidly decline, cases of strain and rheumatism will for the most part be permanent, and such as would not have taken place under peace conditions. Then there is the matter of venereal disease, which the conditions of military life are undoubtedly fostering—no negligible factor on the debit side; we must write off the health of many hundreds on that score. To credit again must be placed increased personal cleanliness, much greater handiness and resource in the small ways of life, and an even more complete endurance and contempt of illness than already characterized the British workman, if that be possible. On the whole I think that, physically, the scales will balance pretty evenly.

Next, what will be the effect of the war on the mental powers of the soldier-workman? Unlike the French (sixty per cent of whose army are men working on the land), our army must contain at least ninety per cent of town workers, whose minds in time of peace are kept rather more active than those of workers on the land by the ceaseless friction and small decisions of town life. To gauge the result of two to five years' military life on the minds of these town workers is a complicated and stubborn problem. Here we have the exact converse of the physical case. If the army life of the soldier workman stopped short of service at the front one might say at once that the effect on his mind would be far more disastrous than it is. The opportunity for initiative, and decision, the mental stir of camp and depôt life is nil compared with that of service in the fighting line. And for one month at the front a man spends perhaps five at

the rear. Military life, on its negative side, is more or less a suspension of the usual channels of mental activity. By barrack and camp life the normal civilian intellect is, as it were, marooned. On that desert island it finds, no doubt, certain new and very definite forms of activity, but anyone who has watched old soldiers must have been struck by the "arrested" look that is stamped on most of them—by a kind of remoteness, of concentrated emptiness, as of men who by the conditions of their lives have long been prevented from thinking of anything outside a ring fence. Two to five years' service will not be long enough to set the old soldier's stamp on a mind, but one can see the process beginning; and it will be quite long enough to encourage laziness, in minds already disposed to lying fallow. Far be it from this pen to libel the English, but a feverish mental activity has never been their vice; intellect, especially in what is known as the working-class, is leisurely; it does not require to be encouraged to take its ease. Someone has asked me: "*Can* the ordinary worker think less in the army than when he wasn't in the army?" In other words: "Did he ever think at all?" The British worker is, of course, deceptive; he does not look as if he were thinking. Where exactly does he get his stolidity—from climate, self-consciousness, or his competitive spirit? All the same thought does go on in him, shrewd and "near-the-bone"; life-made rather than book-made thought. Its range is limited by its vocabulary; it starts from different premises, reaches different conclusions from those of the "pundit," and so is liable to seem to the latter non-existent. But let a worker and an educated man sit opposite each other in a railway carriage without exchanging a word, as is the fashion with the English, and which of their two silent judgments on the other will be superior? I am not sure, but I rather think the worker's. It will have a kind of deadly realism. In camp and depôt life the mind standing-at-ease from many civilian frictions and needs for decision, however petty, and shaken away from civilian ruts, will do a good deal of thinking of a sort, be widened, and probably re-value many things—especially when its owner goes abroad and sees fresh types, fresh manners, and the world; but actual physical exertion, and the inertia which follows it, bulk large in military service, and many who "never thought at all" before they became soldiers, will think still less after! I may be cynical, but it

seems to me that the chief stimulus to thought in the ordinary mind is money, the getting and the spending thereof; that what we call " politics," those social interests which form at least half the staple of the ordinary worker's thought, are made up of concern as to the wherewithal to live. In the army money is a fixed quantity that demands no thought, neither in the getting nor the spending; and the constant mental activity that in normal life circles round money, of necessity dries up.

But against this indefinite general rusting of mind machinery in the soldier-workman's life away from the fighting line certain definite considerations must be set. Many soldiers will form a habit of reading—in the new armies the demand for books is great; some in sheer boredom will have begun an all-round cultivation of their minds; others again will be chafing continually against this prolonged holding-up of their habitual mental traffic—and when a man chafes he does not exactly rust; so that, while the naturally lazy will have been made more lazy, the naturally eager may be made very eager.

The matter of age, too, is not unimportant. A soldier of twenty, twenty-five, even up to thirty, probably seldom feels that the mode of life from which he has been taken is set and permanent. He may be destined to do that work all his days, but the knowledge of this has not so far bitten him; he is not yet in the swing and current of his career, and feels no great sense of dislocation. But a man of thirty-five or forty, taken from an occupation which has got grip on him, feels that his life has had a slice carved out of it. He may realize the necessity better than the younger man, take his duty more seriously, but he must have a sense as if his springs were let down flat. The knowledge that he has to resume his occupation again in real middle age, with all the steam escaped, must be profoundly discouraging; therefore I think his mental activity will suffer more than that of the younger man. The recuperative powers of youth are so great, that very many of our younger soldiers will unrust quickly and at a bound regain all the activity lost. Besides, a very great many of the younger men will not go back to the old job. But older men, though they will go back to what they were doing before, more readily than their juniors, will go back with diminished hope and energy, and a sort of fatalism. At forty, even at thirty-five, every year

begins to seem important, and several years will have been wrenched clean out of their working lives just, perhaps, when they were beginning to make good. Turning to the spells of service at the front—there will be no rusting there—the novelty of sensation, the demand for initiative and adaptability are too great. A soldier said to me: "My two years in depôt and camp are absolutely deadening; that eight weeks at the front before I was knocked over were the best eight weeks I ever had." Spells at the front must wipe out all or nearly all the rust; but against them must be set the deadening spells of hospital, that too often follow, the deadening spells of training that have gone before; and the more considerable though not very permanent factor—that laziness and dislocation left on the minds of many who have been much in the firing line. As the same young soldier put it: "I can't concentrate now as I could on a bit of work—it takes me longer; all the same where I used to chuck it when I found it hard, I set my teeth now." In other words, less mental but more moral grip.

On the whole, then, so far as mental effect goes, I believe the balance must come out on the debit side.

And, now, what will be the spiritual effect of the war on the soldier workman? And by "spiritual" I mean the effect of his new life and emotional experience, neither on his intellect, nor exactly on his "soul"—for very few men have anything so rarefied—but on his disposition and character.

Has anyone the right to discuss this who has not fought? It is with the greatest diffidence that I hazard any view. On the other hand, the effects are so various, and so intensely individual that perhaps only such a one has a chance of forming a general judgment unbiased by personal experience, and his own temperament. What thousands of strange and poignant feelings must pass through even the least impressionable soldier who runs the gamut of this war's "experience"! And there will not be too many of our soldier-workmen returning to civil life without having had at least a taste of everything. The embryo Guardsman who sticks his bayonet into a sack, be he never so unimaginative, with each jab of that bayonet pictures dimly the body of a Hun, and gets used to the sensation of spitting it. On every long march there comes a time that may last hours, when the recruit feels done up, and yet has to go on "sticking it." Never a day passes, all through his service, without some

moment when he would give his soul to be out of it all and back in some little elysium of the past; but he has to grit his teeth and try to forget. Hardly a man who, when he first comes under fire, has not a struggle with himself that amounts to a spiritual victory. Not many who do not arrive at a " Don't care " state of mind that is almost equal to a spiritual defeat. No soldier, who does not rub shoulders during his service with countless comrades strange to him, and get a wider understanding and a fuller tolerance. Not a soul in the trenches, one would think, who is not caught up into a mood of comradeship and self-suppression that amounts almost to exaltation. Not one but has to fight through moods almost reaching extinction of the very love of life. And shall all this—and the many hard disappointments, and the long yearning for home and those he loves, and the chafing against continual restraints, and the welling-up of secret satisfaction in the " bit done," the knowledge that Fate is not beating, cannot beat him; and the sight of death all round, and the looking into Death's eyes—staring those eyes down; and the long bearing of pain; and the pity for his comrades bearing pain—shall all this pass his nature by without marking it for life? When all is over, and the soldier workman back in civil life, will his character be enlarged or shrunken? The nature of a man is never really changed, no more than a leopard's skin, it is but developed or dwarfed. The influences of the war will have as many little forms as there are soldiers, and to attempt precision of summary is clearly vain. It is something of a truism to suggest that the war will ennoble and make more serious those who before the war took a noble and serious view of life; and that on those who took life callously it will have a callousing effect. The problem is rather to discover what effect, if any, will be made on that medium material that was neither definitely serious nor obviously callous. And for this we must go to consideration of main national characteristics. It is—for one thing—very much the nature of the Briton to look on life as a game with victory or defeat at the end of it, and to feel it impossible that he can be defeated. He is not so much concerned to " live " as to win this life match. He is combative from one minute to the next, reacts instantly against any attempt to down him. The war for him is a round in this great personal match of his with Fate, and he is completely caught up in the idea of winning it. He

is spared that double consciousness of the French soldier who wants to "live," who goes on indeed superbly fighting "*pour la France*" out of love for his country, but all the time cannot help saying to himself: "What a fool I am—what sort of life is this?" I have heard it said by one who ought to know, if anyone can, that the British soldier hardly seems to have a sense of patriotism, but goes through it all as a sort of private "scrap" in which he does not mean to be beaten, and out of loyalty to his regiment, his "team" so to speak. This is partly true, but the Briton is very deep, and there are feelings at the bottom of his well that never see the light. If the British soldier were fighting on a line that ran from Lowestoft through York to Sunderland, he might show very different symptoms. Still, at bottom he would always, I think, feel the business to be first in the nature of a contest with a force that was trying to down him personally. In this contest he is being stretched, and steeled—that is, hardened and confirmed in the very quality of stubborn combativeness which was already his first characteristic. Take another main feature of the national character—the Briton is ironic. Well, the war is deepening his irony. It must, for it is a monstrously ironic business.

Some—especially those who wish to—believe in a religious revival among the soldiers. There's an authentic story of two convalescent soldiers describing a battle. The first finished thus: "I tell you it makes you think of God." The second—a thoughtful type—ended with a pause, and then these words: "Who could believe in God after that?" Like all else in human life, it depends on temperament. The war will speed up "belief" in some, and "disbelief" in others. But, on the whole, comic courage shakes no hands with orthodoxy.

The religious movement that I think *is* going on is of a subtler and a deeper sort altogether. Men are discovering that human beings are finer than they had supposed. A young man said to me: "Well, I don't know about religion, but I know that my opinion of human nature is about fifty per cent better than it was." That conclusion has been arrived at by countless thousands. It is a great factor—seeing that the belief of the future will be belief in the God within; and a frank agnosticism concerning the great "Why" of things. Religion will become the exaltation of self-respect, of what we call the divine in Man. "The

Kingdom of God" is within you. That belief, old as the hills, and reincarnated by Tolstoi years ago, has come into its own in the war; for it has been clearly proved to be the real faith of modern man, underneath all verbal attempts to assert the contrary. This—the white side of war—is an extraordinarily heartening phenomenon; and if it sent every formal creed in the world packing there would still be a gain to religion.

Another main characteristic of the Briton, especially of the "working" Briton, is improvidence—he likes, unconsciously, to live from hand to mouth, careless of the morrow. The war is deepening that characteristic too—it must, for who could endure if he fretted over what was going to happen to him, with death so in the wind?

Thus the average soldier-workman will return from the war confirmed and deepened in at least three main national characteristics: His combative hardihood, his ironic humor, and his improvidence. I think he will have more of what is called "character"; whether for good or evil depends, I take it, on what you connote by those terms, and in what context you use them. I may look on "character" as an asset, but I can well imagine politicians and trades union leaders regarding it with profound suspicion. Any way he will not be the lamb that he wasn't even before the war. He will be a restive fellow, knowing his own mind better, and possibly his real interests less well; he will play less for safety, since safety will have become to him a civilian sort of thing rather contemptible. He will have at once a more interesting and a less reliable character from the social and political point of view.

And what about his humanity? Can he go through all this hell of slaughter and violence untouched in his gentler instincts? There will be—there must be—some brutalization. But old soldiers are not usually inhumane—on the contrary they are often very gentle beings. I distrust the influence of the war on those who merely write and read about it. I think editors, journalists, old gentlemen, and women will be brutalized in larger numbers than our soldiers. An intelligent French soldier said to me of his own countrymen: "After six months of civil life, you won't know they ever had to 'clean up' trenches and that sort of thing." If this is true of the Frenchman, it will be more true of the less impressionable Briton. If I must sum up at all on what, for want

of a better word, I have called the "spiritual" count, I can only say that there will be a distinct increase of "character," and leave it to the reader to decide whether that falls on the debit or the credit side.

On the whole then, an increase of "character," a slight loss of mental activity, and neither physical gain nor loss to speak of.

We have now to consider the rather deadly matter of demobilization. One hears the suggestion that not more than 30,000 men shall be disbanded per week; this means two years at least. Conceive millions of men whose sense of sacrifice has been stretched to the full for a definite object which has been gained—conceive them held in a weary, and, as it seems to them, unnecessary state of suspense. Kept back from all they long for, years after the reality of their service has departed! If this does not undermine them, I do not know what will. Demobilization—they say—must be slow and cautious. "No man should be released till a place in the industrial machine is ready waiting for him"! So, in a counsel of perfection, speak the wise who have not been deprived of home life, civil liberty, and what not for a dismal length of two, three, and perhaps four years. No! Demobilization should be as swift as possible, and risks be run to make it swift. The soldier-workman who goes back to civil life within two or three months after peace is signed, goes back with a glow still in his heart. But he who returns with a rankling sense of unmerited, unintelligible delay—most prudently of course ordained—goes back with "cold feet" and a sullen or revolting spirit. What men will stand under the shadow of a great danger from a sense of imminent duty, they will furiously chafe at when that danger and sense of duty are no more. The duty will then be to their families and to themselves. There is no getting away from this, and the country will be well advised not to be too coldly cautious. Everyone, of course, must wish to ease to the utmost the unprecedented economic and industrial confusion which the signing of peace will bring, but it will be better to risk a good deal of momentary unemployment and discontent rather than neglect the human factor and keep men back long months in a service of which they will be deadly sick. How sick they will be may perhaps be guessed at from the words of a certain soldier: "After the war you'll *have* to have conscription. You won't get a man to go into the

army without!" What is there to prevent the Government from beginning now to take stock of the demands of Industry, from having a great land settlement scheme cut and dried, and devising means for the swiftest possible demobilization? The moment peace is signed the process of reabsorption into civil life should begin at once and go on without interruption as swiftly as the actual difficulties of transport permit. They, of themselves, will hold up demobilization quite long enough. The soldier-workman will recognize and bear with the necessary physical delays, but he will not tolerate for a moment any others for his so-called benefit.

And what sort of civil life will it be that awaits the soldier-workman? I suppose, if anything is certain, a plenitude, nay a plethora of work is assured for some time after the war. Capital has piled up in hands that will control a vast amount of improved and convertible machinery. Purchasing power has piled up in the shape of savings out of the increased national income. Granted that income will at once begin to drop all round, shrinking perhaps fast to below the pre-war figures, still at first there must be a rolling river of demand and the wherewithal to satisfy it. For years no one has built houses, or had their houses done up; no one has bought furniture, clothes, or a thousand other articles which they propose buying the moment the war stops. Railways and rolling stock, roads, housing, public works of all sorts, private motor cars, and pleasure requirements of every kind have been let down and starved. Huge quantities of shipping must be replaced; vast renovations of destroyed country must be undertaken; numberless repairs to damaged property; the tremendous process of converting or re-converting machinery to civil uses must be put through; State schemes to deal with the land, housing, and other problems will be in full blast; a fierce industrial competition will commence; and, above all, we must positively grow our own food in the future. Besides all this we shall have lost at least a million workers through death, disablement, and emigration; indeed, unless we have some really attractive land scheme ready we may lose a million by emigration alone. In a word, the demand for labor, at the moment, will be overwhelming, and the vital question only one of readjustment. In numberless directions women, boys, and older men have replaced the soldier workman. Hundreds of thousands of soldiers,

especially among the first three million, have been guaranteed reinstatement. Hundreds of thousands of substitutes will, therefore, be thrown out of work. With the exception of the skilled men who have had to be retained in their places all through, and the men who step back into places kept for them, the whole working population will have to be refitted with jobs. The question of women's labor will not be grave at first because there will be work for all and more than all, but the jigsaw puzzle that Industry will have to put together will try the nerves and temper of the whole community. In the French army, the peasant soldier is jealous and sore with the mechanic, because he has had to bear the chief burden of the fighting, while the latter has to a great extent been kept for munition making, transport, and essential civil industry. With us it is if anything the other way. In the French army too the feeling runs high against the "*embusqué*," the man who—often unjustly—is supposed to have avoided service. I do not know to what extent the same feeling prevails in our army, but there is certainly an element of it, which will not make for content or quietude.

Another burning question after the war will be wages. We are assured they are going to keep up. Well, we shall see. Certain special rates will, of course, come down at once. And if, in general, wages keep up, it will not, I think, be for very long. Still, times will be good at first for employers and employed. At first—and then!

Some thinkers insist that the war has to an appreciable extent been financed out of savings that would otherwise have been spent on luxury. But the amount thus saved can easily be exaggerated—the luxury class is not really large, and against their saving must be set the spending by the working classes, out of increased wages, on what in peace years were not necessities of their existence. In other words the luxury or investing class has cut off its peace time fripperies, saved and lent to the Government; the Government has paid the bulk of this money to the working class, who have spent most of it in what to them would be fripperies in time of peace. It may be, it *is*, all to the good that luxurious tastes should be clipped from the wealthy, and a higher standard of living secured to the workers, but this is rather a matter of distribution and social health than of economics in relation to the financing of the war.

There are those who argue that because the general pro-

ductive effort of the country during the war has been speeded up to half as much again as that of normal times, by tapping women's labor, by longer hours and general improvement in machinery and industrial ideas, the war will not result in any great economic loss, and that we may with care and effort avoid the coming of bad times after the first boom. The fact remains, and anybody can test it for himself, that there is a growing shortage of practically everything except—as they say—cheap jewelry and pianos. I am no economist, but that does seem to indicate that this extra production has not in any way compensated for the enormous application of labor and material resources to the quick-wasting ends of war instead of to the slow-wasting ends of civil life. In other words, an enormous amount of productive energy and material is being shot away. Now this, I suppose, would not matter, in fact might be beneficial to trade by increasing demand, if the purchasing power of the public remained what it was before the war. But in all the great countries of the world, even America, the peoples will be faced with taxation that will soak up anything from one-fifth to one-third of their incomes, and, even allowing for a large swelling of those incomes from war savings, so that a great deal of what the State takes with one hand she will return to the investing public with the other, the diminution of purchasing power is bound to make itself increasingly felt. When the reconversion of machinery to civil ends has been completed, the immediate arrears of demand supplied, shipping and rolling-stock replaced, houses built, repairs made good, and so forth, this slow shrinkage of purchasing power in publics, British and foreign, will go hand in hand with shrinkage of demand, decline of trade and wages, and unemployment, in a slow process, till they culminate in what one fears may be the worst "times" we have ever known. Whether those "times" will set in one, two, four, or even six years after the war is, of course, the question. A certain school of thought insists that this tremendous taxation after the war, and the consequent impoverishment of enterprise and industry, can be avoided, or at all events greatly relieved, by national schemes for the development of the Empire's latent resources; in other words, that the State should even borrow more money to avoid high taxation and pay the interests on existing loans, should acquire native lands, and develop swiftly mineral rights and other potentialities. I

hope there may be something in this, but I am a little afraid that the wish is father to the thought here, and that the proposition contains an element akin to the attempt to lift oneself up by the hair of one's own head; for I notice that many of its disciples are recruited from those who in old days were opposed to the State development of anything, on the ground that individual energy in free competition was a still greater driving power.

However we may wriggle in our skins and juggle with the chances of the future, I suspect that we shall have to pay the piper. We have without doubt, during the war, been living to a great extent on our capital. Our national income has gone up, *out of capital,* from twenty-two hundred to about three thousand millions, and will rapidly shrink to an appropriate figure. Wealth may, I admit, recover much more quickly than deductions from the past would lead us to expect. Under the war's pressure secrets have been discovered, machinery improved, men's energies and knowledge brightened and toned up. The Prime Minister not long ago said: "If you insist on going back to pre-war conditions, then God help this country!" A wise warning. If the country could be got to pull together in an effort to cope with peace, as strenuous as our effort to cope with the war has been, I should not view the economic future with disquietude. But I am bound to point out that if the war has proved anything, it has proved that the British people require a maximum of danger dangled in front of their very noses before they can be roused to any serious effort, and that danger in time of peace has not the poster-like quality of danger in time of war; it does not hit men in the eye, it does not still differences of opinion, and party struggles, by its scarlet insistence. I hope for, but frankly do not see, the coming of an united national effort demanding extra energy, extra organizing skill, extra patience, and extra self-sacrifice at a time when the whole nation will feel that it has earned a rest, and when the lid has once more been taken off the political cauldron. I fancy, dismally, that a People and a Press who have become so used to combat and excitement, will demand and seek further combat and excitement, and will take out this itch amongst themselves in a fashion even more strenuous than before the war. I am not here concerned to try to cheer or depress for some immediate and excellent result, as we have all got into the habit of doing

during the war, but to try to conjure truth out of the darkness of the future. The vast reconstructive process which ought to be, and perhaps is, beginning now, will, I think, go ahead with vigor while the war is on, and for some little time after; but I fear it will then split into pro and con, see-saw and come to something of a standstill.

These, so sketchily set down, are a few of the probable items—credit and debit—in the industrial situation, which will await the soldier-workman emerging from the war. A situation agitated, cross-currented, bewildering, but busy, and by no means economically tight at first, slowly becoming less bewildering, gradually growing less and less busy, till it reaches ultimately a bad era of unemployment, and social struggle. The soldier-workman will go back, I believe, to two or three years at least of good wages, and plentiful work. But when, after that, the pinch begins to come, it will encounter the quicker, more resentful blood of men who in the constant facing of great danger have left behind them all fear of consequences; of men who in the survival of one great dislocation to their lives, have lost the dread of other dislocations. The war will have implanted a curious deep restlessness in the great majority of soldier souls. Can the workmen of the future possibly be as patient and law-abiding as they were before the war, in the face of what seems to them injustice? I don't think so. The enemy will again be Fate —this time in the form of Capital, trying to down them; and the victory they were conscious of gaining over Fate in the war will have strengthened and quickened their fiber to another fight, and another conquest. The seeds of revolution are supposed to lie in war. They lie there, because war generally brings in the long run economic stress, but also because of the recklessness or "character"—call it which you will—which the habitual facing of danger develops. The self-control and self-respect which military service under war conditions will have brought to the soldier-workman will be an added force in civil life; but it is a fallacy, I think, to suppose, as some do, that it will be a force on the side of established order. It is all a question of allegiance, and the allegiance of the workman in time of peace is not rendered to the State, but to himself and his own class. To the service of that class and the defence of its "rights" this new force will be given. In measuring the possibilities of revolution the question of class rides paramount. Many

hold that the war is breaking down social barriers and establishing comradeship, through hardship and danger shared. For the moment this is true. But whether that new comradeship will stand any great pressure of economic stress after direct regimental relationship between officer and man has ceased and the war is becoming just a painful memory, is to me very doubtful. But suppose that to some extent it does stand, we have still the fact that the control of Industry and Capital, even as long as ten years after the war, will be mainly in the hands of men who have not fought, of business men spared from service either by age or by their too precious commercial skill. Towards these the soldier-workman will have no tender feelings, no sense of comradeship. On the contrary—for somewhere back of the mind of every workman there is, even during his country's danger, a certain doubt whether all war is not somehow hatched by the aristocrats and plutocrats of one side, or both. Other feelings obscure this instinct during the struggle, but it is never quite lost, and will spring up again the more confirmed for its repression. That we can avoid a straitened and serious time a few years hence, I believe impossible. Straitened times dismally divide the classes. The war-investments of the working class may ease things a little, but war-savings will not affect the outlook of the soldier-workman, for he will have no war-savings, except his life, and it is from him that revolution or disorder will come, if it come at all.

Must it come? I think most certainly, unless between now and then means be found of persuading Capital and Labor that their interests and their troubles are identical, and of overcoming secrecy and suspicion between them. There are many signs already that Capital and Labor are becoming alive to this necessity. But, to talk of Unity is an amiable distraction in which we all indulge, these days. To find a method by which that talk may be translated into fact within a few years, is perhaps more difficult. One does not change human nature; and unless the interests of Capital and Labor are *in reality* made one—and factory conditions all over the country transformed on the lines of the welfare system—no talk of Unity will prevent Capitalist and Workingman from claiming what seems to them their rights. The Labor world is now, and for some time to come will be, at sixes and sevens in matters of leadership and responsibility; and this just when sagacious leadership and loyal following

will be most needed. The soldier-workman was already restive under leadership before the war, returned to civil life he will be far more restive. Yet, without leadership, what hope is there of co-operation with Capital; what chance of finding a golden mean of agreement? But assume that the problems of leadership are solved, and Councils of Capital and Labor established, whose decisions will be followed —one thing is still certain: no half-measures will do; no seeming cordialities with mental reservations; no simulated generosity that spills out on the first test; nothing but genuine friendliness and desire to pull together. Those hard business heads which distrust all sentiment as if it were a poison are the most short-sighted heads in the world. There *is* a human factor in this affair, as both sides will find to their cost if they neglect it. Extremists must be sent to Coventry, "caste" feeling dropped on the one hand, and suspicion dropped on the other; managers, directors, and Labor leaders, all must learn that they are not simply trustees for their shareholders or for Labor, but trustees of a national interest that embraces them all—or worse will come of it.

But I am not presumptuous enough to try to teach these cooks how to make their broth, neither would it come within the scope of these speculations, which conclude thus: The soldier-workman, physically unchanged, mentally a little weakened, but more "characterful" and restive, will step out through a demobilization—that heaven send be swift, even at some risk—into an industrial world, confused and busy as a beehive, that will hum and throb and flourish for two or three years, and then slowly chill and thin away into, may be, the winter ghost of itself, or at best an autumn hive. There, unless he be convinced, not by words but facts, that his employer is standing side by side with him in true comradeship, facing the deluge, he will be quick to rise, and with his newly-found self-confidence take things into his own hands. Whether, if he does, he will make those things better for himself, would be another inquiry.

JOHN GALSWORTHY.

THE PLAN FOR A NEW WAR

BY G. K. CHESTERTON

THE proposal for another European war, to follow after a reasonable interval upon the conclusion of this one, is one which can evidently claim many influential adherents, and which can doubtless also claim many persuasive arguments. It is apparently suggested that if the present conflict could be concluded by an equalizing peace, without annexations or indemnities, without decisive victory or defeat, the European war which would naturally follow would be a more inspiring or satisfactory decision than anything which we can hope to make of the present one. There would be an interval for the recuperation of forces, the reconsideration of military problems, and the general recovery of nerve and tone; after which the combat could hardly fail to be renewed with a brighter inventiveness and a bolder spirit of adventure, which would make it a more attractive topic to the jaded journalist, as well as a more mature masterpiece for the contemplation of the imaginative historian. It is the experience of every sport, from chess to cricket, that the happiest and most original effects can hardly be expected towards the end of a hard day or a busy season; and a scientific and sternly realistic modern study of war has revealed the truth that three years of it are a little wearing. It is therefore proposed, in the best and highest interests of the war itself, that a truce of some years should now intervene, before our present experiences are repeated. It may be said that this is mere weakness, and an excuse for abandoning a task; but the very history of the proposal will be enough to reassure us in this respect. That this scheme is prompted by no unmanly indifference to the military art, but rather by the hope of raising that art to great heights in the future,

is sufficiently established by a single fact. It is the fact that the prime movers in this proposal for a temporary peace are actually the very men who have always been, by their own claim as well as by their neighbors' experience, the only pure militarists in Europe. Those who propose this truce are the Prussians themselves.

The mere name of Prussia is sufficient guarantee that we shall not be tricked by a truce that is afterwards turned into a peace. It is at least an advantage of the specialist that he is not likely wholly to neglect his specialty; Berlin from its beginnings may justly claim to have cared for nothing in comparison with the perfecting of a military machine, for a certain type of military successes; and it would be very perverse and cantankerous to doubt that the machine, and all its original objects, are safe in the hands of their inventor. The truth is that it is the very artistry and ardor for their craft of these military artists of North Germany which make them call the halt which their petty depreciators are mistaking for a retreat. A study of their military masterpieces in the past will show that they have always known exactly when a pause was necessary for the very perpetuation of their effort. Frederick the Great, when he had taken Silesia from the Austrians and Poland from the Poles, made himself the special guardian of a truce so long and systematic as to lead many to imagine that a comparatively peaceful power had just entered the world. Yet this, as Bismarck pointed out when urging his hesitating sovereign to attack Denmark, did not prevent each of the princes of Potsdam, in turn, from adding to their responsibilities by the care of new provinces previously belonging to other people. After Jena, when Napoleon swept Prussia, the Prussians treated him with a judicious and thoughtful moderation which might be mistaken at first sight for extreme fear. Yet this was no obstacle to their afterwards watching their own interests as conquerors; and not only gaining advantages at the expense of their enemies, but advancing a well-considered proposal for gaining them at the expense of their friends.

After this again there was a lull long enough to discourage their less faithful and understanding subjects; and again they were gladdened and rewarded with deeds of chivalry against Denmark and France. And yet again in the present controversy the Germans do not disguise, but rather candidly proclaim and emphasize, that they have re-

frained from assaults on their neighbors for fully forty years. And yet with what zest and freshness they flung themselves into their suspended enterprise only three years ago! What signs were there of bloodless lassitude or lifeless humanitarianism either in the plan or the process of the invasion of Belgium? By this analogy alone we may be reassured that these skilled disciplinarians are the best judges of their own need of a holiday; and that their discipline is never even relaxed, except with an object ultimately and legitimately military. An armistice proposed by the rulers of Germany will be an armistice in the genuine and loyal sense of the term; that is, an interlude in the use of arms: and will not, as is maliciously suggested, be a mere excuse for a relapse into the stagnation of pacifism.

But those who doubt the feasibility, or even the desirability, of a fresh start for the war (to follow on such a recreative interval) have another and more insidious expedient to belittle it. They prudently abandon the attempt to depreciate the permanent power of the North German for adventure and attack, and allege rather a weariness in the weaker races, a general reluctance in mankind, to repeat the present experiment in a better and bolder form. It is suggested that the average man of the average nation will, after all, find peace such a luxury that he will cling to it to the loss of the larger vision of a later Armageddon. This particular argument against the scheme for another war is at least not difficult to refute. To begin with, there is an obvious fallacy in it, founded on the very nature of war itself. It is, as a matter of experience, by no means easy for one man to remain permanently at peace with others who have a fine and inexhaustible enthusiasm for being at war with him. It is apt to appear as a somewhat one-sided peace, which might almost earn the description of a one-sided war. And the more active partner in such a social relation would certainly be stimulated to fresher activities, if the world had been accustomed to the conception of a peace without restitution or punishment; that is, the possibility of yet another settlement in which the assailant, if he fails to fare better, cannot possibly fare worse.

But even apart from this, there is a deeper refutation of such scepticism about the war of the future. Europe, even apart from Germany, can whole-heartedly be trusted to take up the work of war, after the necessary interval: so long as

we are careful to conclude the present round, in the manner suggested by Germany, without any pretence of victory or vindication. For let the light and hasty condemners of the possibility of postponement consider this vital matter: the actual condition in which Europe will be left by the truce at present proposed. A peace without annexations or indemnities, in the sense of any changes of frontier or reparations through taxation, will be a peace leaving every one of the most perilous problems of Europe unsolved. It is a peace that is naturally proposed, and could only conceivably be proposed, by those who wish to leave the problems unsolved—for the present. Such a refusal to touch a single disputed topic would be imbecile as part of the comment upon a war that was really concluded. But it is obviously a highly honorable and chivalrous silence in the case of a quarrel that is merely deferred. It is but the barest justice to the many distinguished intellects that have suggested a peace of the *status quo* to assume that they cannot have meant it to be final.

That it cannot be final is, of course, proved by the plainest logic and analogy. It is obviously a case of something which exists in all civilized law, but which in English law is called an interim injunction. It is the only meaning of an interim injunction that it applies solely during the interim. To say that certain disputed things are to stay exactly as they are, means, and can only mean, that they ought not to be modified until the dispute can be more fully examined and settled. A man who has half built a house on land to which his title is disputed is told not to put on another brick until the courts have settled the dispute. But the whole and sole object of saying that the house shall remain as it is for a time lies in the fact that it cannot remain as it is forever. A halt is only called because it must be followed either by advance or retreat. Nobody who is not a lunatic can reasonably be accused of wanting the *status quo* to remain for ever, with one man having got half his house or the other man having lost all his land. Nobody who is not a lunatic can reasonably be accused of proposing a peace of the European *status quo* with any intention of it lasting for ever, or lasting at all, except until the time of the real trial and sentence; when the half-built house of the German hegemony of Europe will be either logically completed and made habitable, or logically condemned and pulled down. Until the decision it will, of

course, be what a half-built house always is—merely a premature ruin. But the objections which exist against such a permanent "interim injunction" do not apply to the much more reasonable proposal now in view: that of an adjournment of the case until a time when it can more vehemently be debated.

Nor need we notify to any informed person the obvious fact that the concrete cases of continental politics are every bit as clear. The one example of Poland, for instance, is as plain a picture as that of the half-built house. It would be mere madness to suppose that the Poles, who have ceaselessly demanded their national unity while it seemed impossible, will suddenly cease even to desire it when they have been deliberately stirred and stimulated with new possibilities. It would be simply insane to think that a patriotism which remained proud when it was prostrate under three empires in alliance will lose all ambition to repossess its territory when it has actually seen the same three empires almost prostrate before it in supplication. If anybody has found a new reason for feeling himself important it is the Pole; and the very smallest measure of importance he can be expected to claim is the restoration of all his own territory, and not a third of it. Unless you give him Posen, you simply do not give him Poland. If you give him Posen, you take away what the Prussians would call a part of Prussia. Without some annexation of that sort you cannot possibly even modify the worst results of the worst annexation of all. You simply cannot strengthen Poland enough to satisfy any Pole unless you weaken Prussia enough to prevent any Prussian repeating his experiments of conquest and colonization. If you do anything less, you obviously leave the Polish patriot as patriotic as he was before, as unsatisfied as he was before, only much more sanguine and self-confident than he could possibly be before. Considering that he has launched three revolutions which were reckless in the sense that they were really hopeless, we can hardly doubt that with greatly improved chances he will at least show himself fearless. Therefore, even if the new provocation did not come from the Prussian it might very probably come from the Pole. In short, the problem is not solved; and is not really meant to be solved. I have taken this case because it is perhaps the most compact and conspicuous; but all Europe is a mosaic of similar cases. The whole European disease, which the war

was once expected to cure, consisted in the fact that the lines of military and imperial occupation cut across and contradicted the lines of living tradition and human history. It cannot be meant seriously, as a piece of magnanimity or humanitarianism, to leave these artificial lines at the end of this European war precisely as they happened to be at the end of the last European war. It can only be meant, and no doubt it is meant, as a preliminary expedient with an eye to the next European war. And in the light of this more far-sighted calculation, as we have said, the whole proposal falls into rational proportions and is capable of rational defence. The phrases of Leninites and friends of immediate peace take their own dignified place. Mysterious utterances are illuminated with a logical significance; seemingly suicidal movements are seen to be directed to a definite end; and we begin to trace the trend towards a more universal and exhaustive trial of the nations in what would otherwise seem but a hash of half-witted sentimentalism and servile panic.

Thus again, to take another among the innumerable examples, it would be absurd to suppose that any competent student of the problem expects the Roumanians who people Transylvania to forget that their own flag has appeared among them and their own brethren promised, by their bodily presence, the ultimate rescue from the oppressor. No international theorist can be quite such a fool as to suppose that they will settle down for ever under the Magyar oligarchy after the intoxicating hope of such an irruption. But it is more generous to suppose that the international theorist, not being a fool, sees clearly that such an invasion must be remembered, and may be repeated; but wishes to wait till it can be repeated in a less random and imperfect manner, with more hope of definite success or of equally definite failure. He sees that the Roumanian attack was a fiasco and even the Germanic counter-attack ultimately a failure; and he hopes that all these gallant men may perhaps do themselves more justice in the great war which we are preparing for our grandchildren.

I trust that this truth may do something to check the superficial and over-obvious sneers that are directed at the "anti-annexation" party, and the language which misrepresents them as mere peace-mongers and unpatriotic poltroons. It is plain to demonstration that they must really

be aiming at a solution which is not only military but perhaps even excessively militaristic. The truth is that our own rather prosaic and jog-trot patriotism, made mechanical by the tedium and repetition of three years' war, seems to fail us when we have to follow the far-off visions of victory and vengeance which must now be exalting the prophetic spirits of M. Lenin and Mr. Ramsay MacDonald. Theirs, we need not deny, is the more daring and devastating plan of battle, theirs the deeper and more enduring thirst for glory and for just revenge; and all they say and do is undoubtedly directed, with a finer consistency than we can claim, to the precise achievement of these ideals. Just as we are familiar in modern discussions with the idea of a mind which liberates itself from some small doctrinal religion in the search for a larger and truer religion, so men like Mr. La Follette in America or Mr. Snowden in England are only abandoning the present limited war in order to find liberty and peace in the broad bosom of a larger, truer, more universal war to be sought, like all good things, in the future. It is foolish indeed to accuse such men of any failure in courage. From the colossal dimensions of the carnage which they prepare even a Pacifist might almost shrink. Nor is their wisdom less worthily proved than their valour; for if the ideal to be pursued is that of a sure and certain hope of the resurrection of war in Europe, it would be impossible to find a better, among a million expedients, than the precise expedient they have chosen. It would be impossible so perfectly to combine all possible precautions against peace, as by this one method of letting all the nations accumulate more and more aggravated motives for conquering Germany; and then to cease firing suddenly, so as to convince Germany that she cannot be conquered.

And yet the proposal for a new war leaves me unsatisfied. Perhaps I lay myself open to the charge of a maudlin and materialistic pity; but I confess I cannot rise to the robust romanticism of Mr. MacDonald and Mr. Snowden. I admit that if the joy of battle be their only concern, the joy has largely departed from this battle; and might reappear in fresher colors in that future conflict in which a new generation of soldiers may be equally stubborn and less stale. I admit that the emotions with which that great Pacifist, Maximillian Harden, hailed the actual outbreak of hostilities, the joyful pæan in which he proclaimed that the

stronger power need care nothing for right and wrong, but towers like the tree over lesser vegetation—I admit that if we value Germany for these genial expansions, Germany is now rather too depressed to provide us with them; and I admit that Germany, after a few years' rest, would almost certainly be ready to cheer us with them once more. I know that her soldiers are already suffering from low spirits and lassitude, so that they have no longer the heart for the lighter side of militarism, and can now only with a conscious effort execute the most insignificant priest or efface the least famous historical monument; I know that the gusto has gone from some of these things, and I know that it has gone only for a time. I know that nothing is needed but a holiday, a little change and rest, to give us back once more the German soldier we have known and loved. But after all, the fact of his depression cuts both ways. It is at least a proof that he is at the end of his powers, and that a few more blows will relieve us of the burden of this unsatisfactory war without the necessity of planning a more satisfactory one for the future. If the Allies persist, it is certain that they can forcibly destroy the Prussian power; and reconstitute Poland or the Balkans or Bohemia or Alsace-Lorraine upon what principle they please. It is certain that we can really end the Germanic peril by really ending the present war. And if, in doing so, we must bid farewell to the hope of another and more glorious war in the immediate future, we must remember that all good is gained by sacrifice, and be content.

For though I know that the new Pacifists will laugh at my sentimentality, I cannot for the life of me overcome a weakness of repugnance at the thought of these horrors being so soon and so systematically repeated. There seems something almost shocking, if I may be allowed the term, in the composure with which these philosophers have sat down to plan a new war in the last agony of this one. And there seems almost, if I may dare to hint at such a thing, something a little mean in passing our own last days in a recuperative rest camp, when we have already loaded the huge weapons and set up the horrible war-engines which are to torture and dismember the children now playing in the nurseries and the lanes.

G. K. Chesterton.

WAR-TIME REFLECTIONS ON THE SHERMAN ANTI-TRUST LAW

BY GEORGE KENNAN

SINCE the United States Supreme Court decided, in 1897 and 1898, that the Sherman Anti-Trust law was applicable to railroads as well as to other business corporations, the provisions of that law and the interpretations given to them by the courts have been the subjects of almost incessant criticism and controversy. Railway managers have never ceased to contend that unrestricted competition is not only wasteful but positively injurious to everybody concerned, while combination and consolidation tend to promote efficiency as well as economy and are, therefore, advantageous both to shippers and to the holders of railroad securities. The Government and the courts, on the other hand, have quite as persistently maintained that unrestricted competition is essentially beneficial and desirable; that centralization of railway control is objectionable for the reason that it eliminates such competition, and that railroad combinations of all sorts—especially those which create great systems by uniting separate and competing units—have a tendency to establish monopolies and are, therefore, " a menace to the public welfare."

More than a quarter of a century has elapsed since the Sherman Anti-Trust bill became law; but the questions raised by it never have been finally settled, and the Government never has relaxed its efforts to break up and dissolve railroad combinations. Now, in 1917, when our country is engaged in war, and when the railroads of the United States, regardless of the Sherman law, have virtually combined into one great national system under unified control, it seems a fitting time to review again the dealings of the Government with railroad combinations and to determine, if possible, who has been right and who wrong in this long continued controversy.

More than forty years ago, railway managers became convinced that unrestricted competition was prejudicial to the interests of both shareholders and shippers. It injured the former by reducing their profits, and the latter by vitiating all commercial contracts that were dependent upon equality and stability of rates. A shipper or manufacturer could not safely make plans for the future unless he felt sure that transportation rates would remain substantially unchanged, nor could he enter into contracts for future delivery unless he had some guarantee that when the time should come for the shipment of his goods, he could get them carried to their destination as cheaply as could any of his business rivals. Cut-throat competition between railroads, with the frequent changes and wide discriminations that it necessarily involved, deprived him of all security and introduced an element of uncertainty into every business transaction.

With a view to avoiding these and other evils of unrestrained competition, the railways, after the disastrous rate wars of 1875 and 1878, entered into what was known as "pooling" agreements, by virtue of which freight was apportioned among the several competing roads, or receipts from traffic were divided among them, in such a way as to secure equality and stability. These agreements were not intended to raise rates or to keep them at an unduly high level; their object was to steady rates—to avoid the competitive changes, differences and discriminations which were as upsetting to the calculations of producers and shippers as they were unprofitable to the railroads themselves.

For a period of ten or twelve years, the "pooling" system worked fairly well; but the public mind became obsessed with the idea that rates could be reduced and kept low only by the unrestrained competition of carriers; and every effort of railway managers to secure uniformity and stability was regarded as a conspiracy to extort money from the people. In 1887, Congress, paying more heed to popular clamor and demagogic appeals than to facts or reason, inserted in the Interstate Commerce bill a section which made "pooling" agreements unlawful. Although this section, as a well-known economist has said, "was suggested and carried through by one of those spasms of demagogism which have done so much to retard progress," it completely thwarted the attempt of the transportation companies to stabilize rates by means of recip-

rocal agreements. Railway managers then tried to get the same results by organizing joint traffic associations, which controlled rates through tariff concessions and co-operative adjustments. This plan also worked well for a time, but just as it was becoming most effective it was prohibited by the Supreme Court on the ground that it brought about a restraint of trade and consequently violated the provisions of the Sherman Anti-Trust law.

Urged on by the extreme need of stabilizing rates, as well as by considerations of efficiency and economy, the railroads then began to combine into large systems, each of which dominated traffic conditions over a large area. Some of these consolidations were made through purchases or leases, some through stock holdings, and some through that form of unified control known as " a community of interest." The most famous of these combinations, perhaps, was that which, under the name of " The Northern Securities Company," merged or consolidated the interests of four great western roads, viz., the Union Pacific, the Northern Pacific, the Great Northern and the Burlington. This combination was prosecuted by the Government, and in 1904, the United States Supreme Court decided that it violated the Sherman Anti-Trust law by restraining trade—or by having power to restrain trade—and that it must, therefore, be dissolved. This decision, although it was made by a majority of only one, effectively checked the tendency to corporate consolidation and prevented, undoubtedly, the formation of other and perhaps even larger railroad systems.

The Government, however, was not satisfied with mere prevention of future combinations. Encouraged and strengthened by the support of the highest judicial authority, it proceeded to break up railroad systems that had been in existence for ten, twenty, or even thirty years. In 1910, for example, it began proceedings to compel the dissolution of the New England combination of the New York, New Haven & Hartford; in 1912, it broke up the Harriman combination by separating the Southern Pacific from the Union Pacific, and in 1914, it attacked the combination of the Southern Pacific with the Central Pacific which had been in existence since 1885.

This long continued prosecution of railroad combinations naturally raises the question: Against what evil, or assumed evil, were these repressive measures directed? The argu-

ments of counsel and the decisions of the court leave no room for doubt that railroad agreements and combinations were prohibited because they were supposed to raise transportation rates, or to maintain such rates at an unduly high level. But, as a matter of fact, did they do this? During the period of "pooling" and joint traffic associations, that is, between 1870 and 1890, there was a decrease in freight rates of about fifty per cent. If railroad "pools" and agreements had a tendency to increase rates, or even to maintain them, why did not this tendency become apparent when there were no laws to prevent or check it?

If we take the era of railroad mergers and consolidations—the period during which the grouping of railroads into large systems proceeded most rapidly—the decline in rates is equally noticeable. In the quarter of a century that ended with 1908, when nearly all the great railroad combinations were formed, freight rates per ton-mile decreased from an average of 1.22 cents to an average of 0.77 cents, or nearly forty per cent. The saving to shippers by this reduction of rates was approximately one billion dollars in eighteen years on only one of the large western systems—the Great Northern.

In the half century that has elapsed since the Civil War, there never has been a time when railroad "pools," agreements, or combinations increased rates, or even maintained them at a fixed level. On the contrary, there has been throughout that period a steady and continuous decline, which has brought down ton-mile rates on such a railroad as the Pennsylvania from two and a half cents to six mills. The conclusion seems to be irresistible that the high-rate evil, against which the prohibitory sections of the Interstate Commerce law and the Sherman Anti-Trust law were directed, did not exist—it was wholly imaginary.

The only other evil alleged as a reason for prohibiting combinations was that the size of the systems that might be formed would tend to produce monopolistic conditions over wide areas and thus give the railroads undue power. But they could exercise that power to the prejudice of the public interest only in one way—by making an excessive charge for the service that they rendered. Theoretically, of course, railroad managers, if they had a complete monopoly of transportation in a given area, or between two given points, might fix almost any rates; but practically they would still be sub-

jected to a very effective economic restraint. If they made charges too high, they would lessen, cripple or destroy the traffic upon which their profits depended. Mr. E. H. Harriman long ago pointed out the fact that no railroad, or combination of railroads, can charge exorbitant rates without throttling or paralyzing the industries along its lines. "It is impossible," he said, "for a railroad to sever its interests from those of its patrons. Its life blood is drawn from their prosperity, and it must furnish them with adequate and ever increasing facilities at reasonable rates. The widespread popular impression that a railroad company can extort money from the public at will, and in defiance of the laws of trade, is not justified by the facts."

As a matter of history, the great railroad combinations formed between 1887 and 1905—combinations that were said to be monopolistic in nature or tendency—did not fix unreasonably high rates. Proof of this is furnished by the records of the Interstate Commerce Commission. In response to a Senate resolution of inquiry, adopted January 13, 1905, the Commission reported that in the eighteen years of its existence it had heard 9,099 complaints, relating to all sorts of railroad methods and practices. Thousands of them charged unjust discrimination between persons or places, but not one alleged exorbitant rates.

The records of the great railroad combinations that were in existence during the period covered by the Commission's report furnish additional proof that although the grouping of railroads into large systems enormously increased the service rendered, it did not increase the rates charged. Between 1898 and 1909, for example, the Union Pacific Company increased its capacity for handling freight by about 140 per cent, while at the same time it lowered rates by an average of sixteen per cent. Abundant facilities are often as important to shippers as low rates; the Union Pacific furnished both. On the Great Northern system, during approximately the same period, there was also a great increase of facilities, accompanied by a reduction of rates which saved shippers one hundred million dollars in a single year. Both of these systems were prosecuted by the Government under the Sherman law, upon the ground that by means of combination they aimed to monopolize traffic and increase charges. Rates on some of these western combined lines finally became so low that for the cost of a two-cent postage

stamp a farmer could have a ton of freight carried two miles and a quarter; for the price of an ordinary lantern globe he could have it moved sixteen miles, and for the price of ten pounds of 10-penny nails he could send it forty-four miles. The transportation of a ton of freight for a distance of 138 miles cost him less than he had to pay for a good milk pail, and for the price of a No. 2 Ames shovel he could have a ton of freight carried 166 miles. Such low rates as these were undoubtedly due, in part, to the reduction of grades, the straightening of curves, the use of heavier equipment, and the many other improvements in the art of railroading which Mr. Harriman, in particular, advocated and introduced; but they were also due, in very large part, to the increased efficiency and economy which the grouping of railroads into big systems made possible.

Not one of the western combinations had anything like a complete monopoly of the territory that it served; but the results of a *nearly* complete monopoly may be found in the history of one of the great eastern systems, namely, the Pennsylvania. "For many years," Professor Mead says, "the Pennsylvania has been dominant in the State of Pennsylvania, and has enjoyed the largest advantage from the traffic of the middle Atlantic seaboard. Its rivals have cut into long-distance traffic, but in the most valuable portions of this eastern territory the Pennsylvania Railroad Company has supplied the majority of shippers with their transportation facilities. If there were any truth in the assertion that railroad monopoly is injurious to the interests of the shipper, it would appear in the territory which the Pennsylvania controls. As a matter of fact, the unprecedented growth of this section in wealth and prosperity offers a striking refutation of the claim that competition is the life of trade. It is not to the interest of the Pennsylvania Company, although its power in most of this eastern territory is unquestioned, to exact unfair rates from the shipper. Not by such methods can a large traffic be built up. A railroad which abuses its power and follows a policy of extortion is working directly against its own interests. The policy of the Pennsylvania has been to leave a liberal margin of profit to the shipper, in order to encourage him to expand his business and furnish more freight to the railroad. The success of this policy is written in the prosperity of the corporation, and even more legibly in the prosperity of the territory which it serves."

There have undoubtedly been a few monopolies which, under the direction of greedy and short-sighted managers, have tried to make large and immediate profits by charging unreasonable rates; but such monopolies must always be self-destructive for the reasons that Mr. Harriman and Professor Mead have given. They cannot possibly last long, even though there be no anti-trust law to suppress them.

If the evidence above set forth shows, as it seems to show, that combinations do not raise rates, and that transportation monopolies injurious to the shipper or the public are short-lived and self-destructive, what remains of the Government's anti-combination case? Nothing, apparently, except the vague and unsupported charge that big combinations are a "menace to the public welfare." This assertion, for which no proof is offered, was discredited nearly four centuries ago. In 1522, the Diet of Nuremberg appointed a committee to investigate the evils said to be caused by the combination of merchants into great companies. In explaining its reasons for doubting the expediency of a restrictive policy, the committee said:

> It is impossible to limit the size of the companies, for that would limit business and hurt the common welfare. The bigger and more numerous they are the better for everybody. If a merchant cannot do business above a certain amount, what is he to do with his surplus money? Some people talk of limiting the earning capacity of investments. This would be unbearable and would work great injustice and harm by taking away the livelihood of widows, orphans and other sufferers who derive their income from investments in these companies . . . Hence, anyone can see that the idea that the companies undermine the public welfare ought to be seriously considered.

This ancient record of one of the earliest investigations of trusts might well be thoughtfully considered by Congressmen who sought to restrain railroad combinations because they were "a menace to the public welfare," and by Interstate Commerce Commissioners who limited the earning capacity of transportation companies and thus "took away the livelihood of widows, orphans, and other sufferers" who were dependent upon investments for support.

We are supposed to have learned something in the course of four hundred years—but have we? The Diet of Nuremberg, in 1522, seems to have had a clearer comprehension of economic law than had the American Congress of 1890, and a better understanding of the public welfare than had the Interstate Commerce Commission of 1915-16.

If the Sherman Anti-Trust law was bad in its conception, it was made much worse by the judicial interpretation given to its language. In the argument before the United States Supreme Court in the Northern Securities case, counsel for the Government argued that the words " restraint of trade " were equivalent in meaning to the words " restraint of competition." The majority of the court, unfortunately, adopted this view and based its decision mainly upon it. The two phrases, however, are not synonymous, and this fact was clearly pointed out in the dissenting opinion of Justice Holmes. The words " combination in restraint of trade " have a definite and long established signification in the common law. They mean, and have always been understood to mean, a combination made by men engaged in a certain business for the purpose of keeping other men out of that business. " The objection to trusts," Justice Holmes said, " was not the union of former competitors, but the sinister power exercised, or supposed to be exercised, by the combination in keeping rivals out of the business and ruining those who were already in. It was the ferocious extreme of competition with others, not the cessation of competition among the partners, that was the evil feared." " There is no attempt to monopolize and no combination in restraint of trade, until something is done to exclude strangers to the combination from competing with it in some part of the business which it carries on." " Size, in the case of railroads, is an inevitable incident." " The size of the combination is reached for other ends than those which would make them monopolies. The combinations are not formed for the purpose of excluding others from the field."

" Much trouble is caused," Justice Holmes said, " by substituting other phrases, assumed to be equivalent, which are then argued from as if they were in the act. The court below argued as if maintaining competition were the express object of the act. The act says nothing about competition."

This judicial substitution of the words " restraint of competition " for the words " restraint of trade," which four members of the court regarded as wholly unwarranted, has made all of the resultant " trouble," not only for the railroads but for business men in general. Never has a feat of verbal gymnastics been more damaging to commercial and transportation interests, or more injurious to the interests of the public at large.

For some of the worst consequences of the Sherman Act Congress should not be held responsible. It probably did not intend that the act should apply to railroads, and it almost certainly did not anticipate that the words "combination in restraint of trade" would be interpreted as meaning "combination in restraint of competition." A bare majority of the Supreme Court substituted the latter phrase for the former, and it probably did so, as Justice Holmes shrewdly suggested, because "there was a natural inclination to assume that the act was directed against certain great combinations, and to read it in that light."

If, as a matter of fact, railroad combinations have not caused the evils generally attributed to them, do they, in reality, possess the advantages claimed for them by their creators? One of the most important of these advantages is, undoubtedly, the physical improvement of weak or financially embarrassed roads as the result of incorporation in richer and more powerful systems. When a strong railroad, with large earning power and high credit, combines with a weaker and poorer competitor, it enables the latter to serve the public far better than it ever could alone. A weak road generally has difficulty in getting money for improvements, and it always has to pay high rates for its borrowed capital. At the minimum price fixed by a State Commission it may not be able to sell a single share of its stock, in which case it must borrow on bond and mortgage, or on short term notes, and thus increase fixed charges which may already be dangerously great. All railroad managers are reluctant to do this, because it lessens financial strength; so they avoid it as long as possible by cutting down expenditures for maintenance and betterments, thus impairing the road's efficiency and usefulness. Scores of railroads have deteriorated physically because they have been forced to economize in this way, and many more have been thrown into the hands of receivers as the result of trying to carry a large floating debt, or of increasing their bonds out of all proportion to their stock. Combination with a rich and powerful road immediately changes this state of affairs. The stronger company lends its money or its credit to the weaker and thus enables the latter to improve its track and increase its equipment without running the risk of financial insolvency.

This is what Mr. Harriman did for the Southern Pacific. That road never would have been able to spend $240,000,000

for betterments in eight years, if, by its merger with the Union Pacific it had not secured the benefit of the latter's credit and Mr. Harriman's incomparable management. Its improved service and increased public usefulness, therefore, were the direct result of what the United States Supreme Court called a " combination in restraint of trade." Such results have almost always followed the combination of a strong road with a weaker rival, and its beneficial effect, so far as the public welfare is concerned, hardly needs to be pointed out. If railroads had been left free to combine into systems whenever economic considerations made such a course expedient, and if the Interstate Commerce Commission had refrained from impairing railroad credit and crippling railroad efficiency by limiting profits, the public would have had better transportation service; tens of thousands of small investors would have kept the money that " predatory " legislation took away from them, and one-sixth of the railway mileage of the United States would have remained in the hands of its owners instead of going into the hands of receivers.

Another great advantage that a combination has over separate, unrelated roads lies in its power to route freight and distribute cars, over a wide area, in such a way as to make service to the public most efficient. One road, for example, may have a preponderance of east-bound freight, while a nearly parallel competitor sends most of its freight westward. If they are separate organizations, each returns a large part of its cars empty, while if they are parts of a system, the cars are routed eastward on one road and westward on the other, so that they go both ways full. Then, too, one road may be more suitable for fast passenger service, while the other is better adapted to slow freight. If they are parts of the same system, the traffic may be routed so as to secure the best results for all concerned, while if each is independent of the other, there must inevitably be wastes and duplications.

The economy and efficiency secured by standardization of equipment is another advantage of combination which should not be overlooked. Under the Harriman administration of the Union and Southern Pacific systems, all material things used in the operation of a railroad, from locomotives and cars to rails, frogs, switches, wrenches, nuts, bolts, oilboxes and journal bearings, were standardized and made uniform. On the lines of the separate companies there were originally

nearly fifty patterns of frogs; they were reduced to four. There were nearly a hundred different kinds of journal bearings; they also were reduced to four. This policy of standardization, which would not have been possible without unified control, not only reduced cost by enabling the allied companies to purchase such supplies in immense quantities, but effected a great saving in time. If, before the merger, a Union Pacific car lost an oil box at San Francisco, it might be necessary to send to Ogden or Omaha for a new one. If a Southern Pacific car broke down at Butte, Montana, the part needed for repair might have to be brought from Sacramento, or from some Southern Pacific centre a thousand miles away. Combination and standardization made it possible to obtain any needed part of equipment at almost any place between Louisiana and Oregon.

These and other advantages of co-operation as compared with competition were repeatedly pointed out by two of the greatest masters of the art of railroading that our country has ever produced—E. H. Harriman and James J. Hill.

Even the Interstate Commerce Commission, at one time in its history, had a clear perception of the benefits to be derived from railroad combination. Thirty years ago, Thomas M. Cooley, who was perhaps the ablest and most far-sighted chairman that the Commission ever had, said, in the Omaha Board of Trade case:

> The more completely the whole railway system of the country can be created as a unit, as if it were all under one management, the greater will be the benefit of its service to the public, and the less the liability to unfair exactions.

The combination of railroads on a national scale, which would have been condemned and resisted by Congress and the courts in time of peace, has come to pass under the strain of war. Why? Simply because railroad managers were aware, and the public is now beginning to see, that co-operation under unified control makes for efficiency.

On the 11th of April, 1917, only five days after our Government declared war against Germany, representatives of all the railroads in the United States got together and patriotically agreed that they would unite, for the purpose of serving the country more efficiently, and would operate their 262,000 miles of track as a single national system, under the direction of an Executive Committee consisting of five of

their highest and ablest officials. This gigantic combination has now been in existence about six months, and the results of the unified control that it has made possible fully justify all that Judge Cooley said of it thirty years ago.

According to the latest bulletins of the Executive Committee, or "Railroad War Board," car shortage (the excess of unfilled car requisitions over idle cars) has been reduced more than seventy-five per cent. By transferring equipment from one railroad to another, regardless of ownership, the Executive Committee has been able to send 125,000 empty cars to districts where they were most needed, and has thus avoided freight congestion at all important shipping points. Through the "pooling" of lake coal and ore, it has made a saving of 52,000 cars, and by "pooling" tidewater coal, it has saved 133,000 more, thus making possible the transportation of 76,000,000 bushels of grain for our European allies. By eliminating unnecessary passenger trains it has reduced passenger train mileage by 25,000,000 miles; has released for more important work hundreds of locomotives and train crews, and has cleared thousands of miles of track for war freight. In the first five months of combined operation, the railroads increased the amount of bituminous coal carried by 578,000 carloads, or about 29,000,000 tons, as compared with the same four months in 1916. In the month of June last, the freight transportation service rendered by only three-fourths of the railroads comprised in Class 1, was twenty-three per cent greater than in the corresponding month of the previous year—an increase approximately equal to the entire freight of Great Britain, France, Russia, Germany and Austria combined. In addition to this unprecedented movement of freight, the allied roads have carried 100,000 carloads of building material and supplies for camps and cantonments and have handled troop movements involving more than one million men—687,000 recruits for the National Army and 350,000 members of the National Guard. These soldiers were taken from 4,531 local concentration points and were carried to scores of camps and cantonments in all parts of the country. We may partly understand what this movement of troops means in terms of rolling stock if we consider that the transportation of only one field army of 80,000 men requires 6,229 cars, made up into 366 trains, with as many locomotives and train crews. If we multiply this number of cars and trains by twelve and a half, we shall

begin to realize what the transportation of more than a million men involves.

Is it probable that six hundred and ninety-three separate and uncoördinated railroads, in the short period of six months, could have carried 100,000 carloads of supplies and more than a million soldiers to camps and cantonments, and at the same time have increased their aggregate transportation service by an amount equal to the freight of Great Britain, France, Russia, Germany and Austria combined? These results, it should be noted, were accomplished largely by means of methods and practices which have hitherto been prohibited by law upon penalty of imprisonment, namely, coöperative agreements, elimination of competition, "pooling" of freight, and combinations of carriers.

Is it not time to cease making a fetish of competition, and to abolish the mediæval restrictions which prevent railroads from securing by combination in time of peace the efficiency and usefulness which they have obtained by co-operation in time of war?

GEORGE KENNAN

NARCOTISM AND THE WAR

BY JEANNETTE MARKS

We are confronted today with a new level of conflict, —individual, national, international,—and a probable new level of intoxication.

Intoxication is an instinct deep-seated in the human race and its experience. Mexico has already produced one demoralizing narcotic called *peyote*. How long-lived, as well as deep-seated, the instinct for intoxication is may be gathered from the fact that *peyote* has been identified with the Aztec narcotic called "Sacred Mushroom" and with the "Devil's Root" of ancient Mexico. We cannot go so far back that we shall not find evidence of this instinct at work. It crops out in race expression as well as in the individual. It is part of all race experience. And with a new level of conflict brought about by the European War, the problem of narcotism reshapes itself like the protean monster it is.

What is the level of the conflict of the man who fights? He would not be human if he did not seek relief from overstrain. Is this after all a temperance problem? Is there not more in the problem than people have supposed? There is no certainty that even if the soldier were taught certain facts about narcotics, he would abstain from their use. It would often seem that education has but little effect in controlling drug addictions. Physicians are among the most intelligent and best educated men, yet they form as a class the largest quota of drug-users. Education alone cannot act as a preventive. The final hope for the control of such a problem must lie in the strong arm of the law: rigid supervision of the sale of narcotics. The soldier may belong to the *intelligencia*. But the burden he has to shoulder is nervously and often physically many times over that of the industrial laborer. If overstrain and fatigue enter in, as

every expert knows they do, it is most likely that the crippling and shock of war will have to be reckoned with in habit-forming drug addictions.

"Well," you say, "but how about all this prohibition movement in Russia and elsewhere?"

This movement does not include narcotic drugs. Our own narcotic problem took its rise on the battlefields of the Civil War. There has never been much said about it. Drug addiction was always like a secret disease or vice until the Harrison Law slashed the whole misery wide open to the daylight. Some of our Federal bulletins give abundant information about the causes of our narcotism.

"But," you ask, "what about the European situation? They aren't using or, at least, abusing narcotics there, are they?"

A study of the records of this war, medical and otherwise, reveals how much Europe is depending on opium in its various forms. As an incidental illustration take the Diary of Lieutenant Mallet, a heroic young French officer, whose journal was published in *The Atlantic Monthly* in 1915. There occurs this passage under date of May ninth: "I have hardly reached the dug-out when I hear some one say, 'Pass on Lieutenant Mallet's morphia for Lieutenant D.' I realize that the poor fellow is badly hit. I pass on three opium pills to him; then we begin to organize the defence."

It is indeed only a simple and tragic exercise in multiplying the wounded to know to what extent they are using it in Europe. Hanford Henderson in his "Deuil En 24 Heures" in the April, 1917, NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW has made this enumeration:

> The haunting tragedy here is not death: it is the hideous, multiform, disabling mutilation, the loss of vision, of hearing, of speech, the loss of hands and feet and arms and legs, the monstrous repulsive disfigurement. And each day adds its gruesome toll . . . . When the war ends, there will be fifteen million cripples in Europe, fifteen million men handicapped in the never too easy race of life. Neither our own generation, nor the succeeding one will see a Europe free from heart-rending, mutilated men, for it is a part of the huge and bestial stupidity of war that it kills and maims and mutilates not the old and already disabled, those on the brink of the grave, those ready and eager to be gone, but the young and the strong, ardent lovers of life, the promise of the race, those who seek and need the discipline of active years.

All the opium and its derivatives which came through to

us legally and illegally in the past are now in use on the battlefields. This is one of the pressures which has cut off our drug supply. A member of the Committee on Habit-Forming Drugs of the American Public Health Association wrote me on December twentieth: "At the present moment about the only method of securing narcotics to satisfy a habit would be to purchase them on the streets from peddlers of the drug, and the drug is so scarce for this purpose that I understand they are selling it for about one dollar a grain." At this time it was practically impossible to get morphia illegally from physicians of the unethical minority in Boston, for the Assistant District Attorney had recently raided some physicans' offices and later these doctors were indicted. Temporarily, at least, one of the leaks in the Harrison Law has been stopped in Boston. But, as has been suggested, this leak is being stopped also by the war pressure.

"But, assuredly," you say, "some one of the derivatives of opium is often the last blessing you can give a badly wounded man."

It most assuredly is. And this the Governments of the countries at war have recognized. Part of the kit of the "efficient German" is a hypodermic and some morphia tablets. From the point of view of the present this is an intelligent and merciful provision. From the point of view of the future it is a question whether the provision is intelligent. We have now to face this problem on our own behalf. Our wounded will be no different from the wounded of any other country; there will be moments when some derivative of opium will be the only blessing physician or nurse can confer. We face the problem, too, from another point of view; that of a national deficit in opium. Only the patent medicine interests have on hand sufficient for their purposes, and any depression of vitality will prove commercially a "boom" for their parasitical trade. No legislature in the country has dared "smoke" them out. In its Section Six, even the Harrison Law heeled to their commands and to the overwhelming argument of their invested millions.

It is not to be thought that Europe is free from the type of physician who flourishes in this country. I mean that small minority—despised and yet uncontrolled by the ethical majority of medical men—who foster the habit in others. Such men always throw themselves against any adequate legislation. Or at best they present the sad spectacle of some

of the newspapers—theoretically right on the question as a whole, but practically hoping to make a living out of it through advertisement of the habit-forming nostrums of the patent medicine industry. The Drug Commission had a battle royal at the Hague with the Germans as to whether there was such a thing as the "heroin habit." A German delegate, a chemist of distinction, brought volumes of evidence to prove that there was none. It is possible to associate the position he took with the fact that Germany is an extensive producer of heroin. In this country heroin is one of the most difficult of the narcotic drugs to eradicate. The German climate may make a difference. It seems to in many ways! But the Germans, the Allies, and perhaps we ourselves, will not make a mistake in considering drug addiction as a probable factor of inefficiency in the future. The aftermath of dependence on hypodermic and narcotic is inevitably awful. Unless given under wholly ideal conditions, morphia is certain to form an addiction. It is hardly probable that in the European mêlée and on the battlefields, or even in many of the hospitals, conditions can be ideal.

It is not that little cloud on the horizon now which matters. It is what it will have become when the world is in the full drama of recovery from the greatest blow to the sum-total of vitality and civilization the world has even known. What then, after the guns are still and the earth has ceased to tremble, will prove the resource of the crippled and the nerve-shattered? Men will no longer be living to fight. Their cause will have been won or lost. The warfare of each battle-exhausted or crippled man will be in the future with himself. His problem will be to get sufficient strength for the day's need, and to find, in his depressed physical and nervous condition, an adequate reason for existence. This man has known the sublime intoxication of patriotism. With exhausted strength and crippled body, what will be the level of his intoxication in the future? He will be only human if he seek to find the nearest color to the color of rose or of life which it is possible for him to get. Vividness has been the very breath of existence to him, over-excitement and delirious joys. The drug which has stilled pain, given care-free moments, and—so far as he can see—has been strength to him, will very naturally suggest itself in morphia or codeine, laudanum or heroin, or even paregoric, as an indispensable friend for the future. But to have used opium for a few

battle-torn weeks is one thing. To continue using it will prove quite another.

Europe, so admirable in its habit-forming drug regulations, so economical in its past use of narcotics where we have been prodigal and viciously careless, now uses all her own supplies, and exports none to us. How Europe will meet this problem which looms before her depends somewhat upon the foresight of her men and women of science. It depends even more upon her collective national wisdom. But most of all, it will depend upon what she gives her soldiers to live for, the incentive, the inspiration which the war-scarred are to feel for their continuance in the struggle to exist. All intoxication expresses itself in terms of the struggle for existence—a need for happiness, for belief that life is worth while, the conviction that there is actually something which makes a man's life essential to others, to a cause, to his country. As Mr. Henderson points out, Europe will no longer possess her own future: "She has given the future to the two Americas—perhaps, in part, to Asia." Europe can no longer promise her men and women the fullness of her former civilization and her former vitality.

Both the Protestant and the Roman Churches, slow to leave their dogmas, could handle this problem admirably from the psychic point of view. Should the Church do this, it would but be coming back to Christianity's first principles: to help those who need help. Europe's only safety lies in lifting the level of its conflicts and its intoxications, and in inspiring every man, shattered or whole, with the conviction that he is more important to the State than ever before. In a certain way drug addiction is not a medical problem, it is a psychological problem; it may deal with deranged functions—necessarily has to; but more significant in the acquirement of a habit is the derangement of ideas. Complete recovery must depend upon a changed mental attitude.

The object of our Harrison Anti-Narcotic Law was in a sense as much educational as corrective. Its object, as it was agreed to by the members of the Drug Trade Conference, was to furnish information in regard to the disposition of proscribed narcotics by all dealers, and information it has collected, and collected admirably. But it is itself defective through a serious "leak." I refer to Section Six of the Harrison Law. The new drug bill of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts recently drawn and called "almost perfect"

has this same allowance of two grains of opium, one-quarter grain morphine, or one-eighth grain heroin, or one grain codeine. Our attention is naïvely called to the fact that no cocaine is allowed in these preparations—because cocaine is not a habit-forming drug in the sense that the various preparations of opium are. And it should be noticed that some concession has been made to Massachusetts' well-known preference for heroin! But if our Treasury regulation should be abrogated, there would be no means by which the Commissioner of Internal Revenue could require a record for renewal of prescriptions containing habit-forming drugs. In any event, the Harrison Law has proved an excellent housekeeper, doing better than we knew because it has set our house in order at a most critical time. Yet we do well to remember that as drink goes out, drugs come in.

If the Governments of the countries at war would foresee the possibilities, after the terrible shock to national nerve centres, of drug addictions on a scale never known to the world before, not even in China, and would begin now to give this problem, through corrective or preventive legislation, a fourth of the attention they have given to alcohol, even if the legislation were no more drastic than the Harrison Law, there is some hope that from the point of view of narcotics, at least, this particular war problem might be solved. Europe, it would seem, faces the greatest problem in narcotism the world has ever known. Is it folly to hope that with the lesson we have learned from our own Civil War battlefields, with the problem which we are about to share with them—is it folly to hope that we may be of service to Europe in a constructive attempt to lessen the probable evils of her approaching habit-forming drug problem?

JEANNETTE MARKS.

THE PROBLEM OF THE ADRIATIC

BY V. R. SAVIĆ

THE future peace conference will have to solve many difficult and complicated problems, and among them the problem of the Adriatic is the most delicate one. Upon the just and fair solution of that problem depends the happiness of the next generation of two gifted nations, the Italians and the Southern Slavs, and the future peace between the Latin and the Slav worlds. Here, if anywhere, the factors which in the past have led to war must be eliminated, unless the bright hopes of humanity are to end in bitter disappointment, the vision of enduring peace vanish like a fairy dream.

Italy, by intervening in the present war on the side of the Allies, was able to promote the realizations of her views upon the Adriatic. I do not pretend to know what is the agreement concerning the Adriatic arrived at between the powers of the quadruple Entente, but I am convinced that no decision of the cabinets can oppose for long the living forces which determine the life of nations. If the agreement concerning the future of the Adriatic arrived at between the Allies be just, it will endure and be productive of beneficent consequences. If it be one-sided and prejudical to the vital interests of the most-concerned parties, it will stand for some time, causing permanent irritation and friction, until it breaks out in new and sanguinary complications. But the Southern Slavs denounce such a procedure as being in evident contradiction with the principles of democracy—the bargain being accomplished without taking into account the wishes and aspirations of the people of those provinces. They rightly hope that the people and the government of the United States will use all their mighty influence to bring all former conventions arrived at between the European Allies into harmony with the lofty principles for which they entered the war. The new democracy in Russia is already raising its voice with that object in view.

Every student of the European situation knows perfectly well that Italy had nothing to gain and everything to fear from the German victory. For Italy, as for Great Britain and France, the present war ought to have a strictly defensive character. We must give the credit to the Italian statesmen that from the very outset of the present crisis they clearly saw on which side the interest of Italy was to be found. To Italy's honor, it took the side of liberty and democracy in Europe. The Teutonic victory would have placed Italy in the same position towards Austria-Hungary as Serbia occupied before the present crisis arose. Therefore it was to the paramount interest of Italy to frustrate the possibility of a Teutonic victory in Europe. This was a sufficient inducement for Italy to intervene on the side of the Allies. But an equally strong, and perhaps more popular, inducement for Italy to intervene was the achievement of national unity.

But the achievement of Italian national unity and the claims to obtain for Italy certain strategical frontiers, if pushed to extremes, will clash with the not less rightful claims and aspirations of the Southern Slavs. Already the German papers have with joy announced the irreconcilable antagonism between Italian and Slavic interests on the shores of the Adriatic, and given their public to understand that in this quarter and direction lie the hopes of the German expansion to the Mediterranean.

A fair compromise and a friendly agreement between Italy and her Slav neighbor is a necessity for both of them as well as for the future peace of Europe. Italy can achieve that if she is to follow her loftiest traditions and to listen to the advice of her best brains and patriots.

The American public can do much in this matter. The United States are the staunch and proved friend of Italy; they have also greeted with much sympathy the solution of the Southern Slav question on the basis of ethnographic unity and self-government. Nobody is better entitled to give to both nations the impartial counsel of moderation and wisdom, and nobody's advice, if so given, will be received more readily than that of this country. To be able to raise their mighty voice, the American public must take some patience to grasp and understand all the necessary facts concerning the position of both nations in the Adriatic.

The Adriatic coast now belonging to Austria-Hungary,

and where meet the interests of the Italians and the Serbo-Croats, are: Dalmatia, together with the Dalmatian archipelago, Istria, Trieste, and Goritzia, with the naval port of Pola. As regards the nationality of these provinces the following numbers (see the official Austro-Hungarian statistics of 1910) will give the best illustration:

	Superficial Area, kms.	Italians	Slavs	Germans	Total
Dalmatia	12,840	18,028	612,669	3,081	633,778
Istria	4,956	145,517	224,400	12,735	382,652
Trieste	95	118,959	59,974	11,870	190,803
Goritzia	2,918	90,119	155,039	4,500	249,658
Total.....	20,809	372,623	1,052,082	32,186	1,456,891

Following up the fallacious and the most dangerous theory of strong strategic frontiers, a very considerable part of Italian public opinion has formulated a vast programme for incorporation in Italy of nearly all the Adriatic provinces lying on the opposite shore. Already, in October, 1914, Italy occupied Valona, which port, with Brindisi on the Italian shore, completely commands the entrance into the Adriatic. Thus the idea has been propounded that the natural and strongly strategic frontier for Italy is formed by the ridge of the Julian Alps, which descends from the Tyrol to the Adriatic, forming the watershed between the Adriatic and the Danube. In obtaining that line for her eastern frontier, the kingdom of Italy would incorporate the following Austro-Hungarian provinces: Goritzia, Carniola, Trieste, Istria, the western districts of Northern Dalmatia, with all the islands of the Dalmatian archipelago. In such a way Italy would have for her subjects a dense and homogeneous population of the Southern Slavs numbering about one million people.

In propounding such views, and striving to impose such a policy upon the Italian Government, the Italian press writers argue as follows:

(1) The Adriatic is an Italian sea, and, accordingly, Italy must possess or control all its coasts.

(2) Italy possesses historical claims to those provinces, as some of them belonged for a time to the Venetian republic. Italy being the rightful heir to Venice must renew the glory of the Italian reign in the Adriatic.

(3) Italy also possesses ethnographic claims upon those provinces as they contain a large Italian population. There-

fore, in order to achieve her national unity, Italy must incorporate those provinces.

(4) Italy, for reasons of military efficiency, must have a strong natural frontier against her new Slavic neighbor.

(5) The last, but perhaps not the least, argument for the Italian occupation of the opposite coast of the Adriatic was the fear lest Russia should seize the future Serbian ports of the Adriatic, and thus threaten the security of Italy.

The issues involved in the just solution of the problem of the Adriatic are of such tremendous importance, not only for Italians and Serbians, but also for all neighboring nations, as well as for European peace in general, that I think no apology is necessary for going at some length into the above arguments.

The first contention that the Adriatic is an Italian sea, and must be militarily controlled by Italy, is a shallow piece of reasoning, whose kind is produced from time to time in every country by the heads of over-zealous patriots. In such a way the German may fairly pretend that the Baltic sea belongs to them, and the occupation of the Great and Little Belt would be a piece of justice, and only the assertion of lawful national rights.

The argument for Italian incorporation of those provinces based upon ethnography must fall at once when we look at the numbers of the racial statistics. In Dalmatia, against a pure Serbo-Croatian population numbering 630,000, the Italians number only 18,000, which represents less than 3 per cent. of the total population. Therefore to base the Italian rights of occupation upon ethnography would be sheer absurdity.

In Istria, Trieste, and Goritzia the Italian claims based upon ethnography are better founded, although they are not justified. In Istria the geographical line of ethnographical division can be easily drawn. The Italians are thickly grouped on the western coast, and the Croat population is found in the central and eastern parts of the peninsula. In Istria the Slavs (220,000) represent 60 per cent and Italians (145,500) 40 per cent of the entire population. In the town of Trieste the Italians (118,959), to the contrary, represent 66 per cent and the Slavs (59,974) 34 per cent of the total population. In Goritzia, again, as in Istria, the line of ethnographic division can be easily drawn. The Italians in this province extend in the north as far as Cormons, and along

the railway as far as the town Goritzia; in the east as far as the river Isonzo, and from Gradiska straight to Monfalcone; a dense and homogeneous Slav population inhabits the whole of the rest of the province. In the districts of Logatec and Postojna, in the southwestern Carniola, with nearly a hundred thousand purely Slav inhabitants, there are no Italians, and these districts are claimed by the Italians only in virtue of strategic reasons.

Thus leaving Dalmatia and the districts of Carniola out of the question, the Italian counts upon Istria, Trieste, and Goritzia are untenable as a whole. Here some compromise is necessary, and it could be easily effected if both sides were equally animated by a sincere desire for a peaceful settlement.

With regard to the historical right of Italy to those provinces, I should say that there is scarcely any province in Europe belonging to any nation to which another nation would not have some historic right. The argument of historic right better suits the mediæval and dynastic Europe than the modern European democracy in which rule is to be based upon popular consent. The historic rights have cost Europe so much bloodshed, suffering, and devastation that we may fairly suppose that this argument appeals but feebly to her nations. Even if it be true that the Venetian rule of the Adriatic represents a bright page in the Italian history of warlike achievements, it is not less true that the memory of the Venetian rule of the Slav coasts of the Adriatic also recalls to their Slavic inhabitants the dire days of foreign subjugation and misery. Those were days when their economic and commercial resources were ruthlessly exploited for the profit of an alien ruler, and when their manhood was mercilessly employed to fight far-distant battles for no profit to their native land and kinsfolk. Those were days when, with all their services, they were paid by economic misery and moral contempt, the days when Slavs were "Schiavi"—most despicable slaves. The memories of those days, walking like pale ghosts on the other shore of the Adriatic, make, even to-day, the blood run quicker, fists clench themselves involuntarily, and account for so much animosity and misunderstanding between their mixed population. Let those ghosts of the past be buried for ever. To shine forth brightly the glory of the young Italy has no need of the humiliation and moral misery of her Slav neighbors. Against those

historic rights of past states rises the incontestable and unquestionable right of a living nation striving for freedom, equality, and lawful recognition.

In modern Europe the militarists of every country are walking hand in hand with stealthily creeping commercialism. The combination of military and commercial interests in Italy, as was the case with Germany, will surely weave the web of Italian destiny, and lead to most dangerous complications. The closer study of the Italian claims on the Adriatic will convince us at once that those claims, though announced in the name of military efficiency are calculated to serve the interests of Italian commercialism, and to secure for Italy a practical monopoly of the whole trade in the Adriatic. Of course the commercial development of the Southern Slav country would be handicapped, which must be a new source of antagonism and friction between both nations.

Now we come to the supreme argument of the necessity of good strategic frontiers which urges Italy to occupy those provinces. The reason of strong strategic frontiers has always been a trump card in the hands of the militarists. Every state availing itself of a temporary victory imposed strategic frontiers upon the defeated or weaker nation. Strategic necessity and historic rights tore Alsace-Lorraine away from France, handing it over to the yoke of the Prussian militarists. Strategic reasons also impeded the accomplishment of Italian unity, leaving south Tyrol in Austrian bondage. The direct results of such policy have been fear and hatred, and their lawful heir the military burdens under which the European nations have labored during the last sixty years. How can we expect or hope that an Italian occupation of the Serbo-Croation provinces, and the enslavement by her of a million of Southern Slavs, can give different results? It is an axiom in science that similar causes produce similar results. But if, in spite of all sincere warning, the naissant Italian imperialism, following blindly the teaching of German militarists, will try under the pretense of strategic frontiers to occupy the Balkan lands and to keep in subjection the Slavic population inhabiting them, Italy will inherit the weakness of Austria and, while greatly injuring her Slav neighbor, will endanger her own freedom and the peace of Europe. The Italian militarists wish to occupy these lands in the name of military efficiency. But the security for Italy, and the

progress of the Italian democracy, will be brought into peril by that very worship of efficiency. From the adversity which, after this war, will fall upon the German people lies a lesson for the Italian imperialists. Sorely burdened by the occupation of an alien population, threatened by a warlike and united nation such as the Southern Slavs, the Italians would experience all the difficulties of the new position. It would be a burden which their nervous and easily excitable democracy could not, and would not, meekly endure. The Slavic menace would become a nightmare for them which could easily deteriorate the normal course of their development. The inborn love of freedom which enabled the Serbo-Croats to shake off the Turkish yoke of five centuries, and so successfully to resist the German onrush to the East, would certainly enable them to resist Italian dominion. What has been a difficulty for the militarists of Germany in Alsace and Lorraine certainly would be much more so for a democratic Italy in the coveted Slavic provinces.

In order to show Italy's friends in America that that danger would be no small one, and that my warning against it is no exaggeration, I shall show the principal results which must follow the Italian occupation.

First, Italy would occupy all islands of the Dalmatian archipelago. The Italian population numbers 1563, and the Serbo-Croats 116,227 souls. How strong the Slav sentiment is among them can best be illustrated by the fact that for centuries, although Roman Catholics, they never suffered the mass to be read in Latin, but insisted on having it read in old Slav language, the so-called Glagolitza. And the popes, meeting the wishes of the inhabitants by special bulls, authorized the use of the Glagolitza in the Roman Catholic parishes on the islands of the Dalmatian achipelago. Those islands have contributed many popular names among the Serbo-Croatian writers, and played a prominent part in the national reawakening. The Italian occupation, besides hurting the national feeling of the inhabitants, would produce disagreeable economic changes for them. They are sailors and olive and vine growers, and their agriculture would be quickly ruined by the competition with the cheap products of Italy.

Dalmatia is a narrow strip of rocky, treeless, mountainous country. For the last fifty years the emigration from Dalmatia has been very considerable, and some country districts have lost a large portion of their population. It was

estimated that over 6000 persons left the province annually previous to the last crisis in the United States.

The same economic changes as on the islands would be operating among the inhabitants of the coastland. The Dalmatian ports in Italian occupation would lie idle and abandoned, as Italian commerce would never come through them, and the Serbo-Croatian commerce would shun them. Italy, far from increasing her own political and economic power, would only add a fresh difficulty to the existing economic and social problems, having to deal with a discontented and impoverished population, alien in thoughts and sentiments, which could be kept in obedience only by strong garrisons, representing a new burden for her national resources.

But her occupation of the islands and of Northern Dalmatia would inevitably create bitter antagonism between her and the Serbo-Croatian state and nation. The Serbo-Croatian ports in the Adriatic—Fiume (Rieka) and Splet (Spalato)—would be put under direct command of Italian guns. Both of them would be in Italian territorial waters. Everybody knows what terrible lossses every belligerent nation has sustained, or will be sustaining, during the present crisis. The ruin and devastation all over Europe will be simply appalling. The Serbo-Croats, like all other nations in Europe, must hasten to make good the wastage and ruin caused by the war. The organization of commercial ports will be their first national care. They will be in need of foreign capital and enterprise. But will British, French, or American capital be forthcoming to the Serbo-Croatian ports when their wharves and docks would be at the mercy of Italian guns, and when all ships to enter them must pass through narrow Italian channels?

There will be eager patriots who will try to represent the action of Italy as a policy of blackmailing. Some will say that the word was pledged by the Allies when their armies stood exhausted after a first year of fighting, and that this pledge has no value whatever. Everybody who knows the ardent patriotism and the intensity of the national feeling among the Southern Slavs will at once recognize that the unjust solution of their national aspirations would leave a sore wound, which never could be healed until it brings a fresh terrible crisis over Southern Europe. The European democracy has every interest not to give to the Southern Slav militarists that weapon. Thus the Italian militarists arguing

for the occupation of the Dalmatian archipelago to insure Italy against imaginary Russian danger would play into the hands of a recreation against democracy, and bring that danger very near and make it very real.

But there remains Germany. One of the best acknowledged aims for which the Allies are fighting is the annihilation of German militarism. But how can Germany be cured of the canker of militarism when there would remain Italian and Serbian militarism? The German people cannot be annihilated. There will remain Germany's productive power; and German militarism, defeated and humiliated, would avail itself of any rift between the Allies in order to assert itself again. It is obvious to every student of the European situation that Germany will use every means and opportunity to obtain an outlet to the Adriatic. The Italians, having occupied the Slav coast and its hinterland, would have to resist not only the Southern Slavs' resentment, but also the German onrush to the south. It is a question primarily for Italy, whether she can, and for how long a time, successfully resist both pressures. And even if she could do so, would the advantages obtained by it be adequate to the sacrifices required?

The fallacy of strategic frontiers is the most dangerous snare for the nations, and Italy has every reason to avoid falling into it. The best strategic frontiers for every nation are the friendships of its neighbors, and in case of danger brave hearts and a good cause. The best men and the highest authorities in Italy have warned their compatriots against that fallacy and the Southern Slav danger.

With anxiety and dismay the nations are awaiting the answer to the question now on every lip: What will Europe be after the war? Surely for Europe only two ways are possible: the way of liberty, peace, and respect among her nations; or the way of brutal militarism allied to narrow nationalism. Such a Europe will be ruled by secret-cabinet policy. The teaching of Machiavelli and the time of Prince Metternich will be revived with new force, intrigue will follow intrigue, and plot will succeed plot. Italy, who, in the past, has suffered and so much and so long a time from such a political system in Europe, must be the first to oppose its revival.

V. R. Savić.

THE PRESSING NEED: INDUSTRIAL CONSCRIPTION

BY HAROLD G. MOULTON

THE conduct of war on an extensive scale is invariably accompanied by a rapid rise in the cost of living. The increase in prices is not confined to supplies that are required in great quantities by the armies in the field; it seems to apply with more or less severity to all classes of goods,—to practically everything that enters into the general consumption of the people. The high cost of living therefore becomes one of the most acute of the internal problems connected with war; and the regulation of prices in the interests of the masses is regarded as one of the most important duties of the Government.

There appear to be two lines of reasoning,—perhaps one might better say two sorts of reactions—that favor Government control of prices. One is a popular argument and the other may be called for want of a better term, a "scientific argument." In the view of the general public high prices in war time are in considerable measure the result of manipulation by traitorous malefactors who take advantage of the Government's needs and the public's ignorance and lack of organization,—who reap where they have not sown, who make fortunes, indeed, without rendering any equivalent in service to society. The control of prices in the interests of the many as against the machinations of the few therefore makes a very simple and elementary appeal to our notions of right and wrong, to our sense of plain fairness and justice. Closely associated with this reason for price control is the idea that large profits should not be permitted, even when they do not result from manipulation, monopolizing or unfair practices, for the simple reason that it is unpatriotic to reap advantage in any way from the Government's needs.

"Profiteering" becomes in war time a new form of evil, one which should be suppressed with a strong hand.

The more carefully reasoned argument for price control recognizes that the causes of rising prices cannot be wholly ascribed to the machinations of speculators, traders, middlemen and monopolists, or to an enormous Government demand; that they depend, indeed, in considerable measure upon fundamental underlying conditions—upon the demand for and supply of commodities in general, or as some would prefer to put it, upon the quantity of money and credit available for purchasing such goods. But the "scientific" argument for price control does not depend upon the causes of rising prices; it merely accepts the fact of high prices, and uses this fact as a point of departure. The real arguments are, first, that the high prices which the Government has to pay for the materials it needs greatly increases the money cost of the war and necessitates a heavier burden of taxation than would otherwise be required. Second, the high prices that the public is compelled to pay for commodities that enter into general consumption result in lowering the standard of living of the masses, in consequence of the failure of wages and salaries to advance with equal rapidity. This loss of consuming power falls with unusual severity upon people of moderate incomes,—upon those least able to stand the burden,—and hence is one of the most important of the indirect burdens of war. Indirectly, these losses may be regarded as *costs* of the war, costs which fall in inverse ratio to ability to pay, thus violating the most fundamental principle of just taxation. Price control is therefore a necessary corrective of the inequalities of war burdens.

Pushing this economic argument still further, price control is necessary in order to prevent the poor from having inadequate consumption of wealth. The masses of society must be kept above the level of mere subsistence, in order that all may be physically efficient and mentally alert for the onerous business of war. Indeed, when a nation is pressed to the wall in a war of attrition, price control, together with a distributive dictatorship for the necessities of life, becomes an indispensable agency for equalizing wealth, —for parceling out the national store of goods in accordance with the physical requirements of people rather than according to the fatness of their respective pocketbooks; thereby postponing as long as possible the date of final exhaustion.

Finally, price control has its political purpose. Just distribution of the burdens of war and alleviation of the economic pressure upon the lower classes serves to suppress the rising tide of discontent and internal dissension; it helps to maintain a united front and to buttress the courage of all classes at home; while at the same time it affords small comfort or hope to the enemies abroad. In a prolonged struggle it is indispensable as a means of maintaining the morale of the people.

The agitation for the regulation of prices usually develops rather late in a war; but in the present conflict we are beginning very early not only to agitate the question but also to develop the machinery necessary to effective control. This is in part owing to the world wide effect of the long continued struggle in Europe, the enormous rise in prices abroad having found concurrent reflection in the United States during the past two years; and in part it is due to mere imitation of the policy of the nations of Europe.

It is the purpose of this paper to direct attention to some serious dangers in connection with price regulation in the form in which it will likely be developed in the coming months. There are two sorts of problems in connection with price control,—one relating to the effective enforcement of the provisions of law, and the other relating to the industrial (and military) effects of such regulation. It is not a part of my present purpose to discuss routine problems of administration; nor is it my intention to discuss *all* the consequences of price regulation. I shall confine the discussion to the relation of price regulation to the rapid mobilization of our industrial resources for the business of war. In order clearly to reveal the problems involved it will be necessary to outline first the industrial requirements of the present situation.

In all ordinary wars the problem of industrial mobilization is comparatively simple. It involves, first, raising revenue for the Government. This revenue is then expended by the Government for war supplies—ships, munitions, and materials. These supplies are in part purchased abroad, and in part from domestic producers,—from already existing industrial establishments whose ordinary peace-time production is of a kind identical with the Government's needs, or so nearly of the Government pattern that only a relatively slight reorganization of the industrial process is required. But the present conflict is unusual in two important respects,

in consequence of which the problem of industrial mobilization is essentially different from what it has been in previous wars.

In the first place, it is impossible for the United States to receive any appreciable aid from outside,—that is, from other countries. Most of the world is at war and the available supplies of the remaining " neutrals " are already mortgaged to other belligerents. In consequence, the ships, munitions, supplies and food required must all be produced by the current energy of the American people. As a nation we cannot borrow the sinews of war from outsiders on our promise to pay them back at some future date. We cannot therefore in any real sense pass the burdens or costs of war on to the next generation. The *things* with which we are to fight must be produced and paid for as we go.

In the second place, the present conflict is being conducted on so tremendous a scale that the supplies required during the first year of the war cannot possibly all be produced by the usual process of utilizing existing steel plants, clothing establishments, ship yards, etc., for the manufacture of war materials. The Allied Governments are planning to spend nearly $20,000,000,000 in the markets of the United States during the current year for war supplies. Can we produce $20,000,000,000 of supplies from existing munitions plants and from other factories that are readily adapted to the production of war supplies? The answer must be an unqualified, an overwhelming negative. Let us take some particular type of war material, such as iron and steel, and ascertain if we have a sufficient number of factories to produce the quantities required. The recent report of the plans of the United States War Department show that the Department should raise for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1918, $5,917,878,347.98 of revenue. The items enumerated call for iron and steel for ordnance stores and ammunition, for automatic machine rifles, for armored motor cars, for armament of coast fortifications, for submarine bases, for submarine mines, for aeroplanes, etc. It is impossible from the data furnished to estimate precisely what percentage of the huge total must be spent for iron and steel, but on the most conservative of estimates it appears that the War Department wishes $2,000,000,000 for iron and steel products. But to this total must be added the enormous amounts required for the emergency fleet and for the navy's new war-

ships, cruisers, submarines, destroyers, etc. The emergency fleet must be as large as we can possibly make it; for it appears more and more that the success of the Allies primarily depends upon the number of ships that we can furnish within the next year or two. Finally, we must still add to the total of iron and steel demanded the great quantities of structural steel required for the upbuilding of the shattered and inadequate transport and industrial equipment of France and Russia; and the enormous supplies of munitions that our Allies must have before the grand offensive can hope to succeed. For the fiscal year ending June 30, 1917, we exported $1,100,000,000 of iron and steel products.[1] Should we do less now that our strength is definitely and officially cast in the scales against Germany? Can we hope to break the power of the Hohenzollerns unless we employ against them vastly greater quantities of iron than has yet been used? Certainly the war has taught that defensive trench warfare can be overcome only by the use of unlimited steel. Costly as this steel may be, it is, still, less costly than man power, than the human lives that would otherwise be sacrificed before the war could end.

What now do these totals of iron and steel aggregate? It would appear that they cannot possibly equal less than $4,000,000,000 of steel products, to be produced in the United States this current year. This is but twenty per cent of our contemplated war expenditures, twenty per cent of the total for the most indispensable of all war weapons. It would seem from these rough estimates that $4,000,000,000 is a very conservative figure. But after all we need not concern ourselves with exact figures. It is enough that we should have as many billions of iron and steel manufactures as we can possibly produce, in order that the war may end in the shortest possible time.

Let us now inquire if we have munitions plants in sufficient number to produce $4,000,000,000 of iron and steel for war purposes. According to the Statistical Abstract of the United States the total value of all manufactures of iron and steel products in 1915 was $1,236,318,458.[2] The figures for 1916 are not yet available, but estimates indicate that the total will hardly reach $1,800,000,000. It appears,

[1] O. C. Austin, Statistician for The National City Bank, New York: *In the Americas*, Vol. 8, No. 10, p. 31.

[2] Statistical Abstract of the United States [1916] p. 713.

therefore, that if *all* the manufacturers of iron and steel in the United States were of war materials, we should have a total equal to less than half the amount required by this year's war program. In fact, moreover, not all of the existing plants will be devoted to the production of munitions. Much steel must be used in keeping existing munitions plants in repair; there are many industries ancillary to the business of war that require great quantities of steel, for maintenance and up-keep and for extensions; and there are other industries that will obtain some iron and steel even though such industries are non-essential for war purposes.

It follows from the foregoing analysis that if we are to procure the requisite production of iron and steel this year we must make up the deficiency in one of the following ways: first, by increasing the output of existing plants; second, by constructing new plants; or, third, by converting other industrial establishments into munitions factories. With reference to the first alternative the *Iron Age* tells us in a recent issue that all the existing plants, including the new construction of the past three years, are already producing virtually at full capacity.

The second alternative holds little more promise, for it usually requires more than a year to construct a steel plant; and steel is used, moreover, in the building of the plant itself. To build a large number of steel plants is therefore to consume large quantities of steel without any hope of return in the present year. I am not here arguing that no new plants should be constructed, for we must plan not for one year only but for several; I am merely pointing out that not much, if any, help may be expected from the second alternative during the first year.

The third alternative possesses a substantial advantage in that it utilizes existing industrial plants and thereby saves great quantities of structural steel. It reduces to a minimum the use of iron and steel in the process of procuring the means for new steel production; though conversion to new lines of manufacture obviously cannot be effected without the use of considerable quantities of iron and steel products, in the form of special machinery, if not in the plant itself. The third alternative also possesses an indispensable advantage in that it is quicker than the second; and speed is all-important. We must tremendously increase our output of iron and steel products in the shortest possible time if we

are to render our maximum aid in the struggle,—perchance if we are to win the war at all. The rehabilitation of our industrial plants for the manufacture of war materials is therefore the paramount requirement of the time.

In the foregoing analysis we have used iron and steel for illustration. The analysis applies, though perhaps in less degree, to the production of all the other forms of war supplies, khaki, cotton, wool, leather, food, wood, cement, brick, etc. If we are to render our maximum service in the war we must attract labor and capital into the production of these indispensable war supplies.

Now for the dangers of price control. Several forms of price control have been suggested in one source or another; but the one that is most commonly advocated,—the one that makes the strongest appeal to conservative public opinion, is price control based on cost of production. It is believed that industries, even those producing war supplies, are entitled to "reasonable" profits; and "reasonable" profits have to be reckoned from a basis of cost. Let us assume that six per cent is a reasonable profit; then a plant producing a commodity at a unit cost (including selling costs) of $1.00, should be permitted to sell at not more than $1.06. To the uninitiated the problem of price control seems, therefore, a relatively simple problem.

But there are varying costs in different plants engaged in the same line of activity. Plant A has a cost of $1.00; plant B of $1.10, and plant C of $1.20. These differences of cost may be due to various causes: difference in location, difference in management, difference in volume of output, etc. But it is clear that the product of all is imperatively required. Price control, therefore, must not force any of them out of business. Now if the price fixed were $1.06 it would give a reasonable profit to plant A but it would not even cover costs for plants B and C. The price must obviously be high enough to give a "reasonable" profit to the plant with the *highest* cost of production,—with *marginal* cost, to use the common term of the economist. This means concretely, in the case before us, a price of $1.27. It should be noted, however, that this obviously means more than "reasonable" profits for all plants whose cost is less than $1.20. It means in certain cases enormous rates of dividend for certain peculiarly efficient or peculiarly fortunate establishments.

This necessity of basing prices on the marginal or high-

est cost of production in existing plants has been discussed in various quarters of late. The President apparently had it in mind when he recently spoke of profits that would insure efficiency of production and make possible replacement and extensions as well. But thus far I have been unable to find any recognition of the necessity of using as the basis of price fixing a cost that is actually higher than the marginal cost in existing factories. What do I mean?

I mean that not only must price control not drive existing factories out of the production of war supplies, but that it must not cut off the inducements to business men to shift from non-war industries to war business. We have seen that the paramount necessity is industrial reorganization,—the shifting of labor and capital from lines of activity that are unimportant for war purposes to the lines that are imperatively necessary. Price control, in the interests of the general consuming public, or as a means of lessening the money costs of the Government for materials, must not be allowed to stand in the way of industrial mobilization. Let us consider the possible dangers.

X is a manufacturer of a commodity that is unimportant for war purposes. His plant could be made over into an establishment for the manufacture of war supplies at a cost of $100,000. He reasons that since he has had no experience in this particular line of manufacture his management will not be very efficient the first year. Furthermore, his location is not favorable for this business; and his transportation costs for raw materials and unfinished products will therefore be unusually heavy. He knows that there is a scarcity of labor skilled in this line of work and that to get laborers at all he must offer high enough wages to induce them to leave steady positions elsewhere and cast their lot with him for a period of indefinite duration. He must therefore count on highly paid yet inefficient labor. He estimates his total outlay and finds that his cost would approximate $1.40 per unit, as compared with a top cost of $1.20 for existing plants in that line. That is to say, his cost would be $1.40 if he could charge off depreciation on this $100,000 expended in rehabilitation at the usual rate. But, the duration of the war is uncertain. It may be that he will have to re-rehabilitate his factory before he actually has a chance to manufacture war supplies. In any event there is sure to be a heavy, but indefinite, obsolescence factor, which must

be added as one of the costs of production. The exact total obviously becomes guess work; but let us assume that X could know that it would be not more than $1.60. This is a high cost, but prices of war materials have been soaring rapidly and they bid fair soon to reach $1.75 in this line. X has about decided to make the plunge, when the Government steps in and fixes a price based on costs in already existing munitions plants—a price of $1.27, to use the illustrative case given above. Do we need to inquire further whether X will decide to manufacture war supplies?

It will be apparent that the danger of price control that is revealed in these illustrations is inherently related to the process of mobilizing our industries for war,—of directing the national energy into the most effective channels. In a preceding paragraph attention was called to the fact that in the present war the United States is beginning very early the agitation for effective price regulation. Now it is just because of this early start that the gravest dangers of price control have arisen. The sort of price regulation that is being advocated works at direct cross purposes with the paramount requirements of the hour. We must have more ships, more munitions, more supplies, more food than can possibly be produced with the present alignment of industry; wholesale reorganization of our industrial life is imperative. But if prices are fixed so low as to offer no adequate inducement to business men to shift to the lines of enterprise that are indispensable for war, it inevitably follows that industrial reorganization will be tremendously retarded,—that, to put it in its final terms, we will not secure the production of all the munitions and materials of war that are so imperatively necessary. The crux of our difficulty lies in the fact that in invoking price control in the interests of the Government as a purchaser of war supplies and of the general public as purchasers of consumers' goods, its advocates have utterly failed to recognize that it stands diametrically opposed to the shifting of industrial energy that is required. The argument assumes that it is only with existing producers of war supplies that we need be concerned. It is contended that we must not allow such individuals and corporations as chance to be fortunately placed in the industrial system to profit unduly from the war situation. We all sympathize with this idea, as a matter of course; but we must look beyond,—if we are to avoid the most serious consequences,—to the

effect of price regulation upon the rapid and effective mobilization of our industrial resources.

Is there, now, any means whereby we may extricate ourselves from the dilemma? Must we forego price control for the present year in order that industrial mobilization may be effected in the shortest possible time? Must we, if we choose to control prices in the interests of the many, incur the dire penalty of retarded mobilization,—of possible defeat? Is there no happy medium, no middle course that will avoid the shoals in either direction?

There appear to be three main alternatives before us. The *first* is to let prices adjust themselves at what level they may, under the working of unrestricted economic forces, and then to employ taxation of excess profits as the corrective. The necessary inducement would thus be left open for an increase of production in war lines. The price would adjust itself to the highest cost of production necessary to secure the requisite supply; and the extra profits of all those with costs less than this would be appropriated by the Government. This method of adjusting the difficulty is inadequate, however, for the reason that it does not alleviate the distress of the masses resulting from the high cost of living; and it therefore does not serve to strengthen the morale of the people and to develop a united and wholehearted support of the Government in the prosecution of the war.

The *second* alternative is to fix *nominal* prices,—and have the Government underwrite the losses of any concerns who cannot then produce at a profit. Under this system the prices fixed would doubtless be at approximately the level at which they stood before the war; that is, they would be customary prices. This method would obviously still require the use of excess profits taxation for such establishments as have costs below the normal; but it would possess the great merit of keeping down the cost of living for the lower classes. It is possible that so far as our problem relates to existing munitions factories, etc., this method might be employed with a fair degree of success. I say " fair " degree of success, for it must be remembered that the problems involved in ascertaining costs and reasonable profits in any establishment are baffling problems in themselves, as is also the enforcement of the price fixed. However, in time I believe we might succeed in working out a system that would be much superior to a condition of no regulation whatever; for after all, exist-

ing establishments may be in some degree reached by the appeal of patriotism; and in any event, aside from evasion of the law, they have no practical alternative other than to accept the price that is fixed and to trust the Government to make good any losses that may ultimately be shown. They cannot well go out of business; their best chance is to place their trust in the word of the Government.

But when it comes to inducing *additional* capital to engage in the production of war supplies this method is found to have very serious shortcomings. It must be observed that the method is a voluntary one. If a manufacturer does not wish to turn to the production of price controlled war supplies he does not need to do so. He has usually a profitable alternative, that of continuing to devote his plant to the production of supplies that are not adapted to war uses, but which yet enter into general consumption. It should be observed here that what the Government must promise, is to cover all costs incident to the transition into the war business; the losses due to high cost of operation while engaged in the manufacture of war supplies; and finally the losses incident to the transition back to peace-time industry in the period of reconstruction at the close of the war. Now there may be a few who would volunteer under these circumstances; but the general tendency in any event would be to delay as long as possible,—to delay perchance too long to be of any assistance in the prosecution of the war. If the dire need of the Government for supplies were fully appreciated in advance the difficulty here would doubtless be greatly minimized; but the plain, blunt truth is that we have as yet little conception of the enormous quantities of war material that will be demanded in the coming months, and the enormous shifting of industrial energy that must occur. Until very recently the assumption has been general that production in all lines ought to continue largely as usual,—that the war can be carried as an extra. Current discussion is practically all in terms of the present distribution of our industrial energy.

But even if the Government should definitely call for volunteers in this industrial shifting, and promise all who should respond that adequate profits would be *guaranteed* them, does it follow that the requisite industrial reorganization would promptly ensue? It must be granted certainly that it would succeed no better than the volunteer system of

raising troops; in fact, I believe it would be much less efficacious than the raising of volunteer armies. In the first place, the psychology of the situation is unfavorable to industrial volunteering. The industrial manager who turns to the manufacture of war supplies does not become an employee of the Government, with a chance of winning shoulder straps and decorations together with the undying gratitude of his fellow citizens. He is more likely to be regarded as a "profiteer." Again, a volunteer for the army merely has to enlist at a recruiting office; beyond that he has no personal responsibility,—his daily activities are controlled to the last degree by the army organization. But an industrial manager who volunteers his establishment for war purposes does not enter directly into the governmental organization, and the responsibility of reorganizing and managing the business remains as before. In the very nature of things, the process of industrial shifting cannot be co-ordinated under a volunteer system. At best it is a haphazard, time consuming, utterly inefficient method of industrial reorganization.

The *third* alternative is to fix nominal prices and underwrite the losses of those who cannot cover costs at the prices established, as in the previous method, but then resort to the method of conscription to secure the requisite productive energy in war lines. Such a method alone, it seems to me, will ensure industrial reorganization at minimum cost, with minimum uncertainty and—most important of all—in minimum time. Industrial conscription appears to be an imperative prerequisite to price-regulation, when such regulation is undertaken early in the war, before the mobilization of our industries has been accomplished.

To attempt to keep prices low and then at the same time to rely upon high prices as the inducement to industrial mobilization is obviously a flat contradiction and can result only in preventing the rapid reorganization of our industries. To substitute the method of government guaranty of reasonable profits, while relying upon *volunteers,* is better, yet wholly inadequate to meet the pressing requirements of the hour. To substitute for the volunteer system, the method of industrial conscription is simply to parallel in industrial mobilization the certainty and celerity that has been attained in military mobilization through the machinery of the selective draft.

HAROLD G. MOULTON.

I AM A JEW

[Because of the intimate character of this poignant disclosure, the author prefers to withhold his name. It is, however, known to the Editor of the REVIEW, as is the writer's authenticity as an American Hebrew.—*The Editor.*]

I HAVE lived in this Western World of yours all my life. I know no other. There are times when I seem to myself to be at ease in it. There are times when to you I seem to be too much at ease in it. Yet it is strange to me; and in my heart I know that it will always be strange. To me it is a world of dots and dashes, colorless and cold and bewildering. It encroaches upon me. It invades me. I want to shove it off—and cannot.

Were I a Chinaman I would smile a long smile. Seeing the sights of your world, I should see them not. Hearing the clangor and the rumbling of your cities, my ears would yet be filled with a great silence. And I myself should be wandering backward and forward on the mystical path which leads beyond death and before birth and into the happy life of useless spreading trees, and becomes one with the progress of white clouds swimming softly through the air above blue waters.

Were I a Hindu I should breathe so deep that my black eyes would be swallowed up altogether by their blacker pupils. Then the trivial shapes of things would disappear. Only the intense vibrations of their souls would be visible, as the eyes of a cat are visible in the darkness.

Were I a Russian—for the Russian, too, is of the East, although in the West—I should be so full of wonder over the fact of my own existence, so fascinated by the bizarre forms of my own chasing thoughts, that your disillusioned world, impatient with one so incurably childlike, would leave me in peace.

But I am a Jew. I cannot pretend that I do not see, that I do not hear, that I do not feel. And I am made bitter by all the ugliness that is under your pale Western sun—bitter and critical and sardonic.

Then you say, " The Jew is full of hate." And you draw away.

It may be that the Jew is full of hate. Or it may be that the heart of the Jew is full of longing—a longing so vague, so deep, and so anguished that even to himself it seems impossible that, either in this world or in any world which the Creator of Worlds might devise, it could ever be satisfied. To him it seems that your drab curtain of here and now cuts off the luminous vision of his hope. We slash at that curtain with the sword of our sarcasm, of our bitterness. Yet you need have no fear. For our sword is but a ghostly sword. And we who wield it are a nation of ghosts.

You are an American. And the word " American " stretches like a vast protective tent over you and over the hundred millions of your fellow-countrymen.

I am a Jew. And the word " Jew " is seared like a brand between my shoulder-blades, as it is between the shoulder-blades of each of the twelve million members of my race.

There are times when I could wish that I had been born into a Ghetto of the Middle Ages; or into some squalid village in the Russian Pale; or even into a tenement of New York's Lower East Side. For then I should have come at once into my rich inheritance. I should have known what I was. I should have been wholly a Jew. I know that the Mediaeval Ghetto, the Russian Pale, and the East Side—are Hell. But Hell is not the worst. The worst is Limbo.

I was born into Limbo—that pallid and genteel limbo, an uptown side-street in New York City; one of those colorless and respectable streets whose denizens are neither rich nor poor, neither good nor bad, neither all Jews nor all Gentiles.

It was a day when the phrase " self-made man " was a term of the highest approval. The people among whom I was born were, in a sense, " self-made " Gentiles. Not that they denied their origin. It would never have occurred to them to do that, even had their origin not been written so clearly on their features, with all the down-strokes hard and definite, as in old-fashioned German script.

Nor did they desire that their children, nor that their children's children, should marry outside their race and beget great-grandchildren who should be half-Gentile in blood as well as in spirit. After all—they were Jews. That was the rock bottom of their lives, never to be blasted away. Yet

hardly less fundamental was the conviction that it was well not to insist too strongly on their Jewishness; not to flaunt it before strangers; not to be "too Jewish."

To be "too Jewish" (it was thus that they strove to overcome their deepest instincts with fair reasoning) would be doing a disservice to the Jews themselves: for would it not increase the contempt of the Gentile for all of us? They knew that in this country appearances count for much. Why, then, with opportunities all but unlimited for those who will adapt themselves—why insist on one's differences? Indeed, why not bend a little toward the prevalent uniformity? For why come to a land where no Ghetto walls have ever been, if one insists, by one's own excessive Jewishness, on erecting them around the brownstone house which one has achieved?

Members of my race there have been who have laid aside their individuality as a garment, in order to make of themselves spokesmen of the very spirit of the race. And One there was so great that he could lay aside even our race as a garment, and make himself the spokesman of the universal spirit. You in America today are uninitiated in these mysteries. Inspiration—incarnation: of these things you know so little that in your hearts you do not believe that they exist. And so you have been forced to make of your own professed faith precisely that thing which it is not.

One of the most earnest and most representative of your writers attempted, not long ago, to "rephrase the unchanging truths of Christianity in accordance with the needs and understanding of our time." He declared—and many there are among you who echo him—that the wonderful thing about Christ was his "personality," his "individuality."

Now (if a Jew may be permitted to speak about one of the great ones of his people) the wonderful thing about Christ was his willingness to resign his "personality," to let go his "individuality." Other teachers there have been who have also desired to let the divine light shine through them upon mankind. But they were like cathedral windows, demanding that the light enhance the beauty of their color and design, before passing through to the waiting people. Christ effaced himself, making himself pure as crystal for the passage of the spirit.

To make of oneself a medium for that which is greater than oneself is not regarded by you in America today as a

virtue. On the contrary, each man of you no sooner reaches years of discretion and disillusion, than he shuts that door of his spirit which leads in from the universal, the mysterious, and proceeds to make of himself a very special and highly individualized thing—in order that he may be easily recognized in the crowd. Often he turns himself into a caricature of himself in this effort to make sharp and clear the outlines which mark him off from the others. And if America nevertheless lacks towering personalities, if, as the son of the great Tolstoi has pointed out, she suffers from uniformity as from a pest, that is not at all because you lack the will to be different, one from the other, but rather that you are so eager to be different that you cannot forbear imitating one another's methods of distinguishing oneself from the crowd.

But the Jew lacks this modern, this Western itch to cut himself off from the branch which bore him. He has no desire that people admire his independence, and the uniqueness of his form, as he lies with other broken twigs upon the ground. It is not in him. But he can imitate it. There is nothing the Jew cannot imitate. There is nothing the Jew does not imitate. Often he imitates so well that he deceives those whom he imitates. But he never imitates so well that he permanently deceives himself. And he never, try as he will, quite succeeds in shutting the door on that which is more truly himself than this self-made personality of his: on the spirit of his race.

So, in the end, the difference between one Jew and another—between myself and the old-clothes-man who nods to me with a familiarity which I used to resent, but which now I acknowledge as true—is nothing. That which we have in common is everything. And my worst enemy is that Gentile who, with an air of friendliness, tries to assure me that it is otherwise.

I do not know in what way prejudice against the Jew can help the Gentile. But there are times when it serves the Jew to good purpose.

To nearly every Jew whose life is not too hard and cramped and bitter, there comes a time when the outer world takes on a clear beauty which tempts him to forget entirely that which he is, and, in a spirit akin to that of the ancient Greek, worship gladly and freely the spirit of visible loveliness. It was a stage in the passage of the race. It is a stage in the passage of the individual. It seems to be part

of the function of the anti-Jewish prejudice to prevent him from lingering too long at this stage. So, at least, it was for me.

I remember one summer when the whole world seemed to be unfolding. I was sixteen. As my canoe would glide up the river, the smell of the hayfields was sweet. And vivid and salt were the marshes through which I returned at low tide. At daybreak to row out over the sea, and watch, in a light strangely clear, the level line of the inrolling waves, with their resistless heave; at moonlight to walk through the whispering woods; or to lie on my back in the grass and be caught up through my eyes into the web of the starry spaces: all this was drunkenness and pure delight. I learned that in this world of wonder there are girls, and women too, with grace and beauty indescribable, with an unearthly sweetness which troubled one delightfully, which, even to think of, made the heart to lose a beat.

I stayed at the one hotel which "took Jews"—to put it bluntly as it was put to me. One hotel was enough. Nor did it seem to matter much that on the river, at the beach, on the road through the woods, I and those with me were sometimes looked at with unfriendly interest.

My world was complete without these people. I did not see how they could rob me of any part of it.

I hurried through the next fall and winter and spring, intent on getting back there. Then I wrote to the hotel's proprietor for my room. The answer was: "Impossible." When I insisted on knowing why, I was told that the presence of Jews at the resort was strongly objected to by the cottagers, the permanent residents, and the guests at the other hotels; and that they had threatened the proprietor with personal violence, as well as the destruction of his property, if he allowed them to return. I had visions of irate cottagers and summer guests armed with torches to burn down the hotel. By these visions I knew that I was no blithe pagan to whom had been granted the freedom of the world of trees and waters, but a Jew, barred out of Paradise by the angel with the flaming sword. I was eating of the fruit of the tree of knowledge. And a bitter fruit it was.

It seems that the taint which the Jew leaves upon a hotel can be so lasting that, even after his physical presence has been removed, memories of his having been there continue to make the place to a certain extent uninhabitable.

The proprietor lost so much money that summer that when the next summer came he invited his old patrons back. Many of them came. They loved the place, and knew that elsewhere they could expect no better treatment.

I was among them. What was the proprietor to me? I thought. Or the cottagers? Or the tradesmen in the village? What was the whole place but a promontory from which I had once leapt forth into a state of being that was young and free and crystal clear? And why not again?

Why not, indeed? I had been deeply insulted. I had been forced to swallow down the insult. That I could never forget. I could not swim far enough out through the waves, I could not plunge deeply enough into the woods, to shake off the consciousness of it, and leave it behind me. There was still magic, beauty, mystery. But it was no longer close at hand. It was far off. It lured me on. But something else held me back.

That summer was a hard one. But I learned my lesson. I learned that the Jew is not a Greek. He is something more mysterious and more painful. He cannot touch the infinite with his finger-tips, but only with his soul. The life of the senses is to him no more than a game, a fascinating, a very pretty game at which he plays. He learns not through pleasure, but through pain. Pain is the knife wherewith he cuts through his seeming self, and finds his real self—the Jewish spirit—the word of God.

There is among the Japanese a story of a Samurai to whom his master, the Emperor, entrusted for safe-keeping a beautiful painting. One day on returning home he found his house afire. His one thought was to save the masterpiece. He rushed in, found it intact. But when he tried to carry it out, his way was barred by flames. Without hesitation, he seized his great sword, cut off a piece of his silk sleeve, which he wrapped carefully about the painting; then slashed open his own breast and inserted the picture in the opening. His charred body was found in the ruins, and within it the masterpiece, unharmed.

The Samurai is the Jew.

The priceless painting is the Jewish spirit.

And though the Jew go through fire a hundred times and die a thousand deaths, and the masterpiece, the thing of wonder, be hidden for generations within a ruin, within a corpse, yet will the Jew who tears open his own breast find

it there without mark or blemish, perfect as on the first day.

Truly the Kingdom of Heaven of the Jew is within him —deep buried within him.

To the children of the green earth, to those peoples who are descended in spirit from ancient Hellas, it has always seemed absurd and even despicable and slavish that a people should, like the Jews, learn more from chastisement than from happiness, and pass through the world like the blind and the deaf, with head bowed, muttering over and over again the words which were handed down to them from their fathers' fathers.

Be it so.

But behind their scorn is a vague wonder and a sense of a mystery not to be fathomed. Who are these Jews who pass through this world, not deigning to cast their eyes upon it, intent upon their secret errand? Whence come they? Whither do they go? Who is he who sent them upon this mission? And if it be indeed He they say it is—why does He clothe His ambassadors meanly, like beggars?

It has been the way of gods, ever since they first communed with men upon mountain-tops, to speak in riddles. Is it, then, so strange that this God, having chosen for his language a nation, should have made of that nation a riddle and a paradox and a dark mystery among the nations of the earth?

It may be that He had no need to clothe us in robes of state for the eyes of the world, having made it clear to us that the world itself is but a garment; having ordained it that we should pass through Time as easily as our fathers passed through the Red Sea in the day of Moses, and that Space should set up no barriers to our passage.

I like to think, as typical of those who incarnate the mystery of the Jew, of those scholars and philosophers of my race in the Middle Ages who, like Abraham son of Meir Ibn Ezra, wandered over the whole known world as though on a path pointed out to them by some angel; for their thoughts were not upon their wanderings, but only upon their God and on those books in which His will was revealed.

I sought him whom my soul loveth:
I sought him, but I found him not.
I said, I will rise now, and go about the city,
In the streets and in the broad ways,
I will seek him whom my soul loveth:
I sought him, but I found him not.

So sang the Shulammite, "black but comely," of Solomon, king and sage of ancient Israel. And so said I of the spirit of ancient Israel, of the everlasting Jew who is myself.

I sought him in the synagogues, in the business houses, in the ghettos. But I found only Jews—never the Jew.

The Jew: I had lost him before I was born. And when I was a child they told me that it was hopeless to search for him.

The Jew, so they taught me, is of the most ancient race of the earth—a race which has endured because of its belief that it is the chosen of God; which has been great because of the singleness of its devotion to God; which has produced a literature accepted, not only by the Jews themselves, but by millions upon millions of Gentiles, as directly inspired by God; which has given birth to one whom the entire Christian world has called the begotten son of God.

Only—so they taught me—there is no God. God is a myth. God is a superstition. God is a vanished dream.

From that dream my father had awakened, yet with little hope of finding in the reality, made clear by the pale light of modern science, anything to compensate for those vast vanished shadows of the night. And I think that in secret he envied those who still slept. Before he had left his parents' home in the old world, he had, in order not to give them pain, observed most of the forms of that religion of which his father was a rabbi. Life, he thought, is sad enough—particularly for a Jew; cruel to disturb those whose comfort it is to suck at the dry lemon of superstition.

But now that the rabbi-father was dead, why pretend any longer? And why bring up a child to pretend?

Yet pretend I did. Even as he had deceived his father as to the feelings of his heart, so I deceived him.

For the Jew seeks his God as the sun-flower seeks the sun, as woman seeks man.

I did not know the name of my God, but I knew that He was there. I did not know the prayers which the people of my race prayed to him; so I prayed the prayer which I learned from my Gentile nurse. And the words of the hymns which the Gentiles sang in their churches soothed my heart. I prayed in secret: even as my father had, in secret, refrained from prayer.

Once my mother came upon me as I was praying, and

told my father, and they both smiled, but said no word to me about it. And as the years passed, I forgot to pray. Then one day a rabbi came to the house and asked whether I was being instructed in religion. My father said, No. They talked for a long time. Then the rabbi turned and looked at me, seriously first, then he smiled.

"He will come back to us," he said, with an air of such assurance that I felt a little frightened, as though he were putting a spell upon me.

"Sooner or later," he repeated, "he will come."

My father shook his head confidently. He had brought me out into the daylight. How was it possible for me to wish to return to the dim womb of the synagogue of which I had not even a memory?

Yet I had a memory—a race memory. At the beginning it was weak, and could only prompt me to a vague curiosity as to what it might really mean—this being a Jew. So vague that when the time came that I might have satisfied this curiosity—I drew back.

For years I drifted about the Gentile world, unhappy without knowing why I was unhappy. And then one day I met a Negro, one of the leaders of his race, in whose veins, mingling with the blood of Africa, there flowed some of the best white blood of America and of France. He looked—but for his golden-brown skin—like those patricians of the seventeenth century whom Van Dyck loved to paint, and whose type seems to have disappeared from the earth. His reputation as a scholar and as a writer was great; and had he chosen to live in France, where he would have been looked upon as an individual, he might have had a respected and leisured life.

But he chose America. He chose persecution. He chose the black blood in his veins, instead of the white. He chose to be proud of those qualities which are particularly the qualities of the Negro. And he boasted that the only characteristic and indigenous music which America has is Negro music.

Then I wondered why I had been so cowardly. If a Negro is proud of being a Negro, shall not a Jew be proud of being a Jew? If Negro music is the only American music, is not the religion borrowed from the Jews the only American religion? Is not the greatest piece of literature the American knows a translation of that Jewish library—the

Bible? Was it not, indeed, those Jewish books, and the controversies over them, that sent the first settlers, the Pilgrim Fathers, to these shores? And has not, through them, the tradition of ancient Israel become the rock on which all that is strong and stern in American character and tradition was built up?

So I took up the search for the tradition of ancient Israel. Not among books,—which, as the Chinese sage has said, are but the leavings of men who are dead,—but there where that tradition is most living, there where the Jews of America are most Jewish: on New York's Lower East Side.

In those days Clinton Street knew me well. In the thunderous murk of Allen Street I came to feel at home, and on Houston Street, and where the pushcarts of Bleecker Street form long, motley lines, and on East Broadway, and where the fish and vegetable vendors set up their stands under the East River bridges. The reek of fish and pickles soon ceased to offend my nostrils. Nor did I turn my eyes from the dirty bedding and the dirty children hanging over rusty fire-escapes which make the hideous fronts of tenements still more hideous. They were my people. They were Jews—undiluted, unAmericanized.

It was well. Through them I would meet the spirit of my race face to face. Through them I would become truly a Jew.

A Jewish novelist tells the story of a young rabbi, devout but Americanized, summoned at midnight to the bedside of a poor Jew dying at the hospital, whose one articulate word was "rabbi." On entering the ward, the young man found, lying on the bed, in his death-agony, a Russian Jew, bearded, oriental, fantastic, who received him with a flood of words.

The words were in Yiddish, of which the young rabbi understood not one. He shook his head helplessly.

Then the dying man, in bitterness and despair, raised himself up, spat out the one word "Goy!" and turned his face toward the wall and toward death.

"Goy" was a word which even the rabbi could understand. For it means neither more nor less than "Gentile."

To this dying Jew, a Jew who could not speak the Jewish colloquial language, a Jew, moreover, whose appearance and manner seemed to mark him as one of the members of this cold American people, rather than as a fellow-member of one of the oldest of Oriental races, was not, properly speak-

ing, a Jew at all. He was an outsider; and therefore an enemy.

He was, in short, a "Goy."

So it was with me.

I had hoped to find the Jewish spirit among the Russian Jews of the New York Ghetto. And I found it. I found old Jews selling suspenders or calico from pushcarts, who, clad in royal robes, might have posed for any artist as Abraham, or Solomon, or the aged Jacob. I saw women's faces —sad, long-suffering, fatalistic and intense—which seemed to bear the very features and expression of the Jewish race. I saw little children who looked strikingly like the Christ child as the great Italian masters have painted him. I even saw a few young men who, unspoiled by the cheapness of the city, and undaunted by the difficulties which beset a Jew, seemed to be going forth to meet life, bravely and eagerly as a young David. All these people were more Jewish than the German Jews, the Americanized Jews, whom I had known uptown. They had far more of the bitter, wholesome flavor of racial uniqueness.

I had been taught to despise them. I now learned to admire them.

But I could not become one with them.

They would not accept me.

To them I was a Goy.

I opened to my beloved;
But my beloved had withdrawn himself and was gone.
My soul had failed me when he spake:
I sought him, but I could not find him;
I called him, but he gave me no answer.

THE MECHANISM OF POETIC INSPIRATION

BY CONRAD AIKEN

THERE is a widespread notion in the public mind that poetic inspiration has something mysterious and translunar about it, something which altogether escapes human analysis, which it would be almost sacrilege for analysis to touch. The Romans spoke of the poet's divine afflatus, the Elizabethans of his fine frenzy. And even in our own day critics, and poets themselves, are not lacking who take the affair quite as seriously. Our critics and poets are themselves largely responsible for this,—they are a sentimental lot, even when most discerning, and cannot help indulging, on the one hand, in a reverential attitude toward the art, and, on the other, in a reverential attitude toward themselves. Little of the scientific spirit which has begun to light the literary criticism of France, for example, has manifested itself in America. Our criticism is still a rather primitive parade of likes and dislikes: there is little inquiry into psychological causes.

Meanwhile, if the literary folk have been droning, the scientists have been busy. Most critics, at least, are familiar already with the theory of Sigmund Freud, that poetry, like the dream, is an outcome of suppression, a release of complexes. To the curious-minded this, however erratic or inadequate, was at any rate a step in the right direction. It started with the admirable predicate that after all poetry is a perfectly human product, and that therefore it must play a specific part in the human animal's functional needs. It at once opened to the psychologist, (amateur as well as professional!) the entire field of literature, and in a new light: he was invited to behold here not merely certain works of art, but also a vast amount of documentary evidence, in the last analysis naïve, as to the functioning of the human mind,—in other words, so many confessions.

In the beginning, ludicrous mistakes and exaggerations were made. This was to be expected. Freud himself has steadily modified his position, as was bound to happen in the early and necessarily empirical stage of a new psychological method. There have been others, too, who have gone forward with the method, in a purely objective way, by trial and error. And the most interesting of them from the literary viewpoint is Nicolas Kostyleff, whose book, *Le Mecanisme Cérébrale de la Pensée,* was published in Paris within a few years. In addition to much in this book which is of an interest purely psychological, there are also successive chapters dealing with poetic inspiration, the poetic methods of Victor Hugo, and the method of the novelist. M. Kostyleff does not pretend to have solved any of these questions. He is content with indicating a direction,—he does not attempt to delimit. He offers suggestions and observations that should be of tremendous value to the literary critic.

M. Kostyleff, in the chapter devoted to poetic inspiration, takes as his starting-point a belief that Freud's explanation of it as due entirely to hidden complexes, largely erotic, is insufficient. Certain types of poetry, notably those that approximate wish-thinking, clearly indicate such an origin. But what are we to do with the vast amount of poetry which cannot so conveniently be fitted into this category,—poetry, for example, which does not in any obvious sense appear to be the satisfaction of either erotic or merely aesthetic needs: poetry, indeed, which would appear to belong to a cerebral rather than a merely emotional plane? M. Kostyleff here concludes, it appears wisely, that after all the writing of poetry is, like speech itself, a purely cerebral affair: and that it is not the result of a discharge of an excess of emotion in the poet so much as a cerebral reaction to external stimuli. This conclusion he at once connects with a theory, developed in earlier chapters, of verbo-motor reactions: a theory that words, like other sensory impressions derived from contact with reality, are stored in the mind, not discretely, but in chains of association, where they become unconscious, and appear to be forgotten; but that upon a given stimulus these chains of associated words begin automatically unravelling, become again conscious.

With this theory of poetic inspiration in mind, M. Kostyleff approached various contemporary French poets and asked them to divulge the secret of their methods of composi-

tion. Among these poets were Madame de Noailles, M. Robert de Montesquiou, M. Haraucourt, M. Abel Bonnard, and M. Fernand Gregh. The explanations of these poets seemed at first sight to be rather divergent. Some wrote rapidly, some slowly. Some conceived their poems in terms of visual line and space, some aurally in terms of music. Some started with the final or key line and wrote up to or around it, and some sketched rapidly in a sort of improvisation, later filling in and altering. But one fact began to emerge which seemed to be true of all: the fact that the initial impulse was almost always due to an external stimulus of some sort which effected, in a purely cerebral way, a verbal discharge of automatic associations, not necessarily attended by an excess of emotion. It became also apparent that the poets themselves were to a considerable extent aware of this. They sought to document themselves on subjects which appealed to them, so as to enrich their associations; and, further, they endeavored to surround themselves with objects in some way related to the chosen theme, or to adopt, if possible, a suggestive environment.

This is already, it is clear, a sufficiently shrewd blow at the usual theory of poetic inspiration, that it is due to a tempest of emotion in the poet. But M. Kostyleff makes it even shrewder. On examining carefully the work of these various poets he found it to be almost invariably true that the emotional value of the completed poem far outweighed the emotional value of the original idea. The latter, in fact, frequently became quite insignificant. This would certainly indicate that the original impulse is merely a slight spring, which, once released, sets in motion a rather imposing engine. In fact, it was found in many cases that the original idea was either lost sight of entirely as the poem developed or actually contradicted. The explanation of this is simple, if the basic theory is correct. For if it is true that verbal discharges take place in associated chains, then we should expect that one such verbal discharge should be self-generating, that one set of associations should lead directly to another. No sooner does one flight of ideas come to an end than some overtone in it awakens further associations and another flight begins. And this was precisely what M. Kostyleff found to be true in his examination of many of these poems, particularly in the first drafts of them, with the many omissions, the many leaps to what at first glance might appear to be unre-

lated ideas. The completed poems, then, appeared to be not so much orderly developments of the original theme (which indeed in most instances could not alone offer the necessary amount of associations to account for the wealth or emotional power of the poem) as an accumulation of successive waves of verbal discharge due to association, each rushing farther from the starting-point. In this manner we get a finished poem which far outruns, in emotional weight, the initial impulse. Of M. Bonnard's *Le Chant du Coq à L'Aurore,* for example, M. Kostyleff remarks: "It is evident that this inspiration is due in part to a profound emotion before the beauties of nature, but the verbal discharge certainly surpasses it in extent, and can only be explained by the pleasure of renewing it. . . . And, everything considered, the emotion and the reaction to it are not equivalent. This explains also why in other cases the emotion can be slight, almost purely intellectual. In the preceding poem it is an emotion such as one feels, or can feel after pleasure, which stimulates the imagination. . . . It is, before all, a play of cerebral reflexes . . . it is not an equivalent of emotion alone. It would never have become what it is if it had not had at its disposal great richnesses of memory, verbal and visual; which permit [the poet] to prolong the emotion, to renew it, and to communicate it to others." Again, of *Douleur* by Comtesse de Noailles, he says: "The feeling is always tender, but it awakens sometimes an exalted thought, sometimes a pessimistic thought. This proves once more that inspiration is not to be confused with the emotion which causes it. We saw it, in Bonnard, outstrip the emotional stimulus, we see it now in contradiction with itself; and that alone can explain the sustained flight of literary creation. If poetry were only an emotional discharge, it would be very much less complex than it is. In reality the emotional shock finds in the poet preformed cerebral mechanisms: mechanisms preformed by study, by meditation, by life. These are chains of reflexes which are not themselves kept in the brain, but the paths of which are traced there and easily reproduced. In a poet these reproductions are particularly easy, and the chains very numerous. The cerebral reflexes, becoming linked at the will of unforeseen connections, draw him along beyond the emotional stimulus. . . . Indeed, what matters the extent of the emotional power, since the principle does not lie there, but in the chains of cerebral reflexes, and since

the latter can be set off by a stimulus wholly cerebral? . . . This obliges us to admit at last that poetic inspiration has two sources: the sensibility of the poet, and the preformed mechanisms of verbal reactions. These last we understand in the widest sense of the term, with the images to which they attach themselves, as also with quite precise qualities of rhythm and vocal harmony. A great poet is recognized not only because he is sensitive and vibrant, but also by the wholly personal qualities of this mechanism. And that is not a word of simple meaning. The personal qualities consist in the evocation of impressions which are not banal, and in the expression of them in a rhythm and sonority peculiar to themselves. . . . This formula seems to be important, especially for our time, when there are so many good poets—and so few great ones! . . . It is time to establish clearly in the eyes of the literary critic that to be a true poet it is not sufficient to have emotivity, internal fever, nor even a certain richness of cerebral images; it is also necessary to have a gift of verbo-motor discharge which is *personal.* For objective psychology, this presents something quite precise, the mental images being the cerebral reflexes directly associated with those of hearing and speech. This association is not innate: it is formed little by little from the first years of life. What is innate in the poet is a certain refinement of the sensorial organs. Seeing and hearing much as other children do, he must retain more memories, and better selected impressions. Each of these traces the path of a reflex; the visual and auditory reflexes are associated with definite verbal reactions; and at the time when his nervous system becomes rich enough to produce sensorial discharges, he finds himself already gifted with what we have just called the preformed mechanism of verbal reactions." In this connection M. Kostyleff points out that, as we should expect, poets are precocious as children, read omnivorously at an early age, and thus store up rich deposits of verbo-motor reactions, rich not only as regards sensorial impressions, but also as regards prosodic arrangement. And as evidence that the mature poet is not above enriching his vocabulary by conscious effort he goes rather exhaustively into a survey of the methods by which Victor Hugo was accustomed to document himself for literary creation, and into the rather elaborate system of auto-suggestion (through choice of environment, books, mode of life) by which M. Robert de Montesquiou adduces in himself

the proper frame of mind for work. And at the end of his chapter he concludes:

> To be a great poet it is not at all necessary to have a temperament as pronounced as that of a Musset or a Baudelaire. A delicate taste, if it be personal, may also serve as a basis for poetic inspiration. But it is the essential condition for this that the specific sensibility of the individual should determine for him the formation of an adequate mechanism of verbal reactions . . . . The number of parlor poets increases, and many of them lack neither emotion nor energy for sonority of expression. In what do they fail of being true poets? The study we have just made directly answers this question. They lack a personal mechanism of verbal reactions. This mechanism is part of inspiration. It is formed long before the moment of discharge, from all that the poet reads or hears, and when the moment arrives, it begins to act without his being able to say whence the words come to him. Everyone uses words, most words can be made into verses, but the more or less personal character of the latter distinguishes clearly those which are only an imitation, an echo of the poetic harmonies of the past, from the " sovereign verses " which leap from the mind of the poet as the product of a personal faculty for storing up and grouping verbal reactions. . . . Objective psychology finds here a very important contribution. To the factor revealed by Freud,—(the stimulus in the revival of psychic complexes,—) we see added another having an equally precise place in the organism,—an extraordinarily extended chain of verbal reactions.

M. Kostyleff does not presume, naturally, in reaching this conclusion, to have cleared up the entire problem,—he is probably as aware as any one that he has made only a beginning. For at once further baffling questions arise. To begin with, though we can subscribe without reluctance to the main tenet of M. Kostyleff's thesis that once set in motion a flight of poetic creations is to some extent self-renewing, ramifying by association from one group of reflexes to another; and though we cannot help being struck by the plausibility of his conclusion that the sole difference between the imitative and the original poet is in the more personal quality of the latter's mechanism of verbal reactions, it is clear that in this matter of the " personal quality " lies something which, though of very great importance from the literary viewpoint, is left rather vague. It will be recalled that M. Kostyleff makes a good deal of the fact that the poet, both instinctively in childhood and deliberately in maturity, seeks by reading to enlarge his vocabulary and the richness of his prosodic sense. But of course the imitative poet does this quite as much as the original one: if not more. Their stores of verbo-motor reactions are acquired, presumably, in quite

the same sort of way. Where, then, does the difference arise? In what manner does this store become, as M. Kostyleff says, more closely related in the one case than in the other to the poet's specific sensibility? It is at least questionable whether this distinction is not a false one. For, in a broad sense, no individual's store of verbo-motor reactions can be other than specifically personal to him. This would seem to force our search for a distinction backward one degree to the matter of sensibility itself. It would suggest a revision of M. Kostyleff's statement that imitative poets "lack a personal mechanism of verbal reactions" to a statement that, though fully equipped with such a mechanism, (many such poets have, even among literary folk, exceptional vocabularies) they lack any peculiarity of sensibility: they do not extend the field of our consciousness in any new direction. This would in turn indicate that M. Kostyleff puts undue emphasis on the merely linguistic aspect of the poet's function, with a faint, though perhaps unintentional, implication that language determines thought rather more than thought determines language. But may not a poet be great even if there be nothing remarkably original or bizarre about his work with respect to language or style,—great by reason of the poetic content, or thought, rather than for verbal or prosodic brilliance? . . . This brings us to the fact that there are two great tendencies in poetry,—two kinds of poetic value; and the classification seems to obtain for other arts as well. In one of them the emphasis is on the externals,—on form, style, color, texture, with the intention of producing a sensorial effect as brilliant as possible; in the other the emphasis is on the content, and the style is made secondary, a transparent glass through which one may most perfectly see. Clearly, it is on poetry of the former rather than of the latter class that M. Kostyleff has based his conclusions: the lyric and decorative rather than the philosophical and narrative. For it is obvious at once that in poetry of the latter class the direction of the poem would not be dictated by the automatic unfolding of associated verbal chain reflexes, but, on the contrary, that the verbal mechanisms themselves would be directed throughout by the original poetic theme. . . .

If it is true, therefore, that M. Kostyleff has thrown an extremely interesting light on one mechanical aspect of literary creation, he clearly fails, indeed he does not attempt, to bring this aspect of it into relation with the aspect studied

by Freud. We are shown parts of the machine, but not the machine in motion. What, after all, is the compelling power at the bottom of poetic creation? If it were merely a matter of mechanical reactions, on a verbal plane, blind and accidental, it is obvious that one experience quite as much as another would cause a poetic precipitate in the poet's mind. But we know this not to be true. It is apparent that some selective principle is at work: some affective principle, or pleasure principle, which vitally concerns the poet. He reacts more acutely and more richly to some stimuli than to others; and even among these reactions he exercises a rigid system of suppression and selection. To be sure this power is self-generating, once started,—by accretion the affects intensify and perpetuate themselves, leaving always a richer deposit of associations, a greater capacity for prolonged cerebral response. But we must not forget that this selective principle has its beginning somewhere, that it is universal, that it arises in accordance with some need. Every man, as it has become commonplace to remark, is in some degree a poet. In consequence it is clear that in dealing with poetry we are dealing with something which plays some specific and organic part in the life of man. This, in default of any more plausible suggestion, brings us back to the theory of Freud. It is to some deep hunger, whether erotic or not, or to some analogous compulsion, that we must look for the source of the power that sets in motion the delicate mechanism, on another plane, which M. Kostyleff has begun to illuminate for us. It is clear that this is not merely a sexual hunger, nor an aesthetic hunger, nor an ethical hunger, though all may have their place in it. . . . Is it merely in general the hunger of the frustrate (which we all are) for richer experience?

However we answer that question, it is certain that such objective studies of literature as this of M. Kostyleff indicate for us a new method in literary criticism. With the clouds of myth and mystery blown away, we begin to see more clearly; we shall be better able to understand and to discriminate. And if we are thus made to see that literature plays a vital functional part in our lives, we must eventually begin to value our literature, *more consciously,* in the degree in which it fulfils that function.

CONRAD AIKEN.

BEFORE THE WAR—III

NOTES ON THE GENIUS OF PLACES

BY VERNON LEE

HAMPTON COURT

Yesterday afternoon, returning to stay here, and again this morning, I have experienced not merely the imaginative quality of this place, but, mingled and harmonized with it, the emotional flavor of the days spent here last year with their Autumn poignancy and the poignancy also, of the eve of revisiting Germany. For the special emotion of travel attaches sometimes less to places we go to, than to those whence we are about to start. Anyhow, I have had, since returning here, a curious pervading feeling of farewell. And this fits in with the weather: one of those white misty mornings which, in the North, bring Autumn into midsummer, seeming to muffle sounds, the birds' chirp becomes suddenly dominant; and bringing out, with autumnal poignancy, the color of flowers and old brick-work.

Yesterday morning, in Bushey Park, I walked on the grass embedded with dry linden-flowers, walked down the vista of huge black trunks fringed even to the ground with green twigs. I wonder by what submerged association such limes, sprouting in their gnarledness, possess an absurd pathos for me, cause a little squeeze in the throat, mean age, the remote, and romance.

Round the big pond anglers were lazily intent strewing its bank with the bread of their bait. And on one side of the park spread a school-treat's merry-go-rounds and tents, little knots of blue and pink girls scattering across the bracken, whence rose flights of roe-deer, and the funny coughing bleat of the dams to their fawns leading them through the water.

Democracy grown up in the shelter of feudalism, this England, grown in a manner so orderly it might have been

directed, like London street traffic, by the paternal policeman! That is one of the charms of Hampton Court: that these wonderful flowerbeds are virtually for the people stacked in the electric cars and charàbancs, and who spend hours examining varieties and taking down names from labels; their hungry imagination filled, no doubt, with that scent of exotic lilies which has got to express, for me, the elaborate exquisiteness of certain old fashioned English drawing rooms, where those tall white flowers stand stacked against the black and gold lacquer and carved oak.

Hampton Court, July 22.

AUGUST HARVEST-FIELDS

Among the South Downs, sitting at noon on a freshly reaped field, my back against a corn-stook; boisterous wind driving cloud shadows across my paper. I have just walked along a still unharvested field of wheat, extending to where the Downs descend with their chalk-scars and bushes. Under the wind, not tragic here in the valley, but merely playful, each separate ear rocks in its heavy ripeness, the whole swaying mass only the more unbroken. And the thought rushes up: how do these millions of serried undulating stalks compare, in number, to the armies now arraying against one another? If every man were changed into an ear of corn (and every man is indeed a despised corn-ear of the bodily and spiritual food of the world, a corn-ear about to be burnt down or trampled), would that give some picture of all those youths, ready for War's reaping-machine to whirl its Cultur through them rank by rank? Would the human crowd of those gone forth to kill and be killed, be less or more than these innumerable blades and ears? I have no notion. But perhaps a larger field even than this would be required to count, to symbolise, the human beings whom war is going to plunge into death and starvation and mourning.

August 6, 1914.

ON THE NORMAN MOORS

These last weeks on the Scottish Border have been haunted by a certain thought, perpetually intermeshing with the real scenery before my eyes; and no less with the after-

image thereof, in which, as may happen to all of us, I went on living a little while after leaving that country.

The thoughts in question came upon me suddenly one of those bitter mornings of premature winter, as the car swished down and up again through a little place called Green Haig: a half dozen black houses in a shallow trough between the endless empty moors of sere grass and rusty heather, where storms descend from moment to moment out of clear skies and sweep across these uplands, a hamlet whose bleak remoteness is brought home all the more for the few yellow birches in the burn and the steep roads crossing through it, as one feels, from nowhere to nowhere.

Well! The thought which struck me passing through Green Haig was that no remoteness, not even this, has been of avail against the war-tentacles. These half dozen black cottages have given their tribute of young men to the labyrinthine monster; and wheresoever in this England two or three lonely houses huddled together there you may see in the windows that colored card which at a distance has a queer look of representing a crimson chalice, a grail-cup full of consecrated blood.

Neither does the thought stop there, but goes on to whatsoever tiniest and remotest places I could remember seeing in other countries: huts on the pasture-tops of the lava,—coulées of Auvergne; minute Gascon towns gathered into feudal defences round some square Angevin church; hamlets on Apennine crests where the mules unload their charcoal, or like that place, just a few Venetian farms in the reclaimed lagoon-land, where we once spent a night on the way to the forsaken site of Aguileia. And, no less! those German villages with their apple-trees and crucifix and onion-shaped belfry accentuating the solitude and mystery of the great Franconian-Rhône fir-forests.

The sense of such remoteness and seclusion, grim or tender as may be, from the world's beaten ways is one of the most delightful of the intuitions, or perhaps delusions, of travel. One never forgets the places which have given it to one. And now with the thought of them is coupled the knowledge that thence also the lads have been marched away, thither also the tidings of wounds or captivity or death have been, and are ever being, brought.

Chipchase Castle, Nov., 1916. VERNON LEE.

A LETTER TO A NEIGHBOR

BY JOSEPH S. AUERBACH

My dear Neighbor:

It will always be a deep regret to me that I was unable on account of illness to be at the meeting on the Sunday evening before a number of you went to camp; but Dr. Pershing, who, like his cousin, General Pershing, is not without stern ideas of command, forbade my going. Deprived of that opportunity, I am, so soon as equal to it, writing to all the Selected Men of our neighborhood this letter, which is in part what I should have said if with you then.

No one, as he begins to realize what this world conflict means—and it has taken time for us all to understand it fully—can look into your faces or think of what you are about to do without an increasing emotion. Then, too, it is possible that I experience that emotion somewhat more than would a stranger, for to the fathers and mothers of many of you boys my father was for years in this neighborhood the beloved physician; and he put aside more than one offer which would have been to his worldly advantage to go elsewhere, because he chose to live his life here, among them of whom he was rightly so fond.

Knowing, therefore, the stock from which you have come, I can testify how you will acquit yourselves; and I am sure that my feeling towards you, in a sense peculiar to myself, justifies me in writing to you as one affectionate neighbor to another.

It had been suggested that I speak to you on the day of your parade, but those in charge of the entertainment thought it better that you have one evening undisturbed by any serious address. Nevertheless it occurred to me, and doubtless to you as well, that there was evidence then of the emotion I refer to, as the gentlewomen of this neighbor-

hood, out of an awakened devotion, came literally to serve you at dinner. What they did was intended to be symbolic of the higher service they and all of us would render you, in recognition of the service you are to render to your country and to the world. There was, too, an added bit of sentiment when at each table on their request you wrote out your names for those who had thus served you—and they for you their names on your request—so that you both might feel in closer touch with one another in the momentous days to come.

Indeed something of vital consequence had happened; for the day before you scarcely knew them and perhaps cared less about them, and it was the same, doubtless, with them concerning you. Then, in a moment, the spirit of brotherhood abroad in the land gives them towards you and you towards them a new-born sense of kinship.

Against such an army, when disciplined—of which the recruits are thus sent forth—no machine-made army, however vast, can stand.

The arrogant German nation committed the fatal error of presuming that its cruel army was an army to conquer with. But a conquering army is not an aggregation of units drilled to do evil things. It is a body of devotional men disciplined by resolve as well as by the manual exercise, having one heart that throbs with a common human impulse, and one soul quickened by a transforming faith. Such is this new and Grander Army of the Republic, in which you are to be the good soldiers.

This machine-made army, moreover, is nothing but a manifestation of German development, which in matters of socialistic advancement, such as governmental fostering of industry, old age pensions and the practical abolition of poverty, we had been taught to believe had so much to its credit. Now we must conclude that this so-called civilization was not "made in Germany," as goods were made in Germany, to be sent to all the world for the world's advantage, but made in Germany for German consumption; made in Germany so that the German conscience might be drugged with the full dinner pail; made in Germany so that Germans might be strong at the appointed time to rush forth in fury to send brave but unprepared men to death and captives into bondage, and to do the wrong compared with which bondage and death is a benediction.

We are told by President Wilson that the German nation is to be divided into its people and the ruling classes. May we all share this thought. Though remembering the unspeakable things the German soldier and officer has done of his own motion, as well as by command, to create within the subjugated territory of Belgium and France "An Empire of Death," let us resolve that for "The Day" of the brutal toast of degenerate roisterers there shall be substituted the day of an awful reckoning for the miscreant, whether of high or low estate. Let us welcome the coming of this day, not in a spirit of vengeance, but with the thought that these horrors shall never happen again, and that through such compulsory sacrifice there may be some hope of absolution for the German race.

The occasions have been many in history when nations have been required to defend the integrity of their country, the lives of their citizens and the honor of their flag. At no time, however, have the enlightened peoples of the world stood shoulder to shoulder, not only to defend what is peculiarly their own but imperilled civilization which a mad nation would destroy. You are like the Crusaders of old; and yet the Crusades, despite all their exalted chivalry, compared with this war, were almost visionary. For those wars of the centuries were waged to wrest from infidel barbarians the tomb to which so much of modern civilization is traceable, while your high calling is to put on the khaki of opportunity, to the end that you may do your privileged part not only in saving that civilization, but in establishing a new reign of justice and righteousness among men. Surely in such a crisis you could not think of exchanging that khaki for civilian attire, were the choice accorded you.

Even men who have forfeited much of the esteem of their fellow men and who must be strangers to many thoughts which urge you on, are laying down their lives without a murmur—not for their country, since some of them can scarcely be said to have a country, but for mankind. You have doubtless heard of the Foreign Legion in France. Into its ranks men may come, whatever their past, with not even the surrender of citizenship. France does not ask of these men "What have you done?" but "What are you willing to do?" Some of the riff-raff of the world are in it, but they have done deeds of which history will be very proud. Nor have these men, save in heroic endeavor, changed overmuch.

A short time since there was a description of this Foreign Legion in one of our well-known magazines. The narrator told how he had fallen asleep in a temporary trench, with the dirt piled high in front of him. He awoke to realize that a German shell had struck this dirt and buried him alive. Suddenly he heard the sound of digging and knew that his comrades were striving to rescue him; and by-and-by they succeeded. Later his gratitude was somewhat tempered by the rather humorous discovery that one of his rescuers had taken his money belt. Yet no grievance is harbored against the light-fingered benefactor; on the contrary, excuses are offered for him, ending with this all-embracing thought of our common brotherhood in this warfare: "Besides, he was a member of the Legion."

Realize, too, that along with the khaki, you have put on something you are never to take off and become the men you were. When you come back, as the most of you will, do not think for a moment if you are a carpenter that you are to drive a nail or saw a board or build a house, as you once did; or if a bayman that you will row or sail a boat in the old way, or if a farmer that you will guide a plow as before. No, into your life has come a vision, without which, in the language of Scripture, the people perish. In a measure it has come into the lives of all of us, as well as into your lives. Favored by the light of this vision men will not go about their accustomed walks of life with quite so many idle, aimless thoughts. Something, which though it seems new is very old, has been born again among us, signifying that more than ever before are we to take our neighbor and the State into account in our scheme of life; and to the extent that we all cherish this something of the spirit and compel it to grow, will the responsive citizenship of America become one of the chief and increasing glories of the world.

You must have seen more than the beginnings of this new impulse among your neighbors: There is Mr. Pettit, Chairman of the Exemption Board, to which this community can never discharge its debt of gratitude. He it was who, with eloquent voice, told you so persuasively what the call of our country means; and to the honor of this community for all time, of less than 400 men who have gone to camp 250 of them were practically volunteers, without any claim of right to the exemption many were entitled to. You were not so much Called to the Colors as that you Came to

the Colors. Then there was Dr. Pershing, the good physician among us, untiring in his efforts. It was the delight of both these men to give lavishly of their professional time to the embarrassment of their practice; and throughout it all they were ably seconded in their efforts by the unremitting, unselfish work of their associate, Mr. Kelsey. Nor must you forget what Mr. Adelberg—a stranger almost to many of you—did in opening his "Cedarhurst Hall" for each contingent of you as you went away, not only providing the dinner for you and the entertainment afterwards, but housing you there for the night in such attractive surroundings.

Above all, I know you will keep as a thing very precious the memory of the devotion of the fine men and women of this neighborhood who, in season and out of season, have sought to minister to you by their constant, sympathetic interest, and who have made a covenant with themselves and with you, that in no way shall one of the loved ones whom you leave behind suffer deprivation of any material comfort, because you have gone to serve your country.

Of course, there is no regret on behalf of yourself that under such auspices you go to the front; on the contrary, you must feel something like the thrill of a great joy.

"Somewhere in France" this or that part of our army is often reported to be by the newspapers. You, too, will soon be "Somewhere in France." Well, suppose the worst—for soldier-fashion you must look that contingency in the face without faltering—and that one of you was certain he would be in France forever! This would not deter men like you. For in the hour of your country's peril the alternative would be, if you had the choice to make it, to live the humdrum life we all more or less are compelled to live and then reach a ripe—no, it would not be a ripe, would it, but rather a rotten old age—and be buried in some unvisited grave in a neglected cemetery with a headstone telling when you died. Though if one of you is thus to be forever in France, be sure that there will be lines on the pages of history—as imperishable as the heroism of a supreme sacrifice always is—telling not *when* you died but *how* you died. For your country would write your epitaph.

This, however, would not be the end, for to die like that is not to die but to live. And when the most of you come back do not think for a moment that you are to come back without the few who may thus be forever in France. No!

Within your ranks, as really as if they were there in bodily presence, they will come with you—perhaps to the Hall of your leave-taking that you may be greeted there by some of us—to influence your lives and the lives of their families, and the lives of all men in the land, in a larger degree than you can ever do yourselves. I do not care whether one belongs to the Roman Catholic Church or the Protestant Church or to no church or what his views are of an hereafter, he is a Fool who does not believe in the survival of the spiritual in the world; and he is a greater Fool who does not believe that the spirit of the man who dies that the spiritual may live is itself immortal.

Let me add this. Life is not to be all vision. There must be the admixture of sight, for if there be too much of either, men stumble in one way or the other. The sight you must have along with your vision is not alone a willingness but a cheerful eagerness to undergo the drudgery of camp training so that you may learn enough of the cruel trade of war to be fitted for the work you are to do. Otherwise, you are not likely to be good soldiers of the Republic but victims of your own folly. A sullen acquiescence in what doubtless may often seem to you irksome and unnecessary exactions will not suffice; but work, set to the music of a song, will mean that your patriotism is a faith and does not begin and end with lip-service and flag-cheering.

I had intended in my address to remind you of that wonderful Bible story of Gideon as illustrative of the need of fitness for warfare, and I asked Mr. Bumpus, our Episcopal clergyman—who spends so much of his time in doing things for others—to tell it for me to those at the meeting. Let me tell it to all of you, for it is worth the re-telling.

Some of you perhaps may not even recall it, for, alas, so few people read the Bible to-day. And though I do not wish to usurp the province of the minister and speak as a revivalist, let me urge upon you, whether or not you look upon the Bible as the book of orthodoxy it was once regarded to be, the wisdom of reading it at all times, and particularly now. For many reasons it is well for you to do this. Even if you wish only to have a vocabulary above that of the street corner, you must know the Bible words and Bible diction. But, believe me, you will discover much more in the Bible than its vocabulary. When at the suggestion of

Mr. Choate, who died serving his country, I once wrote an essay on the Bible—he told me that scarcely a day passed when he did not read this Book of Books. I shall be glad to send each of you, who will let me know that he would care for it, an autographed copy of this little volume; because if the book has any merit it is that of persuading persons to turn to the Bible and learn of its treasures.

Now, this story of Gideon is told something after this fashion; and as in so many other Bible stories, the characters are supposed to talk with God.

Over against Gideon and his army is the host of the Midianties, and he is not, as you are, even confident of the issue of the coming battle. He asks, therefore, for this sign from the Lord: that if in the evening he spread out the fleece of wool, in the morning the earth about the fleece should be dry and the fleece of wool wet with the dew. The sign was given him, and the story says that the next morning he " wringed the dew out of the fleece, a bowl full of water." Yet he wished to be reassured and for the next morning he asked that the fleece which he was again to spread out should be dry and the earth about it wet. Again it was as he had asked and now he was prepared to lead the attack; but the Lord said that the army must first be sifted so as to know of its courage. Therefore He told Gideon to offer to all those that were " fearful or afraid " the choice to depart, and more than a score of thousands went their way. Once more Gideon was ready to give battle, but the Lord required now that the army be sifted again to learn of its prudence. Accordingly he was directed to take those that remained to the water, and try them there by the manner of their drinking; and all those who bowed upon their knees to the water, thoughtless of the danger before them, were to be put aside, and only those who caught the water in their hands and lapped of it, as " a dog lappeth of water," with eyes to the front and on the foe, were to be chosen to answer to the roll-call. Then though but three hundred remained, these tried men went forth and prevailed.

So, because you are to go forth, not only fervent of spirit and unafraid, but disciplined in valor and with your faces toward the light, I, on behalf of our neighborhood and of all neighborhoods in this land wish you good cheer and God-speed.

October 27th, 1917. JOSEPH S. AUERBACH.

A YANKEE AT THE KAISER'S COURT

BY CLARENCE H. GAINES

During the four years preceding the breaking-off of diplomatic relations between the United States and Germany our country was represented at the court of the Kaiser by a typical American, shrewd, straightforward, not easy to bluff, possessing the tact, firmness and humor that we like to think of as national characteristics. The man who was able to get on in the friendliest way with all the German officials with whom he dealt, who combined businesslike efficiency with perfect dignity and courtesy of behavior, and who was also capable of saying to an emissary of the Imperial Government that he would " stay here until Hell freezes over " before he would sign a certain document, has certainly endeared himself to the hearts of the American people.

A good deal of what Ambassador Gerard tells us in his book, *My Four Years in Germany,* could doubtless be collected by a diligent reader from other sources. This is not true of some of the most interesting observations in the volume, and it is also not true, of course, as regards the achievements of Ambassador Gerard himself. But since it is obvious that the author does not consider the chief value of his work to lie in the accounts he modestly gives of his work in looking after prisoners of war or in getting Americans out of Germany; since the story he tells of his efforts to protect American oil interests in Germany has for its point not the efficiency of Gerard but the intense surprise of the Germans that the United States should be willing to do anything at all for the Standard Oil Company!—since, in brief, the book is best considered rather as a message to the American People than as a report—it is right to

give prominence to the author's conclusions rather than to his acts. What Gerard tells us is authoritative; it is fact, or theory verified by observation and confirmed by the diplomat's sixth sense. What is more, the frame of mind evidenced throughout the treatise is exactly that sane and safe —but not too safe—temper that every one of us would like to make his own. Each chapter of the book is a lesson in good sense, worldly-wise idealism, spirited patriotism. And continually a clear note of warning is sounded.

In attempting to explain the psychology of the German people, it has been customary to lay much stress upon the false philosophy and the non-Christian ethics which that people has been taught to believe in as gospel truth. This is an easy and interesting explanation of German behavior, acceptable because it suggests the possibility of a prompt recovery on the part of the German people from their madness. But the cause referred to, though real, is of course inadequate. For the ultimate cause we must look deeper.

Among the more popular writers, Gerard is perhaps the first to estimate fully and correctly the effect upon German minds and nerves of a past hideous with war and the privations that war occasions. And in doing this he has emphasized a truth that we should take to heart, for what we need to cultivate in ourselves is not a pharisaical sense of superiority in our knowledge of the truth, but a grim realization of the weight of German imponderables.

The effect produced upon the German people by ingrained, hereditary fear, and by the experience of success and immunity resulting from submission to a military caste, has been reinforced by the most elaborate and effective system for the control of public opinion that the world has ever known; and this system has included the deliberate inculcation of national egoism and military brutality. We may now realize that the German "circle system" of voting was not only an injustice to the German people (who were, however, contented) but a potential menace to humanity. We may now understand that German ruffianism was not merely a by-product of German militarism, but in the eyes of the Government a virtue necessary for the future rulers of the world. "I think," writes Gerard, "there must have been a period quite recently when the German Government tried to imbue the people with a greater degree of frightfulness, because all of us in visiting camps, etc., observed that the

landsturm men or older soldiers were much more merciful than the younger ones."

That the members of the military caste possess Spartan virtues, narrow but incorruptible minds, great personal bravery, and true loyalty, the author more than once compels us to see. In the interests of both sanity and prudence it is well that we should see it; for to underrate the virtues of the enemy is both unsafe and unwholesome. Good qualities in the service of evil ends, though they are not pleasant or reassuring to contemplate, are far better to look upon than depravity; and the behavior of von Jagow, who after his fall took charge of a hospital at Libau, helps to lift the cloud of moral poison-gas which the war has generated.

Others have described the German system with some fulness, but none has given so compact and memorable an account of it as has Gerard, and none has so convincingly combined well-weighed opinion with first-hand observation. German government, the *Rat* system, by which social distinctions are intensified and perpetuated, the effect of numberless officials upon private and public life, the control of the Government over schools and newspapers, the skilful enslavement of the working people, the tying up of land for unlimited periods—all these methods of autocracy are explained by the author, and their actual workings are shown by striking examples. "There is a real system of caste in Germany," writes Gerard. "For instance, I was playing tennis one day with a man, and while dressing afterwards I asked him what he was. He answered that he was a *Kaufmann* or merchant. For the German this answer was enough. It placed him in the merchant class. I asked him what sort of *Kaufmann* he was. He then told me he was president of a large electrical company." This is but one of many revealing anecdotes.

Von Buelow told us all plainly enough that the Socialists could never amount to anything in Germany as a political party; and events since the publication of his book, *Imperial Germany,* have shown the correctness of his view. Yet Americans are still prone to fix their hopes in some measure upon the Social-Democrats. Those who expect these radicals to bring about a revolution in advance of the utter defeat of the German armies should first lay to heart Gerard's deliberately expressed statement that Germany will never make peace because of revolution, and secondly

should duly estimate the force of the following anecdote: "After a successful French attack in the Champagne, I heard it said of a German woman, whose husband was thought to be killed, that her rage and despair had been so great that she had said she would become a Social-Democrat; and her expression was repeated as showing to what lengths grief had driven her." The unfortunate fact is that "men of reasonable and liberal views, who do not wish to declare themselves against both religion and morality," can scarcely find in Germany a political refuge; and it seems obvious that the Socialists are unfitted by their nature and their position to exert real influence.

Reason and liberalism, however, are not dead in Germany; they are merely in abeyance. Von Bethmann-Hollweg is, in Gerard's opinion, "liberal at heart," and Helfferich, as judged by the same shrewd observer, is opposed to militarism. More significant, however, than the accessibility of certain prominent men to advanced ideas is the changing attitude of the whole people as revealed in the Zabern Affair of 1913-1914. What was obvious in this affair was the ultimate triumph of militarism; what was studiously concealed was the alarm felt by the Imperial Government lest the German people were getting ready to demilitarize themselves. It was this alarm, our former ambassador fully believes, which determined the Emperor and the ruling classes for war. There is thus a possibility of the formation in Germany of a great liberal party—a party with which the Entente Allies could safely make peace;—and the political alliance of all liberal and reasonable men would become comparatively easy if the Centrum should cease to be a purely Catholic party. But the wished-for consummation is hardly to be expected until the German soldiers have returned defeated from their trenches.

How soon that will be, no one now knows. What is certain is that in Germany the influence of the military dominates, and will dominate until the victory we all hope for and believe in arrives. Some of the most interesting passages in Gerard's book point to the weakness of the Foreign Office and the Chancellor, or to the immense power wielded by Ludendorf and his like. Gerard's notes to the Foreign Office requesting the German Government to agree to some definite plan for the inspection of prisoners were sent by the recipients to the military authorities, who did

not answer them. Our ambassador found that he never came in contact with the persons who really passed upon the notes, and in order to secure consideration of his plans, he was obliged to say to the Chancellor, "If I cannot get an answer to my proposition about prisoners, I will take a chair and sit in front of your palace on the street until I receive an answer." On the whole one may gather that the civil authorities would have preferred to be rather more decent than the military permitted them to be.

As to the attitude of militarized Germany toward democratic America, we at present have no illusions; but this was not always the case, and, as Demosthenes told the Athenians, it is never profitless to review our past for the purpose of correcting our mistakes.

In the past, then, we failed to understand "the underlying hatred of an autocracy for a successful democracy" or the envy which the wealth, liberty, and commercial success of America aroused in German hearts, or the deep and strong resentment of the German Government and people against the Monroe Doctrine.

That Germany was incapable of comprehending the mind of America we were at first somewhat slow to learn. We know it now; but there is still a revelation in store for those simple-minded persons who do not perceive that any acute and well-informed German must have seen that President Wilson would not and could not declare war, and that the Lusitania note was a mere sop to public opinion. Germans did not simply doubt that the United States would adopt universal military service; they knew that it would not, and said so!

That the men in control of the German Government thought America extremely gullible, the whole course of their negotiations with our Government shows. Additional proof may be found in the constant suggestions made to Gerard regarding alleged danger to America from Japan, in various mysterious negotiations through which it was sought to entangle or put off the American Ambassador, in the extraordinary demand made upon Gerard to sign what was practically a treaty after the severance of diplomatic relations, in the Kaiser's telegram to President Wilson, which was not immediately given to the American press for a reason that throws a curious side-light on the contents of that historic communication. Nevertheless, it is clear that there were in Germany men who wanted peace with

America and who favored a straightforward policy in dealing with her.

Gerard has effectively portrayed the enemy that we are now fighting. He has done this in the course of an unpretentious and not too lengthy narrative, but he has done it with quite sufficient thoroughness. He has described the German " system " with great clearness and sobriety—not omitting to point out the danger that American commerce must face after the war in Germany's plan of socialized buying and selling, or to suggest the unpopular inference that some modification of our methods of dealing with the " trusts " may be required. He has written impartially, disagreeing, for example, with the popular estimate of the Crown Prince, and conveying the impression that by no means all Germans are discourteous, heartless or inaccessible to reason. His book is pitched in the right key to reach American ears. It expresses, moreover, that undismayed, undeceived, and soberly resolute spirit that is the spirit of America. There has been need of a book about Germany for Americans, written by an American with fullest knowledge and adequate responsibility—a book that would be read not merely by the student of history but by the merchant, the farmer, the housewife, as well. Such a book Gerard has written. One does not know of any other person in America today who could have done the like.

CLARENCE H. GAINES.

DRAMA AND MUSIC

BERNSTEIN'S "L'ÉLÉVATION."—THE LITTLE THEATRES AGAIN.—THE RED CROSS SET TO MUSIC.—NEW FRENCH AND AMERICAN COMPOSITIONS

BY LAWRENCE GILMAN

It seemed for a while, after M. Henri Bernstein had sent his latest play, *L'Élévation,* to the stage of the Comédie Française, where it has triumphed during many months, as if perhaps we were to see at last a war play touched with a penetrating sense of spiritual values. It was said in Paris that M. Bernstein had really turned this very formidable trick—although to do so he must needs have been born again artistically: for it was another Frenchman, Adolphe Brisson, who, writing in *Le Temps,*—with a passion of moral indignation worthy of Brooklyn or Boston or Montclair,—said that in Bernstein's plays "there is not a ray of sunshine over the mud; not a flower blossoming in the sewer: no ideal, no sacrifice: over all is the dull satisfaction of the appetites, wallowing in the dirt; death, nothingness." Which was taking the author of *Le Voleur* very seriously indeed—as if one should reproach Mr. George M. Cohan for not being poetical, or Sir James Barrie for not being "red-blooded." But after *L'Élévation* it was said that M. Bernstein had, amazingly, risen to the heights implied in his own title, and had produced a great war play. Since a time of war is a time when miracles come down upon the earth and play familiarly with common things—a time of spiritual transferences and inversions—who could have said, in advance of the event, that M. Bernstein had not shared in the general alteration? And now Miss Grace George has shown us *L'Élévation* in an English version at The Playhouse, where we can assess it for ourselves.

M. Bernstein aims to exhibit the ennobling effect of war

upon the three participants in that immortal trio of the sexes which sings its passionate dissonances even in a world under bombardment. Out of the slough of selfishness (his thesis is) war lifts us to the heights. It is a pity that from a score of available emotional hypotheses which might have revealed his moral, M. Bernstein should have been so unfortunate as to hit upon a series of dramatic postures which, though depriving him of his beloved *scéné à faire,* supply no compensating illumination of his new-born idealism. The soldier-lover yields his mistress to her husband only upon his death-bed; his mistress agrees to return to her husband only when her lover is about to be denied her. A renunciation which merely says a pious amen to the enforced relinquishments of destiny leaves one somewhat unpersuaded of its transcendent spiritual valor. As for the beginning of Suzanne's ascent to The Heights, that is accomplished at the insignificant cost of deserting the husband who adored her, and who had condoned and even justified her unfaith. Suzanne, indeed, in her callous expression of preferences, reminds one of the remark of that most famous naturalist in contemporary fiction who, when urgently interrogated by a female relative as to why he did not take to matrimony, replied quite simply, "Because, my dear Mary, I prefer adultery." So it is with Suzanne. She and her lover are merely a pair of sanctimonious opportunists, sacrificing only what they were compelled by Fate to disgorge. Cartier, the admirable husband, is the only treader of The Heights in this psychic landscape.

M. Bernstein has deluged all the interstices of his dramatic action with a copious and effluvial romanticism that is shockingly out of keeping with the stark nobility and exaltation of his subject. Would a dramatist who had genuinely and profoundly felt the stupendous readjustments of war permit himself to debase so great a theme as that which is exhibited in his second act—the antique and simple theme of the creative potency of belief and faith—by exploiting its merely sentimental implications to make a theatrical deathbed holiday? And yet, for all its shoddy emotionalism, M. Bernstein's drama is the only play that has come to us this season which even attempts to observe and estimate the spiritual precipitations of the War; and for that reason there can be nothing but thanks for the enterprise of Miss George in bringing to pass its American production—

especially since it permits us to watch Miss George herself in the accomplishment of the most beautifully reticent and affecting piece of histrionism that the New York stage has seen in a good many months. Being offered a hundred incentives to exuberant clamancy, Miss George has quietly ignored them all, and has contented herself with a sustained and exquisite indication of character and mood.

We do not know if Professor Brander Matthews would grant wisdom to the æsthetic dicta of Mr. George Moore. We are inclined to doubt it. Therefore Professor Matthews must forgive us for saying that a sentence in his article, "The Case of the Little Theatres," in last month's Review, reminded us, by inversion, of Mr. Moore. Professor Matthews objects to certain plays produced by the Little Theatres on the ground that they were "unduly sombre." It was this sentence which reminded us of Mr. George Moore. Professor Matthews justifies his regret by citing with warm approval Matthew Arnold's quotation of Schiller's assertion that "all art is dedicated to joy, and there is no higher and no more serious problem than to make men happy; the right art alone is that which creates the highest enjoyment"; and Professor Matthews complains that "only too often . . . the Little Theatres force their audiences to take their pleasures sadly." It was here that we remembered Mr. Moore and his remark that "the sadness of life is the joy of art."

We would suggest that between Schiller's dictum and Mr. Moore's there is no antagonism. We hesitate to believe that Professor Matthews really supposes that what Schiller meant by the "joy" which it is the supreme function of art to exert is the kind of joy which is so successfully diffused by the riant gorgeousness of that dazzling child of Messrs. Dillingham and Ziegfeld, *Miss 1917*. We dare to hint to Professor Matthews that there are dour souls who obtain more "joy" from *Macbeth* or *L'Intérieur* than from *Pollyanna*: that there are sodden spirits for whom that problem which, says Schiller, is surpassingly high and serious: namely, "to make men happy," is more nearly solved by *Boris Godunoff* than by *Hitchy-Koo*.

So we wish that Professor Matthews had not counted it against the Little Theatres that some of their plays were "unduly sombre." To us it seems rather that the most

treasurous achievements of the Little Theatres as we have known them in New York (this deponent has had no experience of them in other American cities) have been precisely in their commerce with those plays in which "the angel of the darker drink" broods above the destinies of the play and colors the souls of its characters with tragic beauty or tragic terror, or the immitigable loneliness of the human heart, or the estrangements and defeats and terminations of the spirit. The Little Theatres of New York have never so richly justified themselves to certain of their friends as in their sometimes inexpert, but, at their best, their finely sympathetic, interpretations of such "sombre" plays as *L'Intérieur, Aglavaine et Selysette, La Mort de Tintagiles, The Life of Man,* and *Bushido* (as done by the Washington Square Players); *The Glittering Gate, A Night at an Inn,* and *The Queen's Enemies* (as done at the Neighborhood Playhouse); and *Cocaine* (as done by the Provincetown Players).

Professor Matthews has something to say in his article about the enmity of the "commercial" stage in America toward plays of a finer grain than those which are competent to soothe or excite Broadway; and he perceives that only in the Little Theatres, by reason of their peculiar relation to their publics, can such plays hope to emerge. Yet he reproaches the Little Theatres because they "too often . . . force their audiences to take their pleasures sadly." The obvious answer is that, for the undauntedly eupeptic, there is always the Elysium of the "commercial" theatre, where they will find certain and eternal shelter from such sharp affronts to sunniness as *L'Intérieur* and *The Glittering Gate* and *Cocaine.* Doesn't Professor Matthews see that it is unhandsome of him to extoll the Little Theatres for their hospitality to plays that are "deficient in universality of appeal," and then scold them for exercising their special function in the case of that type of play for which they are the one and only refuge? For if plays like *L'Intérieur* are to be shut out from the Little Theatres because they remind Professor Matthews too painfully that life is somewhat less than Arcadian, where in the name of Aristotle are they to find sanctuary?

We hope that the directors of the Little Theatres will not be cast down by Professor Matthews's accusation that they are unduly sombre, and that they will not be fright-

ened thereby into producing too many things like *The Avenue*: "a comedy of New York," which the Washington Square Players include in their current bill. This is an exudation of the kind of tedious and witless "joyousness" which makes a man a misanthrope for life. It is the kind of thing which the Washington Square Players have done too often in their latter days. It has frivolity without humor, lightness without distinction. It is a thousand miles away from the sort of comedy which the Players have in the past accomplished with so true a distinction. Nor have they been happy in their choice of the other plays on their new bill: a heavy-handed attempt to make dramatic capital out of the suppressions of the New England soul, eked out by an unimaginative use of supernaturalism; and a sea tale, *In the Zone,* which left one curiously at ease in the midst of threatening submarines and the wreckage of a life Cursed by Drink. It is a pity that in choosing a play by Jacinto Benavente, the Players hit upon the least interesting of those which Mr. John Garrett Underhill has lately translated from the Spanish: *His Widow's Husband.* This (at least in the version to be seen at the Comedy) is disappointingly thin and banal.

If we have not hesitated to confess an incomplete satisfaction in the latest offerings of one of the Little Theatres, it is merely because the best that they have given us is by no means easy to forget. They themselves have forfeited immunity from exacting appraisal by their sincerest friends.

Writing in these pages, in the comparatively tranquil month of April, 1916, we wondered why it should not be possible for the art of music to reflect the nobler emotions of war—the pity and sorrow, the exaltation and sacrifice that flow out of it—as deeply and beautifully as poetry has reflected it in the last sonnets of Rupert Brooke. We said then that music had not yet given us the kind of war-inspired emotion and war-inspired beauty that poetry has given us in *The Soldier* of Brooke. Since then we have been curious to see in what way, if at all, the art of music would react to a war of incomparable magnitude and inescapable dominance: and when we heard that Professor Horatio W. Parker had written a work for contralto and orchestra called *The Red Cross Spirit Speaks,* to words by Dr. John H. Finley, we confess to having awaited its performance with

a measure of expectation only a little modified by dubieties which it would be ungracious to remember if, in the event, they had not been unhappily justified.

Mr. Damrosch gave the work at a concert of the Symphony Society in Carnegie Hall on November 10th, with Mrs. Homer as the singer; and a highly dramatic and vivid exhibition it was, by singer, orchestra, and conductor. Professor Parker and Dr. Finley were in no respect betrayed —they were, indeed, glorified beyond the merits of their deeds. It is a thousand pities that Dr. Finley's altogether creditable admiration for the work of the Red Cross did not find issue in words more richly suffused with eloquent emotion; for then Professor Parker would not have had to face the task of setting music to such lines as these:

> I am *you,* doing what you would
> If you were only where you could.

It is surprising that he has done as well as he has with the material provided by Dr. Finley. Poetic banalities remain, of course, poetic banalities, whether they are glorifying the Red Cross or God or Peter Bell; and the strain on Professor Parker's presumable affection for these verses must have had its dangerous moments.

There are better things to do for the Red Cross than to set it to music, unless you can be reasonably sure that you have chosen a poetic accomplice who will not depress an inherently exalted theme, or—failing that—unless you have excellent grounds for believing that you are able to transfigure verbal earthiness. If we are going to capitalize æsthetically the sublimations of war, it will enormously assist the courage and faith of those who hope for the survival of invaded spiritual territories if this particular task is left to poets, artists, and music-makers whose imaginations are of demonstrated caloric intensity.

And even then we shall not be sure of our reward, if we must take warning from the sort of thing that seems to have happened during the War to men of the rarest and most indubitable genius. What, for example, has occurred within the soul of Claude Debussy that, in the midst of a France convulsed, he can bring himself to publish such trivial stuff as his new sonata for violin and piano (the copyright date on the score is 1917) which Mr. Eddy Brown recently played in New York for the first time?

Through this prettily feeble music float the emaciated wraiths of once lovely presences—weary ghosts from the wonderworld of *Pelléas* and *Ibéria,* and even less patrician ghosts: ghosts who belong on the estates of Grieg and Puccini. It would be hard to choose between this gracefully impotent production and Debussy's trite and vacuous *Noël des Enfants qui n'ont plus de maisons,* of which we wrote in dejection a year and a half ago. If the War has thus lamentably disabled his spirit, those who in the past have most deeply felt the unique power of Debussy's genius cannot but pray that he will never write again.

It is a relief to turn from such writing as this of Debussy's to some music that we have lately had from American hands. That fact in itself is worth celebration: for it is a sufficiently startling experience to find oneself discovering triviality and tepidness in a modern musical Frenchman, and gravity and passion in an American: yet that is what results if one sets the new piece of Debussy's that we have been discussing alongside of Mr. Henry F. Gilbert's symphonic prologue to Synge's *Riders to the Sea,* which Mr. Stransky and the Philharmonic Society played to their New York audience several weeks ago. The difference is that Mr. Gilbert has really had some inward tension to discharge; and he has stopped when that discharge was accomplished. It is just as obvious that Debussy was merely making music for violin and piano. He could have spun out indefinitely the kind of sophisticated prettiness that fills the three movements of his sonata, which does not at any point explain why it was written. That is to say, Debussy's piece belongs to an order of music which even the greatest masters have put forth by the yard; there is a vast quantity of it signed by the most exalted names in the records of the art. Debussy's sonata is no worse, for example, than some of the piano sonatas of Mozart. One might call it " unnecessitated music," and let it go at that. Mr. Gilbert's is of the kind that was clearly necessitated. One knows that he was compelled to set down this music. We have no intention of implying that it wholly satisfies us as a commentary upon Synge's play—for it is neither bitter enough, nor tragic enough, nor terrible enough; nor that it satisfies us *qua* music—for it is wanting in profile and saliency and projective skill. But it is an uncommonly sincere and honest declaration, made because it had to be made. LAWRENCE GILMAN.

THE BOOK OF THE MONTH

THE CASE OF JOHN SMITH[1]

BY LAWRENCE GILMAN

"It's Plato's opinion, sir" (Boswell was speaking), "that Germany, having betrayed her religion and having perverted her science, neither Luther nor Leibnitz has any *locus standi,* and as far as Kant is concerned, he agrees with Aristotle that the Court has too many philosophers already." You see, the question before the Court was whether Germany can be re-admitted on any terms to the comity of nations. The proceedings had opened with a speech from Tolstoi—very good in its way, if a little sloppy in places. Universal brotherhood was his ticket, non-resistance to evil and so on. "Of course," as Boswell observed, "it doesn't quite work out, but it was a very creditable effort, very creditable indeed—especially for an old man who can't button his own collar." The proposal of Spinoza that Germany should be more fully represented than by himself, Goethe, and Beethoven, was opposed, as we have seen, by Plato and Aristotle, upon grounds which seemed to Boswell likely to be accounted just. No doubt the Court was swayed by the eloquence of Lincoln; for, according to Boswell's report, they had Abraham on his legs again, and he gave them a "regular rasper": "he didn't half let Germany have it, sir." And if one wonders how Goethe took it, why, he took it "like a lamb": "he just sat in the corner crying like a child."

If the foregoing may seem, at first glance, a little vague in orientation, you will have to go straight to the original source in the case: the scene at the Wellwood Sanitarium in Mr. Snaith's extraordinary allegorical fantasy which

[1] *The Coming,* by J. C. Snaith. New York: D. Appleton & Co., 1917.

has left its critics in the unhappy position of not knowing whether they were dealing with a humorist or a mystic (it being inconceivable, of course, that a mystic could stoop to humor, despite the seemingly authentic case of that consummate master of ironic wit, Jesus of Nazareth). At the risk of upsetting, to his own disadvantage, all the snugly applicable formulæ of valuation, Mr. Snaith has committed the literary sin that is beyond shriving: he has confounded classification. We have noted the plight of those wistful souls who have not felt sure whether he was to be sternly dealt with as a "mystic," or indulged as the contriver of a rather laborious jest. There are others who, while unwilling to go the length of interning Mr. Snaith as a "mystic," have yet been unpersuaded whether he was quite serious in this tale of the bucolic visionary who thought he was accomplishing the Second Advent.

It seems like a deliberately unfriendly act on the part of Mr. Snaith that he should upset the critical apple-carts by frivolously mixing a slyly ironic glee, an almost depraved satirical sportiveness, with the exaltation and the passionate gravity of one who discusses religion as if it were still a living force in the kingdoms of the mind. Mr. Snaith should not so disconcertingly and so confusingly misbehave. If he was restive under an assumption of sustained solemnity, he might at least have been obliging enough to indulge in the kind of comic relief—duly compartmented and clearly ticketed—with which Mr. Wells so considerately lightens his discourses upon spiritual themes. But instead of doing this, Mr. Snaith dyes the fabrics of his altar-cloths and his sacerdotal vestments with hues that are bafflingly changeable, so that one instant they are shimmering in the light of his flickering wit and the next are of an impenetrable depth and a richly shadowed beauty. To do this is to break all the rules of the game. One remembers the perplexity of that candid critic in *Fanny's First Play* who asked how a reviewer is to pass an opinion upon a new dramatic composition if he does not know who the author is? So, how is one to appraise a puzzling fiction if one does not know whether one is confronting a spiritual fable or a burlesque?

There is no mistaking the identity of the prototype of Mr. Snaith's John Smith, even though this village dreamer with the gaunt, sensitive, beautiful face and the sunken, luminous eyes, the gentle voice, the strange, exalted speech

—even though this odd dreamer does unwittingly plagiarize Ibsen to the alienist and the vicar.

"There are harps in the air," observed John Smith.

"I don't hear a sound," said Dr. Parker.

"Nor I," said the vicar—"or if I do, it is the water of the mill by Burkett's farm."

It is scarcely to be wondered at that when John Smith, standing on the furze-clad village common, his frail, bare-headed, poorly-clad figure outlined against the clear sky of an English June, said calmly to the vicar and to Dr. Parker that the voice of God spoke to him continually, the vicar and the doctor abruptly quitted the impious presence of John Smith, leaving him there among the wild orchis and the bracken of the Sussex common, and decided that the public interest demanded his incarceration.

And so John Smith was put away at the instance of Mr. Thomas Perry-Hennington, vicar of the hamlet of Penfold-with-Churly, on the borders of Sussex and Kent—an Oxford-bred Christian "without [in his own words] intellectual smear." The vicar's God was a God who spoke in Mr. Perry-Hennington's ear with the accent of an English public school, and used the language of Dr. Pusey and Dr. Westcott. But after August, 1914—after the retreat from Mons—the Sussex hills, once so tranquil and secure under their sheltering English skies, changed to a world as new and sinister as that disclosed to the startled vision of Mr. Wells's celebrated Bishop. With this enormous difference: that the Bishop awoke to a new heaven and a new earth, whereas Mr. Perry-Hennington merely tossed unhappily in his sleep and dreamed nightmares.

The measure of the profundity of his spiritual slumber and the opacity of the film over his eyes is of course, in Mr. Snaith's searching and deeply-felt parable, the vicar's reaction to John Smith. It is hard to see how the transparency of the parable could have been enhanced. Its symbolism seems as unescapable and as simply poignant as that of a flag-draped coffin at a military funeral. Those naïve and troubled souls who have wondered whether Mr. Snaith was wallowing in "mysticism" or merely joking have perhaps been needlessly perplexed by assuming that he exhibits his village messiah as also the village idiot. But Mr. Snaith, of course, does nothing of the sort. His treatment of John Smith is throughout rigorously objective; and therein lies

the peculiar force of his parable. It is to the vicar and the local men of science that John Smith seems merely a crack-brained rustic, a religious maniac; it is the vicar who procures his incarceration. Mr. Snaith, manipulating with a gently ironic smile the broadly typified and symbolized marionettes in his dramatic parable, stands non-committally in the wings. Yet for one and all, the moral of his tragi-comedy blazes in the sign above the entrance: "He came to his own and his own knew him not."

We should not quarrel, however, with anyone who chose to say that in this singular and touching book,—that is in the main so shrewd, so witty, so astringent, so deeply pitiful, of so level a gaze, so true a vision,—there are passages of an unpersuasiveness that are hard to forget. We wish that the marvellous and world-conquering drama of John Smith had dropped out of the plot before Mr. Snaith relinquished his manuscript to the publishers; we wish that the vicar had not been converted in just the manner that Mr. Snaith portrays. Yet, after all, if it were not for the incident of the wonderful play and its winning of the Nobel Prize, we should not have had that unforgettable last chapter: surely one of the richest passages in the literature of spiritual satire.

LAWRENCE GILMAN.

NEW BOOKS REVIEWED

A Defence of Idealism. By May Sinclair. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1917.

William James would have read with delight the attack upon his own favorite doctrines in Miss Sinclair's book. He would have loved the style of this critic who has adopted, and femininely improved upon, his own manner of stating an adversary's case more effectively than that adversary could state it for himself; who argues both *pro* and *contra,* not with her mind only, but with her whole soul. In her he would have found no "dry schoolmaster's temperament," no "hurdy gurdy monotony," but keenness, daring, tender-mindedness of the heroic stamp. He would have been tolerant toward her aversion to being classified as tender-minded, and he would perhaps have conceded that unless one runs over the metaphysical hot ploughshares with bare feet the performance is likely to be of little value. The gaiety of Miss Sinclair's performance, seeing that it is the real thing and not a stage trick, must have appealed to him. And Josiah Royce, too, would have been glad to meet in print one who so fully understands that philosophy is a "passionate interest." He would have welcomed this new ally into the Idealistic camp, though graciously differing from her.

The charm of the book must be felt, indeed, by every reader who has the smallest drop of philosophy in his nature, and this charm is not in the least inconsistent with rigorous logic. Miss Sinclair has perhaps written more entertainingly about philosophy than any one since Plato; she has triumphed in the most difficult domain of literary art. So readable is her treatise that one may be easily led to suppose that she is simply writing essays, or "just criticizing." She is doing nothing of the sort: she is criticizing with a big "C," and she needs only to number her paragraphs and mark them with the symbols that mean "section," to appear as methodical as Archbishop Whately or H. G. Wells.

She uses, in short, though one scarcely realizes the fact, the traditional, the inevitable method; that is, she takes up one by one and tears to pieces and condemns the doctrines incompatible with her own, and then, after making some concessions and alterations, holds up her own belief, for reinspection, as relatively unscathed and blameless. What distinguishes her book from works of the more technical sort is that in defending Unity against Plurality she is usually able not merely to involve her opponents in inconsistencies, but to arrive without undue delay at some clear and intelligible distinction—to show, for example, that, although Samuel Butler may play conjurer's tricks with

the current doctrines of memory and self, "all these dangers and dilemmas are avoided if we do but put self-hood where the plain man puts it, and where our everyday thinking puts it—first."

Butler's views have been thorns in the side of orthodox scientific philosophy; but Miss Sinclair, attacking from quite another direction than that along which the orthodox counter-attack upon Butler has to proceed, experiences no great difficulty in refuting as much of Butler's arguments as she cannot reconcile with her own opinions. This irreconcilable part of Butler is his doctrine of the self in its relation to heredity. Here the point that Miss Sinclair makes clear, if not compelling, is the thought that however great the superiority of unconscious and ancestral life over conscious and individual life may, according to Butler, appear to be, the psycho-analysts (strange helpers, these, for an idealist!) have shown that this same unconscious life, this racial memory, is, more than anything else, a chamber of horrors. It is just in proportion as one raises oneself above the old level, just in proportion as one *sublimates* desires instead of repressing them, that one attains to the real values of life. "It is when I fall short of my part, when I return on my path . . . or when I simply refuse to grow up and persist in being a child, and not a very enterprising or intelligent or original child at that; it is when, in four words, I resign my individuality, that I become inferior. And the word for it is Degeneration." The author persuades one at least not to "go back"! For "to be degenerate is to fail to add the priceless gift of individuality to the achievement of the race," and in extreme cases it results in lunacy.

Bergson is even easier for Miss Sinclair to deal with than is Butler. Bergson's philosophy is indeed a perfect playground for agile and elusive contradictions. All these contradictions, one feels, M. Bergson could eventually reconcile if he could ever catch them all. More important than the work of assisting M. Bergson in this occupation, is the perception of the essential fault, the *hypostasis* that underlies his whole system. This fault Miss Sinclair sees plainly enough. "In the interests of the *Élan Vital,* M. Bergson has ignored everything in consciousness that does not bear upon action; and in consequence of his wholesale rejections, his position is between the devil and the deep sea. The deep sea holds all the 'relations' that he has let 'filter through' . . . and the devil has run away with the possibilities of sensation and the 'intermediary perceptions' which have 'escaped' him."

Vitalism is a "popular" philosophy, and Miss Sinclair criticizes it with success. Pragmatism and Humanism are, or were, also popular in their method and "appeal," and upon these two, Miss Sinclair scores somewhat heavily. It is true that she scarcely begins to analyze the Pragmatic and Humanistic doctrine concerning truth, and that her criticism is chiefly concerned with the Pragmatic and Humanistic conception of God. Nevertheless, she delivers shrewd blows at a somewhat vulnerable spot; for not only does she point out inconsistencies in the Pragmatic and Humanistic scheme of things, but she reveals a secret and shameful craving for unity in the Pragmatic and Humanistic breast.

Miss Sinclair even carries her war into the camp of the Psycho-physical-parallelists and tilts not without success against the formidable Wundt.

But the New Realism is an enemy of a different breed, as the author herself with some trepidation confesses. The New Realism is not popular philosophy, but technical philosophy. It seeks with grim resolution and by exact methods to solve one of the traditional problems, the problem of knowledge. Hitherto Miss Sinclair has done rather better than her opponents; she has at least asserted and maintained superiority; she has convinced her readers that she and they see the truth in its simplicity as the party in opposition does not. But although she points out difficulties enough in Neo-Realism, she is not successful, as she has been in the previous cases, in cutting the ground from beneath her adversaries' feet or in soaring over the barriers which they erect. Neo-Realism is not destroyed or surrounded; it is merely somewhat damaged. And the author ends by appropriating from it what seems its most questionable feature—its doctrine of universals.

Whether the chapter on mysticism, which the author has introduced, really belongs in a book of serious philosophy is a doubtful but not very important question. Certainly Miss Sinclair has made the subject interesting and she offers at least one new and valuable suggestion. It appears to be true, she says in effect, that in mystical experience the *psyche* usually obeys the tendency to travel backwards to the prehuman state of mind, or at any rate to the early-human, instinctive, fearful, and nightmarish condition; but then it *may* move forward toward the future—a thought the implications of which are exciting if not wholly philosophical.

Many readers of this treatise of Miss Sinclair's will become devotees of philosophy if they are not so to begin with, and all will look forward to the appearance of the author's forthcoming book, *The Way of Sublimation,* in the reasonable expectation that it will prove a moral and mental stimulus of the most effective and beneficent sort.

THE PHILIPPINES, TO THE END OF COMMISSION GOVERNMENT, and THE PHILIPPINES, TO THE END OF THE MILITARY RÉGIME. By Charles B. Elliott. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company, 1917.

Americans desiring general information in regard to the Philippines may consult a great variety of fairly reliable and well-written works. There are available in English no fewer than twenty rather popular accounts of these islands. This number includes four books by D. C. Worcester and one, *The Philippine Problem,* by Frederick Chamberlin; it does not include books dealing with special phases of the Philippine question, reports such as that of Charles T. Magoon upon the legal status of the islands acquired by the United States in the war with Spain, nor books dealing with larger matters of foreign policy to which the Philippine problem is germane, such as C. A. Conant's *The United States in the Orient* or Coolidge's *The United States as a World Power.* Nor are important autobiographies like those of Admiral Dewey and Theodore Roosevelt, both of which contain matter

of lively interest regarding the Philippines, reckoned in making up the number of direct sources of information.

Despite this extensive literature, there is still room, and indeed need, for a more thorough and authoritative work than has yet been produced. Philippine history has been investigated usually in a somewhat perfunctory manner, rather with a view to satisfying curiosity than to establishing historic truths. The Philippine "question" has been largely treated as a subject for debate. Public interest in the work accomplished in the Philippines by the American Commission has been, except when influenced by political opinions, of much the same nature as that inspired by the Panama Canal. Travel books and books descriptive of administrative accomplishment are acceptable and those by writers of wide knowledge and considerable authority, such as Worcester and Chamberlin, are of great value. But even when the full merit of these last two writers, in particular, is recognized, it remains true that a comprehensive work on the Philippines, historic in point of view, and conservative in judgment is sure of a welcome from serious students and from all who desire to base their judgments upon an adequate consideration of the facts.

Such a work has now been given to the public. In two volumes Charles B. Elliott has treated practically every important class of facts relating to the Philippines, shirking no difficulties, yielding to no predilections, treating of the remote past with surprising accuracy and fulness, judging the recent past with judicial fairness and with the realism of a scientific historian. The extent of the field covered in these two volumes is remarkable. The sources that had to be consulted include not less than four hundred important books, pamphlets and official documents. The early history of the islands, the whole theory and practice of colonization, the Spanish and the American administration of Philippine affairs, problems of economics, special problems of transportation—all these and many other topics are clearly and compendiously treated. Readers who realize that large works are properly the outcome of a more rigorous process of sifting and selection than are smaller ones will understand the magnitude of the labor performed by Dr. Elliott and will know how to value the definiteness of the results he has obtained.

Such a book as this should of course be written by one thoroughly familiar with the work of the American Commission in the Philippines and preferably by one who actually took part in that work. Dr. Elliott has both these qualifications and the further qualification that his temper is wholly judicial. Formerly Justice of the Supreme Court of Minnesota, later Justice of the Supreme Court of the Philippines, a member of the Philippine Commission and Secretary of Commerce and Police in the Government of the Philippines, he is eminently fitted to deal with both the larger questions and the technical details of his subject. First-hand knowledge treated by one whose ordinary frame of mind is that of a judge rather than an executive leads to impartiality and breadth of view.

Those who wish to form an unbiassed opinion regarding the policy of the United States toward the Philippine people should not fail to read Dr. Elliott's chapter upon "The Independence Movement" and indeed this chapter ought to be read by every one who is unaware that

the Philippine question is still a vital one. It will be found that the author has left the question of ultimate Philippine independence quite open; that he has discussed this problem on a level quite above that of "liberal" sentiment in favor of self-government or of racial disparagement; but that he does point out compellingly the need of a consistent policy on the part of the American people and that he does furnish the materials for deciding what this policy should be.

In a very dry light, moreover, Dr. Elliott has reviewed the story of the American conquest of the Philippines and has discussed the relations of the American Government with the Spanish authorities and with the insurgents. It is in this part of his work that the effect of absolute impartiality and mature judgment may be most fully appreciated by an ordinary reader. The author's statements of fact and estimates of character are measured and definite. Dr. Elliott is fair to all parties. He understands the motives and methods of the insurgents, their characteristics as Philippine politicians, their childishness, their shrewdness and their genuine aspirations—understands them as Admiral Dewey and others did not. He is fair to Aguinaldo, whose career and character he has unpretentiously portrayed in a manner that seems final. He is fair even to certain erring consuls. His unbiassed story of the whole series of negotiations incident to the taking over of the Philippines by this Government—a story which includes a full account of the making of the treaty of peace between Spain and the United States—is something more than schoolbook history or academic monograph.

It is well that this definitive history has become available at a time when it may exercise a real influence upon the shaping of policy.

LETTERS ABOUT SHELLEY. Interchanged by three friends—Edward Dowden, Richard Garnett and Wm. Michael Rossetti. Edited by R. S. Garnett. New York: George H. Doran Company, 1917.

One may care for Wordsworth because he was a philosopher, for Burns because he was an idiomatic and musical Scot, for Keats because some of his pieces are pretty, for Tennyson because he was a consummate artist, and for other poets for other more or less irrelevant reasons; but one cannot like Shelley unless one likes undiluted poetry. Poetry at Shelley's highest level is either insight or madness. And it is insight or madness manifesting itself in a vehement and prosetylizing manner. "You might as well go to a gin-shop for a leg of mutton as expect anything human or earthly from me," the poet truly declared; and if we value Shelley's poetry we value the unhuman and the unearthly. There is no way of teaching an appreciation of Shelley; and the reasoning by which F. W. H. Myers and others have sought to justify and explain the poet's dizziest flights is hardly more acceptable to "sensible" people than are the poems themselves. Liking for undiluted poetry depends, after all, upon a kind of faith, and as in religious matters so in poetry, faith in another's faith may enable one to catch glimpses of truth or beauty.

Three of the best known men of letters of the last century were

fervent admirers of Shelley. None of these men was indiscriminate in his admiration; all were laborious level-headed thinkers, accustomed to practical work. William Rossetti spent most of his working life in the position of Assistant Secretary in the Inland Revenue Office. He was—and is, for he happily still lives—possessed not only of poetic sensibility but of a keen and ironic common sense. Dowden was a hard-working professor of English literature, a poet, and the author not only of the definite life of Shelley, but of the most sanely enthusiastic and generally acceptable books about Shakespeare that are accessible to the majority of readers. Garnett was a librarian in the British Museum—a man of extraordinary learning who was never in the slightest danger of becoming a pedant, who could find his way through the technical mazes of literary problems without ever losing touch with the real world.

All in all, there were not three men in England whose judgments in literary matters carried more weight than those of Garnett, Dowden and Rossetti, or whose pronouncements upon matters of taste the majority of readers more gladly accepted. And these three men were ardent admirers of Shelley. They labored with unselfish zeal to clear up the story of his life. They insisted upon exact truth even when it cast discredit upon the poet they loved. They felt that Shelley's poetry is greater than Shelley, but they were convinced that the story of Shelley the man would bear telling in full; they were haunted by no suspicion that great poetry could have an ultimately foul origin. They felt that justice was a cause to fight for; that truth was not to be feared.

To delve into the details of disputed points regarding Shelley's life is not, of course, the best way of knowing Shelley. Besides, we have Dowden's life of Shelley, to which Garnett contributed no little, and that is of course better as a source of knowledge than any series of letters could be. But the letters interchanged by Dowden, Garnett and Rossetti communicate something that a biography can hardly communicate; they tell something of the spirit in which such work ought to be done; they make the reader collaborate in imagination with the biographer—make him an apprentice to a master.

"The cure for dissatisfaction with Shelley's life," say R. S. and M. Garnett in their preface to the volume, "is to turn to his works, to catch as our correspondents did, something of that unearthly light in which his thought was steeped." One will be better able to do this after reading these letters. Moreover, a wavering faith in the value of the kind of poetry that Shelley wrote may be more strongly supported through contact with the minds of three notable scholars as revealed in their correspondence than in most other ways.

The Origin and Evolution of Life. By Henry Fairfield Osborn. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1917.

The word *evolution* has become even more familiar to modern ears than the word *gravitation,* and yet it is a common error to mistake its meaning. It is often supposed that the whole of what is usually implied in the word *evolution* is an established part of scientific theory.

Comparatively few persons know that Darwinism and Evolution are not interchangeable terms, and fewer still are aware that a new conception of the evolutionary process is being reached by certain advanced thinkers.

This new idea has been called "the energy concept of life" and it is fully explained by Dr. Osborne, than whom there is no more reliable authority in America upon zoölogy and palæontology. "While we owe to matter and form," writes Dr. Osborne, "the revelation of the existence of the great *law* of evolution, we must reverse thought in the search for causes and take steps toward an energy conception of life and an energy conception of the nature of heredity." For Darwinism as well as some other and more modern forms of evolutionary theory make *chance* the cause of evolution—and chance is a cause that should not be admitted provided any other possible and sufficient cause may be found. The energy concept, though it unriddles no ultimate enigmas, does seem to be a key that will open a treasure-house of new thought.

Dr. Osborne's introductory discussion of his problem is extremely well designed to clear away all false or confusing implications that might hamper one in endeavoring to grasp the constructive part of the work. Four questions are asked in the author's introduction and at least provisionally answered. "Does the origin of life represent the beginning of something new in the universe?" The reply is that without being either *mechanists* or *materialists* we may hold that life is a continuation of the evolutionary process rather than an exception. "Does life evolution externally resemble stellar evolution?" Emphatically, no! In life, "the evolutionary process takes an entirely new and different direction. But is there not evidence that "similar internal physico-chemical laws prevail in life evolution and in lifeless evolution?" Yes, though physico-chemical explanations are in the present stage of our knowledge far from complete or satisfying, known reactions of a physical and chemical nature account for many of the phenomena of life and unknown reactions probably account for still more. Finally, are life forms the result of law or chance? (Again the reader must be reminded that he is in no danger of giving his assent to a mechanistic interpretation of the universe). Law is more conceivable than chance and to grant the conceivability of law is to clear the way for knowledge.

Following up the energy concept, Dr. Osborne distinguishes four great complexes of energy—that of the inorganic environment, that of the organism, that of the heredity germ and that of organisms which condition the life of the individual organism. Within these groups to trace the effects of the actions and reactions and more especially the *interactions* of forces is the task he has set himself.

Among interactions may be named the effects in the bodies of animals of enzymes, those strange chemical messengers that so wonderfully control the growth and development of the whole organism. When it is said that by reference to these Dr. Osborne succeeds in explaining the arrest of evolution in reptiles—something that cannot be done by the employment of arguments from causes hitherto acknowledged in evolutionary theory—something of the interest and significance of his work will be understood.

Besides being a striking contribution to the theory of the origin of

life embodying all that is soundest in modern thought and research, this book of Dr. Osborne's gives as fascinating an account of the prehistoric condition of the earth and of the earliest forms of life that existed upon it as any reader could desire for his information and delight.

JAPAN DAY BY DAY. By Edward S. Morse. In two volumes. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1917.

Few writers can ever have had at command so large a mass of interesting and picturesque details as had Edward S. Morse when he began to write his book, *Japan Day by Day;* and very few writers of the more learned sort know how, as Mr. Morse does, to make details fascinating just in themselves. The entire work comprising nearly a thousand large pages in all is fascinating from beginning to end. To say nothing of persons who desire full and accurate information for special reasons, the reader who cannot spend the greater part of a day in an armchair with this book for sole companion to his very great contentment is unfitted by temperament or education to appreciate one of the greatest pleasures that books can give. But to spend the greater part of a day in this way would be the act of a spendthrift. An hour or two at most should be allowed. With economy the book might be made to last a year.

A singularly keen and rapid observer, scientifically minded, and well-versed in the art of living, Mr. Morse has treated of an almost infinite variety of subjects with a precision and zest not found in books of rewritten lectures, in travel-sketches, or in "interpretations." His work, which is mainly a record of day-to-day experience, as the title imparts, contains, nevertheless, special chapters upon such delightfully abstruse matters as "The Ainus," "Pottery Hunting in and About Kyoto," "Customs and Superstitions," "Falconry and Other Matters." Opening the second volume at random, one finds on one page perhaps an account of the Japanese method of waking up a sleeper by a succession of taps gradually increasing in force, with the suggestion that this method ought to be adopted in all hospitals; on another a description of a curious crab. The multitude of sketches with which the volumes are illustrated greatly enhance the value and interest of the information contained in the text; and these sketches are much more illuminating than photographs usually are, for every one of them graphically explains an observation set forth in an adjoining paragraph.

Mr. Morse writes with adequate responsibility and in a scholarly spirit. The fact that he was formerly a professor in the University of Tokio indicates the degree of his authority to write about Japan and suggests but does not fully reveal the extent of his opportunities. His book is authoritative, detailed, comprehensive; it is also zestful, almost "larky." The author had intended to write a work upon a technical zoological subject, and it required some urgency on the part of a wise friend to induce him to change his plans and write this treatise on Japan. The scientific work would doubtless have been of value, but *Japan Day by Day* is a book to charm the weary and to divert the sorrowful. It would have been a misfortune if the writing of it had been indefinitely postponed.

OUR WAR WITH GERMANY

VIII

(*October* 17—*November* 14)

In the eighth month of our participation in the war against Germany the first casualties in action occurred among American troops occupying position in the front line trenches in France. The first news that our men had been in a fight with Germans came from Berlin.

The next day Washington told what had happened. It appeared that for some time detachments of American troops, undergoing training for the real fighting which is to come, had been getting experience by brief turns in the front line trenches. One such detachment occupied a salient in the French line. A German raid was made on that salient, preceded by barrage fire which cut off the detachment of Americans from their supports. It is reported that our men fought with gallantry. Three were killed, five were wounded and eleven were captured. A cynical article in the *Lokal Anzeiger* of Berlin welcomed these first Americans to Germany and announced the readiness of the Germans to receive many more.

The American navy had already begun to pay the inevitable price for its active share in hunting down the underwater hell-hounds. On October 16 the torpedoboat destroyer *Cassin* was torpedoed by a submarine while on patrol duty. Gunner's Mate Ingram was killed and five men were injured, but the vessel was not lost. Through the skill of her captain, Commander Vernon, she was brought to port safely.

The next day the Army transport *Antilles,* returning from France with 237 men aboard, passengers and crew, was torpedoed, very early in the morning, despite the vigilance of her convoy, and sunk. Sixty-eight men were lost with her, including some of the navy guard, some of the returning soldiers and some of the crew. Among those lost were two army sergeants, one corporal and nine privates, all with German names, and some of whom had parents or other relatives living in Germany. In the official announcements of the loss there was no comment from Washington as to why so large a proportion of the soldiers returning from France should be men with German names.

On October 26 the Navy announced that its total of casualties from the commencement of its participation in the patrol work, shortly after the American declaration of war, down to date, was one officer and 27 men killed and five made prisoner. Ten days later announcement was made that the patrol boat *Alcedo* had been torpedoed and sunk and that one officer and 20 men were missing.

Washington announces that more than a hundred thousand American soldiers are now in France. It required two hundred and fifty thousand tons of ships to transport them there and it requires the entire service of an immense fleet to maintain them. As our forces in France increase in numbers the demands upon our small supply of tonnage also increase. Despite all the difficulties the Shipping Board has found a way to respond to the calls for help from France and Italy. On October 19 it was announced that 250,000 tons of shipping would be allotted to France in return for which French sailing vessels would come into our coastwise service. A week later arrangements were made to let Italy have the use of 25 steel vessels aggregating about a hundred thousand tons. Meantime steady effort was made to speed up construction in American yards. Delays and hindrances were threatened, and in some cases actually caused, by strikes and other labor troubles. The month saw the full influence of the Government constantly exerted to the utmost to arrange such disagreements and prevent interference with work. On November 11 a reorganization in the Emergency Fleet Corporation, which is charged with the construction work, was announced. Admiral W. L. Capps, who succeeded Gen. George W. Goethals as the General manager of the Corporation, had worked himself into ill health in the attempt to carry the tremendous burden alone. Mr. Charles A. Piez, a very successful business man, of Chicago, was selected vice-president of the Fleet Corporation and put in charge of the actual construction work. At the same time a production committee, composed of engineers, was created to assist in speeding up the enterprise and cutting out red tape.

While these efforts were making the Shipping Board was also in negotiation with representatives of the Japanese Government for assignment of a certain portion of the Japanese merchant fleet to the Atlantic trade to help out Japan's Allies in their great need for shipping. In the end an agreement was made whereby Japan is to get a certain amount of American steel which she greatly desires and is to make a readjustment of her shipping schedules that will contribute to the relief of her allies.

This shipping question with Japan was coupled pretty closely, apparently, with the chief matter concerning which the Ishii special mission came to the United States to negotiate. On November 6 Mr. Lansing, Secretary of State, announced that an exchange of notes between himself and Viscount Ishii had been effected on November 2, the effect of which was to define the attitude of the two Powers with respect to China. The United States, by this exchange, recognizes the validity of the Japanese claim to a "special interest" in China, and joins with Japan in denying for itself any purpose of infringing Chinese integrity or sovereignty, while at the same time declaring again for the maintenance of the "Open Door" in China and the principle of the equal opportunity of all nations in the commerce of China. The two Governments will oppose the infringement of Chinese independence or sovereignty by others. A complete agreement for naval co-operation in the Pacific was also reached.

In the eighth month of American participation in the war against Germany the first real pinch of food shortage began to make itself felt

among the American people—not in the sense of hardship through mounting prices, but in the actual shortage so that persons with money to pay any kind of price within reason were unable to buy because the dealers had none to sell. This condition manifested itself in the case of sugar and immediately the effect of government control and price fixing was felt. At first some dealers who had sugar in stock when the shortage became apparent were inclined to let the law of supply and demand have free play and charge what the traffic would bear for their sugar. But very stern warnings came from Washington to the effect that that sort of profiteering would not be tolerated.

Mr. Hoover announced that the licensing system would seek to limit prices to cost plus a reasonable advance; to keep food commodities moving; and to prevent speculation by limiting future contracts.

While the Food Adminstrator was busy with the first food shortage Dr. Garfield, the Fuel Adminstrator, was being harassed on all sides by difficulties of every kind. Owners of coal mines protested that government prices were lower than costs of production. Miners demanded higher wages and threatened strikes to enforce their demands. In some places operators shut down their mines. In other places the miners struck and forced a shut-down. Dr. Garfield issued repeated warnings, increasing in severity, to both men and operators, against strikes and lockouts, and against sales at prices above those fixed by the President. State Fuel Administrators were instructed to seek evidence on which to base prosecutions of dealers selling above the schedule. In the effort to keep the mines working and production at a maximum John P. White, president of the United Mine Workers, the miners' union, resigned and was appointed assistant to Dr. Garfield. Here and there stores of hoarded coal were uncovered, and orders were given preventing additional shipments to concerns which had large supplies in reserve. The total production for this year is greater than for the corresponding period of last year, but is still not up to the maximum possible.

The labor difficulties which marked the shipping and coal situations were manifest also in other industrial lines, and, under the inspiration of the I. W. W. organization, were especially active in western farming districts. The activities of the I. W. W. led to riotous performances in different States.

Governmental efforts to prevent labor disturbances from interfering with essential production culminated in a trip by President Wilson from Washington to Buffalo, where he addressed the annual convention of the American Federation of Labor. He expressed contempt for the pacifists who are seeking to bring about an immediate peace and told the workers that they must sink all differences and give full aid.

This eighth month of our participation in the war was marked by a great American success in the second Liberty Loan. The subscriptions closed on October 27th, but the full amount was not known until November 7, they came so rapidly and from so many sources at the close of the drive. The mark that had been set for the campaign was an issue of $3,000,000,000, but it had been announced that bonds to the

extent of one-half of any over subscription would be allotted, and it was hoped that the over subscription might reach to $2,000,000,000, making the total of subscriptions $5,000,000,000.

The second Liberty Bond campaign was well organized and the drive reached its climax right at the last. It produced a total of more than 9,400,000 subscribers, who bid for the inconceivable sum of $4,617,532,300 of the new 4 per cent bonds that are not exempt from taxation, except in amounts under $5,000. As half of the subscriptions above three billions will be allotted, this means a total issue of the second loan of $3,808,766,150. At a favorable rate of exchange, under present circumstances, that would be almost 23,000,000,000 German marks, or twice the total subscriptions to the most successful loan issued by the German Government.

Preparation of the national army to take its share in the actual fighting proceeded steadily throughout the month. It involved not only the training of new officers in their various schools, and of the men in their camps, but the careful preparation for further calls under the selective draft registration. Provost Marshal General Crowder has worked out a graded system for selecting the men of the new contingents. He sent a questionnaire to all the 9,000,000 men on the registration lists calculated to develop full information concerning their situation, so that they may be properly classified. The local board, upon examination of the returns, are to assign the men to one or another of five classes. These classes are as follows:

CLASS I

(A) Single man without dependent relatives.

(B) Married man, with or without children, or father of motherless children, who has habitually failed to support his family.

(C) Married man dependent on wife for support.

(D) Married man, with or without children, or father of motherless children; man not usefully engaged, family supported by income independent of his labor.

(E) Unskilled farm laborer.

(F) Unskilled industrial laborer. Registrant by or in respect of whom no deferred classification is claimed or made. Registrant who fails to submit questionnaire and in respect of whom no deferred classification is claimed or made.

All registrants not included in any other division in this schedule.

CLASS II

(A) Married man with children or father of motherless children, where such wife or children or such motherless children are not mainly dependent upon his labor for support for the reason that there are other reasonably certain sources of adequate support (excluding earnings or possible earnings from the labor of the wife) available, and that the removal of the registrant will not deprive such dependents of support.

(B) Married man, without children, whose wife, although the registrant is engaged in a useful occupation, is not mainly dependent upon his labor for support, for the reason that the wife is skilled in some special class of work which she is physically able to perform and in which she is employed, or in which there is an immediate opening for her under conditions that will enable her to support herself decently and without suffering or hardship.

(C) Necessary skilled farm laborer in necessary agricultural enterprise.

(D) Necessary skilled industrial laborer in necessary industrial enterprise.

CLASS III

(A) Man with dependent children (not his own) but toward whom he stands in relation of parent.

(B) Man with dependent, aged or infirm parents.

(C) Man with dependent, helpless brothers or sisters.

(D) County or municipal officer.

(E) Highly trained fireman or policeman, at least three years in service of municipality.

(F) Necessary Custom House clerk.

(G) Necessary enploye of United States in transmission of the mails.

(H) Necessary artificer or workman in United States armory or arsenal.

(I) Necessary employe in service of United States.

(J) Necessary assistant, associate, or hired manager of necessary agricultural enterprise.

(K) Necessary highly specialized technical or mechanical expert of necessary industrial enterprise.

(L) Necessary assistant or associate manager of necessary industrial enterprise.

CLASS IV

(A) Man whose wife or children are mainly dependent on his labor for support.

(B) Mariner actually employed in sea service of citizen or merchant in the United States.

(C) Necessary sole managing, controlling or directing head of necessary agricultural enterprise.

(D) Necessary sole managing, controlling or directing head of necessary industrial enterprise.

CLASS V

(A) Officers, legislative, executive, or judicial, of the United States or of State, Territory, or District of Columbia.

(B) Regular or duly ordained minister of religion.

(C) Student who on May 18, 1917, was preparing for ministry in recognized school.

(D) Persons in military or naval service of United States.

(E) Alien enemy.

(F) Resident alien (not an enemy) who claims exemption.

(G) Person totally and permanently physically or mentally unfit for military service.

(H) Person morally unfit to be a soldier of the United States.

(I) Licensed pilot actually employed in the pursuit of his vocation.

Member of well recognized religious sect or organization, organized and existing on May 18, 1917, whose then existing creed or principles forbid its members to participate in war in any form, and whose religious convictions are against war or participation therein.

In our eighth month of war, also, we began to participate apparently as an ally instead of merely as an associate. In October there were reports of an invitation to us to join in an Allied War Conference to be held at Paris in the middle of November. Considerable mystery was made about the invitation and its reception, as well as to whether or not it was to be accepted. Then an interesting report came out to the effect that the President had chosen his friend, Colonel E. M. House, to collect

information and material for use by the American commissioners at the peace conference. Then, on November 7, when nothing had been said about Colonel House and his mission for some time, Mr. Lansing announced in Washington that Colonel House, together with a large staff of assistants, had arrived safely in England, on his way to attend that conference at Paris. The Colonel has with him Admiral Benson, chief for operations; Gen. Bliss, chief of staff of the army; Vance McCormick, chairman of the War Trade Board; Bainbridge Colby, of the Shipping Board; Dr. Alonzo E. Taylor, food and health expert, representing the Food Administration; Oscar Crosby, Assistant Secretary of the Treasury; T. N. Perkins, representing the Priority Board, and several others.

This American participation in their councils was received with every evidence of genuine satisfaction by the official representatives of our Allies. The imperative need of frank counsel and well considered joint action was never more clear. For this eighth month of American participation, which has seen only the almost infinitesimal beginning of real fighting by our men, has seen the disastrous defeat of our Italian Allies and the practical elimination of Russia as a factor in arms against Germany. It appears that the greatest hope for any assistance to the Allies which now lies in Russia is that such a measure of civil war will ensue as will prevent any substantial profit to Germany from the cessation of hostilities against her on the long eastern front.

The practical cessation of such hostilities has been turned to huge advantage by Germany in withdrawing forces for use in overwhelming the Italians under General Cadorna on the Isonzo line, where only recently he had won such glorious advances against the Austrians. In the middle of October despatches from Rome began to indicate an intention on the part of the Germans to undertake a great offensive against Italy. Apparently no attention was paid to these warnings by the Allies, and no assistance was sent to Italy. There were reports in Washington of desperate need for guns and other supplies. But nothing was done to meet the need. Then, toward the end of the month, Berlin began to report the advance, and day by day the direful news came of the resistless forward swing of the German divisions, and the ever-increasing toll of prisoners and captured guns, until the figures ran up to 200,000 men and 1,800 guns. The Italian line had been driven back out of Austrian territory, and from one Italian river to another, each of which was to be the position for the stand that was to check the victorious Germans. Reports as this is written are that the retreating Italians, now, at length, reinforced by French and British troops and artillery, are making their stand on the Piave river, and hoping to save Venice from the Huns. But Venice is to be evacuated by soldiery and civilians in the hope that its historic buildings may escape the rage of the savages.

Meantime the United States authorities are slowly seeking out the disloyal, and the enemy aliens resident and active among our people. And a custodian of Alien Property has been appointed under the Enemy Trading Act. Also a censorship of outgoing foreign mails has been established. But German endeavor is not stopped.

(*This record is as of November* 14 *and is to be continued.*)

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

DEMOSTHENES, THE WAR, AND T. R.

SIR,—As a new reader of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW I desire to thank you heartily for your editorial in the August issue. It is a great relief to turn from the empty frothings of the newspaper editors to one who is capable of judging judicially of current events and with the requisite vigor based on reason which the subjects of the day demand. *Vite!* should be our every-day slogan now at least.

I have been rereading Demosthenes' Fourth Philippic and I find, to my mind, a most just parallel between our foreign policies before April last and the conditions pictured by the orator as prevailing in Greece at that time. In chiding the Athenians on their indolence, he says:

> You have never, Athenians, made the necessary dispositions in your affairs, nor armed yourselves in time; but have ever been led by events [when] your preparations are resumed . . . all is tumult and confusion . . . you have departed, Athenians, from the plan of government which your ancestors laid down. You are persuaded by your leaders that to be the first among the Greeks, to keep up your forces ready to redress the injured, is an unnecessary and vain expense. You are taught to think . . . that to be free from public cares, to abandon all your interests one by one, a prey to the vigilance and craft of others, is to be perfectly happy and absolutely secure.

And in regard to the expense of warfare:

> It is beneath the dignity of the state, beneath the glory of your ancestors to abandon all the rest of Greece to slavery for the sake of private ease. I, for my part, would rather die than propose such a conduct; if, however, there be no other person to recommend it to you, be it so; make no opposition; abandon all affairs, but if there be no one of this opinion; if, on the contrary, we all foresee that the farther this man is suffered to extend his conquests the more dangerous an enemy we must find in him, why this delay? Why is our duty evaded, or when will we be disposed to exert ourselves? Must some necessity press us? What one may call the necessity of freemen not only presseth us now, but has been long since felt; that of slaves, it is to be hoped, may never approach us.

We might substitute, in the above, Europe, or, better, the world, and imagine Wilhelm II in place of Philip of Macedon.

And this:

> And what can be the reason that he treated you with insolence; that he utters menaces against you; while he at least condescends to dissemble with other people and gain their good offices? Whence is it that his conduct toward you is so different from that toward others? Because, of all the Grecian States,

ours is the only one in which harangues in favor of enemies are pronounced with impunity.

Finally, these two quotations are axioms pregnant with truth and sternly applicable at this time:

> Since, then, you are engaged in defence of all that is dear to you, apply to the great work with an attention worthy of the importance of it. Let the wretches who have openly sold themselves to this man be the object of your abhorrence, let them meet with the utmost severity of public justice, for you will not, you cannot conquer your foreign enemies until you have punished those that lurk within your walls. No, they will even prove so many obstacles to impede your progress and to give our enemies the superiority.
>
> When your decree for war hath once passed, let there be no dispute whether it ought or ought not to have been undertaken.

The purblind Teuto-maniacs who profess Americanism for personal safety, and those well-intentioned people who cannot see the immense reason for our war, should have this last on a phonograph record so that they might hear it morning, noon and night.

So, through all the dusky and bright ages we have an unrelenting combat between two forces—slavery and freedom. And when we succeed in this war, if we keep our ideal on the level of our eyes, slavery will be laid beside the historical remains of Attila of the Huns. It is my belief, my hope. At least we shall have moved so far up the arduous road to manhood that the fetters will lie an immeasurable distance behind us, dissolved by rust.

Another remarkable analogy that should be recognized by us all, whatever our political or even personal prejudice, is that Demosthenes, in the Fifth Century, did a service (unheeded) that Roosevelt performed for America in the Twentieth. Like Demosthenes, Roosevelt pled for recognition of the fact that personal comfort is not to be compared with duty to the detriment of the latter. In my view this war could more properly be called Roosevelt's war than it could be called the President's war. And what higher praise, what more worthy encomium would one give to anybody than to say that he aided us in taking our part? As yet people generally do not fully appreciate the great service that Roosevelt has done for his country. In his writings on America and her relation to the world war—might I call them wilsonics?—he has kept before the masses the vital fact of the struggle, that it is a war to preserve the soul and body of civilization, and being such, necessarily vital to America. By his untiring labor to help us preserve our liberty of spirit and our nobility of idealism regardless of physical sacrifice, and to save America from sinking under the weight of crass indulgence, he has rendered a service of such value as is beyond computation. And by accustoming the body politic to the arguments for a courageous stand against the destructive philosophy and arms of Germany he has made possible the general unanimity of opinion favorable to the war.

Where Demosthenes failed, Roosevelt succeeded. And what a good thing that he did win, for we must remember that Greece lost her liberty and glory from the day she refused to give ear to the trumpet call of the Athenian orator.

GUINEA MILLS, VA. WILLIAM GAMALIEL SHEPARD.

ANOTHER LITTLE MATTER FOR MR. HOOVER

Sir,—I have just read your article, "The Significance of Mr. Hoover."

Neither you or Mr. Hoover are farmers. You do not realize the actual conditions.

You speak of "farmers building vast storage bins." They have been doing that for fifty years. The West is still growing. But that statement is especially true just now of "The Inland Empire," and the Pacific Northwest. Formerly they handled wheat in bags, now they are changing to elevators, hauling the wheat in bulk (loose) in tank wagons, saving about ten cents per bushel by the change.

I am told that England buys and imports wheat and sells at a loss in order to keep down the price.

If you care to read the Western market reports you will find that the receipts are less than half of the corresponding week last year.

Not only were 12,000,000 acres of Winter wheat destroyed; but owing to adverse weather conditions last Spring in the Spring wheat country, there was a decrease of twenty per cent in the Spring wheat acreage.

There are at least two fundamental facts in the American food situation not considered by Congress.

It is obvious that if you suddenly raise the price of any necessity, people will not be wasteful of that article. When farmers were selling corn for eight and ten cents per bushel, they burnt millions of bushels because it was cheaper than coal. When the price jumped to fifty cents, they did not burn a kernel.

Mr. Hoover (the Government expert, appointed to carry out the official plans) is demanding that the people economize in the use of flour, and at the same time he lowers the price of wheat. He is trying to violate an economic law. When the price of a necessity is lowered, its use is increased. Flour today is the cheapest food on the market, but when the farmers' wheat was reduced to about two dollars at the elevators, was the price of baker's bread lowered one cent?

The millers are allowed by the Government to figure 288 pounds of wheat as the equivalent of a barrel of flour. This is sixteen pounds more than is actually used by the real millers.

The price had been lowered at the farmers' expense. They permit the millers to prepare their own figures as to profits. It is undisputed that the ultimate consumer pays the bills. A flour or steel or cotton or woolen mill or a bank or a railway, all, each and every one, figure their taxes as an expense, to be added to the selling price of the products. *The buyer, the ultimate consumer, pays those taxes.*

The farmers, being forty-five per cent. of the whole population, form the largest body of ultimate consumers in the nation. They buy not only food, clothing, coal, but steel, iron, cement, lumber—every conceivable thing. We pay probably fifty per cent. of the indirect taxes levied on the ultimate consumer, and then: *we pay our taxes in addition out of our own pocket.* This is the deadly percentage working in favor of the manufacturers and middlemen, all the time. That accounts for the growth of cities, etc.

The farmer does not and cannot pass his taxes on to the next man.

We do not set our prices. The law of supply and demand does that. The farmer is a gambler. He is at the mercy of the weather, and of all the conditions that affect production and consumption, all over the world.

If the farmer's profits are to be confiscated, how is he to pay his taxes, and the other fellow's too?

This was the economic reef that wrecked the Roman Empire. Our members of Congress are (the most of them) only politicians. They have not the remotest idea what they have really done.

Aside from your article on Mr. Hoover I enjoyed the September number.

W. F. Ramsay.

Beloit, Victor Star Route, Kan.

DESPOTIC LABOR LEADERS

Sir,—It has occurred to me to suggest to you a topic which I think is one of great and pressing importance: the supervision by law of the voting by labor organizations either for their own officers or for any matter affecting public interests, e. g. strikes.

A few years ago a working miner in Butte said to a visitor that he had worked there all his life, that there were some ten thousand miners, all union men, working under contracts with the owners. He said that they had a hall (this hall was blown up by some I. W. W. men who were at odds with the union officers) which could hold, say, five hundred; that when some member at a meeting rose and asked the treasurer to report what had been done with the balance of the thirty thousand dollars raised by contributions from that body for the strikers at Houghton (the Congressional investigation having disclosed that thirteen thousand only had been sent), he was struck on the mouth and kicked downstairs; that whenever an election of officers was held, those already in office and their intimates counted the ballots and consequently could never be removed. He said that they made their reports to themselves; that these officers appeared to be financially prosperous.

During the last twelve months in Chicago, a certain labor official was convicted of some crime, and on the trial it was disclosed that he was the head of a labor union and had amassed the tidy fortune of half a million! It was also disclosed that the local electric light company had paid him twenty or thirty thousand dollars for permission to erect a large office building and not be stopped by strikes.

These things suggest the thought that labor union leaders once in office can remain in *ad libitum,* and can, if so disposed, plunder not only their own members but blackmail the community. They can announce anything they please as to the wishes of their constituents; they can state that ninety per cent are in favor of such and such a strike, whether, as a matter of fact, the ninety per cent were opposed to it or not. They can do all this because they count the ballots. This suggests the comparison of certain days aforetime in the South when the negro votes were counted by the white men.

Would not every honest member of a union welcome the interference of outsiders to supervise all the voting? Suppose State laws should be

enacted providing for every labor union to register with the county recorder its name, objects, and officers, and that whenever an election is held or a vote on any question affecting outside interests, the county judge, recorder, and clerk should be invited to be present to count the ballots and make record of the results?

I think this is an important matter and should be taken up. Your magazine would be a good medium through which it could be called to the attention of the public.

SIDNEY C. EASTMAN.

CHICAGO, ILL.

WAR CASUALTIES

SIR,—May I take the liberty of saying that you have done a great service to the country by your timely and convincing "leader" in the October number of your REVIEW.

My own conclusion as to the steady decrease of fatal casualties through centuries is identical with yours. Our Civil War was more fatal to life, in proportion to numbers, than this one. One of the regiments in my brigade at Gettysburg lost 206 out of a total of 306.

But I am alluding to *the whole article* when I say it has an exceptional value.

Your view of the emigration danger has been mine for many years.

RANDOLPH H. MCKIM, D.D.

CHURCH OF THE EPIPHANY,
WASHINGTON, D. C.

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Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur

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MY HOME IN THE FIELD OF MERCY. By FRANCES WILSON HUARD. New York: George H. Doran Company, 1917.

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ON TWO FRONTS. By MAJOR H. M. ALEXANDER, D. S. O. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co., 1917.

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A SHORT HISTORY OF ENGLAND. By GILBERT CHESTERTON. New York: The John Lane Co., 1917.

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From the very verge of victory they doggedly fell back fighting with stones and clubs and iron bars, resisting heroically but ineffectively.

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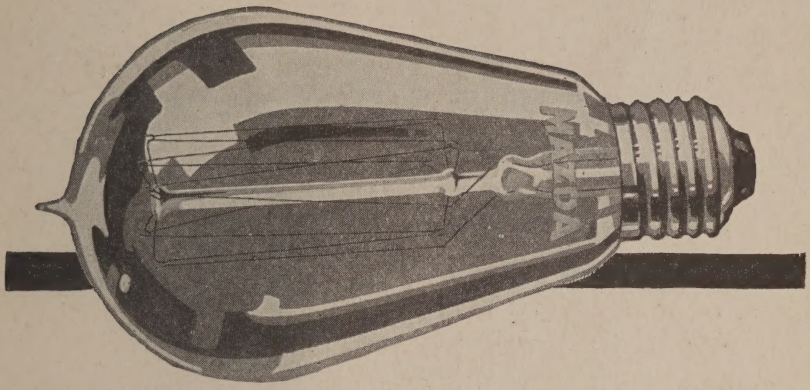

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